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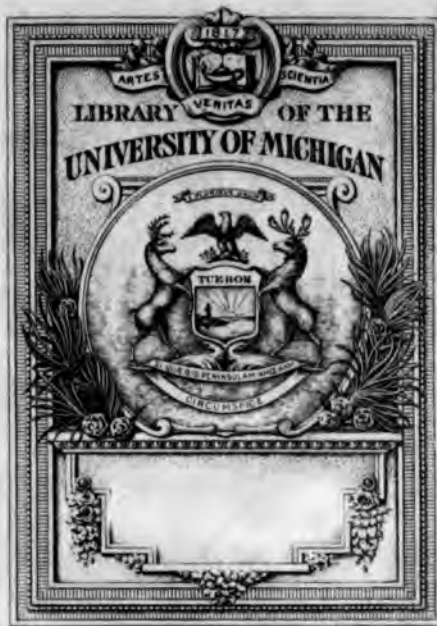
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THE WAR CLOUD IN EUROPE.—THE CZAR AT MOSCOW.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WAR CLOUD IN EUROPE.

HOW THE WAR CLOUDS GATHERED.

In October of 1874 a collision between Montenegrins and Turks, resulting in a massacre, had taken place in Podgoritz. For this, in January of 1875, five Turks were condemned to death and twenty to imprisonment; but the Turkish Government refused to permit the execution of the sentence, unless the Montenegrins implicated in the disturbance were surrendered, to be tried by Turkish courts on Turkish soil. Prince Nikita insisted on the unconditional punishment of the culprits, and prepared for war; but finally, through the mediation of consuls of the three empires, the Porte was induced to recede from its demands, and orders were issued to the Governor of Scutari, in whose jurisdiction the Turkish prisoners had been tried, to execute the sentence of the court. In the meantime the prisoners had been allowed to escape, which did not prevent the Turkish Government, however, from reporting the sentence executed. The whole affair aroused such indignation in Montenegro that an informal kind of war might be said to have already begun, and events in Bosnia and Herzegovina soon fanned this hidden fire into an open conflagration.

Great distress prevailed in the last-named provinces on account of the bad harvest of 1874; but the tax-gatherers, instead of taking this into consideration, carried off everything they could lay their hands on.

Some of the peasants, driven to desperation, offered resistance to the tax-collectors, and were beaten or thrown into prison; others sent a fruitless deputation to the governor, Dervish Pasha. Hundreds of families fled with what they could collect to Croatia, Dalmatia, Montenegro and Servia. In consequence of Prince Nikita's intercession, amnesty was promised to all those fugitives who would return; but no sooner did some of them venture back than the promise was broken.

About this time occurred the Austrian Emperor's trip to Dalmatia, and the report spread that the object of his visit was the acquisition of Bosnia and Herzegovina by purchase. This report, together with the outspoken sympathy of Servia and Montenegro, increased the excitement, and on the 6th of July, 1875, an insurrection broke out in Herzegovina. Orders had been given to collect the taxes in the village of Drashego, on the plateau of Nevesinje, by force. The revenue collectors and a mob of Mussulmans took advantage of the opportunity to plunder the inhabitants. The latter flew to arms and shot ten of the robbers dead. The news that a number of taxpayers had been shut into a house and burnt alive added fuel to the flame. The women and children were at once dispatched to Dalmatia, and in a few days those parts of Herzegovina bordering on that province and on Montenegro were in open rebellion. The war was prosecuted with the greatest cruelty on both sides.

The demands put forward by the rebels as the condition of laying down their arms were: a thorough reform of the system of taxation, the substitution of native for Turkish officials, and the establishment of a native militia for the maintenance of public order in the province, and these demands the Porte was certain not to grant, except, perhaps, on paper.

According to the census of 1868, the Greek Catholics in Bosnia, including Herzegovina, numbered 431,200; the Roman Catholics, 171,764, and the Mohammedans, 418,315. A large part of the Mohammedan population consisted of the territorial nobility (the oldest in Europe), who, although of Slavic origin, were yet fanatical adherents of

Islam, having found it to their interest to change their religion after the conquest of the country by the Turks. These took no part in the rebellion, and even the Christian population did not rise in a body. The success of the insurrection seemed to depend upon the attitude of Servia and Montenegro, and at the outset those two countries were induced by the consuls of the three empires to profess a strict neutrality.

Nevertheless, the Herzegovinians did not lose heart, and by the beginning of August they had put into the field against the Turks a force of twelve to fourteen thousand men. The latter made great exertions to suppress the rebellion before it should give rise to diplomatic intervention of too serious a character, or involve the Porte in a war with the Principalities. Dervish Pasha was succeeded by Reouf Pasha, and 30,000 or 40,000 soldiers were gradually collected in Herzegovina. Against such a force the insurgents could not hope to maintain the field; but by means of a guerilla warfare they harassed the Turks at every point, and when Winter brought about a cessation of hostilities, the latter had made no real advance toward the suppression of the revolt.

In the mean time the three empires, fearing that the insurrection, if not speedily suppressed, might result in an Oriental war, had been making efforts to bring about an understanding between the Porte and its revolted subjects. Of the three, Germany was a comparatively disinterested observer; but, while Russia found the insurrection to her advantage, Austria was seriously embarrassed by a disturbance threatening to shake the *status quo*; and indeed, in order to understand Austria's attitude through this whole period, it must be borne in mind that the Austro-Hungarian Empire is not one firmly consolidated state, but merely a sort of agreement on the part of a parcel of states and provinces of differing nationalities and conflicting interests to maintain the *status quo*. On August 18th, the ambassadors of these three powers tendered their good offices for the pacification of the revolt, and after considerable hesitation the Sultan accepted the offer. Server Pasha was sent as a commissioner to examine into the grievances of the insurgents, while the consuls of the six Great Powers undertook to induce the rebels to lay down their arms and present their complaints before the commissioner. Server Pasha went to Mostar and made promises; the consuls traveled through the disaffected districts—Germany, Austria and Italy along the Austrian border, England, Russia and France through the interior. By their interviews with the leaders of the insurrection the consuls ascertained that the latter would not lay down their arms, unless guarantees of the most tangible description were given for the execution of the desired reforms.

On the 2d of October the Sultan issued an *iradé* full of promises, and on the 12th of December a *firman* of similar character appeared.

These reforms were not worth the paper on which they were written, unless their execution was guaranteed and supervised by the Great Powers, a responsibility which the latter were unwilling to assume. It was with great difficulty they were able to unite in a joint note. This was drawn up on behalf of the three empires by Andrassy, and, after having received the approval of the three remaining Great Powers, was presented to the Porte in an apologetic and inoffensive manner on the 31st of January, 1876. Five points were insisted on as essential to the

pacification of Bosnia and Herzegovina—unlimited religious freedom; abolition of the system of farming the taxes; the application of the direct revenue of Bosnia and Herzegovina for the benefit of those provinces; establishment of a special commission, consisting, in equal parts, of Moslems and Christians, to watch over the execution of the reforms; and improvement of the industrial condition of the country population. Mahmoud Pasha and his master went through the solemn farce of laying the propositions of the powers before a ministerial council, after which they were accepted, with some modifications of the third proposition, and published in an imperial iradé of the 13th of February. A second iradé on the 23d of the same month offered full amnesty to the rebels, safe return to the fugitives, protection against all oppression, a free gift of the necessary materials for rebuilding their houses, and corn for sowing their fields, together with the remission of the tenth for one year, and all other taxes for two. By these poetical decrees the Porte was for the moment relieved from all interference on the part of the Great Powers, and at the same time furnished with an excuse for carrying out no reforms of any description whatever.

The Andrassy note had become waste-paper, and the utterances of the Russian Press—for when the Russian Press ventures to speak on any political topic its utterances may be regarded as inspired, or at least approved, by the Government—showed that Russia appreciated the necessity of armed interference, and chafed at the restraint put upon her by the other powers. The powers which specially exercised this restraint were England and Austro-Hungary. The latter shared with Russia the position of the most interested country; but, as already stated, its interests were ultraconservative, inasmuch as any disturbance in the Balkan peninsula endangered the unsteady equilibrium of the composite empire.

Both Germans and Hungarians were opposed to annexation, as that would increase the strength of the Slavic element, which both of them already found too strong. The increase of Serbia or the erection of a new Slavic state would make Russian influence in the Balkan peninsula too powerful. Furthermore, the Magyars (5,500,000 in number, ruling over 2,500,000 Roumanians, 1,500,000 Germans, and 5,000,000 Slavs), in their hatred of the Slavs in general, and the Russians in particular, actually sympathized with the Turks. Consequently, Austria could not venture to advance her own frontier, except under pressure of actual necessity, neither could she allow the erection of any new Slavonic states, or the increase of those already existing. Her natural policy was the maintenance, so far as possible, of the *status quo*, and for this purpose she sought the alliance of England, and showed herself willing to follow any plan the latter might propose.

But England adopted a simple policy of obstruction, encouraging the Porte in its opposition to all reform, rejecting the plans proposed by other powers, and refusing to present any of her own; recognizing the principle of European concert, but doing all in her power to prevent the fact. At the outset she urged the Turk to put down the Herzegovinian insurrection with all speed, and used her whole power to bring about that result.

It was English representations which led Austria, in the early Spring of 1876, to guard her frontiers more carefully against the insurgents, and finally to withdraw all support from the refugees within her borders. One other stroke of English policy, Oriental in more senses than one, calls for mention here—namely, the purchase from the Khédive of Egypt, on the 26th of November, 1875, of 175,000 shares of the Suez Canal for \$20,000,000.

The situation was daily growing more critical. Austria and England had accomplished nothing, and Russia was becoming tired of delays and promises. On the 10th of May Gortschakoff had a meeting with Bismarck and Andrassy in Berlin, and laid before them a memorandum based upon the Andrassy note. A truce of two months was to be proclaimed in order to settle the points in dispute with the insurgents, the execution of the promised reforms was to be supervised by the consuls of the Great Powers, and an international fleet was to be dispatched to the support of the consuls. "More effectual" measures were held in view, in case nothing had been accomplished before the expiration of the two months.

This memorandum was adopted by the three emperors, and communicated to the other three Great Powers. France and Italy accepted it without reserve, but England refused her assent, on the ground that the Porte had not yet had sufficient time in which to carry out the reforms, and that the suggestion of "more effectual" measures would lead the rebels to persist in their rebellion, while the supervision by foreign consuls was an inadmissible interference with the sovereign rights of the Sultan.

In the meantime an event had occurred at Salonika which involved the Porte in threatening complications with two of the neutral or disinterested Great Powers.

A mob of Turkish fanatics murdered the German and French consuls, on the 6th of May, by the command or at the instigation of the chief of police, the disturbance which led to their interference having originated in an attempt on his part to carry off a Bulgarian maiden for his harem. Germany and France at once demanded satisfaction, and French, German, Italian, Russian, Austrian and Greek ships of war appeared in the harbor of Salonika to protect the foreign residents; whereupon England dispatched twelve ironclads to Besika Bay, to guard the mouth of the Dardanelles. The peremptory attitude of the injured powers compelled the Porte, after some shambling and delay, to punish, not merely according to its usual custom, ignorant tools and inoffensive lookers-on, but even pashas and a chief of police.

Great embarrassment was occasioned at Constantinople by the German demand of 300,000 francs for the widow of the murdered consul. Turkish finances were in such a condition that it was difficult to procure even this small sum.

On the 5th of October, 1875, the Porte had declared itself unable to pay more than fifty per cent. of the interest on the debt, with the exception of that portion guaranteed by England and France. On the 1st of April, 1876, payment of the coupons due on that day was postponed until the 1st of July. Officials had received no pay for months, and been obliged to rely wholly on bribes, while the soldiers were left to subsist on plunder. But with all that the foolish extravagance of the Sultan continued unchecked. The lack of money made itself sorely felt everywhere, and rumor said that there was an abundance stored up in the vaults of the palace.

The murder in Salonika, and the military fiasco in Bosnia and Herzegovina, were used by the reform party to increase the dissatisfaction. That party was hostile to Russia, and hence anxious for the downfall of the grand vizier, Mahoud Pasha, and the Sheik-ul-Islam, both of whom were under Russian influence. Of a sudden great excitement displayed itself among the Softas, or students, of whom there were about 10,000 at various mosques in Constantinople. Providing themselves with arms, they marched in crowds through the city, and drew up a programme, in which they demanded, among other things, an assembly of notables, and the recall of Ignatieff by the

Russian Government. They likewise clamored for the annihilation of the revolt in Herzegovina, and for war with Montenegro. On the 11th of May they presented themselves before the palace with arms in their hands, and demanded the removal of Mahmoud Pasha and the Sheik-ul-Islam. Their demands were granted; but, instead of Midhat Pasha, the man of their choice, Mehemed Rushdi Pasha was made grand vizier.

But before Abdul Aziz ceased to reign, one of the cruellest tragedies which modern history records had been enacted in Bulgaria. Ever since the Crimean war it had been the policy of the Turkish Government to eradicate the Bulgarians, and settle Tartars and Circassians in the provinces south of the Danube, in order to form a strong bulwark against Slavic aggression from the north. The Tartars remained almost exclusively in the Dobrudzha; the Circassians scattered through the mountainous regions of Bulgaria.

Bravely though the latter had fought against the Russians in their native mountains, in Bulgaria they proved to be nothing more than lazy robbers. Work they would not; they lived by plundering the unfortunate natives. At length, inspired by the example of Herzegovina and Bosnia, and incited in all probability by Russian and Servian agents, after vain complaints and petitions, on the 1st of May, 1876, some young men raised the standard of revolt against such shameless oppression at Drenovo, near Tirnova.

Almost at the same time an insurrection broke out in the region between Philippopolis and Sofia, and soon the insurgents numbered about 10,000 men. Abdul Kerim, commander of the army in Roumelia and Bulgaria, could not muster more than 10,000 or 15,000 regular troops, and so recourse was had to the expedient of commissioning

Bashi-Bazouks—volunteers without uniform—or, in other words, arming the Mohammedan population to suppress the revolt. Even the prisons were emptied, and murderers were enrolled to put down the rebellion. Such a course could not fail to result in massacres of the most atrocious description. The insurrection was soon suppressed, but still the massacres continued. It seems to have been the intention of the Turkish Government to break the spirit of the Bulgarian people finally and completely, and thus render any future revolt an impossibility. The number of the luckless victims of this barbarous

policy has been variously estimated—at from 3,000 to 100,000. This terrible page of history is known as the Bulgarian atrocities.

The Bulgarian massacres could not fail to excite the greatest indignation in all Europe, but more especially in Servia and Montenegro. Servia had long hesitated between peace and war. She had to fear, not alone the superior strength of the Turks, but also the jealousy of Austria, or rather Hungary, which had no desire to encourage the dream of a great Servia. In February of 1876, the war party at length gained the upper hand, and made such



ROAD FROM CATTARO, AUSTRIA, TO CETTINJE, CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO.

open preparations for a campaign against Turkey that Austria and Russia united in a joint note, urging the Servian Government to refrain from hostilities. Austrian influence did not prove strong enough to hold the Servians back. Prince Nikita at once placed himself at the head of the Herzegovinian movement, and issued orders to the insurgents. On the 26th of June the latter proclaimed him as their Prince, and two days later the Bosnian insurgents, imitating their example, proclaimed Prince Milan Prince of Bosnia.

The Servian army had already been for some time assembled on the border, while the Turks had also collected

a considerable force on their side of the line. On the 2d of July the Servian army crossed the Turkish border, and at the same time Prince Nikita, who had already called into the field the whole able-bodied population between the ages of seventeen and sixty, announced to the Porte that he preferred open war to the state of virtual siege in which his principality was kept by the Turkish forces on the border.

The Servian field army numbered about 80,000 men; but of these only 3,000 were regular troops, while there was, furthermore, no reserve from which to supply the



AUSTRIANS ENTERING NOVI BAZAR, BOSNIA.



AUSTRIANS FALLING BACK TO DOBOJ, IN 1878.

losses incurred through battle and disease.

Russia manifested the liveliest sympathy for the Servians. Of the 6,000 to 8,000 foreign volunteers in the Servian army, fully 3,000 were Russians, and many of the officers were of the same nationality. Money and hospital stores were freely supplied from the Northern empire; the Empress put herself at the head of the benevolent societies organized for the benefit of the Servians and Montenegrins; collections were taken up from house to house; and numerous ladies and physicians hastened to offer their services at the seat of war. The Emperor maintained an attitude of reserve, but the whole nation saluted the *Servians and Montenegrins* as

brothers fighting in the common quarrel of the Slavonic race.

The Montenegrin army, consisting almost exclusively of militia, numbered 15,000 men, divided into two parts, in order to make head at the same time toward the north and south. The insurgents in Herzegovina were under the command of the Prince of Montenegro, while those in Bosnia fought independently; and it is rather a significant fact that the activity in those provinces decreased in proportion as that of Servia and Montenegro increased.

The Turkish army at the outset of the campaign numbered



AUSTRIANS OCCUPYING SERAJEVO, IN BOSNIA.

150,000 men, under the command of Abdul Kerim; but this force was constantly increased by fresh troops from Asia and Africa, who were paid by means of Abdul Aziz's confiscated treasures. The Turks were seriously impeded, however, in their prosecution of the war by the fact that they were compelled to recognize the neutrality of the Danube; in addition to which the harbor of Klek, where reinforcements were to have been disembarked for Mukhtar Pasha, was closed by the Austrians.

On the 2d of July Chernayeff crossed the Turkish frontier, and severed the communications between Abdul Kerim at Nish, and Osman Pasha in Viddin. The campaign had lasted ten weeks, and had resulted slightly to the disadvantage of the Servians. For the rest, although the Montenegrins had been victorious both in the north and south, all the other allies on whom Serbia had counted had failed her utterly. Neither Roumania nor Greece had moved; Bulgaria was crushed, and the Bosnians were held in check by the Turkish troops which had been sent thither. Russia offered nothing more than private assistance and semi-official encouragement. Serbia and Montenegro were left alone to carry on an unequal struggle with the Turkish empire. It was no wonder, therefore, that the demand for peace should make itself heard in Belgrade, and on the 16th of September a ten days' armistice was concluded. The armistice was the direct work of the Great Powers.

England's pro-Turkish attitude naturally excited the greatest indignation in Russia, where all classes of the population were clamorous for war with Turkey. The Emperor, as has already been narrated, preserved an attitude of reserve, and dissuaded Serbia and Montenegro from war, at the same time that he made no effort to restrain his subjects from rendering assistance to those states, and permitted Russian officers to take service in the Servian army. The alliance of the three Emperors compelled him to consider Austrian interests, and be guided in his direct policy by Austrian wishes. On the 8th of July a meeting took place at Reichstadt between Alexander and Francis Joseph, attended by their respective chancellors, at which it seems to have been decided that no armed intervention should be attempted for the present, and that neither state should in any case act independently of the other. Germany, as the least interested, whose business it was to act as mediator, and reconcile, so far as possible, the conflicting views of her two colleagues, naturally assented to this arrangement. The position of the Austro-Hungarian government was no easy one, and the Servian war certainly did not tend to make it easier.

But before matters had reached this point hostilities had been again resumed. Serbia refused to consent to the prolongation of the armistice to sixteen days, inasmuch as the ten days' armistice had not been strictly observed.

On the 30th of October, Ignatieff, in an interview with Savfet Pasha, informed the latter, in the name of the Russian Emperor, that unless within twenty-four hours the Porte signified its willingness to conclude an armistice with Serbia of six weeks or two months, Russia would break off her political relations with the Sultan. What Turkey might venture to refuse to the united demands of the disunited Great Powers she did not dare to refuse to Russia alone, and on the 31st of October a two months' truce with Serbia was signed. England at once proposed a conference of the Powers on the basis of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, with a view to establishing administrative autonomy in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Bulgaria; and after some objections on the part of the Porte, all the

Powers accepted her invitation and sent delegates to the conference at Constantinople.

On the 2d of November the Czar, in a conversation with Lord Loftus, the English ambassador at St. Petersburg, pledged his word that he did not aim at the acquisition of Constantinople, and that in case it became necessary to occupy Bulgaria, the occupation should be merely temporary. He did not believe that anything could be accomplished without a display of arms, and suggested that Austria should occupy Bosnia, and Russia, Bulgaria, while the English fleet should appear before Constantinople. In a dispatch of the 3d, Lord Derby expressed himself satisfied with the Czar's assurances respecting his intentions. But it soon appeared that the English Government was not satisfied, after all. On the 9th of November, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, Lord Beaconsfield, after glorifying the strength and resources of Great Britain, said, "In a righteous cause, England is not the country that will have to inquire whether she can enter upon a second or third campaign. In a righteous cause England will commence a fight that will not end till right is done."

These utterances were ominous. On the 13th the Czar ordered the formation of six army corps out of the divisions stationed in the military districts of Odessa, Charkoff and Kieff, and appointed Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaievitch their commander. A Crimean army was also to be formed, under the command of General Semyeka, and large reinforcements were ordered for Loris Melikoff, in the Caucasus. In an explanatory circular Gortschakoff informed the Great Powers that Russia was determined not to rest until justice had been done to the Christian subjects of the Porte. On the 18th of November a loan of 100,000,000 rubles was ordered, which was taken up in the Russian empire within eight days. Orders were also issued placing the railroads at the disposal of the military authorities, the export of grain and horses was forbidden, torpedoes were laid at the entrances of the most important Black Sea harbors, and other necessary preparations made for war.

These measures called forth, not alone diplomatic protests and inquiries from the English Cabinet, but also counter-preparations, and on the 18th of November it was announced that, in case Bulgaria were occupied by Russian troops, England would occupy Gallipoli and Constantinople, in order to secure the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles against the Russian fleet. A war between Russia and Turkey was everywhere regarded as certain, and the also become involved. It was generally felt that the peace of Europe depended on the attitude of Germany, and fear was entertained that England, or even Austria, might men asked what Bismarck's policy would be. In answer to an interpellation in the *Reichstag* by Richter, on the 5th of December, Bismarck gave it to be understood that Germany would support Russia in her demands relative to the Christian subjects of the Porte, and that in case of war Austria's neutrality was assured; Russia was to make no conquests, and Austrian interests were to be provided for. He also took occasion, at one of his parliamentary receptions, to express the belief that England would not be a party to the war.

After the failure of the conference, direct negotiations were opened with Serbia and Montenegro, and on the 1st of March a peace was signed with the former state, by which the *status quo ante* was restored, with the stipulation that the Turkish flag should be planted on the citadel of Belgrade along with the Servian. With Montenegro matters did not run so smoothly. Turkey would not consent to any cession of territory; and finally, on the 13th of April, negotiations were broken off, and both sides

prepared for a renewal of the war. But this time Prince Nikita was to have an ally more powerful than Servia.

On the 13th of April orders were issued to mobilize the whole Russian army. On the 24th of the same month the Emperor issued a manifesto ordering his troops to cross the Turkish frontiers; and on the same day a circular note was sent to the Powers, informing them of the fact. In his answer to this circular, Lord Derby expressed his regret at Russia's action, which he regarded as a violation of the Treaty of Paris of 1856; at the same time, however, he announced the intention of the English Government to observe a strict neutrality in case British interests were not interfered with. Those interests were somewhat more closely defined shortly after as being English communications with the East. For the protection of those communications the Suez canal must not be in any way obstructed, Constantinople must remain in the hands of its present possessors, and the existing regulations with regard to the Dardanelles and Bosphorus must be maintained. It was also indicated that the occupation of Bulgaria for any longer time than was absolutely necessary might occasion unpleasant complications.

The position of Roumania between the two belligerents rendered its alliance a matter of importance to both sides. On the 16th of April a convention was concluded with Russia, by which free passage through the principality was conceded to the Russian army, together with the use of the railroads, post and telegraph; and it was also provided that the Roumanian commander-in-chief should establish magazines at all important points, excepting Bucharest, in the rear of the Russian army of operation. As this convention was a virtual declaration of war with Turkey, orders were issued on the 18th to concentrate 10,000 men at Bucharest, and two days later the mobilization of the whole army was commanded. Prince Charles assumed the chief command in person. His available troops, thoroughly equipped, and well provided with all the necessities of war, numbered 88,000 infantry and 8,200 cavalry, with 120 field guns.

On the 6th of June, Emperor Alexander, accompanied by his Chancellor, arrived in Roumania and took up his headquarters at Playesti, north of Bucharest, where Grand Duke Nicholas had already been since the 15th of May. The waters of the Danube were still sixteen feet above the normal level, rendering the passage of the river for the present impracticable. The army under the Grand Duke's command consisted of nine army corps.

How strong the Turkish forces opposed to the Grand Duke's army were it is scarcely possible to estimate even approximately. According to the most probable guess there were 20,000 men in the Dobrudsha, 10,000 in Silistria, 30,000 in Rustchuk, 20,000 in Shumla, and 35,000 in Viddin, making a total of 115,000. In addition to these, a reserve army, about 30,000 strong, was formed to the south of the Balkans, and a number of soldiers were brought back from Montenegro. We will not enter into the details of the campaigning, but will come to Plevna and the results.

An unsuccessful attack made by the Russians on the 11th of September had shown that Plevna was not to be carried by storm. A pause of about a month ensued, while the Russians were waiting for reinforcements. The whole country from the Balkans to the Danube was in the hands of the Russians, and Plevna was completely isolated. The operations of Gourko's army compelled Mehemed Ali Pasha, who had succeeded Cheftet, to abandon Orkanye, and retreat across the Balkans to Sofia, leaving a garrison in the Etropole Pass.

Each week saw the iron ring around Plevna grow

smaller as one position after another fell into the hands of the Russians. On the 12th of November Grand Duke Nicholas called upon the Turkish commander to avoid useless loss of life by surrender, since there was no longer any possibility of relief; but the latter refused, announcing his determination to fight "to the last drop of our blood for the honor of our country." At length provisions failed, and a desperate attempt to break through the Russian lines was resolved upon. On the evening of December 9th, leaving the sick and wounded behind in Plevna, the Turkish army concentrated on the Vid. At daybreak of the 10th they began their advance toward Viddin in two columns. But the enemy was fully informed of their plans. As soon as the fortifications were abandoned by the Turks they were occupied by the Russians. The Roumanians and the Grenadier Corps received the attack of the Turkish troops, and hurled them back on the intrenchments, now occupied by Russian soldiers. The Turks fought with desperation. Osman himself was wounded in the leg. Finally, at 12.30 p.m., the white flag was raised, and the Turkish army surrendered at discretion. Ten pashas, 2,000 officers of the line, 128 staff-officers, and 36,000 men, besides the sick and the wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy.

The joy at Russian headquarters was unbounded, for the capture of Plevna set the army free to cross the Balkans and march on Adrianople. The Emperor greeted Generals Totleben, Imeritinski and Janetzki with the words, "This is wholly your work, and especially thine, Edward Ivanovitch" (Totleben). Osman Pasha, congratulated by his conquerors and lauded by the world, was sent as prisoner of honor to Charkoff. For almost five months (July 19th to December 10th), with inferior numbers and improvised fortifications, he had held in check the whole Russian army of occupation, inflicting upon it during that time a direct loss of at least 30,000 men.

The capture of Plevna enabled the Russians to resume an energetic offensive at all points. Gourko commenced the passage of the mountains by a circuitous route, in order to attack the enemy in the rear. By the evening of the 30th all difficulties had been overcome, and two days later the Turkish positions were in the hands of the Russians. This necessitated the evacuation of Sofia; and on the 4th of January, for the first time since 1434, a Christian army was in possession of the old Bulgarian capital.

Russian victory was now secure. The Turkish Empire seemed tottering to its fall, and the neighboring and subject states each prepared to appropriate the largest possible share of the booty. The recall of Suleiman Pasha and Mehemed Ali, with all available Turkish troops, had enabled the Montenegrins to reduce Niksich, Antivari and Dulcigno; and on the 29th of January, 1878, Prince Nikita led his army across the Boyana with the intention of investing Scutari in Northern Albania. The Servians, also, after the fall of Plevna had rendered Russian victory inevitable, bravely took up arms, and succeeded in reducing Nish, as well as a few other places of less importance.

The insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina still continued. Crete was in rebellion—the insurgents demanded union with Greece—only the fortresses remaining in the hands of the Turks. Thessaly and Epirus were also in open revolt; and on the 12th of February, 1878, 12,000 Grecian soldiers appeared to support the rebels, and take possession of Thessaly, Macedonia and Epirus in behalf of the Government at Athens. But the quarrels of the doctors, which had so long preserved the "sick man" from dissolution, intervened once more to save him.

Austria still preserved her attitude of neutrality. The Poles and Hungarians urged active interference in behalf of the Turks; the Bohemians and south Slavs were equally loud in their demands for co-operation with Russia. Pesth was the headquarters of the Turcophiles, and greeted with illuminations all tidings of Mohammedan victories; while Agram, the capital of the south Slavs, welcomed with rejoicings the news of Russian success.

In September of 1877 the Austrian authorities discovered on the southeastern frontier of Transylvania a depot of arms and munitions for some 6,000 men. An investigation revealed a conspiracy on the part of a number of Poles and Hungarians to make an inroad into Roumania, destroy the railroad at Busco and Marachesti, threaten the Russian line of communications, and form a junction with a Turkish column which was to advance from Silistria.

But Andrassy's Government, supported by the German element, steered skillfully between this Scylla and Charybdis of Turcophiles and Russophiles, maintaining the strictest neutrality, although no state was in

reality more deeply interested than Austria in the final settlement of the Eastern Question—for Austrian interests would not permit Russia to dominate the mouth of the Danube, or exercise an everweening influence in the Slavonic states of the Balkan peninsula.

On the side of England, the danger of some interference seemed more imminent. Russophobia was on the increase, and the utterances of both ministers and Press grew steadily more warlike. The fall of Plevna and the advance on Constantinople increased the excitement. In London, Parliament was summoned to meet on the 17th of January, and in Constantinople, Layard became a regular

attendant at the meetings of the Turkish ministers. On the 12th of December the Porte had addressed a useless circular to the Great Powers asking their interference for the conclusion of a peace with Russia. Toward the end of that month, by Layard's advice, the Sultan wrote a letter to Queen Victoria, asking her mediation, and the latter at once telegraphed to the Czar, urging peace, and tendering her good offices. The Czar replied that, if the Sultan were desirous of peace, he must apply directly, and not through other Powers; and an inquiry from the English cabinet regarding the condition to be exacted

elicited merely an evasive answer.

On the 31st of January preliminaries of peace and a cessation of hostilities were signed by both sides. In accordance with the terms of this armistice, the Turks evacuated and surrendered to the Russians all fortresses still in their possession north of a line from Derkos, on the Black Sea, to San Stefano, on the Sea of Marmora. The English Government, fearful for "British interests," now began to act in earnest. It was announced in Parliament that England, supported by Austria, would not recognize any private treaty between Russia and



INSURGENT CHIEF BROUGHT INTO SERAJEVO.

Turkey, but would insist that the terms of peace be submitted to a congress of the Great Powers.

On the 31st of January in the face of a protest from the Porte, the English fleet received orders to repair to Constantinople "for the protection of the life and property of English subjects." Gortschakoff at once announced to the Great Powers that in that event Russia would find it necessary to march her troops into Constantinople for the protection of the Christian subjects of the Porte. A compromise was finally effected; and on the 13th of February Admiral Hornby, with six ships, passed through the Dardanelles, and came to anchor at the



GARRISON OF BELGRADE SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO MILAN I., KING OF SERVIA.

Prince's Islands, about ten miles below the capital. These ships were all armed to the teeth.

On the 3d of March, 1878, the treaty of San Stefano was signed by Ignatieff and Nelidoff on behalf of Russia, and Server Pasha and Sadullah Bey, Turkish ambassadors in Berlin, on behalf of Turkey. By this treaty Montenegro, in addition to its independence, received Niksieh and Gacko, with the adjoining territory in the north, while its boundaries were extended to the Sea of Scutari and the Boyana River on the south. Serbia also became independent, and received a considerable increase of territory to the south and west — her most important acquisition being the town and fortress of Nish. Roumania, whose independence was recognized, received the lower Dobrusha from Turkey, in return for the cession of Bessarabia to Russia. Bulgaria, with the Black Drina for its western boundary,

and extending southward to the Aegean Sea, at the mouth of the River Karassu, was to be a self-governing, tributary principality, with a Prince chosen by the people and confirmed by the Porte, with the consent of the Great Powers. By way of preparation for self-government, the new principality was to be administered for two years by a Russian Commissioner, and be occupied at its own cost by 50,000 Russian soldiers. The reforms indicated by the Constantinople Conference were to be carried out in Bosnia and Herzegovina; Crete was to receive the

organization promised in 1868; and a similar form of administration was to be introduced in the remaining Christian provinces. Thus were the cards shuffled and played by this treaty, the players all intent upon the game, all playing with the uttermost *finesse*, none, however, daring to cheat, although inclined so to do.

The war indemnity to be paid to Russia was fixed at



MILAN I., KING OF SERBIA, AND QUEEN NATALIE.

1,410,000,000 rubles; 900,000,000 for the expenses of the war; 400,000,000 for the injuries inflicted on Russian commercial interests; 100,000,000 for the insurrection in the Caucasus excited by Turkish agents, and supported by Turkish troops; and 10,000,000 as compensation for the losses inflicted on Russian subjects within the borders of the Ottoman Empire. In view of the condition of Turkish finances, Ardahan, Kars, Batoum, Bayazid, and the territory between the Russian frontier and the Soghanly Mountains were to be accepted by Russia in lieu of 1,100,000,000 rubles, thus reducing the actual amount of the money indemnity to 310,000,000 (about \$248,000,000). It was also provided that the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles should remain open for the merchantmen of all neutral powers during peace and war alike.

England and Austria at once declared this treaty unacceptable, and demanded a European congress. Russia consented, but would only agree to submit the treaty of San Stefano to the *perusal* of that body, reserving to herself the right of accepting or rejecting the recommendations of the congress at her pleasure, and argued that the questions concerning Turkey and herself were for Turkey and herself to settle between them. England, on the other hand, demanded that the treaty of Paris of 1856 should form the basis of negotiation, and that all the paragraphs of the treaty of San Stefano should be submitted to the congress, to be accepted or rejected by it. At the outset Austria seemed likely to side with England in spite of the alliance of the three emperors. The Austrian-Hungarian delegations were convened at Pesth on the 7th of March, and Andrassy demanded and obtained an extraordinary credit of 60,000,000 gulden. Although he denied that the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was the object of his policy, it was, nevertheless, apparent that the occupation of those provinces was imminent.

To the formation of a Bulgarian principality Andrassy expressed a determined hostility; and he advocated further the strengthening of the Grecian element in the Balkan peninsula as a balance to the Slavic. To remove his objections, Ignatieff was dispatched to Vienna toward the end of March; and, as the result of his mission, an understanding was reached with the Austrian Government. But with England the case was different. The withdrawal of Lord Derby from the cabinet (Lord Carnarvon, the only other peace member, had already withdrawn), and the calling out of the reserves, looked as though England would go to war in support of her view of the case. The greatest activity prevailed in the English arsenals and dockyards, and on the 29th of April the first installment of Indian troops which the cabinet had ordered to the Mediterranean, 6,000 men in all, embarked at Bombay for Malta.

On the 1st of April Lord Salisbury, the new minister of Foreign Affairs, formerly Secretary for India, had issued a circular note to the effect that England would not enter into a congress which was not free to discuss the whole treaty of San Stefano. Gortschakoff's answer showed equal firmness on the part of Russia.

Both parties seemed steering toward war, and there was a time when people daily expected the news of a collision on the Bosphorus.

Count Shouvaloff conducted direct negotiations between the two capitals, and through his exertions a secret agreement was signed in London on the 30th of May, by which the difficulties in the way of the proposed congress were at length removed, and the threatened war averted. It was arranged that Bulgaria should be divided into two provinces, the one north and the other south of the Balkans; the former to be a tributary state, and the latter to

possess a semi-autonomous administration under a Christian stadtholder appointed by the Porte, with the consent of the Great Powers. Bayazid and the valley of the Alashkert were to be restored to Turkey, on account of their importance to the trade between that country and Persia, and the little district of Khotur was to be surrendered to the latter state by the Sultan. The Russian Government also made some further concessions of minor importance, and promised that in the future the Russian boundaries should not be extended toward Asiatic Turkey. As to the retrocession of Bessarabia to Russia by Roumania, England agreed to make no objections, inasmuch as the other Powers did not oppose it, and English interests were not directly involved, but reserved for the discussion and decision of the congress the passage of the Russian troops through the principality.

The two last-named points—the cession of Bessarabia and the passage through Roumania of the Russian troops—encountered, as was to have been expected, bitter opposition from Prince Charles's Government. By the treaty of San Stefano, besides ceding Bessarabia to Russia in return for a part of the Dobrudsha, his dominions were to remain open to the Russians for two years for the passage of troops to and from Bulgaria, while Roumania was, furthermore, left to make her own terms with Turkey in regard to a war indemnity—which was equivalent to saying that she was to receive no indemnity whatever. Bratiano, the minister-president, undertook a mission to Berlin and Vienna to win support for his government, but without success.

For somewhat similar reasons, Grecian claims were not viewed with much favor in St. Petersburg. Greece looked with longing eyes on Thessaly—where, out of a total population of 384,230 souls, 341,850 were Greeks—and Epirus, which numbered 415,965 Greeks as against 318,955 Turks and Albanians. The prospect of a division of Turkey had caused the greatest excitement in Athens. On the 29th of March, 1877, parliament voted the formation of a new reserve of 20,000 men, raising the whole force at the disposal of the Grecian Government to 34,000. The Russian declaration of war increased the excitement.

The proper time for action was immediately after the fall of Plevna, but the opportunity was allowed to pass, and when at last, on the 2d of February, 1878, fearful of being excluded from the division of the spoils, the Government ordered 12,000 Greek troops across the frontier, it was already too late; the armistice had set the Porte at liberty to utilize a part of its forces for the protection of its southern borders. When the Constantinople cabinet decided to send Hobart Pasha to the Piræus with a fleet of ironclads, and at the same time land troops in Thessaly, Athens was seized with a panic, and on the 7th of February, by the advice of the Great Powers, especially England, the Grecian general, Soutzo, received orders to lead his troops back to Lamia. This was a deadly blow to the insurrection in Thessaly, and by the display of a little energy, accompanied by abundant promises of amnesty, the Turks succeeded in effecting its complete suppression by the end of March. In return for her general amenity to English advice, the English cabinet promised King George's Government to use its influence in behalf of Greece at the approaching congress.

The congress met in Berlin, on the 13th of June, the German chancellor presiding. Besides Turkey and the six Great Powers, Greece, Roumania, Servia and Montenegro had also sent delegates, but these latter had not been formally invited, and were admitted only to such sittings as dealt with the special interests of the states they represented.

As was the case in most of the other matters in dispute, the real decision was reached in private consultations between the representatives of the states especially interested, and then formally adopted by the congress.

The province of East Roumelia, to the south of the Balkans, was to remain under the immediate political and military dominion of the Porte, but with an autonomous administration and a local militia, officered, however, by the Sultan. For the protection of the frontiers, the latter potentate was also allowed to erect fortresses and maintain garrisons—of regular troops only.

The settlement of the Armenian question proved more difficult. In her private agreement with Russia, England had consented to the cession of Batoum, but she now sought to diminish the value of that post by stipulating that the fortifications should be demolished and the port declared free. The dispute, which at one time assumed a serious character, was finally settled by a declaration on the part of the Czar that Batoum should be a free port. Kars, Ardahan and Batoum were ceded to Russia, the district of Khotur to Persia, and the Sultan pledged himself to carry out the requisite reforms in Armenia without loss of time, and to protect the inhabitants against the Kurds and Circassians. At the same time a secret treaty was made known which had been contracted between England and Turkey on the 4th of June. By this treaty the Porte pledged itself to carry out reforms in Asia Minor, and England, on her part, guaranteed the integrity of the Sultan's Asiatic possessions. To put England in a position to fulfill her part of the treaty, and as a pledge for the execution of the promised reforms, the Porte surrendered Cyprus to England as a naval and military station, the latter agreeing to regard the island as an integral part of the Turkish Empire, and to make over the surplus revenue to the Sultan. This treaty, which had received the consent of Germany and Russia at the time of its execution, aroused great indignation in France and Italy, both of which countries viewed with jealous alarm any increase of English power in the Mediterranean. To pacify the former state, Beaconsfield and Salisbury entered into a secret arrangement with Waddington, in accordance with which England was to put no obstacles in the way of a French occupation of Tunis—an arrangement of which the French Government finally took advantage in the year 1881. The English representatives had also entered into an arrangement with Austria in reference to Bosnia and Herzegovina.

With regard to the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles the *status quo* was maintained. Besides these questions, which directly affected the Great Powers, the claims of the smaller states had also to be taken into consideration. Austria was unwilling to concede too much to Serbia and Montenegro, as the increase of those states would have the effect of barring her advance toward the south. In particular she desired to shut out Montenegro from the sea. Austria had also acquired the right to construct a road and railroad through Montenegro.

The independence of Serbia and Montenegro was recognized on condition that full freedom and political equality were accorded to the members of all religions. Serbia received an addition to her population of 280,000 souls, her most important acquisition being the city and fortress of Nish.

Finally, it was recommended that the southern part of Thessaly and Epirus should be ceded to Greece, the Salambria and Kalamos rivers forming the new boundary line. In case the Sultan and the King of the Hellenes could not come to some understanding, the Great Powers were to have the right of offering their mediation. As to

Crete, the Sultan undertook "scrupulously to apply the organic law of 1868."

From one point of view the congress was a great game of grab. Germany, having already received her share in 1870, now had to make good her promises to Russia. The latter acquired Bessarabia and a slice of Armenia. England appropriated Cyprus, and assumed a sort of protectorate in Asia Minor. Austria occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina, and took a long step on the road toward Constantinople. France obtained a lien on Tunis, and only Italy had no share in the distribution of the spoils. The treaty had been made; the next step was to execute it. England at once took possession of Cyprus.

Like England, Austria took possession of her share of the booty at once, but not without the most obstinate resistance. Finding it impossible to form any convention with the Porte regarding the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina—inasmuch as the latter demanded that a limit should be set to the period of occupation, while the Austrian Government meant that the occupation should be perpetual, or, in other words, an annexation—Andrassy determined to act without a convention, and on the 29th of July, 1878, General Philippovich, with three divisions, received orders to cross the frontier. Bashi-Bazouks, Bosnian beys, the Albanian League and Turkish regulars united in opposing the Austrian advance, and two out of the three columns into which Philippovich had divided his forces met with disaster. Thereupon the three divisions were increased to three full army corps, and by the 4th of October both provinces were in full possession of the invading army. Within the next three years Austria, by dint of threats and diplomacy combined, concluded railroad and commercial treaties giving her a general control of railroad communications in the Balkan peninsula, a practical monopoly of the Danube, and a politico-commercial dictatorship in Serbia. In 1881 an Austrian occupation of Bulgaria seemed at one time imminent. The present policy of the dual empire, in which it is strongly supported by Germany, is to make Austrian influence dominant on the road to Constantinople.

Russia, in order to secure the more rapid obedience to those articles of the treaty of Berlin which concerned her interests, announced that her troops would maintain their position before Constantinople until all the provisions of the treaty had been executed. The difficulty of coming to an agreement regarding the war indemnity, and those points of the treaty of San Stefano which had not been touched upon in the Berlin Congress, gave rise to a further conflict, and at one time a renewal of the war seemed not improbable. Finally, however, on the 8th of February, 1879, an additional treaty was concluded between Lobanoff, Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, and Karatheodori Pasha, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, by which the treaty of San Stefano was declared binding, in so far as its provisions were not expressly superseded by the treaty of Berlin, and the war indemnity was fixed at 802,500,000 francs.

In Bulgaria the constituent Assembly, consisting of 286 members, partly elected by the people, partly appointed by the government, was opened at Tirnova on the 23d of February, 1879, by the Russian Governor-general, Prince Dondukoff. Admission was refused to the delegates from Thrace and East Roumelia, and a strict observance of the Treaty of Berlin with respect to the territorial limitation of the principality was enjoined upon the somewhat recalcitrant majority. An elaborate and liberal constitution was adopted on the 28th of April, and on the 29th the new National Assembly, consisting of 250 members—twenty-two of them Mohammedans—was convened, and proceeded



CETTINJE, CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO.

at once to elect Prince Alexander, of Battenberg, nephew of the Russian Empress, and son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, Prince of Bulgaria.

The organization of East Roumelia proved a task of great difficulty. By the Treaty of Berlin an International Commission was charged with the organization of the province and the provisional administration of the finances. In this commission Russia represented the wishes of the people; and England, which represented the interests of the Porte, accused her of fostering hopes among the East Roumelians of a union with Bulgaria. It was feared that an insurrection might break out on the withdrawal of the Russian troops, and it was certain that this would be the



HERZEGOVINIANS.



SERBIAN SKUPCHINA IN SESSION AT BELGRADE.

case if Turkey insisted on her right to occupy the Balkan passes, thus forming a military cordon between East Roumelia and Bulgaria. Finally, the Czar sent General Obrutcheff to Constantinople to arrange a compromise.

The Czar pledged himself for the maintenance of order in the province of East Roumelia, and agreed to remit the 20,000,000 francs, or thereabouts, due to Russia for the maintenance of Turkish prisoners during the war, in consideration of which the Sultan pledged himself "provisionally" not to exercise his right of garrison in Burgas, Ichtiman and the Balkan Passes.

Thereupon General Obrutcheff repaired to Philippopolis and read in the cathedral of that place a manifesto announcing to the Roumelian Bulgarians these concessions on the side of the Porte, and warning them to observe the Treaty of Berlin and be satisfied with their present position. The popular leaders, whose hopes were dashed by this announcement, finally resolved to accept the situation, but at the same time to maintain their military organization intact; and so this difficulty was settled.

The evacuation of East Roumelia by the Russian troops began on the 3d of May, 1879,

and on the 27th of July the last Russian soldier embarked at Burgas.

In the European provinces which still remain under the direct administration of the Sultan the promised reforms have never been carried out.

To the recommendation of the congress, relative to the cession of territory to Greece, Turkey paid no heed whatever. A Greek note of July 17th, with regard to the territory to be ceded, remained unnoticed by the Porte. This was followed by a second and third.

This drew out a circular dispatch from Waddington, asking the other powers to unite with France in exerting pressure on the Porte. In the meantime the Grecian Government, in order to be prepared for all contingencies, had raised the strength of the active army to 18,000 men, and that of the reserve to 37,000, and obtained from Parliament an additional credit of 35,000,000 francs.

France then proposed an after-conference for the settlement of the Greek question, and England called upon the other powers to unite with her in presenting to the Porte identical notes with reference to Greece, Montenegro and Armenia.

As the Great Powers decided not to admit Turkish or Grecian plenipotentiaries, the Porte announced that it would not regard the decisions of the conference as binding. The new line proposed by France (Russia, contrary to her former policy, proposed a still more northern one) was the same which had been suggested by Prince Leopold of Coburg, when the Grecian crown was offered to him in 1830. Starting from the mouth of the Mavrolongos River, considerably further north than the point

chosen by the Berlin congress, it followed the course of the mountains until the Kalamos was reached, from which point westward to the Ionian Sea that stream was to serve as the boundary.

Finally, in March of 1881, an arrangement was reached by which Janina and Prevesa, with the greater part of Epirus, were to be left in the hands of the Turks, while in Thessaly the boundary between the two countries was to be substantially the same as that marked out by the

treaty of Berlin; and, by Autumn of that year, the ceded territory had already been evacuated by the Turks.

Like Greece Montenegro also had great difficulty in obtaining from the Porte the territory allotted to it by the congress; but in this case it was necessary to overcome not alone the procrastination of the Porte, but also the hostility of a part of the population of the ceded districts and of the Albanian League.

In October the leaders of the league resolved to put 8,000 men in the field at Podgorizza, to prevent the surrender of that place to Montenegro, and, in order to secure the greater freedom of action, they demand-

ed from the Porte the recognition of autonomy, and the appointment of native officials. The Turks promised and procrastinated, Turkish troops went over to the Albanians, Turkish commanders allowed provisions and military stores to fall into their hands, and an Albanian, Abeddin Pasha, was appointed Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs. Montenegro was not strong enough to assert her rights by force of arms, and of the Great Powers Germany, Austria and France were averse to military intervention.



ROUMANIA PROCLAIMED A KINGDOM, IN 1881.

On the 27th of November, after some fighting, Dulcigno was handed over to the Montenegrins, and the tedious dispute was at an end.

Servia was more fortunate than Greece or Montenegro, inasmuch as her share of the Turkish territory was already in her possession, and could, therefore, give rise to no diplomatic difficulties. Neither did the religious equality upon which the recognition of Servian independence had been conditioned by the Great Powers occasion any difficulty, and the Skuptshina, by vote, abolished the constitutional provision limiting the political rights of Jews resident in Servia. In Roumania, however, the Jewish question was more difficult of settlement. Austria and Russia recognized Roumanian independence without awaiting the condition, but the other four Great Powers insisted upon its fulfillment as a prerequisite to their recognition.

In 1881, with the consent of all the Powers, Roumania became a kingdom, and King Charles I. was added to the list of European constitutional monarchs.

It remains to say a word concerning Turkey's most important vassal state, Egypt, which had sent 6,000 men to assist the Porte in its war with Russia. The sale of Suez Canal shares to England, in the year 1875, was necessitated by the Khédive's lack of money. His already formidable financial difficulties were increased in that year by a war with Abyssinia. This war, which continued through the whole of the following year, resulted in a disaster to the Egyptian forces, and led to a successful insurrection against the Khédive's authority in Darfour, in the year 1877. At the time of the purchase of the Canal shares Ismail Pasha also requested from England a competent financier to exploit his budget and act as general financial counselor; and Mr. Cave, with a staff of experts, was accordingly sent to Egypt in December of 1875. Cave's mission, and the purchase of the Canal shares, excited the jealousy of France, and England saw herself compelled to share with that country the guardianship of the Khédive's finances. The state of those finances grew worse and worse, for Ismail Pasha understood the art of borrowing and wasting money as well as his suzerain, the Sultan Abdul Aziz.

At last, on the 19th of June, the two Western Powers informed the Khédive that he must either abdicate peacefully or be deposed by force. (The real agent in the matter of the deposition was, singularly enough, the German Empire.) English influence was also brought to bear upon the Sultan, and on the 26th Ismail received orders from Constantinople to abdicate in favor of his son, Tewfik. In return for this action on the Sultan's part Egyptian dependence on Turkey was rendered somewhat closer, and it was provided that customs or commercial treaties, as well as all treaties regulating the position of strangers toward the government, or toward the country in general, must first be submitted to the Sultan for his approval; that no new loans should be contracted without the sanction of the Porte and the express consent of the Egyptian bondholders; and that the peace strength of the Egyptian army should not exceed 18,000 men. To avoid offense to Mussulman susceptibilities, a native ministry was formed; but the practical management of the finances was placed in the hands of English and French commissioners. These commissioners pronounced Egypt bankrupt, and an International Committee of liquidation was formed, in which all the European Great Powers were represented. The liquidation law drawn up by this committee was signed by Tewfik on the 18th of July, 1880, and Egypt went into formal bankruptcy, England and France acting as receivers.

On the 9th of September, 1881, the whole army, under

the command of Achmet Bey el Araby, a Mohammedan zealot, colonel of an Egyptian regiment, surrounded the Khédive's palace in Cairo, and extorted from him the dismissal of the Riaz ministry, and the appointment of Sherif Pasha and a Cabinet independent of foreign control.

Stirring events in Egypt have been of so late a date as to render it unnecessary to detail them. France would, and would not, act. The chestnuts were to be pulled out of the fire by England, and France was to share them. This is all changed, and France is chestnut-less and angry.

Italy held aloof, in great displeasure at the Tunis expedition—a displeasure which, in some degree, extended to England, since the English and French control in Egypt appeared to make light of Italian interests in the Levant. Whether the proposal to give Italy a share in the protection of the Canal will in any way appease the Italian people, remains to be seen; but a strong alliance between France and Italy, useful as it might prove to France, is scarcely possible as yet, so much has Italy been taught to depend on Germany for her European position, and so unfavorable are the Foreign Office traditions of France to any cordial co-operation with the kingdom whose rise French statesmen united to consider so terrible a calamity to the French. At the same time, unless France is to wait till her people and her armies recover the self-confidence which was so utterly extinguished in 1870, the only remedy for the present paralysis appears to be a more cordial alliance between France and Spain, and France and Italy, to supplement the good understanding between France and England. At present there is something quite pitiable in the somersaults of French foreign policy. The breath of Germany is omnipotent, and even the silence of Germany is interpreted as the most ominous menace.

And who believes in the sincerity of Germany? Not her great ally, Austria, who wants to go to Salonica.

It is stated that the Montenegrin question has been amicably settled between the Porte and Russia and Austria, and that a commission will leave Constantinople to settle the frontier question. It is just this same frontier question that will set fire to the powder magazine.

Italy, greedy for territory, and for an opportunity of testing her one hundred-ton guns, is ready to invade France on the thinnest possible pretext, and awaits but a *casus belli*—some flimsy opportunity, to excuse her in the face of Europe to declare war. France's difficulty will prove Italy's opportunity.

We have shown in this article that the various conferences between the European Powers have been many games of grab. No one is satisfied. The hunger still exists. Austria has an enormous army, which has never yet crowned itself with glory. It has been beaten all along the line. The writer was present last August at a grand review at Vienna, in honor of the Emperor's birthday. Thirty-five thousand troops manœuvred, and a more magnificent-looking body of men it is impossible to imagine. "If they could but get a chance," was the expression of a field-officer, when complimented on the appearance of the men, adding, "but they will, it is coming." Russian intrigue is making Austrian rule in Bosnia impossible. Bosnia is Austria's white elephant. The destroyer of Austria's peace must be punished at any cost. It is not unworthy of belief that Austria is working up the Poles, so that an insurrection at the right moment will occupy Russia in that quarter.

According to the returns of the Minister of War for the whole Empire the monarchy Austria possessed at the commencement of 1880, a standing army numbering 239,615

men on the peace-footing, and 771,556 on the war-footing, composed as follows :

DESCRIPTION OF TROOPS.	NUMBER.	
	Peace-footing.	War-footing.
Infantry :		
80 regiments of the line, each composed of 3 field battalions, 2 reserve, and 1 depot battalion.....	110,702	458,930
14 Military frontier regiments, 6 of 3, and 8 of 4 battalions.....	12,307	59,823
1 regiment of "Kaiser-jäger," of Tyrol, and 33 battalions of "Feld-jäger".....	20,251	54,463
12 companies of ambulance and hospital service.....	1,180	3,876
Total of infantry.....	144,440	571,092
Cavalry :		
14 regiments of dragoons; 12 heavy, and 2 light; 14 regiments of hussars; and 2 of lancers.....		
Total of cavalry.....	35,798	58,794
Artillery :		
12 regiments of field-artillery, each of 14 batteries of 8 pieces.....	17,880	43,836
14 battalions of fortress and mountain artillery.....	7,778	18,938
Total of artillery.....	25,658	62,774
Engineers and Train :		
2 regiments of "Genie," each of 4 battalions.....	4,662	13,240
1 regiment of pioneers of 5 battalions.....	2,803	7,747
54 squadrons of "Fuhrwesen," or train....	2,401	24,147
Total of engineers and train.....	9,866	45,134
Miscellaneous Establishments :		
Military instruction.....	2,234	2,234
Topographical survey.....	128	128
Commissariat and clothing departments..	3,705	7,200
Sanitary department.....	1,291	6,200
Arsenals, military stores, and buildings...	3,000	4,500
Army studs.....	5,800	5,800
Military police and gendarmes.....	7,700	7,700
Total of miscellaneous establishments.....	23,858	33,762
Total standing army.....	239,615	771,556

Let us turn to Russia, for the war cloud will come from the North.

The Russian advance in Central Asia has long been a source of uneasiness to a large part of the English nation, from a belief that it must ultimately endanger British rule in India, the Conservative leaders in general regarding Russia as England's natural enemy. Disraeli did, indeed, state in the House of Commons, in May of 1876, in answer to an interpellation that Russia had a great mission in the East, that Russian conquests in Asia furthered the cause of civilization, and should give the English people no occasion for uneasiness; but this state of mind was merely temporary; and it is even doubtful whether it was a state of mind at all, for, in defense of the new title, Empress of India (*Indiæ Imperatrix*), which was conferred upon the Queen in April of that year, he argued that, to avoid disaffection in the Indian Empire, in view of Russia's near approach, it was necessary for the British sovereign to bear a title not inferior to that of Russia's autocrat.

England would gladly see Russia crippled. Turkey would gladly see Russia crippled. Austria would gladly see Russia crippled. Germany would gladly see Russia crippled.

In the territories of the Czar the Nihilists were disappointed, but not discouraged.

It is well known, at least in Russia, that of all the projects of social reform which has been promised, not one has been carried out.

The following is the composition of the Russian Army

Peace Footing.		War Footing.	
Battalions.....	1,033	Battalions.....	1,722
Squadrons.....	405	Squadrons.....	412
Guns.....	1,514	Guns.....	3,722
Horses.....	129,532	Horses.....	396,306

The nominal strength of the various divisions of the Russian Army, according to the returns of the Ministry of War, was as follows in 1880 :

	On the peace footing.	On the war footing.
1. Regular Army.		
Infantry.....	625,617	1,315,703
Cavalry.....	85,800	94,406
Artillery.....	108,610	210,723
Engineers.....	20,024	49,562
Total.....	840,711	2,264,298
2. Irregular Army.		
Infantry.....	6,590	8,510
Cavalry.....	34,196	142,400
Artillery.....	2,912	12,050
Total.....	43,698	163,560
General total.....	884,319	2,427,853

To this has to be added the staff, gendarmerie, militia (raised only in time of war), etc., which would raise the war forces to a total of 2,733,305 men. The Finnish troops form nine battalions of riflemen, each with 18 officers and 505 men, and number in all 4,833.

Among the irregular troops of Russia, the most important are the Cossacks. The country of the Don Cossacks contains from 600,000 to 700,000 inhabitants. By Imperial decree, dated April 29th 1875, every Cossack of the Don, from fifteen to sixty years of age, is bound to render military service. No substitution is allowed, nor payment of money in lieu of service. Exemption from military service is granted, however, at all times, to the Christian clergy, and, in times of peace, to physicians and veterinary surgeons, apothecaries and teachers in public schools. The regular military force consists of fifty-four cavalry regiments; each numbering 1,044 men, making a total of 56,376. The number of Cossacks is computed as follows :

	Heads.	In military service.
On the Black Sea.....	125,000	18,000
Great Russian Cossacks on the Caucasian Line.....	150,000	18,000
Don Cossacks.....	440,000	66,000
Ural Cossacks.....	50,000	8,000
Orenburg Cossacks.....	60,000	10,000
Siberian Cossacks.....	50,000	9,000
Total.....	875,000	129,000

If, with direct and indirect evidences of the seemingly incurable decomposition of the Russian state and society, it were only a question of the greater or less probability of a violent internal cataclysm, then the rest of Europe might afford to contemplate the struggle as spectators who had no interest in its issue. But such is not the case. The very fact that all these domestic events in



CROWNING OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA AT BUCHAREST.

sist in taking up again the policy of Eastern conquest, forcibly arrested by the Berlin congress, and declaring a war of revenge against those who brought that congress about. Frequent mention of such a war is made even now. Not that the Emperor Alexander desires another war; he is sick and weary of the name, and contemplates such an event with anxiety and dread. And indeed, so long as the Austro-German alliance can reckon on seeing its policy of peace, which constitutes its *raison d'être*, supported by an English Government, strong at home and respected abroad, whose influence with France may still be powerful enough to wean or to deter her from a coalition with the Northern Empire, even the most warlike Russians are forced of ne-

Russia, which have so immeasurably increased the severity of the present crisis, threatening to make it fatal, are closely connected with the question of her foreign policy, serves to hasten the probability that, if all other remedies are found of no avail, an attempt will be made, after a well-known French method, to occupy the feverish elements of society by a foreign war. Add to this the fact that such a war is most eagerly desired by the discontented themselves, and that the first use which emancipated Russian society would make of its liberty would con-



TIRNOVA, CAPITAL OF THE ANCIENT KINGDOM OF BULGARIA.



BULGARIAN ASSEMBLY-CHAMBER, TIRNOVA.

cessity to keep still. But if, on the other hand, an unhappy fate should will that a revolution in Russia should be accompanied by a relapse of England into indifference to continental interests, then the first result of this would be that France, deprived of the peaceful counsels of her English neighbor, of whom she is now rabidly jealous on account of the late little Egyptian difficulty, would reach her hand to Russia for an alliance; and the next result, that the whole of Europe would be taught to know that the revolution now imminent in Russia implies a terrible danger to European peace and civilization.



DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.—"A GLEAM OF SOMETHING WHITE FROM THE ROUGH WEEDS THAT GREW AMIDST THE INTERSTICES OF ROCK ARRESTED HIS EYE, AND HE BENT DOWN AND LIFTED A SMALL SQUARE OF PASTEBOARD FROM ITS HIDING-PLACE."

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

By M. T. CALDOR.

It is curious to note what trifles sometimes decide for us in matters whose issues are by no means trivial.

Burton Darke stood at the window looking out listlessly, with a freshly opened letter still in his hand.

Had the day been raw, with frowning sky and piercing wind, or dark, with leaden clouds and threatening rain, he would have tossed the innocent missive into the waste-paper basket and thought no more of it.

As it was, a vivid blue smiled down upon him from above, and a golden reflection seemed to beautify the earth beneath, while a soft, balmy breath kissed his forehead lightly, and seemed to say, "Come."

"It will be lovely on the seashore," he murmured. "The day is superb enough to tempt an anchorite out of his cell. I'll go."

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Two hours afterward he stepped lightly forth, with the eager crowd that poured forth from the little steamer's deck, upon the wharf, and sniffing in the cool salt air with keen satisfaction, he made his way leisurely down the wharf-way, across the strip of loose sand that was almost as great a hindrance to progress as the Slough of Despond itself, and finally made his way to the broad, hard beach, against whose white line the great waves were tumbling in gloriously.

"I'm glad I came," he murmured, softly, to himself, feeling a new strength and inexplicable gladness coming into his heart out of the resplendent beauty of smiling sea and sky, and throwing back his head, and broadening his chest to inhale a larger and larger volume of that wonderful saline fragrance. "To-day I will make no effort

with sail or helm, like the white-winged ships yonder. I will e'n drift with the tide. I have come down at my uncle's behest, in obedience to his oft-repeated command. I shall probably consummate his ardent desire and be introduced to his ward. I shall meet Miss Altrilham."

He paused, to smile dreamily and to pick up a smooth pebble at his feet, and send it skipping over the waves till it was lost far out in the greenish plain beyond the foam.

"Well, I am drifting with the tide, let it bear me where it will."

Still he idled longer on the beach, and, coming presently to a rocky shore, he sat down there, and played with the water and the pebbles as a child might have done, scooping up the briny foam in his hand and deluging the barnacled rock to watch the gaping mouths that opened greedily to the grateful coolness.

Presently he seemed to be aware of some lapse of duty, for he rose suddenly, gave himself a sort of impatient shake, as if to disperse the spell of indolent languor, and turned his steps resolutely away from the beach, making his way now into the midst of a busier scene, for he proceeded toward the mammoth hotel on the bluff which, as the journals of the day announced, "was filled to overflowing with a crowd of extremely fashionable and aristocratic guests."

The clerk was an expert in his own peculiar province. At the first glance he cast upon our hero he recognized his classification as a newcomer, and one of the *crème de la crème*. He hastily motioned to one of the waiters, and the latter came forward promptly to Burton Darke.

"Will you take my card up to Major Darke?"

"Major Darke! I'm very sorry—the major is not in. His whole party are away. They have gone on a yachting excursion, and are not expected back till late this evening. Shall I show you to their parlor?"

"Never mind. I'll amuse myself on the beach till dinner-time."

"Will the gentleman engage a room? We will try to manage it somehow," put in the clerk.

"I am not sure how I shall feel by the hour the last boat leaves. I'll run my chance of a room, for I did not intend to stay to-night," answered Burton, quickly, and he drew a long breath, almost, it would seem, of relief.

And then he laughed lightly to himself over the thought.

"So the Fates do not ordain that I drift upon Miss Altrilham's path to-day. Well, I'm vastly content, and uncle cannot fume. My card will show him that I obeyed his summons more promptly than he anticipated."

He spent the day mostly upon the beach, eying listlessly, or sympathizingly, the passing groups of pleasure-seekers that crossed his track. He took his dinner at the hotel; but chance did not will that a single intimate acquaintance should meet him there. All his own set were off upon the yachting expedition.

Yawning a little, he sauntered into the office, hesitated a second or two, then paid his bill, and declining a seat in the hotel-carriage, set forth on the return to the wharf.

He could scarcely tell if he were relieved or disappointed at the result of the day's expedition; but he whistled softly to himself, and took the longest route, which led him again over the rocky shore.

A gleam of something white from the rough weeds that grew amidst the interstices of rock arrested his eye, and mechanically he bent down and lifted a small square of pasteboard from its lodging-place.

All languor and listlessness vanished from his face the moment his eye fell upon the sketch in water-colors, which some able hand had evidently dashed off in a moment of enthusiasm.

He held it up to the light admiringly, and even smiled unconsciously back to the arch lips and frank eyes that looked up to him from the picture, for the sketch represented a young lady swinging in a hammock, whose bright-colored network was almost hidden by the billows of rippling flounces and fluttering ribbons and looping lace that made up a very charming toilet, it was evident.

The hammock was suspended between two graceful palm-trees, evidently in some Oriental garden—for all the shrubbery was unmistakably foreign—and beside it stood a dusky maiden, with anklets and bracelets of broad metal, waving a huge fan of peacock feathers.

Perhaps it was the contrast between the Ayah's sleepy, expressionless face and that bright, arch, piquant countenance which looked forth from the hammock, which gave the latter such wonderful attraction. But it was certain the artist meant to concentrate all the brightness and spirit of his sketch upon the young lady's face, and never, according to Burton's idea, was artist more happy in his undertaking.

"What a lovely creature! A sprite would be rocked to sleep more easily, I fancy. Were ever eyes so brimful of innocent mischief? Can it be a portrait?"

He turned the sketch over. On the blank side was written, in a free masculine hand:

"Our New England Rose at Garden Reach. Sweetest Rosabel, may it be?"

And still below, in a dainty feminine chirography, that rippled off into little tendrils like a grapevine, was this line:

"To be wide awake? surely!"

ROSIE A."

Burton Darke stood stock-still, with the pasteboard clutched tightly in his fingers, staring down upon it, with a vague unrest growing in his heart.

The face fascinated him—held him by a strangely powerful spell. He thrust the paper hastily under his coat, when he perceived a group approaching him. Were they coming for it? One of them seemed to be searching over the ground carefully, as if for some lost article.

"Could you tell me if any one has found—" began the foremost lady.

And Burton felt his heart sink, and began to shake his head fiercely, so that she blushed and stammered over the conclusion of the sentence:

"A pearl cross, with a hair-chain attached."

Now he was all politeness and urbanity.

No, indeed; he had met no one, and therefore had heard nothing of any loss. He had found a little water-color sketch just here by the rock—that was all.

He was aware that the party eyed him doubtfully, but, fortunately for his reputation, at that very moment he caught the glitter of some gold ornament tangled in the fringe of the lady's shawl, and pointed it out. And in their joy at discovering it to be the missing trinket, the group fluttered off without even pausing to thank him for his assistance.

He kept the sketch out of sight and strode on, not venturing to take even a surreptitious look again until he was safely on the steamer's deck in a cozy seat away from the crowd.

"Truly, there is some witching spell in those eyes," thought he, ruefully. "I have drifted upon something uncanny, I fear, for they hold and draw me in a most marvelous fashion. What would my uncle say if he could see me? How absurd he would make me out! And, indeed, no one could have sneered more loudly at such folly than I myself only this morning. Pshaw! I shall laugh well at myself to-morrow."

But to-morrow found him in his luxurious suite of rooms, leaning his head on his hands, and still gazing, gazing, as if all his heart had gone into his eyes—into the marvelous face of the picture he had mounted upon a costly gilt stand, and placed in the centre of his collection of gems of painting and statuary.

"It passes belief that I can yield to such absurdity," he said, angrily, a dozen times—"I, who have prided myself upon my invincibility—who have laughed at the spooniness of other lovers—to be myself bewitched with a picture. If I knew—if I were sure there was a living original, it might be different."

But the delusion waxed stronger as the days wore on. It really seemed that the picture had bewitched him. He hunted up all his geographical authorities, and found out that Garden Reach had a veritable existence—was the suburban paradise of Calcutta. Therefrom he deduced exultantly. The palm-trees were tangible facts, and the Ayah—so therefore the beautiful Rosabel.

Calcutta was thenceforth the Mecca of his aspirations. How absurd in him that in all his journeyings he had never turned his steps thitherward, toward the golden sunshine and the "City of Palaces"! But, ah! should he find here there? was she all the while swinging in the hammock, with those bright, gleeful eyes keeping watch for him?

If this love-stricken Burton had only been a poor man, it is possible, in the busy absorption of everyday care and effort, he might have thrown off the glamour of this strange infatuation; but he was the sole heir of a great fortune, and just now was without any settled or definite aim. So it will be seen he was its legitimate and lawful prey.

In the midst of the dreamy unreality of the life he was living came his uncle's letter—sharp, terse, practical to a degree that rasped sorely on Burton's sensitive nerves.

"YOU ABSURD FELLOW—I could thrash you soundly for running back to the city just because our party happened to be away for the day! Confound the yachting, too! I would rather have sunk every keel there than it should have happened; but you always have been the most pigheaded, obstinate fellow I have ever dealt with, and I suppose I must bear it to the end. I had such grand hopes that you would cut out this confounded East Indian nabob who is dancing attendance on my pretty Amy! A good-looking, well-to-do young fellow like you—of course you could, if you would only try. I could box your ears soundly when I think what you are slighting, in your confounded, supercilious donkeyism—the sweetest, brightest, darlingest little sunbeam of a girl that was ever known. If you would only come and see her once! It may not be too late now. Come, I say! YOUR INDIGNANT UNCLE."

Burton read the letter through and curled a scornful lip over it.

"Miss Altrilham, indeed! No, I thank you, my good uncle. You must soothe your ire as best you may."

Even while he was folding up the letter, a gentleman acquaintance called upon him.

"I had a few minutes to spare, Darke, so I ran in to make my *adieu*. I'm off in to-morrow's steamer for Havre, thence overland to Calcutta. A sudden call on business matters. You seemed so interested in East Indian affairs the other day, I thought perhaps you might have some commissions for curiosities or nicknacks, and I should be happy to oblige you."

Burton Darke's face flushed, his eyes glittered.

"To Calcutta!" exclaimed he. "By George! Wilson, I've half a mind to go with you!"

"That would make a delightful trip of what I have looked upon only as a tiresome business journey," answered the other, warmly. "Pray have a whole mind, Mr. Darke, and the thing is done."

Burton stood a moment trying to still the sudden tumult of heart and brain; the next he said, with a stern solemnity of tone that struck the listener as rather out of place:

"So be it—I will go!"

"Then I'll run down and secure your stateroom as near mine as possible. How delighted I shall be with your company!"

Burton sat down and dashed off two or three letters to his business agent, his one family aunt; and then to Major Darke he scribbled hastily:

"Sorry for your disappointment, dear old fellow; but I couldn't think of being so impolite as to interfere with an East Indian nabob. I'm off, however, to take revenge in the enemy's own territory. I start for Calcutta to-morrow. It is ridiculous that I have omitted India in my otherwise pretty extensive travels. Wish me success in bringing thence a lovely rose, the peerless blossom of that flowery clime. YOUR GRACELESS NEPHEW."

It is needless to relate with what growls of rage the hasty missive was deciphered.

But Burton, by that time, was on the ocean, speeding along, with eager eyes that saw not half the glories of the pathless sea, for the vision they constantly beheld—a swining hammock and a bright-eyed girl watching and waiting; gleefully.

It is a long, and it ought to be a delightful, journey, but Burton's companion wondered at his indifference to the swiftly vanishing panorama of sea and land, city and hamlet, nationality and sovereignty.

A feverish haste was consuming him; he begrudged even the necessary waiting for missed connections.

But at last they were on the steamer's deck and speeding gallantly up the Hooghly.

Burton's excitement was too intense to be concealed. One moment he was flushed and tremulous; the next, pallid as a corpse.

"Good heavens, man, you are going to be ill!" declared his alarmed comrade. "I trust to mercy you have not taken one of their outlandish fevers."

"Nonsense," returned Burt, with a feeble laugh, "it is only that it is a momentous event for me to be approaching Calcutta. Can't you allow me to indulge in a little sentiment?"

But his lip quivered. He was not easy beside his observant traveling companion, and he went off to hunt up one of the under-officers, to ask him to point out Garden Reach to him as they swung around toward the harbor.

When at length his eye rested upon the stately villas peeping out from the embowering shade, there came over him a shuddering, sickening realization of the intangibility of the chimera which had led him on. A cold, blank foreboding closed around him sullenly.

He was vaguely conscious that Wilson must look upon him as one half demented or thoroughly idiotic, but his fevered excitement had so wrought upon his nerves that he could not escape its influence.

It was easier to dissimulate after they were once established on shore.

His golden favors speedily brought to Burton's aid a gay young English officer, who, as he declared, knew Calcutta by heart. To him our forlorn knight confided his quest. Would he find for him a young lady named Rose, Rosabel, Rosalie—it mattered little which? But the initial of the surname was A, and the young lady was bright and beautiful as a fairy sprite, and swung in a hammock in some of the beautiful gardens of Garden Reach.

The Englishman looked at him askance, but pulled his mustache thoughtfully.

"Without doubt, if the young lady was there, he could find her speedily. Let him think a moment—there were the Armstrongs, the Arnolds, the Ashleys, and half a

palkee-riding and sight-seeing. He was more like himself than his friend had seen him since they left home.

That afternoon, when all fashionable Calcutta was out



WILLIAM PENN AND THE PHILADELPHIA HUNDRETH.—THE LANDING OF WILLIAM PENN.—SEE PAGE 23.

dozen Allens, he could swear to. Oh, certainly, it was quite likely. Just give him a couple of days and he should have the introduction."

Barton drew a long breath and went off with Wilson to

driving on the Strand, he scanned eagerly and expectantly every carriage that bore along its freight of youth and beauty.

But no Rose of beauty blossomed before him.

The next day the Englishman sent his Khitmutgra with a note:

"I have found Miss Rose Aspinwall. She is a niece of Major Thorne's. We are invited there to tiffin to-morrow. Come over to my quarters in the palkee. We'll take horses from thence."

How Burton Darke's heart throbbed! At last! He placed the precious sketch, now safely secured in a Russia leather receptacle, within his breastpocket, and counted the hours—yes, even the minutes—till the appointed hour came.

More joyful grew his certainty as he neared the house, and had a glimpse of its little group of feathery palm-trees, beneath which swung a gayly-colored hammock.

The dusky-browed Ayah, who peeped around the corner

explained all his disappointment. The latter was ready to roar with laughter, but he piloted safely through the hour required for their stay, and then extricated his hapless *protégé* from further durance.

"So it wasn't the one?" he said, hiding the smile that played under his heavy mustache with his shielding hand.

"I should think not," answered Burton, indignantly.

"I can't think where else to look. Rose is a common enough name, but just now in Calcutta I can testify there are not a dozen young ladies of that name, and not another A among them."

"Come!" said Burton, desperately. "I've only given you half confidence. To-morrow I'll be over at your quarters and show you the picture. You will know if



WILLIAM PENN AND THE PHILADELPHIA BI-CENTENARY.—THE TREATY AT SHACKAMAXON.—SEE PAGE 23.

of the veranda, might have stepped out of the picture, she was so like the one who swung the peacock-fan.

At last! A tender haze dimmed his eye as he was ushered by his new acquaintance into the little parlor where the great punkah swung in its steady pulsations over the heads of some dozen people. He bowed mechanically, desperately struggling for composure while the introductions were given, and it was a moment or two before he was able too see clearly.

Miss Aspinwall was the only young lady present, so it was impossible to mistake her identity. Poor Burton's heart sank like lead with his first look at the thin, sallow, expressionless face that was turned toward him with a sleepy smile on its thin lips.

Rose, indeed! A shriveled, stunted, withered blossom! He gave the amused *Englishman* a glance of disgust that

you've ever seen that face. I have not come this long journey on such a quest to be cheated out of its consummation, if anything can accomplish it. I'll tell you the whole wild story."

And the next morning, in the early coolness, Burton Darke presented himself the very instant the English officer was released from parade.

Without any circumlocution he drew forth his treasured sketch, tenderly unfolded the leather covers, and laid it on the table before the other's astonished eyes. "There!" was all he said.

And, "By George!" ejaculated the officer.

Then there were five minutes of silence, which Burton Darke broke tremulously.

"Do you think you can find that lady in Calcutta?" he asked.

"Good heavens, man! do you think a woman like that could be hidden? If that face was once seen on the Esplanade, all Calcutta would be ringing with the news. All the town and garrison would run mad over it. Why, it is as fresh as a dewdrop, as fair as a lily, as radiantly bright as a star!" ejaculated the Englishman.

"I know it. Where is she?" returned Burton Darke, piteously.

"Not in Calcutta. You may be sure this scorching climate allows nothing so fresh and fair as that. Nonsense, man; I don't believe there is such a face as that anywhere."

"Look at what is written on the back. It must be!" groaned Burton.

"It is a fancy sketch; I'd take my oath of it," pursued the officer. But all at once he started, and held up the picture to the light. "L. K. ! Those initials are too peculiar to be mistaken. I fancied there was a familiar look about the whole thing, writing and all. That's one of Luke Kildar's sketches, I'll venture to swear. Hillo, there, Darce! Come in a moment," he called out; and another officer, older and graver-looking, came through the long, cool passage and entered the room. "See here, Dacre," said the lieutenant, as soon as the proper introduction was given; "you were Luke Kildar's chum and confidant for I don't know how many years. Isn't this one of his sketches?"

The other took it and burst into a mellow laugh.

"No! The fellow is in a desperate condition, and no great wonder. He's sent me a copy of that same face. Something a little out of the common line, isn't it? A regular angel, and yet the perfect woman, too, you'd think."

"You've seen the face before!" ejaculated Burton, sharply.

"Certain. I had a good hour's entertainment last night over the old fellow's letters that came in yesterday's mail. He's head-over-heels in love—got it worse than any of you young fellows—and he sent me just a sketch of her face to show me the seraphic creature she was."

"Where is she? Then it is a veritable likeness."

"That's what Luke declares. I'll bring in the letter and read it to you. It's rich, I can tell you, to see old Luke so smitten."

"Where is she?" demanded Burt, fiercely.

"Why, in America, of course. Kildar is there now. It's the only part of the civilized world he hasn't sifted over. I'll get the letter."

He went out quite hastily for one of his sedate presence, and returned again in a moment or two with the letter and a small oval of pasteboard in hand. He put the letter upon the table beside the other. There smiled up from both the same bright, winning, wonderful face.

Burton Darke stared drearily.

"He's a wonderful artist, this Luke Kildar. I don't wonder such a flower-like face haunted him. He calls her his peerless Rose, and says her character is sweeter than her face—that she truly deserves the pet name her grim old guardian gives her when he calls her a sunbeam. Well, she looks like it, doesn't she?"

By this time Dacre perceived that his communication was receiving very agitating attention, for Burton Darke, with a face pallid as a ghost, was staring despairingly at the pictures, and muttering:

"In America! And I have come away all this distance to search in Calcutta."

The lieutenant pitied him, and helped him out as best he might.

"Tell us Kildar's story, or read the letter, Dacre,

there's a good fellow. You see, the gentleman is keenly interested."

"Perhaps I'd better tell it. It isn't so very much—only he is desperately in earnest to win this girl, who, he says, is protected by a gruff old army officer, a Major—Darke."

Burton gave a little shout, and then stopped abruptly, and sank heavily into a chair.

"Kildar has money enough, you know, and isn't wanting in manners, and that sort of thing; and, as an artist, he's a positive genius. I should say the odds were in his favor. He says he picture's Calcutta life as much like a fairy tale as possible to tempt a girl's vivid imagination, and promises everything before it is hinted. The only drawback is the grim old guardian's antipathy to him. He has discovered that the old fellow covets the beautiful Rose for a nephew of his own—and Kildar has been dreading his appearance—but he writes this letter in high glee over the nephew's sudden departure and the old man's raging disappointment."

Another muttered imprecation bursts from Burton Darke.

"Dolt! idiot! insufferable coxcomb!" ejaculated he, fiercely.

"Who are you referring to—to my friend Kildar?" demanded the officer, indignantly.

"I am talking about myself," returned poor Burton, in a tone of unmitigated disgust.

The lieutenant stared.

"Do you know the young lady's name?" he asked, of Dacre.

"I can tell it without his help," responded Burton Darke. "It is Ada Rosamond Altrilham, the young lady to whom my poor old uncle has been trying to introduce me for the last two years, from whom I have run away a score of times, and with whose portrait I have fallen so desperately in love that I have followed its will-o'-the-wisp beckoning all the way to Calcutta. Insufferable stupidity! I deserve what, perhaps, I have lost."

He was gathering up the picture to its case while he spoke.

"By Jove! it would be rather rough on you, that's a fact, if you've left Kildar a clear field in which to win her away from you," said the lieutenant.

Burton Darke ground his teeth with rage.

"When does the steamer leave?" he asked, huskily.

"Not till next week. You poor wretch, you'll have to endure it as best you may."

"I'll charter one on my own account to take me over to Suez!" declared Burton, valiantly. "There shall be no more drifting with the tide. I'll stem it now with all the strength and energy at my command."

"Bravo!" cried the lieutenant; "you deserve to win the rose at last."

It was little more than two months after the day of this unpleasant little *dénouement* that old Major Darke was leisurely walking toward the dock of the newly arrived Havre steamer, where he had an appointment with the company's agent, when a flying figure came leaping over the gangway and seized upon his hand.

"Uncle! my dear, dear uncle!"

"Burt Darke, bless my stars! Why, is it you, is it? You good-for-nothing, ungrateful dog!" growled the major.

"Oh, uncle, has she married Kildar?"

"Married! Who? what? Is it possible that you care about my little Ada's marriage? No, she hasn't; she sent him right-about-face. But what's that to you?"

"Ah, uncle, let me tell you the whole story!"

After the major heard it half through, he burst into a roar.

"Ha! ha! ha! That is too rich! the greatest joke of the season!" he burst forth; and could hear no more for his continued peals of laughter.

"But, uncle, what do you say?" pleaded Burton, meekly.

"What do I say? That I'll tell my little girl the good

joke—the whole of it! The best of it is that she has been mooning over your picture, though she doesn't know I know it. What do I say? We'll see what *she'll* say, sir; that's the most I can promise."

And she said, "I will!" when a very grave dignitary of the Church asked her the important question. And Burton took care to send wedding-cards to Calcutta, where it is to be hoped poor old Kildar did not see them.

WILLIAM PENN AND THE PHILADELPHIA BI-CENTENARY.

By a brilliant group of bi-centennial fêtes, extending over the week beginning on the 23d of October last, the second city of the Union has done fitting honor to the memory of its founder, and celebrated the events connected with the birth of the city and the commonwealth. The occasion gives a special appropriateness to a review of the life of William Penn—a man whose life should be known and read of all men, and whose name must ever stand among the few great ones that shed lustre upon the early history of the New World.

William Penn was born in London, October 14th, 1644. He was the son of Sir William Penn, a distinguished commander in the British Navy, and Margaret Jasper, of Rotterdam. Young William was sent, at the age of fifteen, to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he made rapid advancement, being about equally noted for scholastic progress and zeal for athletic exercises. About this time he became interested in the Quakers, whereupon his father, treating him with much severity, sent him to travel upon the Continent, whence he returned in 1664, full of theological learning, "a most modish person, grown quite a fine gentleman."

At the suggestion of his father, Penn entered Lincoln's Inn as a student of law. During the ravages of the plague his serious impressions were revived, and his father, discovering this, sent him to Ireland, to the viceregal court of the Lord Lieutenant. The Duke of Ormond wished to make him a captain of foot, an offer which he was not entirely averse to accepting. The portrait of Penn in armor, said to have been painted from life, belongs to this period. Nevertheless, he soon became engrossed in the management of his father's Irish estates, and thus, while in Cork, met Thomas Lee, the Quaker preacher, whom he had known at Oxford. "It was at this time," says Penn, "that the Lord visited me with a certain sound and testimony of his Eternal Word." Drawn into close fellowship with the Friends, his principles secured him the compliment of being thrust into Cork jail. He wrote a letter to the Earl of Orrery, saying, "Religion, which is at once my crime and mine innocence, makes me a prisoner." The earl ordered his immediate release, whereupon his father called him home, and began anew the task of reclaiming him from Quaker opinion, offering every inducement that wealth and station could supply.

In vain! The young disciple of Lee, while continuing to wear his sword and gay apparel, refused to take off his hat in the presence of the Duke of York, being resolved to reserve that degree of deference for God alone. Accordingly, at the age of twenty-three, he was again expelled from his father's house. The admiral subsequently allowed him to return, but refused to countenance his peculiar opinions.

Penn began to preach at the age of twenty-four, and soon got himself shut up in the Tower, "for a book I writ, called the '*Sandy Foundation Shaken*,'" undervaluing the principles of "one Thomas Vincent, a dissenting min-

ister." Nine months the well-intentioned young preacher languished in the Tower for this literary aggression. He then found his way to Newgate, and went thence to the dock of the Old Bailey, where he was fined and recommitted in default. His father, whose life was now drawing to a close, secretly paid the prisoner's fine, called him to his bedside and parted with him in peace. The son inherited his estate, worth £1,500 per annum. Penn endured another sojourn of six months' duration at Newgate, the penalty of speaking in an unlawful assembly, after which he visited Holland and Germany.

Penn was married, in 1672, to Gulielma Maria Springett, daughter of Sir William Springett, of Darling, in Sussex. The young lady was not only beautiful in person and possessed of an ample estate; she was esteemed, we are told, of great sweetness of temper, and in principles was entirely united with her husband. Writing to his children in after years, Penn spoke of it as "a match of Providence's making." The happy pair went to live at Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire.

In the year 1675 Penn became interested in American colonization, and reached the second great turning-point in his life. He acted as arbitrator between Fenwick and Byllinge, both members of the Society of Friends, in the settlement and sale of West New Jersey, Lord Berkeley having sold one-half of the province of New Jersey to Fenwick, who held it in trust for Byllinge and his assigns. The matter being adjusted, Fenwick embarked with his family and some friends, and their ship, the *Griffith*, was the first English vessel that reached West New Jersey. The colony, under the management of Penn and his associates, prospered well, and was joined in 1677-78, by 800 emigrants, mostly Friends.

In 1680, having now for many years been interested in New Jersey colonization, gaining thereby much valuable experience and information, Penn applied to Charles II. to grant him a tract of country lying north of Maryland, being bounded on the east by the Delaware, on the west limited as Maryland, and northward "to extend as far as plantable." He asked for this grant in lieu of the sum of £16,000 due to his father from the British Government. The scheme was objected to by Sir John Werden, agent of the Duke of York, on the ground that the territory west of the Delaware belonged to the Government of New York, especially the New Castle Colony. It was known as Delaware County, and was occupied promiscuously by Swedes, Finlanders, Dutch and English. The agent of Lord Baltimore wished that the grant, if made, might be restricted to lands north of Maryland.

The Duke of York, however, favored Penn, and, March 4th, 1681, the patent was signed. This venerable document, written on parchment, having the lines underscored with red ink, is now preserved in the Department of State, at Harrisburg, being handsomely decorated with heraldic devices. Penn was highly elated, and in a letter to Robert Turner said, respecting the name of his province,

that "Pennsylvania" was "a name the king would give it in honor of my father. I chose New Wales, being, as this, a pretty hilly country, but Penn being Welsh for a head, as Pennmanmoire in Wales, and Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England [he] called this Pennsylvania, which is the high or head woodlands; for I proposed, when the secretary, a Welshman, refused to have it called New Wales, *Sylvania*, and they added Penn to it; and though I much opposed it, and went to the king to have it struck out, altered, he said it was past, and would take it upon him; nor could twenty guineas move the under-secretary to vary the name; for I feared lest it should be looked on as a vanity in me, and not as respect in the king, as it truly was, for my father, whom he often mentions with praise." Still, it is popularly supposed that the name was in honor of the son.

The preamble of the charter declares that Penn's application arose out of a commendable desire to enlarge the British Empire, and promote such useful commodities as may be a benefit to

twenty inhabitants to the Bishop of London, a "preacher" should be permitted to reside in the province. By a "preacher" was meant a clergyman of the Church of

the king and his dominions, and also to reduce savage nations, by quiet and gentle manners, to the love of civil society and the Christian religion.

The charter consists of twenty-three articles, and Penn was made absolute proprietor under the king, holding in "free and common socage, by fealty only." He was to pay the king two beaver skins annually, and these were to be duly delivered at Windsor Castle. He was also to pay the king one-fifth of the gold and silver that might be found.

With the consent of the freemen, Penn was empowered to make all necessary laws, appoint magistrates and judges, and exercise the power of pardon, except for the crimes of murder and treason, though in this respect he had the power to reprieve. The king was to levy no taxes without the consent of Parliament or the people. Penn was made a captain-general, with full powers on land and sea; while, on the application of



SIGNATURE AND SEAL ON PENN'S PATENT.



THE SITE OF THE PROPOSED CITY.



BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN.



THE TREATY TREE.

England. In the face of this provision, we are told by Gordon, about "the spirit of freedom which breathes through this charter," and we are assured that it was drafted by Penn himself, though Janney concedes that "the clause allowing ministers of the Church of England to reside in the province did not emanate from Penn."

Next the king made known by proclamation what had been done, and Penn wrote to the people of the province, assuring them of his good will, the proclamation and letter being taken out by his cousin, William Markham, commissioned to act as his deputy. August 1st, Markham bought of the sachems an ancient royalty, and commenced the building of Pennsbury, which entered upon the race more than a year before Philadelphia. Penn also published "A Description of Pennsylvania," compiled from the best authorities at his command.

Having made all his arrangements to visit his province, Penn drew up a beautiful letter to his wife and children, and embarked at Deal in the ship *Welcome*, August 30th, 1682. He had made every provision for the comfort of the people during the voyage, yet the smallpox soon broke out, and in midocean nearly every person on board was more or less sick. Thirty of the one hundred passengers died, and the voyage was ever after remembered with a shudder.

Arriving in the Delaware before New Castle, October 27th, the following day he produced his deeds from the Duke of York, and received possession of the town and county adjoining by "the delivery of turf, and twig and

water, and soyle of the river Delaware." The people of the different nationalities enthusiastically assembled from all quarters and listened with delight to the man who had come with feudal powers, yet promising a free government and all its attendant advantages. He next went to Upland, where he lodged at the Wade Mansion, and changed the name of the place to Chester. He then proceeded to lay out the metropolis which existed in his mind before he left England, the present Philadelphia. We are told that he purchased the land of "three Swedes," by whom it was then occupied. He desired to form here a stately "greene country town." According, however, to Watson's paper in the "Memoirs of the Pennsylvania Historical Society" (Vol. iii., Part. ii., p. 128), the land was purchased of the Indians, and not until July 30th, 1685, Penn at that time having returned to England. Chalmers, in his "Political Annals" (Ed. 1780, p. 644), says that Penn's policy of buying the land of the natives was urged by "the good Bishop of London."

We are told that the first house was finished by George

Guest, the owner using it as a tavern under the name of the "Blue Anchor." The Blue Anchor Inn was situated at what is now the corner of Front and Dock Streets, the first settlers having landed their goods at the low sandy beach of the river near by. When Penn first came to the city, he came in a boat from Chester, and landed at Blue Anchor Tavern, according to an old and undoubted tradition. The Blue Anchor was kept for many years by Quaker



THE LETITIA HOUSE, 1682.

landlords, was afterward called the Boatswain and Call, and finally gave way to a tobacco-house about a half century ago.

Some of the early inhabitants of the settlement lived at first in caves excavated in the banks of the Delaware, places that afterward became the resort of evil doers. Within a few months no less than eighty houses were finished, and the number at the end of the year was about one hundred, besides a fine quay three hundred feet long. Two years later there were six hundred houses. Before the superfluous trees were cut down, the printing-press was set up, and in December, 1683, Enoch Flower opened a school in a rude cabin, on the following terms: "To learn to read, four shillings a quarter; to write, six shillings; boarding a scholar—to wit, diet, lodging, washing, and schooling, ten pounds the whole year." Keith, afterward an Episcopal clergyman, became the principal teacher of Philadelphia. William Bradford the printer likewise abandoned Quakerism and became an Episcopalian. Also a "witch" was tried, Penn presiding as judge, the accused finally escaping; this forming, it is said, the first and last "witchcraft" case in Pennsylvania.

Soon, however, it became apparent that the charter drawn up for Pennsylvania by Penn would not, in some particulars, suffice, and March 30th, 1683, a new one was framed by a general committee and signed by the governor. It reduced the council from thirty-six to eighteen, retaining the initiation of bills for the governor and council, but the essential principles remained the same, the real power being vested in the people. While in Maryland Lord Baltimore appointed all officers, high and low, Penn had not the power to make a constable. "I purpose," said Penn, "to leave myself and successors no power of doing mischief, that the will of one man may not hinder the good of a whole country."

It was about this time that the so-called "Great Treaty" was made with the Indians.

We are all familiar with the picture of this glowing "event," occurring, as tradition relates, on the last day of November, 1682, under a large elm at Shackamaxon, now Kensington, which for over a century afterward was known as "Treaty Tree." A numerous assembly of the Delawares, Mingoes and other Susquehanna tribes met on this historic occasion, and formed with the Quakers a treaty which Voltaire afterward characterized as the only one "never sworn to and never broken."

Treaty Tree was held in the highest veneration by the first settlers and their descendants. So great was the respect felt for it that when, during the Revolution, British forces occupied the neighborhood, and parties were sent from camp to secure firewood, the commanding general issued special orders for its safety, and stationed a guard about it, to protect it from the ax. The tree was a sturdy old and fully grown when the notable assemblage was held beneath its spreading boughs, yet it stood for nearly one hundred and thirty years more, being blown to the ground in a storm on the 3d of March, 1810. In its form it was remarkably widespread, but not lofty; its main branch, inclining toward the river, measured 150 feet in length; its girth around the trunk was 24 feet, and its age, as computed by the circles on its trunk, was 283 years.

An accurate drawing of the tree was made in 1800, and illustration, based upon this sketch, presents a correct view of the famous elm as it appeared during the last years of its life. A monument was erected by the Penn Society in 1827 to mark the site of the tree and of the treaty ground which has made it historic.

As for Penn's dress, it consisted of "An outer coat

reaching to the knees," and if we can believe it, "with buttons"; also a vest of "other" materials, with "trousers extremely full, slashed at the sides and tied with strings of ribbon; a profusion of shirt-sleeves and ruffles, and a hat of the cavalier shape (wanting only the feather), from beneath the brim of which escaped the curls of his rich auburn hair," notwithstanding ruffles and ribbons were under the ban by the dictum of the Friends.

We read of Markham in the brilliant uniform of a cavalier; of the old Swedes, in the toggery worn in the camp of Gustavus Adolphus, brought over, no doubt, with reference to some such occasion; of the Indians in their gorgeous paint and feathers; of the Quakers in their "sober suits," which at that day were not of drab; of the sailors in their "peculiar habits," together, as was quite proper, with "several members of the government," and the interpreter, "Captain Coole," not "Captain Cuttle," who, however, might a deal better have been invited, as he would have made a "note of it."

By the aid of "Captain Coole," Penn addressed the red men in their own language, making a speech too long to be reported here. The scene was very impressive. This we know from the picture by West, with its anachronisms, repeated on the medal struck in honor of the "event."

From year to year, we are informed by the "venerable historian," Heckwelder—the same Heckwelder who told us how the whites acquired Manhattan Island with a bull's hide—the sachems assembled their children in the woods, "in a shady spot as like they could find to that in which Penn, their great Onas," conferred with them, "when they would spread out his words or speeches on a blanket or a clean piece of bark, and repeat the whole again and again to their great satisfaction."

William Penn certainly made a treaty. In fact, he made several; and whether or not he made the particular one celebrated in song and story, is really of very little consequence, compared with his great work in founding a province. We are assured that the treaty under the great elm was not a treaty made for land, as all such acquisitions are recorded. It was a treaty of "friendship"; but his whole policy formed a treaty of that kind which needs no pictorial emphasis. His action in respect to the Indians was the republication of the Bethlehem proclamation of peace and goodwill.

This noble man, whose principles were the principles of peace, but whose entire life, from youth to old age, was a constant war with prince and prelate, courtier and king, churchman, Roman Catholic and co-religionist, never had any conflict whatsoever with the children of the forest, who found in him at once a brother, a father, and an unfailing friend. Whoever desires to consider the probabilities, may consult the article in the "Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania" (Vol. iii., Part ii., p. 141), by Du Ponceau and Fisher, and the Address of Mr. Shippen (Vol. vi., p. 215), on the occasion of the presentation to that Society of a belt of wampum, said to have been given to Penn when the treaty was made.

At a time when all was going well in the province, Penn's wife lay sick in England, while his enemies there were busy. Accordingly, he felt that he must at once return, if he regarded the welfare and stability of his government. Therefore, summoning the Indian tribes to meet at Pennsbury, he renewed the pledge of good faith separately with each tribe, gave them much wholesome advice, and left them sorrowing for his departure. While in the country he made treaties with no less than nineteen tribes.

In England he struggled for the greater portion of

twelve years. At times he was accused of bad designs. He was also a "Papist." He was brought to trial and barely escaped imprisonment. At times, to avoid the storm, he remained in retirement. In April of the year 1693, William and Mary having succeeded King James, the former took away Penn's authority over Pennsylvania, and attached the government of the province to that of New York, under Fletcher. Yet Penn finally emerged from the cloud, and, August 20th, 1696, William ordered Sunderland "to strike the name of Pennsylvania out of the list of condemned provinces." But these struggles do not fall within the scope of the present article, and, therefore, we hasten on to say, that in the meanwhile the storm-centre had shifted to Pennsylvania, where the outcry was swelling against Colonel Markham, Penn's representative.

Accordingly, September 9th, 1696, he embarked for America with his new wife, Hannah Callowhill, his first wife, the loved "Guli," having died several years before. Upon his arrival at Philadelphia, now grown to a flourishing town, he was received with great enthusiasm. He had provided for a fine residence, furnished with all appointments in keeping with his position as governor of a great province. To this end the Indian royalty, afterward known as Pennsbury, was bought of the natives. It was situated on the Delaware, above Philadelphia. The estate originally comprised 3,431 acres, the river running around it. The house cost £7,000. It was of brick, two stories in height, with a frontage of sixty feet, facing the Delaware. No trace of this mansion now remains, it having been taken down about the period of the Revolution. Watson infers that Penn had a cottage built for him by Markham in Philadelphia, in what came to be known as Letitia Court; but during his second visit, in 1700, he certainly used what is known as the Slate-roof House, on Second Street, as his city residence. In this house was born John Penn, the only member of the family born in America. The house stood until very recent times, and witnessed many interesting changes.

Concerning the difficulties that he had to contend with in his province, we may simply say that they were largely such as grew out of maladministration in his absence; though the question of raising money for the fortifications so unpalatable to the Quakers, and the condition of the blacks and the Indians, weighed upon his mind.

In November, 1700, a new constitution was adopted, and on April 23d, 1701, a genuine treaty was made with the representatives of the Five Nations at Philadelphia. In August the money for the fortifications asked for by the king was refused. Soon news came that a plan was afoot in Parliament for the reduction of all proprietary governments; and the members of Penn's family, weary of the novel life in the American wilderness, were anxious to return to England.

Penn formed his resolution, and sailed, October 28th, 1702. One of his later official acts was to create Philadelphia a city, by a charter signed October 25th, 1701. Andrew Hamilton was made his deputy, and Edward Shippen became mayor. His representative in 1702 was Andrew Hamilton, who is referred to in the accompanying *fac-simile*, somewhat reduced. Anne was now Queen, but under her reign misfortune pursued him, and in 1712 he mortgaged his province for £12,000. His health was now broken, yet he survived until July 30th, 1718, when he expired at his home in Rushcombe, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

The burial-place of William Penn is in the little rustic graveyard of the old Quaker meeting-house at Jordan's, near the village of Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckingham-

shire, about twenty-four miles from London. The Friends' meeting-house is a plain red brick building, with tiled roof and lattice windows, the frames, shutters and doors painted white. The interior is of the plainest deal wood, unpainted. In the graveyard, which is perhaps half an acre in extent, many a moldering heap is visible; but the only memorial stones are a few of modern date, all alike marking the last resting-place of the Penn family. They bear the names of two children of William Penn—namely, Letitia Penn and Springett Penn (1696); Guilielma Maria Penn (1689); Maria Pennington (1682), and Joseph Rule (1765); and also on another stone of the same shape and size as the above, about two feet high, "William Penn, 1718, and Hannah Penn, 1726."

Penn is often thought of as a very staid, solemn personage, incapable of bending or taking off his hat, yet the contrary is the truth. He was of a most lively disposition, and from his youth fond of athletic sports. Hence, when he came into the American forests, from taste as well as policy, he entered into the games of the red men with zest, and would run and jump with them in their matches; which he could not have done, if he had been the original of the stout individual seen in the *Treaty Picture* by West. Of such a person, essaying the rôle of an athlete, the Indian queens would have been obliged to say, as the Queen of Denmark said of her son Hamlet, "he's fat and scant of breath," though he generally appears upon the stage an attenuated individual with slim legs.

The character of William Penn, as popularly conceived, is, in the main, just, though most persons are inclined to identify him too closely in appearance and manners and mode of life with the modern members of the Society of Friends. Yet, whatever may have been his principles, Penn was, to a great extent—at least for a large part of his life—a courtier and man of the world, the latter phrase being used in its best sense. Indeed, he entertained broad and grand ideas apart from the principles of religious liberty and the needs of his province. His Philadelphia was to be no pent-up Utica, while a boundless continent engaged his thought, as we know from his proposition, made in 1697, to bring all the colonies under one central control, thus forecasting the American confederation.

Philadelphia is now a great and noble city, whose inhabitants are known the world over for their intelligence, culture and wealth; and if to-day there is a smaller proportion of those distinctively known as Friends than Penn himself would have wished, the city, as indeed the entire commonwealth, so distinguished for those humane principles which he advocated, may still be regarded as his monument.

The idea that Philadelphia is a staid, quiet-loving city received a rude shock on the very first night of the week which was given up to the bi-centennial celebration of the landing of the Founder. Crowds thronged the principal streets until the small hours of the morning. Two purposes seemed to actuate them—to keep moving and make a noise. They were excited by each other, by the profuse display of banners, flags, arches and portraits before, behind, above and around them, and made delirious by the sound of the State House bell when at midnight it rang out a salute of 200 strokes. They ran, sang and shouted for hours, for now the bi-centennial celebration was begun.

On Tuesday morning, the 24th, the city's populace, swelled by scores of thousands from the surrounding towns, villages and cities, were up betimes. It was Landing Day, and William Penn was again to land at the



PENN LAYING OUT THE STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA.

historic spot on the banks of the Delaware, meet his thrifty Dutch and Swedish subjects and the Indians with whom 200 years ago he dickered for land upon which to found his great commonwealth; all this in allegory, of course, and attended by such a naval and civic display as would publish to the world the present greatness of the city which William Penn founded. Some of the features of the celebration at Chester of the day previous were repeated, but on a grander scale.

The counterfeit Penn came up the river in a full-rigged ship, surrounded by men in seventeenth century Quaker garb, and with a crew of sailors in striped Jerseys, petticoat trousers and "pudding-bag" caps. The ship floated from her mizzen peak the name of the veritable vessel in which the veritable Penn crossed the Atlantic. It was an old Danish hulk that had been rotting here at the wharves, which had been given an archaic contour by the addition of a poop deck aft and a raised bow. Her sails were furled, but nevertheless she sailed grandly up from League Island, several miles below the city, under the propulsion of two tugboats.

Her coming was attended by the most picturesque pageant ever seen in Philadelphia. Over a hundred tugboats, brilliant with fluttering bunting, acted as an escort of honor. They went down the Delaware to meet her early in the morning. The sun had come out and found the sky clear and blue, and a north-westerly wind, slightly eager and nipping, blew briskly. The rigging of the shipping along the river front had blossomed a marvelous crop of bunting of all shapes, sizes and colors, bearing all manner of devices, from the coats-of-arms of the countries of the world down to the names of candidates in the political canvas in 1880. From all practical portions of the rigging and from long lines reaching from masthead to bowsprit, from peak to taffrail, flags waved and pennants cracked in the sharp breeze. Aided by the dancing water, the outlines of the projecting wharves—albeit they were old and shabby—the multitude of vessels big and little, and the thousand intersecting lines of their rigging, the simple decorations along the water front far surpassed in effect the most pretentious decorations in the city streets.

The tugboats moved down the river as early as seven o'clock. Thousands of persons were on hand, however, to see the novel pageant. They crowded the wharves and streets along the water's edge, they filled the windows and roofs of abutting houses, they swarmed over the little sloops and schooners along the shore and penetrated to every spot that offered them a coign of vantage. Ven-



A "FRIENDS" MEETING, 1682.

turesome men and women rode on the points of bowsprits and swung on the yards and booms of the vessels. They clambered to the main truck and perched there for hours, awaiting the return of the escort boats and Penn's ship, the *Welcome*. Near the Navy Yard four war vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron, the *Yantic*, *Tennessee*, *Kearsage* and *Enterprise* lay at anchor. From their booming guns and those of Fort Mifflin, as the *Welcome* and her escort were saluted, the spectators in the city above learned, about eight o'clock, that the founder was coming. The spectacle was wonderfully brilliant, especially when a bend in the river revealed the gayly bedizened, fancy-looking tugboats as a curved and animated line a mile long. When Christ Church, in Second Street, was passed, a chime of bells, a gift from Queen Anne to the church, rang out their welcome, and soon after a rakish revenue cutter's guns joined in the jubilation. To all the salutes a howitzer on the *Welcome* gave feeble answer. A striking representation was given of the famous landing of William Penn at Dock Street wharf, on the site of the Blue Anchor Inn, followed by a long procession through the principal streets.

The feature of Wednesday was an elaborate trades' display, succeeded in the evening by a mystic pageant, torch-light parade and general illumination.

The growing fondness for spectacular displays was fully recognized by the managers of

the celebration, who made the most extensive preparations for this particular pageant, which embraced thirty-seven "floats" or cars laden with historical and emblematical tableaux. Ten of the tableaux were designed to illustrate scenes in Pennsylvania history. One of these, of course, represented the landing of Penn, showing him in an old-fashioned ship's boat, with a high stern, on his way to the shore, surrounded by a number of Indian canoes, while on the shore a number of Dutch colonists awaited the landing of Pennsylvania's founder. A second represented the signing of the treaty with the Indians under "Treaty Tree," which has been made so familiar to the public by the engraving of the scene on the five-dollar greenback. Another tableau set forth "The Delivery of the Char-

ter of Pennsylvania to William Penn by King Charles," and represented a room in the palace of Windsor, in which were seen Charles II., William Penn, the Duke of York, the Chief Justice of that day, and several other characters. The last of the historical tableau was entitled: "Pennsylvania—a Re-united Nation," and represented the Goddess of Liberty mounted on a Keystone, and surrounded by figures representing the East, the West, the North and the South, with emblems of all our important national trades and industries. A principal figure was a negro holding aloft the manacles that formerly shackled his arms. Other tableaux contained



WILLIAM PENN'S BURIAL-PLACE AT JORDAN'S, NEAR CHALFONT ST. GILES, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, ENGLAND.

impersonations of the most illustrious women of the world, and the remaining cars illustrated a Persian epic poem particularly appropriate to the occasion.

On Thursday there was a grand musical festival, and on Friday, the celebration concluded with a military display, grand review of land and naval forces, promenade concert and reception to invited guests.

A feature of the commemorative meeting of Friends at Chester was the reading of the subjoined poem, written by John G. Whittier when a boy. In a letter which accompanied it, the venerable Quaker poet says :

"Looking over some old papers, recently, I found some verses written by me when a boy of sixteen, nearly sixty years ago. Of course, the circumstances under which they were penned alone entitle them to notice, but I venture to tender them as the only response to thy request which I can make.

"I am truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER."

WILLIAM PENN.

The tyrant on his gilded throne,
The warrior in his battle dress,
The holier triumph ne'er have known
Of justice and of righteousness.

Founder of Pennsylvania, thou
Didst feel it, when thy words of peace
Smoothed the stern chieftain's swarthy brow,
And bade the dreadful war to cease.

On Schuylkill's banks no fortress frowned;
The peaceful cot alone was there;
No beacon-fires the hilltops crowned,
No death-shot swept the Delaware.

In manners meek, in precepts mild,
Thou and thy friends serenely taught
The savage huntsman, fierce and wild,
To raise to heaven his erring thought.

How all unlike the bloody band
That unrelenting Cortez led,
To princely Montezuma's land,
And ruin round his pathway shed!

With hearts that knew not how to spare,
Disdaining milder means to try,
The demon crimson sword alone was there;
The Indians' choice to yield or die.

But thou, meek Pennsylvania sire,
Unarmed, alone, from terror free,
Taught by the heathen council fire
The lessons of Christianity.

Founder of Pennsylvania's State—
Not on the blood-wet rolls of fame,
But with the wise, the good, the great,
The world shall place thy sainted name.

1824.

ANECDOTES OF ALLIGATORS.

THE alligator is similar in habits and appearance to the crocodile. It is found only in America, and is most abundant in the tropical regions. In the height of the dry season in those torrid regions all animated nature pants with consuming thirst.

A party of wood-cutters, English and Irish, went on one occasion to hunt in the neighborhood of a lake called Pies Pond, in Beef Island, one of the smaller islands of the Bay of Campeachy. To this pond the wild cattle repaired in herds to drink, and here the hunters lay in wait for them.

The chase had been prosecuted with great success for a week, when an Irishman of the party going into the water during the day, stumbled upon an alligator, which seized him by the knee. His cries alarmed his companions, who,

fearing he had been seized by the Spaniards, to whom the island belonged, instead of affording assistance, fled from the huts which they had erected.

The Irishman seeing no appearance of help, with happy presence of mind (a quality which the natives of that country possess in an eminent degree) quietly waited till the alligator loosened his teeth to take a new and surer hold; and when it did so, snatched away his knee, interposing the butt end of his gun in its stead, which the animal seized so firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hand and carried off.

He then crawled up a neighboring tree, again shouting after his comrades, who now found courage to return. His gun was found next day, dragged ten or twelve paces from the place where it had been seized by the alligator.

Mr. Jesse says, "The most singular instance of attachment between two animals, whose nature and habits were most opposite, was related to me by a person on whose veracity I can place the greatest reliance. Before he took up his abode at Hampdencourt, he had resided for nine years in the American States, where he superintended the execution of some extensive works for the American Government. One of these works consisted in the erection of a beacon in a swamp in one of the rivers, where he caught a young alligator. This animal he made so perfectly tame, that it followed him about the house like a dog, scrambling up the stairs after him, and showing much affection and docility.

"Its great favorite, however, was a cat, and the friendship was mutual. When the cat was reposing herself before the fire (this was in New York), the alligator would lay himself down, place his head upon the cat, and in this attitude go to sleep. If the cat was absent, the alligator was restless; but he always appeared happy when the cat was near him.

The only instance in which he showed any ferocity was in attacking a fox, which was tied up in the yard. Probably, however, the fox resented some playful advances which the other had made, and thus called forth the anger of the alligator. In attacking the fox he did not make use of his mouth, but beat him with so much severity with his tail, that had not the chain which confined the fox broken, he would probably have killed him.

"The alligator was fed on raw flesh, and sometimes with milk, for which he showed great fondness. In cold weather he was shut up in a box, with wool in it; but having been forgotten one frosty night, he was found dead in the morning."

This is not the only instance of amphibious animals becoming tame by gentle treatment.

"Speaking of alligators," said a friend of mine, just returned from South America, "I witnessed a most daring hunt after one of these animals.

"The small Indian village, in which I was then staying, had been frequently visited by a monster alligator, and, during these periodical visits, he generally managed to carry off one of the inhabitants. At last the people of this community were roused to a state of desperate revenge, and two powerful men were chosen, whose duty it was to keep a continual watch for the dreaded animal, and, when discovered, to follow the man-eating monster, and kill him. Of course this was very easily said, but not so easily done.

"After two weeks of patient vigilance, the two hunters were at last rewarded by the sight of the long looked-for enemy. It was a beautiful moonlight night; and, when they first discovered him, the giant alligator could be seen quietly resting on a rock in the river.

"In spite of the danger attending the venture, the two

brave natives waded into the water up to their breasts, and, harpoon in hand, bravely attacked the creature. Luckily for the hunters, they were able to approach within a very short distance without being perceived; and the first notice the alligator had of their presence was the pain of receiving two sharp steel harpoons in his body. The aim had been good, and the cruel monster, after a few struggles, sank lifeless on his side. From the tip of his nose to the end of his tail he measured fifteen feet, being one of the largest animals of the kind ever slain. He was evidently very old; for his skin was as thick and crusty as that of a crocodile."

DOCTOR GERMANICUS.

CHAPTER I.

WHOM AND WHENCE.



N a London street much frequented during the day, but having a certain secluded aspect toward nightfall, when it became "no thoroughfare," a modest dwelling bore upon its door-plate the name of "Dr. Germanicus."

At the time when my story opens, Dr. Germanicus had been resident about three years in this tranquil abode, and every day the mystery as to whom he might be and whence he came seemed to grow denser, and, in the thought of some, to grow darker.

It did not matter so much that the neighbors should speculate and surmise, as that the few with whom the man was thrown—I use the word thrown advisedly—in his avocation as a physician, should one and all have mistrusted him.

And yet, though not without something of what constitutes that which, as separate and distinct from spiritual, I may call outline beauty, there was nothing in the countenance of Dr. Germanicus to invite reliance, to create confidence.

The brow, it is true, was lofty, indicative of intellect, spacious, and gave the idea of calmness. But this impression was immediately contradicted by the furtiveness of the small and sunken gray eyes, out of character with the comparative youth of the rest of the face, which was apparently that of a man not over forty, if so old. Over the brow lay soft folds of light-brown, almost blonde, hair, worn in the fashion of Young Germany, long and waving at the nape of the neck; the nose was straight, sharp, with thin nostrils; the mouth, of which the seldom-parted lips revealed magnificent teeth, was cruel, treacherous in character; the chin weak, seeming, by its suggestion of either importance or lack of will, to contradict the terrible possibilities hinted at by the mouth.

Three years before the coming of this man, at whose profundity of learning some certain physicians of the goodly City of London had stood amazed, he had been resident in Paris. There he had, in hours not devoted to scientific research, been a painter, and had called himself Stephen Weimar. His face had at that time been at all times closely shaven, and his hair short. His attire was always in conformity with the reigning fashion.

Weimar had not taken or sought rank among great artists, but passed for a wealthy amateur pursuing art as a pleasant relaxation. As to the wealth, there appeared to be plenty of it, and it was only accidentally discovered by some who knew him that his acquaintance with chemistry and medical science was unusual.

Perhaps because of a certain faith in this knowledge, was Stephen Weimar, amateur artist, called upon one midnight, all suddenly, to revive the dying.

The dying—a very beautiful woman, a painter's "model for the draped," renowned throughout the *ateliers* for the exceptional style and character of her wondrous loveliness—had been stabbed, just as she entered her own door, by an unknown hand.

Stephen Weimar, whose studio was but a few doors away, had been known to employ Zora Moyana as a model.

The doorkeeper's wife at Zora's lodgings remembered that Monsieur Weimar had revived her own daughter, bringing her out of an alarming epileptic attack by administration of certain marvelous drops, which "he had in his pocket all the time," the mother declared; and so, with others, he was summoned to the victim of the unknown assassin.

It seemed a thing most sad that aught so beautiful must die, and die the death of a tracked animal. It was from this face and form that a very famous artist derived his idea of "Genius Perishing from Neglect," a canvas whereon a female figure, seated on a bleak rock, and with the fragments of a wrecked vessel—perhaps the ship of Hope—at her feet, raises to a wintry sky eyes filled with anguish and despairing prayers. The face, perfect almost beyond any earthly perfection, was that of Zora, the Zingara, whose clear-cut, cameo-like features had awakened enthusiasm throughout artistic Paris, perhaps because, independent of their beauty, they indicated a poetic soul, a lofty and heroic character though an unfettered spirit, for the Zingara, reserved and shy as the most delicate lady of the great world, was as unapproachable and untenable as a forest deer.

At sixteen she had married one of the tribe of Zingari, Frobian Moyana. He had died of a sudden and terrible fever, and left her with one daughter, matchlessly lovely in the aftertime.

It was her poverty and not her will which consented to make the gypsy an artist's model; for all indoor occupation, all quietness, repelled her. She loved the wild adventure with the tribe—life free, fearless. She was happy in fortune-telling and travel under the glad sky.

But the child—the babe must live; and so Zora, becoming a well-paid and favorite model, opened to herself the gates of death.

Stephen Weimar gazed at her, dying. It had been a dexterous stab that some unseen adversary had dealt, inasmuch as it would prove fatal. The wonderful drops would be of no avail here.

But then death, so dealt, would seem to have been intended by its dealer to be instantaneous; so there would be no chance of length enough of dying moments to give the faintest clew, the faintest chance of identifying the murderer, if caught. Was it a mere malicious thrust, or meant to take away the rarest of jewels—life?

Several neighbors filled the room. The door-keeper's wife murmured that it was well that Séraphita, the daughter of the Zingara, was absent, dancing in the ballet of the opera bouffe, and would not see the last agony in which, her eyes appealing to an unanswering heaven, the woman gave, with the final throes, such an ideal of "Genius Perishing by Neglect" as no human pencil would ever fitly render.

So, indeed, thought some art-students of the quarter, hastily summoned to give help, and to endeavor thereafter to aid justice by their evidence. Monsieur Weimar, appealed to, said that there was "no hope."

He seemed overcome with sorrowful emotion, and



WILLIAM PENN AND THE PHILADELPHIA BI-CENTENARY.—A SCENE ON CHESTNUT STREET IN 1782.—SEE PAGE 23.



DOCTOR GERMANICUS. — "A STRANGE SIGHT MET THE POET'S EYES. IT WAS THAT OF DOCTOR GERMANICUS, STANDING BESIDE AN OPEN DESK, UPON WHICH LAY A CURIOUSLY-WROUGHT AND BLOOD-STAINED DAGGER."—SEE PAGE 31.

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shrank from approaching the humble pallet where beauty, grandeur, courage and honor lay panting in parting agony.

As he said "no hope," Zora died. The glazing eyes had turned toward him at his faint whisper; a flame had flickered in those glorious orbs, a light sudden and bright. It died out even as a candle's flame sinks into the last meltings of its wax, and the "only perfect face-model in Paris"—a loving mother—died that instant.

Just then, breaking from the restraining arms of the door-keeper's wife, Séraphita, in the radiance of her ten girlish years, rushed in. Seeing the body of her mother dead and cold, the girl uttered a shriek so appalling that it curdled the blood in every hearer's veins.

Monsieur Weimar, especially, seemed to feel for the wild anguish with which she, finding that she could not rouse her mother, began to beat her head upon the floor, for he turned more livid than the corpse itself, and caught at the wall against which he leaned for support.

No one observed him. Presently reviving, he passed a white handkerchief over his lips, and stood staring at the floor. No one suggested what should be done with the girl who was now writhing in the arms of the door-keeper's wife like a demoniac.

All Paris rang with Zora Moyana's death. It was talked of in the highest circles, at the opera, at all the balls. The authorities offered a reward for the apprehension of the murderer, and every one with whom Zora's profession as a model had caused her to be acquainted was sharply examined.

It was a sort of revolution in the *ateliers*, so to speak. But how accuse a set of painters and students—or any one among their number—who seemed to grieve over this death as though each one had lost a sister?

"A sister, indeed!" said more than one. "A revelation, rather."

It was an immense grief while it lasted. But the excitement died out after a time. Nothing was learned.

One Leon Périen, a poor poet, who had known and loved Zora—hoping to win her to become his wife when fame should be his—had sworn, however, to find her murderer and avenge his dead love. Oaths, so sworn, and by such a man, have been known to prove availing.

CHAPTER II.

SÉRAPHITA.

Time passed. While Dr. Germanicus pursued his avocation as a physician with every evidence of doing this thing as a pastime and not of necessity, Séraphita Moyana had grown to womanhood. Fortune had been kind to her, inasmuch as at her mother's death a wealthy widow, the relict of a Parisian furniture-dealer, had adopted the girl. But her great preoccupation was to find the murderer of her parent.

A second marriage of Madame Forlier, the widow who had become Séraphita's guardian, united that worthy lady with fresh vows to a widower—no other than the father of Leon Périen, the poet-lover of dead Zora.

The elder Périen decided to pursue his business as a perfumer in London, although his new-found wife earnestly urged that her wealth would suffice for them.

But, desirous of leaving money to his much-loved son Leon, Jean continued to fabricate delicious extracts, and to sell them in the handsome shop above which they all lived—Séraphita and the newly-married, middle-aged pair—while Leon had his rooms and wrote his poems in a more secluded part of the city—next door, indeed, to Dr. Germanicus.

One day the poet—now a man of thirty-five—and the girl stood talking earnestly together in the park where Séraphita habitually walked. In her hand the girl held a letter.

"I confide to you this writing and"—here she drew from her bosom a jewel suspended to a ribbon—"this ring. They are all I ever had of clew, if such they be, to the murderer of my mother. I handed them to the lawyer whom Madame Forlier employed in my behalf. The writing looks as though in a feigned hand, and the ring—a heart, you see, in ruby—could not be traced as purchased in any Parisian shop. It is not new, though valuable. Help me—help me, if you can, Monsieur Leon—to discover the cruel wretch who did that ruthless deed!"

"I have told you, Mademoiselle Séraphita, how I loved your beautiful and virtuous mother; how I hoped to win her away from the pursuit of her profession and to marry her. My father and I were far from prosperous then, and she feared to unite her destiny with that of a poor, struggling poet. Would to heaven she had not so feared. She might be living now!"

Leon did not remark the deep blush that tinged Séraphita's cheek. It told her secret.

The young girl, despite the difference in their years, loved the man of genius whose one life-dream had been Zora Moyana's love.

Leon raised the paper to his eyes. It bore the words:

"I will never yield you to this man or to marriage. Believe it, my love is your destiny. You repel—I will for ever pursue. Death alone shall part me from you. If I may not be the light of your life, I will at least be its shadow."

"We found this note and the ring," said Séraphita, "among the articles in a carved sandalwood box in which my mother kept her few trinkets, with all of which I was perfectly familiar. I knew that whatever letters she received related only to engagements. The ring could not have been long in her possession."

"And you intrust these things to me because our aim is a common one?"

"I do. It was thought that they would prove valuable as *pièces de conviction*. But, when all proved unavailing, I insisted upon taking charge of them myself."

"I will assume the care of them. If it be in human power to unearth this mystery I shall do it, though unaided. I shall do all that one man can do."

They turned now and departed, still earnestly conversing.

Arrived at his rooms that evening, Leon laid the note and ring upon his writing-desk. He then drew from a drawer in the desk a small roll. It resembled gauze. Upon it was painted the face of Zora Moyana in her dying agony. The artist had intended to place a candle behind it to bring out the face to study it for a larger picture.

It was life-size, a mere head without shoulders, like that of the Saviour in those representations illustrative of the handkerchief of St. Veronica, on which, the legend has it, after that saint had extended it to Jesus to wipe his streaming brow as He bore his cross to Calvary, the face of the Holiest was found delineated.

This dead face drawn and painted from memory had been the work of the same artist to whom Zora had sat for "Genius Perishing of Neglect." Knowing Leon's love for the woman so haplessly dead, the artist had presented it to the poet. But love alone could invest it with any but painful ideas, for it was livid, ghastly, horrible. The effect, as Leon raised it in front of a lamp blazing upon his desk, was ghostly in the extreme, vivid and awesome.

"Appalling!" murmured Leon. "Well, I have three things to help me in my undertaking—this ring, this letter, this face."

There darted through his mind the thought of how, if pursuit became unsuccessful, Séraphita's friendship for him would be strengthened. Then he almost blushed to think how much for that he cared.

CHAPTER III.

LEON MAKES DISCOVERIES.

Nor many days after, a strange occurrence took place. Leon, accompanying Séraphita and Madame Périen, entered an omnibus. They were engaged in a shopping expedition. The surly driver—omnibus-drivers are always surly—started the vehicle off at a swift pace as they entered it, almost precipitating the young girl upon the knees of a passenger who occupied the corner nearest the door. The gentleman started at the shock, looked up with a hard, blazing, direct look into the girl's face, saw Séraphita, stared at her, uttering a half-suppressed cry, then drew back into his corner. The place was soon reached where the trio were to descend.

Leon, who had observed the agitation of the passenger, looked at him on going out. The man lay back against the side of the omnibus in a dead swoon. Leon had just time to recall the fact that the face, on his entering, had struck him as having something familiar, although he could not remember where he had seen it before. He also remembered—and connected it with the swooning of the unknown—that Séraphita strikingly resembled Zora.

Could it be that here was at last a clew? Alas! there had been so many *fausses-alertes*, so many ungrounded expectations of final discovery, which, like smoke, had vanished and left not a wreck behind.

Yet Leon, leaving the young girl and Madame Périen at the shop they sought, said that he would presently return, and cautiously, without being observed—for it was now growing somewhat late and shadows were gathering—followed the omnibus. After a time, assisted by one of the passengers, the gentleman descended. Leon followed without seeming to do so, first taking the precaution to put on a pair of blue glasses which he sometimes used in writing to help his sight. He then curled upward instead of downward the corners of his mustache, which gave a fierceness to the eyes, drew up the collar of his cloak, and, to the passing eye, looked utterly different from the smiling companion of the ladies who had a short time before entered the now vanishing vehicle.

Keeping careful track of the unknown, Leon at last saw him enter the retired abode near which were his own rooms, and reading the doorplate upon it, deciphered the name, "Dr. Germanicus."

Without delay, Leon, by dexterous questions at the tradespeople's establishments thereabout, now discovered that this Dr. Germanicus had been for seven years resident in the quiet house, that he practiced medicine, did nothing disreputable. No one knew him, he being very unassociable. The obliging hairdresser near by remarked, grumblingly, that he had never seen "the color of his money, and that he must cut his own hair and beard." There was one singular thing that the neighbors had found out—the doctor was a somnambulist. This had been discovered through his housekeeper, an elderly and usually reticent person, but who, in her terror at finding the doctor walking with a taper, like a masculine Lady Macbeth, in the attic, had mentioned the circumstance to the laundress engaged from outside, and had said that for her

part "she didn't like no sich tricks as them. Decent folks with no nothin' on their consciences didn't hev' no sich pranks, so they didn't."

The laundress, tender in her sentiments toward the hairdresser—a sweetheart who, semi-occasionally, took her to those enchanted precincts yeapt the circus—confided the story to him, and said that it "fairly cordled the blood in her veins to think of it."

"And he's a wicked-looking critter, anyhow," she opined, "with that there long hair and them their slanty eyes—what don't look at yer, so they don't."

Strangely excited by the account he heard, Leon now resolved—will he? will he?—to penetrate the doctor's seclusion.

But fearing to be recognized as the companion of Séraphita, the sight of whom had so affected this eccentric and "unaccountable" doctor, he again resumed his blue glasses, donned an odd, light suit quite out of date, and looked thus "got up," as little like the Leon Périen of Paris as Dr. Germanicus resembled the Stephen Weimar of seven years before.

It required great dexterity to penetrate the icy reserve of the doctor under pretext of getting prescriptions for weak eyes, which were only tired eyes.

It became necessary to discourse, in a wily way, upon the deep interest of the scientific discoveries of the day and hour, and so lead on to some renewal of the first visit.

Suffice it to say, however, that in a month's time, and after many prescriptions, pitched into buckets of water, Leon had not only succeeded in satisfying himself that the so-called Dr. Germanicus was no other than Stephen Weimar, formerly of Paris, to whom the dead Zora had sat as model, but also that his somnambulism was frequent, and that some "perilous stuff" weighed upon that "racked bosom."

At last, after various unavailing attempts, Leon succeeded in inducing Dr. Germanicus to promise to return his visits.

He appeared to desire to visit Leon, who had a number of new and singular instruments in his possession, made by skillful hands, the use of which bore upon recent discoveries.

Leon was the more anxious to obtain this visit from the fact that, having compared the handwriting of the prescriptions procured with the letter confided to him by Séraphita, he thought that he could detect precisely where the writing resembled that of Dr. Germanicus.

The promised visit had not yet been made, when one night at twelve the poet, entering his rooms, saw a candle, borne by some tall figure, attired in a long white flannel dressing-gown, flit by the window of the doctor's library, which was on the ground floor.

Accustomed to watch every movement of the man he suspected, he knew that this was an unusually late hour for light to be visible in his neighbor's abode.

It was an easy matter to draw near to the library window, which reached to the ground. It was partly open, the now-reigning Spring being warm and balmy.

A strange sight met the poet's eyes. It was that of Dr. Germanicus, standing beside an open desk, upon which lay a curiously wrought and blood-stained dagger.

His eyes, of which "the sense was shut," stared open. As he gazed—sightlessly, yet seeing—a sound between a groan and a sob broke from his breast.

He remained thus a while, then replaced the stained weapon in the desk, closed, locked it and departed, still staring, open-eyed but sleep-bound, before him, bearing the taper, which he took up as he laid the dagger down.

moving precisely as a person fully awake would have moved, except that his gait was stiffer.

As he mounted the stairs Leon could see the taper's light flit by. Then all was still.

CHAPTER IV.

A CONFESSION.

THE time had now come for a test upon which Leon Périen had determined. He at last succeeded in procuring a promise from Dr. Germanicus to fix the hour of eleven of the following night to visit him, in order to see the instruments about which he was so curious.

Leon received his guest at the door. They passed to the poet's sleeping-room. They entered.

The unfortunate Germanicus, passing the threshold, uttered a horrible, half-stifled cry, made a step forward,

Confession followed, but of a kind very different from any that Leon Périen had expected to unearth. The guilty Stephen Weimar told of his love—no honorable love, but a mad passion—for the pure and noble Zora. He told of his wild pursuit, his days of anguish, his frenzy, his despair. He told how, learning that another suitor, an honorable one—whose identity with Leon he had not yet discovered—sought her in marriage, he had written the threatening letter, and previous to that sent the ring of ruby. He told how, hearing that Zora had finally yielded to her lover's suit a promise of marriage—a report current in the *ateliers* where she was employed—he had become "frenzied," he said—"insane."

"One night, *that night*," related the horror-stricken and remorseful Weimar, "I retired to rest at about twelve. I took up before retiring a curiously wrought dagger which I had purchased from a merchant in bric-à-brac, and



ANECDOTES OF ALLIGATORS.—"THE TWO BRAVE NATIVES WADED INTO THE WATER UP TO THEIR BREASTS, AND, HARPOON IN HAND, BRAVELY ATTACKED THE CREATURE."—SEE PAGE 30.

clutched his horrent hair, fell on his knees, then forward upon his face, and lay perfectly insensible, the blood streaming from his livid lips.

And, indeed, if this man had aught to do with the mysterious murder of Zora Moyana, it was no less than a hideous sight that, like Banquo's risen ghost to treacherous Macbeth, had met his tortured gaze. Even beauty's self may become Gorgon to the guilty. It would seem that the test had told.

Leon had darkened the sleeping-room in every part except where, with a lamp behind it, the ghastly painting upon gauze of the murdered woman's face, rendered, as told above, with appalling truth, glared out as if hanging, a phantom Nemesis, midway between heaven and earth. Below it lay the ring and the letter.

At last Weimar revived.

He wiped the blood from his beard and sat up. The head—which Leon had removed—was no longer before him. *It had done its purposed work.*

which I habitually used to cut the leaves of *feuilletons*. I remember thinking that rather than Zora should indeed become the wife of Leon Périen, I would kill her, and with that dagger. I laughed at the cruel thought, and called myself in a low voice, I remember, a "murderer." Awake, I should never have done the deed. *In a somnambulistic, or semi-somnambulistic state, that night I did it.* I knew that I *had* done it only when summoned to help the dying woman. Ah! how through seven horrible years the agonizing shrieks of her bereaved child have rung upon my ear! and I saw her dead; then, returning, found the dagger—the bloody dagger—upon my table. Had Zora uttered any cry when stabbed, I must have been arrested. When our eyes met at her dying moment she recognized me. I saw that, but she could not speak to accuse. I must instinctively, though sleeping, have concealed the weapon as I passed to my apartment. I know that the commission of crime in a somnambulistic state is no new thing to science. I simply acted out in sleep the

hideous *thought* of my waking hour, but I deny that it was ever a purpose. Guilty of blood-shedding I am, but I deny that I am guilty of murder," added Stephen Weimar, proudly raising his ghastly, "blood bolted" face.

"I have found you at last, then. I am Leon Périen."

"The poet! And *not* Leon Benoit, the ardent lover of chemistry?" said Weimar, with a sneer.

Leon removed his blue glasses, and rapidly changed the adjustment of his mustache and hair.

"Leon Benoit for a time. I saw you swoon at sight of Séraphita Moyana, and have followed that clew."

"Do with me as you will," said Weimar in reply. "It will be nothing to lose a bitter life. The law will not believe my statement. Yet it is true. I *had* hoped not to



"LISTEN TO A MAIDEN'S PRAYER."

die in prison, or by the hand of man. A vain hope. Let it go!"

At Weimar's prayer Leon accompanied him to his library. There he wrote a while, then handed to the poet a package apparently sealed long before that night. After this he flung himself upon a lounge and appeared to sleep.

The morning light broke upon a dead face. Weimar had stolen a march upon his enemy, and with morphine, quickly quaffed, unseen by Leon—a dose to have killed ten men—he himself had his quietus made.

The package contained a will bequeathing all his wealth to Séraphita. Scorned by her, it went to charity. Séraphita and Leon are man and wife. Thus was Zora Moyana avenged.

RACHEL.

It is already rather more than twenty-four years since all that was mortal of Rachel was laid to rest in the Jewish cemetery at Père la Chaise. The streets through which the funeral procession passed were thronged; and around her grave on that bleak, dark, showery January day (11th January, 1858) were gathered all the Parisian men and women of distinction in her own art. There, too, might be seen all the leaders in literature and the fine arts, whom Paris held most in honor, come to pay the last sad homage to one whose genius had often thrilled their hearts and stirred their imaginations as no other actress of her time had done. How many blanks in that brilliant array can even now be counted? Of these, Rachel's great teacher, Samson, to whom she owed so much, Monrose, the elder Dumas, Villemain, Scribe, Sainte Beuve, Alfred d. Vigny, Mérimée, Jules Janin, Halévy, Théophile, Gautier, Baron Taylor, Emile de Girardin, are but a few of the most conspicuous. As one reads the record, the old, old question starts up. "Where are they all, the old familiar faces?" Fading fast away, like the fame of her when they had met to mourn, into that dim twilight of memory, which for most of them will soon deepen into unbroken night.

"*Pauvre femme! Ah, la pauvre femme!*" were the words that broke again and again from the old but ever-young Déjazet, as she tried in vain to make her way through the dense crowd in the cemetery to throw a huge bouquet of violets into the grave. They are words which were often uttered in Rachel's life by those who knew its sad story.

What a strange, sad story it is! The years of childhood and girlhood spent in poverty, in squalor and privation, passing suddenly into a blaze of European fame—the homage of the leaders of society and of thought laid at the feet of one whom they looked upon as "a thing inspired"—wealth pouring in profusion into her lap—the passionate aspiration of the young spirit after excellence in her art, and the triumphs there, which were more to her than either wealth or the plaudits of the theatre. Then the melancholy reverse of the picture! A life, wherein that which makes the main charm and glory of womanhood is sought for in vain—the practice of her noble art, continued not from delight in its exercise, or with purpose to raise and to instruct, degenerating into a mere mechanical pursuit, swiftly avenged by the decline of that power which had once enabled her to move men's hearts to their inmost fibres, and by the break-up of her constitution, taxed, as it was, beyond endurance in efforts to make as much money as possible in the shortest possible time. Then disease—acute bodily suffering—anguish in the

retrospect of a mistaken life, and in forebodings of the eclipse of a fame which was the very breath of her nostrils, yet which she knew too well she had not labored honorably to maintain—death drawing nearer and nearer, with none of the consolations either in looking backward or forward that rob it of its bitterness, and relentlessly closing its icy hand upon her heart, while that heart still yearned after the scene of her former glories, and felt some stirrings of the old power which had won them. A sad life indeed, and anything but noble. It is not, however, without instruction, either for artist or critic; for it brings strongly home the too often forgotten truth, that to rise to the level of great art, and to keep there, the inner life and the habits of the artist must be worthy, pure and noble.

In an *auberge* called the *Soleil d'Or*, in the small village of Mumpf, near Aarau, in Switzerland, Elizabeth Félix, the Rachel of the French stage, first saw the light on the 28th of February, 1820. Thither her mother had come a few days before, unaccompanied by her husband, Jacob Félix, a traveling peddler. The kindness of some of the Israelites of the village helped her over her time of trouble; and a few days afterward she left the place, taking with her the baby who, she little dreamed, was to bring back Racine, Corneille and Voltaire to the French stage. Years passed in wandering up and down with her parents, who plied their vocation of peddlers with indifferent success—were not favorable either to the education or to the health of their gifted child, or of their other children—for they had several—and probably laid the seeds of that delicacy of chest which ultimately proved fatal to Rachel.

At Lyons, where her parents went to reside in 1830, and subsequently in Paris, her elder sister Sophie and herself used to eke out the scanty means of the household by selling oranges and by singing at the *cafés*, upon the chance of earning a few sous. It was while plying this vocation that they attracted the notice of M. Choron, a musician, who devoted himself to the training of pupils. Rachel's voice was a contralto, but Choron soon found that the organ was of too thin a quality to give hopes of turning it to any good account. But the young girl had shown qualities as a declaimer which induced him to recommend her to the notice of M. St. Aulaire, of the Comédie Française.

Under him young Rachel made rapid progress. She had a quick and retentive memory, and was soon grounded in all the old tragedies and comedies of repute. Her master was in the habit of exercising his pupils upon the stage of the obscure "Theatre Molière," in the Rue St. Martin, where performances were given upon Sundays.

"The performances in which Rachel took part were the most lucrative. She was frequently brought before the inhabitants of this part of Paris, and she was applauded and made much of by this homely public, and her renown had even spread beyond the narrow sphere where she paved the way for more serious successes. I went to hear her one day," says Samson, "when she played in the 'Don Sanche' of Corneille. She astonished me, I admit, in the character of *Isabella, Queen of Castile*; I was struck by the tragic feeling which she showed. The sacred fire burned in this young and feeble breast. She was then very little; and yet, having a queen to represent, she dwarfed by her grand manner the actors who surrounded her. These were tall young men unaccustomed to the stage, and her ease of deportment threw their awkwardness into stronger relief. Although forced by her lowness of stature to raise her head to speak to them, the young artist seemed to address them as from above. Still there were here and there, if I may use the phrase, *lacuna* of intelligence; the character was not perfectly understood—of this there could be no doubt—but all through one felt the presence of the tragic accent; the special gift was manifest at every point, and one already saw by anticipation the great theatrical future of this wonderful child. Between

the pieces I went upon the stage to congratulate her. By this time she had donned a man's dress for Andrieux's comedy, 'Le Man-teau,' which was to follow. As I arrived she was playing at some kind of game in which it was necessary to hop on one foot, and it was in this attitude that I surprised the ex-Queen of Spain. She listened to my compliments with one leg in the air, thanked me very gracefully, and resumed her game."

M. Vedel, the treasurer, and subsequently the director of the Comédie Française, saw her play *Andromaque* at the same little theatre, and was so deeply impressed that he procured for her an admission into the Conservatoire. She was then only fifteen years and a half old, but when she appeared before Cherubini, d'Henneville, Michelot, Samson and Provost, she excited their warmest admiration. From some cause the young girl remained at the Conservatoire for only four months, and was soon afterward engaged upon liberal terms at the Gymnase. Here she made her *début* in a new drama called "La Vendéenne," on the 4th of April, 1837. The piece failed, and the young actress shared its fate. A fresh attempt at the same theatre as *Suzette* in the "Mariage de Raison," was equally unsuccessful; but here she was contrasted to disadvantage with Leontine Fay, whose personal charms and flexible grace of style were already identified with the part. Rachel's appearances at the Gymnase showed that a theatre devoted to drama of everyday life was not suited to the severe and impassioned tone, and the large style in which her genius found its natural vent. Accordingly her manager, whose faith in her remained unshaken, recommended her to resume her studies for the higher drama, with a view to appearing upon the stage of the Théâtre Français. Samson became her professor, and eight months afterward she made her *début* at the Théâtre Français, in the part of *Camille* in "Les Horaces."

As she was "ignorant in the extreme, owing to the poverty of her parents," M. Samson told her father to put her into the hands of Madame Brouzet, the teacher of his own children, for tuition in language and history. That lady offered to undertake her instruction, and M. Samson continued, as before, to give his own lessons gratis. He was not the man to allow his pupil to venture on the stage of the great theatre of the Rue Richelieu until he was assured that she would prove herself worthy of its traditions and an honor to her instructor. Besides, she had not only to bear the always heavy ordeal of the candidate before an exacting audience for the honors won and worn by the favorites of the past, but also to win back their attention to the tragedies of Racine and Corneille, which had been thrown for some time into the shade by the Romantic School. The art of interpreting the great works of the classical drama had for some years fallen into disuse, and they were voted slow by those who had never seen their beauties developed by great histrionic genius.

"Talma, dying in 1826, seemed to have carried classic tragedy away with him. Old gentlemen mourned at this; but their regrets were not shared by the new generation, whose wish was that ruin should overwhelm what they regarded as having had its day. But in 1838, twelve years after the death of our great tragedian, an unexpected event occurred; a reaction, which surprised even those by whom it was desired, brought back to the great classic works a crowd that could not be accommodated within the theatre of the Rue Richelieu, which only yesterday had been so unpeopled. The young and great artist to whom this miracle was due was Rachel."

The time fixed for Rachel's *début* was by no means favorable, even if a tragedy of the old school had been as attractive as at that epoch it certainly was not. It was high Summer.

The languid interest with which the audience had entered the theatre hung upon them for a time. But, according to M. Samson, it was soon dispelled.

"In the first three acts the part of *Camille* contains nothing remarkable, except one scene between her and *Julie*. The young *tragédienne* was listened to with interest. People noticed the appropriate emphasis of her elocution, the clearness of her articulation, and, in her action as in her speaking, a noble simplicity to which they had long been unaccustomed. In the fourth act her success was brilliant; and at the end of the celebrated course, she was covered with applause loud enough to have come from an audience of 2,000 spectators. She repeated the part several times, and always with increasing success. The receipts, however, did not increase."

At first, indeed, they were most miserable; on the first night 753 francs, and on subsequent repetitions of the play, 373, 303 and 595 francs, respectively. The last sum was reached on the 18th of August, even though attention had by this time been called to the exceptional qualities of the young actress by her appearance in four other important parts of the classical drama. Enthusiasm, however, "made up for want of numbers."

"Her second part," continues Samson, "was *Emilie* in 'Cinna.' I remember well the amazement of the audience. As I write I see before me all their eyes bent upon the young girl, all their ears strained, the better to enjoy this utterance which seemed so novel, and of which the originality consisted in its being at once natural and grandiose. Her third part was *Hermione*, then *Eriphile*, then *Amenaide* in 'Tancrède.' Always the same success, but success without rebound, since all the leaders of Parisian society were still at the watering-places, and the few journalists who were left in Paris, appalled by the word 'tragedy,' could not screw up courage to cross the threshold of the Théâtre Français. At length came the month of October, the number of spectators increased, and my young pupil continued her representations to splendid houses. Oh, those glorious evenings! Never shall I forget them, any more than the mornings consecrated to the stage-education of my marvelous scholar. I number them among the most delightful hours of my life. What quickness of perception! What nice accuracy in feeling and tone! Bear in mind that this child knew nothing; that I had to explain to her the character of the personage she had to represent, and in a manner to go through a little course of history with her before our lesson of declamation; but when once she understood me, she entered thoroughly into the spirit of the part. Nothing was vague, nothing left to chance. We noted every point together. From the very first her elocution was of the highest order, and worthy to serve as a model. For Mademoiselle Mars, who—being, as she was, the daughter of Monvel, an actor renowned for truth and perfect intonation as a speaker—was an excellent judge, came, after hearing Rachel, to compliment me in the warmest terms, adding these words: 'This is how tragedy ought to be spoken; this was the way my father treated it.'"

Rachel's greatest success with the public in these early performances was in *Amenaide*, which she performed for the first time on the 8th of August. The house had been filled by free admissions of people to whom her very name was unknown. They soon felt that in her they saw no ordinary novice. She was greatly applauded throughout the piece, and was recalled at its close, when a bouquet and wreath were flung at her—these were days in which such recalls and floral tributes had a real significance; but still the receipts showed no symptoms of improvement. On this night they only reached 625 francs. But Vedel believed that his novice possessed the secret fire which must ere long attract the worship of the Parisian public, and the representations were continued. As Autumn brought people back to Paris they heard of the new star.

Jules Janin, the theatrical critic of the *Journal des Débats*, was persuaded to see her (4th of September) in *Hermione*, the character of which the best judges had spoken as her masterpiece. He entered the theatre expecting to see only the merely respectable promise, of which he had already seen too much; he left it convinced that the French stage possessed in this young girl a genius worthy of its best days. His enthusiasm was expressed in his next weekly *feuilleton* in the *Débats* with so much

fervor, that public attention was arrested. Encouraged by this criticism, those who had seen the *débutante* were emboldened to give voice to the admiration which they had hitherto feared to express. The effect was seen in a great increase of the receipts the next night. Another article by Janin, a fortnight later, in still more enthusiastic terms, effectually roused the Parisian public. The theatre became thronged to an extent hitherto unknown. People spent hours in waiting for the opening of the doors. Hundreds were turned away disappointed. The new idol became the one great topic of conversation.

From this moment the receipts of the house ran up to a figure calculated to make every member of the *Comédie Française* happy; \$125 a night was the average return of Rachel's first eighteen performances. For the next eighteen it was within a fraction of \$1,000 a night—a sum then regarded as magnificent. In fact, the director of the theatre himself described it as "colossal"; and he proved his sincerity by raising Rachel's salary at the end of October, from 4,000 to 20,000 francs. Her father, ever thinking less of his daughter's art as art than as a valuable commodity for sale, two months afterward demanded that it should be raised to 40,000, or exactly ten times the modest yearly salary

which in June, when they were living *au sixième* in the Rue Traversaire St. Honoré, had been regarded by the family as wealth. The demand was resisted, but only for a time. The theatre found it could not get on without Rachel, and she could therefore dictate her own terms—an advantage which neither she nor those around her were likely to forego. The 40,000 francs demanded soon rose to 60,000, and had to be conceded.

But while papa and mamma Félix were thinking only of making up for the privations of the past by raising the family income to the highest possible figure, Rachel herself was straining every nerve to gratify and to maintain the admiration she had excited, adding several new parts to her *répertoire*, and augmenting her reputation by them

all. Among these was *Roxane*, in Racine's "*Bajazet*," a character which it wanted no small courage in a girl so young, and, of necessity, so inexperienced in the passions by which it is inspired, even to think of undertaking. But courage was never a quality in which Rachel was deficient, and she yielded to M. Vedel's request, and allowed herself to be announced for the part. The house was crammed with an audience prepared to admire. But when Rachel came to grapple with the part upon the stage she lost her nerve, her declamation showed none of its wonted fire, her gestures none of their wonted appropriate and spontaneous grace, and the sullen silence which reigned through the house on the fall of the curtain was

only too significant of a hopeless failure. M. Vedel visited Jules Janin the next day. They were discussing the disaster of the previous night, when Rachel herself was announced. She hung down her head, said nothing, and looked for all the world like a culprit before her judge. Janin received her most kindly, and tried to cheer her, but told her plainly he could not speak favorably of her performance. Poor Rachel wept scalding tears, like a scolded child. Her father tried to prevent her re-appearance in that character. After a stormy scene, in which

papa Félix

found his threat that his daughter should not play fell upon deaf ears, Vedel wrote to Rachel, urging her in the kindest terms not to listen to her father, or to put her future in peril by violating the terms of her engagement. This brought the following reply:

"Ne suis-je pas à vos ordres? Quand on aime les gens, on fait tout pour leur plaisir. Tout à vous,
RACHEL."

The next night Vedel went to her dressing-room before the play began. He found her ready, and looking superb in her sultana costume. "Well, child," he exclaimed, "how do you feel?" "Oh, well," she answered, smiling; "I have done what I wished to do, but it has cost me no small trouble. I had a terrible struggle to face; but I



MADAME RACHEL.—AFTER THE STATUETTE BY BARRE.

believe things will go better to-night." "You are not afraid, then?" "No." "I like this confidence; it augurs well. You have read Janin's article?" "Yes; he pays me out finely. I am furious, but so much the better. It has strung me up. Anger is sometimes a useful stimulant."

Rachel's performance that night completely effaced the impression of her failure. It even threw all her previous successes into shade. The audience were in raptures. She was recalled, with frantic applause, at the end of the play, and upon her descended an avalanche of bouquets that had to be removed by the servants. After the play Vedel repaired to her dressing-room, when, making her way through the crowd of voluble admirers that filled it, she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Thanks! thanks! I felt sure that you were right."

From this point Rachel's position as the foremost actress of her class was secured; and as she gained in physical strength and in experience, her hold upon her audiences became greater and greater—for in these early days she prosecuted her studies with enthusiasm, and her heart was filled with high aspirations.

"Rachel," says Samson, "was over the middle height; her forehead was arched, her eyes deeply set, and, without being large, very expressive; her nose straight, with, however, a slight curve in it. Her mouth, furnished with small teeth, white and well set, had an expression at once sarcastic and haughty. Her throat was perfect in its lines, and her head, small and with a low forehead, was set gracefully upon it. She was very thin; but she dressed with an art so subtle as to make of this thinness almost a beauty. Her walk and gestures were easy, all her movements supple—her whole person, in short, full of distinction. She had, to use a common expression, the hands and feet of a duchess. Her voice, which was a contralto, was limited in its compass; but, thanks to the extreme accuracy of her ear, she made use of it with exquisite skill, and drew from it the finest and most delicate inflections. When she began to speak, her tones were a little hoarse, but this soon went off."

"When she first appeared at the Comédie Française, her figure had not reached the development which it subsequently acquired; there was in her small features, in her close-set eyes, a sort of confusion, if I may be allowed the expression, and people said she was ugly. Later on they said she was beautiful. In point of fact, she was neither the one nor the other, but both, according to the hour, the day, the expression which dominated her face."

She was on her way home from the theatre, after playing *Amenaide* in



RACHEL IN "ADRIENNE LECOUCVREUR."

guests were conscious of a void that cried aloud to be filled. But, alas! there was no servant to get the supper ready or to serve it up. Rachel solved the difficulty.

"She rises," writes De Musset, "goes off to change her dress, and repairs to the kitchen. In a quarter of an hour she returns in a dressing-gown and nightcap, a handkerchief over her ears, pretty as an angel, holding in her hand a plate, on which are three beef-steaks, cooked by her own hand. She sets down the dish in the middle of the table, saying, 'Fall to!' Then she returns to the kitchen, and comes back holding in one hand a soup-tureen full of smoking *bouillon*, and in the other a *casseroles* with spinach. Behold the supper! No plates nor spoons, the maid having carried off the keys. Rachel opens the buffet, finds a salad-bowl filled with salad, seizes the wooden spoon, unearths a dish, and sets herself to eat alone."

"But," says mamma, "there are pewter plates in the kitchen." "Off goes Rachel in search of them, brings them, and distributes them to the guests. On which the following dialogue begins, in which you have my assurance that I have not changed one word:

"Mamma—'My dear, the beefsteaks are overdone:

"Rachel—'Quite true; they are as hard as wood. In the days that I did our housework I was a better cook than that. Well, it is one talent the less. What would you have? I have lost in one way, gained in another. Sarah, you don't eat."

"Sarah—'No; I can't eat off a pewter plate."

"Rachel—'Oh! and so it is since I bought a dozen plated dishes out of my savings that you are too fine to soil your fingers with pewter! If I grow richer, you will soon be wanting one servant behind your chair and another before it.' (Pointing with her fork.) 'I will never banish these old plates from our house. They have served us too long. Isn't it so, mamma?'"

"Mamma (with her mouth full)—'What a child it is!'"

"Rachel (turning to me)—'Just fancy! When I played at the Théâtre Molière, I had only two pair of stockings, and every morning—'"

"Here Sister Sarah began jabbering in German, to prevent her sister going on."

"Rachel—'No German here! There is nothing to be ashamed of. At that time I had but two pairs of stockings, and, to play at night, I had to wash a pair of them every morning. That pair was hanging up on a cord in my room whilst I was wearing the others.'"

"I—'And you did the housework?"



RACHEL AS "ELIZABETH" IN "MARIE STUART."



RACHEL IN "FÉDORA."

"Rachel—"I rose every day at six, and by eight all the beds were made. I then went to market to buy the dinner."

"I—"And did you take toll upon the purchases? (*Faisiez-vous danser l'anse du panier?*)

"Rachel—"No; I was a very honest cook. Wasn't I, mamma?"

"Mamma (*going on eating*)—"Oh, that's true."

"Rachel—"Once only I played the thief for a month. When I bought for four sous, I counted five, and when I paid ten sous, I charged twelve. At the end of a month I found myself at the head of three francs."

"I (*severely*)—"And what did you do with these three francs, mademoiselle?"

"Mamma (*seeing that Rachel was silent*)—"Monsieur, she bought Molière's works with them."

"I—"Indeed!"

"Rachel—"Indeed, yes! I already had a Corneille and a Racine; Molière I sorely wanted. I bought it with my three francs, and then I confessed my crimes."

This kind of talk bored the majority of the guests, and three-fourths of them got up and left. De Musset continues:

"The servant returns, bringing the rings and bracelets. They were laid upon the table. The two bracelets are magnificent—worth at least four or five thousand francs. They are accompanied by a crown in gold, and of great value. They whole lie higgledy-piggledy on the table with the salad, the spinach, and the pewter plates. Meanwhile, struck with the idea of the housemaid's work, of the kitchen, of the beds to make, and the toils of the needy life, I fix my eyes upon Rachel's hands, rather fearing to find them ugly or injured. They are delicately small, white, dimpled and tapering off into fine points—a true princess's hands."

"Sarah, who does not eat, continues to grumble in German. . .

"Rachel (*replying to the German growls*)—"You worry me. I want to talk about my young days."

Supper ended, Rachel brews a bowl of punch for her guests, amuses herself by setting fire to it; has the candles—much to the horror of the Argus-eyed mamma—put under the table, so as to heighten the effect of the blue flames; and when they are put back, and the punch distributed, takes the little poniard from De Musset's cane, and uses it for a toothpick.

"Here," says the poet, "the common talk and childish pranks come to an end. A single word is enough to change the whole character of the scene, and to bring into this picture poetry and the artistic instinct."

"I—"How you read the letter to-night! You were greatly moved!"

"Rachel—"Yes. It seemed as if something within me were going to break. But that is nothing. I don't like the piece [*Voltaire's 'Tancrède'*] much. It is false."

"I—"You prefer the plays of Corneille and Racine?"

"Rachel—"I love Corneille dearly, and yet he is sometimes trivial; sometimes stilted. There is not the ring of truth in these passages."

"I—"Oh, gently, mademoiselle!"

"Rachel—"Let us see. When in "*Horace*," for example, *Sabine* says, "*Ou peut changer d'amant, mais non changer d'époux*;" I don't like that. It is coarse."

"I—"You will admit, at any rate, it is true."

"Rachel—"Yes; but is it worthy of Corneille? Talk to me of Racine! Him I adore. Everything he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble!"

"I—"Apropos of Racine, do you remember receiving, some time ago, an anonymous letter, which contained a suggestion about the last scene of "*Mithridate*?"

"Rachel—"Perfectly; I followed the advice given to me, and ever since I have been greatly applauded in this scene. Do you know who it was wrote to me?"

"I—"I do; it is the woman in all Paris with the largest mind, and the smallest foot. What part are you studying just now?"

"Rachel—"This Summer we are going to play "*Marie Stuart*" and then "*Polyeucte*," and perhaps—"

"I—"Well?"

"Rachel (*striking the table emphatically*)—"Well, I want to play *Phèdre*. They tell me I am too young, too thin, and a thousand other absurdities. But I answer, It is the finest part in Racine; I believe I can play it."

"Sarah—"Perhaps, dear, you are mistaken."

"Rachel—"That's my affair. If people say that I am too young, and that the part does not suit me, *parbleu!* they said heaps of things about my playing *Roxane*, and what did they all come to? If they say that I am too thin, I maintain this is sheer nonsense. A woman who is possessed by a shameful love, but who dies rather than abandon herself to it; a woman parched up with the fire of passion and the waste of tears, such a woman cannot have a chest like Madame Paradol. It would be contrary to all nature. I have read the part ten times within the last week. How I shall play it I do not know, but I tell you that I feel it. Let the papers say what they please, they shall not change my mind on the subject. They are at their wits' end to find things to annoy me, when they might help and encourage me; but I shall act, if it comes to that, for three people." (*Turning toward me.*) "Yes! I have read certain articles that speak out frankly and conscientiously, and I know nothing better, more useful; but there are people who use their pen to lie, to destroy. They are worse than thieves or assassins. They kill the mind by pin-pricks. Oh, I feel as though I could poison them!"

"Mamma—"My dear, you do nothing but talk; you are tiring yourself. This morning you were up by six; I can't imagine what you are made of. You have been chatter-chattering all the day, and played to-night, besides; you will make yourself ill."

"Rachel (*with vivacity*)—"No! I tell you—no! All this gives me life." (*Then turning to me.*) "Would you like me to fetch the book? We shall read the play together."

"I—"Would I like it? You could not please me more."

"Sarah—"But, dear, it is half-past eleven."

"Rachel—"Very well; what prevents you from going to bed?"

Off goes Sarah to bed. Rachel rises and leaves the room. Presently she returns with the volume of Racine in her hand; her look and bearing have in them something not to be described—something solemn and devout, like that of an officiating priestess on her way to the altar, bearing the sacred vessel. She seats herself near De Musset, and snuffs the candle. Mamma, with a smile on her face, drops off into a doze.

"Rachel (*opening the volume with marked respect and bending over it*)—"How I love this man! When I put my nose into this book, I would like to stay there two days without drinking or eating."

"Rachel and I began to read the '*Phèdre*,' with the book placed on the table between us. All the guests go away. Rachel, with a slight nod, salutes them one by one as they leave, and goes on reading. At first she recites in a kind of monotone, as if it were a litany. By degrees she kindles. We exchange our remarks, our ideas, on each passage. At length she comes to the declaration. She stretches out her right arm upon the table; with her forehead resting upon her left hand, which is supported on her elbow, she gives full vent to the emotion. Nevertheless, he only speaks in a suppressed voice. All at once her eyes sparkle—the genius of Racine illuminates her face; she grows pale, then red. Never did I behold anything so beautiful, so interesting; never, on the stage has she produced such an effect upon me."

"The fatigue, a little hoarseness, the punch, the lateness of the hour, an animation almost feverish on her small, girlish cheeks, encreased by the nightcap, a strange unwonted charm diffused over her whole being, those brilliant eyes that read my soul, a childlike smile, which finds the means of insinuating itself through all that passed; add to this, the table in disorder, the candle with its flickering flame, the mother dozing beside us—all this composes at once a picture worthy of Rembrandt, a chapter of romance worthy of "*Wilhelm Meister*," and a souvenir of the artist's life which shall never fade out of my memory."

"This went on till half-past twelve, when her father returns from the opera, where he had been to see Mlle. Judith make her first appearance in "*La Juive*." No sooner is he seated, than he addresses to his daughter two or three words of the most churlish kind, ordering her to cease reading. Rachel closes the volume, saying: "Disgusting! I shall buy a matchbox, and read in my bed alone." I looked at her; great tears were standing in her eyes."

"It was indeed disgusting to see such a creature treated thus. I rose and took my leave, filled with admiration, with respect for her, and profound sympathy."

Years were to elapse and the young actress to rise to the height of her fame, before she realized her dream of

impersonating *Phèdre*. It was well that it was delayed until her powers were fully matured, and she was able to present it to the world as a masterpiece. Meanwhile the public of Paris were content to see her again and again in the parts in which she had first won their regards, with the addition of a few others—such as *Esther* (Racine), *Laodice* in “*Nicomède*” (Corneille), *Pauline* in “*Polyeucte*” (Corneille)—from the old classical pieces, which had so recently been thought to have completely lost their hold upon the stage. The favorite of the theatre became also the favorite of the saloons, and the doors of the most exclusive houses, even of the Quartier St. Germain, were thrown open to her. At none was she more welcome than at that of Madame Recamier, where she held her own with distinction amid the brilliant circle which clustered round that fascinating woman. What Rachel was then, Madame Lenormand describes in her *Memoirs of Madame Recamier*, with an accuracy for which those who met her in society at this period can vouch.

“Whoever,” she writes, “has not heard and seen Mdlle. Rachel in a *salon* can have only an incomplete idea of her feminine attractions, and of her talent as an actress. Her features, a little too delicate for the stage, gained much by being seen nearer. Her voice was a little hard; but her accent was enchanting, and she modulated it to suit the limits of a *salon* with marvelous instinct. Her deportment was in irreproachable taste; and the ease and promptitude with which this young girl, without education or knowledge of good society, seized its manner and tone, was certainly the perfection of art. Deferential with dignity, modest, natural and easy, she talked interestingly of her art and her studies. Her success in society was immense.”

What wonder! In the poetical world in which her imagination was then and had for years been working, she had lived in the society in which the simplicity, courtesy, and absence of self-assertion which go to produce distinction of manner are best learned.

The echo of Rachel's fame, confirmed as it was by the great cities of France, in the course of successful but most exhausting tours in 1840, greatly excited public curiosity in England; and when she appeared there she was received with a warmth for which she was not prepared.

In one of her letters she speaks of her triumphant success in “*Marie Stuart*,” which was certainly not one of her best parts. “Ten bouquets and two chaplets fell at my feet with thunders of applause. The receipts mounted to 30,000 francs. . . . 13,000 were sent to me next morning. I am content.”

In England Rachel was received in the best society with no less cordiality than she had been in Paris. She still bore an unblemished reputation as a woman. The houses of the leading nobility were opened to her. The Dowager-Queen Adelaide paid her marked attention. She performed at Windsor Castle, and was presented by the Duchess of Kent to the Queen, from whom she received a handsome bracelet with the inscription, “*Victoria Reine à Mademoiselle Rachel*.”

When she returned to England in 1842, she established her supremacy even more firmly by an obvious improvement, not merely in physical power, but also in the resources of her art. Not the least in Rachel's estimation of the trophies which she carried away from this visit was a letter from the Duke of Wellington, assuring her of his great anxiety to be present at her benefit, for which he had secured a box.

The enthusiasm of Paris and London was, if possible, surpassed by that of the principal cities of France and Belgium. Some of Rachel's letters from Rouen, Bordeaux and Marseilles, give a vivid picture of the heavy cost to the strength and to the emotions of the young artist at

which her successes in the provinces were purchased, at the time when she ought to have been seeking repose. Thus, on the 11th June, 1840, she writes from Rouen to a friend: “True, I have success, but not one friend. Here I never stir out; I write all day long; 'tis my only distraction. It seems to me death were preferable to this life, which I drag along as a convict drags his chain.” Everywhere the fatigue had to be encountered of receiving all sorts of admirers, who quite forgot to consider whether their compliments compensated for the inroads they made upon the artist's hours of study and repose. “I am interrupted every minute,” she writes from Bordeaux, “by people who constantly ply me with the same phrases, and this without ever altering a syllable.” The odes and sonnets from young poets, which rained upon her, provoked more of her mirth than of her sympathy. In the midst of all these distractions, Rachel reads and studies, and dreams of the new part of *Judith*, on which Madame de Girardin is at work for her.* But the strain was too heavy, and on the 19th of August, 1841, we find her writing from Bordeaux: “Sooth to say, I know not if I can live long in this way. I am exhausted, sad, and were I to write longer, I should weep hot tears.” Rachel was still under age, and at the disposal of her parents. They seem to have taken no account of her fatigue. The receipts she brought in were superb. What more could their gifted daughter desire?

Deeply and fatally as Rachel became infected in after-years with the same greed of gain, it is obvious from her letters that in these early years it had not deadened in her the instincts of the artist. When playing in Marseilles, in June, 1843, writing to Madame de Girardin, she says:

“Let me tell you of a little stroke of audacity, which fills me with alarm when I recall it in cold blood. In the middle of one of the most stirring scenes of ‘*Bajazet*,’ some one took it into his head to throw me a wreath, to which I paid no heed, desiring to keep in the part (*rester en situation*), while the audience shouted: ‘The wreath! the wreath!’ *Alalide*, thinking more of the audience than of her part, picked up the wreath, and presented it to me. Indignant at a barbarous interruption of this kind, truly worthy of an opera audience, I seized the unlucky wreath with indignation, and flinging it on one side, went on with *Rozane*. Fortune loves the bold. Never was there a stronger proof of this axiom; for this movement of unstudied impulse was hailed with three salvos of applause.”

So again, when writing to her brother, Raphael, her words of excellent advice show that her heart still burned with the enthusiastic reverence of her art, from which she drew her inspiration.

“Now, my dear brother,” she writes, “tell me something of your pursuits, your plans for the future, for it is time you were up and doing. You will soon be a man, and you ought to know, ‘*Que l'habit ne fait pas le moine*.’ If, as I foresee, your inclinations carry you toward the stage, try at least to look upon the actor's vocation as an art; treat it as a matter of conscience, not as something merely to make a position for you—as one does with a girl, who is married off when she leaves the convent, in order that she may have the right to dance at a ball six times instead of three—but rather out of love, out of passion for those works which feed the mind, and which guide the heart.

“It is possible for a woman to attain an honorable position, where she is esteemed and respected, without very possibly having that polish which the world rightly calls education. Why? you will ask me. It is because a woman does not lose her charm, but the reverse, by maintaining a great reserve in her language and demeanor. A woman answers questions, she does not ask them; she never initiates a discussion, she listens. Her natural coquettishness makes her long for information; she retains what she learns,

* It was produced in April, 1843, but played only nine times. Even if it had been a stronger play than it was, it had no chance in competition with the “*Phèdre*,” in which Rachel had recently appeared, and about which all Paris was in ecstasy.



RACHEL IN "ANDROMAQUE."



RACHEL IN CORNEILLE'S "HORACE."

and without having a solid foundation, she thus acquires that superficial culture which may upon occasion pass for real culture. But a man! what a difference! All that the woman cannot know, the man should have at his finger-ends; he has occasion for it every day of his life; it is a resource with which he augments his pleasures, diminishes his pains, gives variety to his enjoyments, and which, moreover, makes him be regarded as *'un homme d'esprit'*. Think of this, and if the early days seem to you somewhat hard, then reflect that you have a sister who will feel pride and pleasure in your success, and who will cherish you with all her soul. I venture to hope that this letter will not have appeared to you too long to read, but on the contrary that you will often find time to re-read it—and if not often, why, then, at least every now and then."

It is in this and other letters to her family that Rachel as a woman shows at her best. There is abundance of good sense, of sprightliness, and of *esprit* in her other letters—but in these she lets us see that she has a heart. Love of kindred is no uncommon phenomenon even in the most selfish, and it certainly does not deserve a place among the higher virtues. But where a life is in all other ways tainted with selfishness, we hail this as a saving grace, and are fain to think that under happier conditions

it might have blossomed into qualities of a more generous strain. Her father's name rarely appears in Rachel's letters; but both to and of her mother she always speaks with the filial devotion of her race. She was warmly attached, not only to her brother, but also to her four sisters, all of whom had their way to success upon the stage paved by her; but Rebecca, the youngest and most gifted, was her especial favorite. Over her she watched with a mother-like care; and when the young girl was taken from her by early death, in 1854, just as she had begun to give promise of becoming an ornament to the stage, the blow struck home. Thus when urged, after she was herself fatally touched by the same malady, consumption, to go for her health to Eaux Bonnes, in 1856, Rachel wrote, "I should never regain my health there, where I saw my poor darling sister Rebecca die." And within a few hours of her own death she found comfort in the thought of their reunion. "Ma pauvre Rebecca," she exclaimed, "ma chère sœur, je vais te revoir! Que je suis heureuse!"

From the glimpses which have been furnished to us of



Mlle. RACHEL'S HOUSE IN EGYPT.

the home in which Rachel was reared, there could have been in it little to refine or elevate the moral nature. In the early days of her triumphs Rachel's heart seems to have been kept pure amid many temptations by "the

him, took the incredibly base revenge of making her weakness known to the world, by publishing her letters. Straightway society turned its back upon the erring sister whom it had believed to be spotless; and she, made reck-



RACHEL AS "ANTIGONE."

holy forms of young imagination"; and had they continued to be cherished there, her career would have gone on brightening to the close.

To her infinite loss she gave the jewel of her honor to a man who, when she found him worthless, and discarded

less apparently by what had happened, was at no pains to retrieve her reputation. Her "tragic air" no longer kept suitors at bay, and she became twice a mother of sons, first in 1844 and again in 1848—Count Walewski claiming, and being accorded, the honors of paternity in the first

case; while in the second the boy received, and now bears, only his mother's name. Rachel, the great *tragédienne*, still reigned supreme on the stage of the Comédie Française, but she was no more seen in the *salons*, where to be admitted was an honor; and good men there, who had admired her genius and the charm of her manner in her early days, spoke of her with a sigh as "*pauvre Rachel!*"

No cloud had as yet overshadowed her personal character when, on the 24th January, 1843, she made her first appearance as *Phèdre*. The character, like *Juliet* on our stage, has always been regarded in France as the touchstone of an actress's tragic powers. Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Dumesnil, Clairon, Raucourt, Georges, Duchesnois, all regarded it as trying their skill to the uttermost. How true was young Rachel's conception of the part is apparent from De Musset's description. But in having M. Samson's guidance in this, as in her other most important characters, she was peculiarly fortunate, for he had heard Talma read it.

Those who saw her play *Phèdre* in her best days—for it lost much of its weird charm in the later part of her career—will remember the same shrinking look and the same muffled voice throughout the avowal of her love for *Hippolytus*, which so impressed her master in Talma's reading. But, indeed, the whole performance, from her entrance upon the scene up to her death at the close, was a thing never to be forgotten. There was something appallingly true and terribly beautiful in this woman wasting away by inches in the consuming fires of a passion which she abhorred, but which Venus herself was fanning in her veins with pitiless persistency. It was real as life itself, but it was reality steeped in the hues of poetry. The outlines of the conception were broad and large; but every word, every look, every movement had a specific value. Not all at once, however, did this fine impersonation reach this pitch of excellence. Rachel, on the night she played it first, lost her nerve, as she had done on her *début* as *Roxane*. Her performance was without inspiration, and the audience saw in her only the skillful artist, who had calculated her effects with care, but who left their hearts and sympathies untouched. Nevertheless, the ideal was clear in her mind. Nor did she rest until she had found the true means of expressing it. Each time she played the part she grew nearer its embodiment, till in about two years it became, what many like ourselves must remember it, all that Racine himself could have desired. To this hour it stands out in solitary splendor; for the attempts of Ristori and of Sarah Bernhardt in the part are unworthy to be named in the same breath. They only served to mark how wide is the difference between the merely picturesque and practiced actress, and her in whom the intuitions of genius are disciplined and fortified by the resources of art. The same contrast was no less apparent between the *Adrienne Lecouvreur* of these ladies and the *Adrienne Lecouvreur* of Rachel. In 1849, when it was produced, Rachel's power had visibly declined; yet her treatment of this striking but painful character furnished a standard, by which to measure the capabilities of those who ventured to enter into competition with her, that told severely against them.

Of the plays written for Rachel—fifteen in all—"Adrienne Lecouvreur" alone has kept the stage. The others lived for but a few nights. Two graceful little pieces—Armand Barthet's "*Le Moineau de Lesbie*" and the "*Horace et Lydie*" of Ponsard—which Rachel made peculiarly her own by exquisite grace of manner and *subtle beauty of utterance*, still survive in the recollections of Parisian playgoers. But they are well content to

forget her *Thisbe* in Victor Hugo's "*Angelo*," her *Mesalina* and *Lisiska* in Maquet and J. Lacroix's detestable "*Valéria*," and other parts wholly unworthy of her powers, which she made the mistake of accepting.

Rachel had the idea that she could play comedy, and even hankered, it seems, after the parts known on the stage as *soubrettes*. The opinion was not shared by her best critics; and although she played Molière's *Célimène* in England and elsewhere, they prevented her from periling her reputation by doing so in Paris. She was not by any means the only eminent tragic actress who has failed in comedy.

It was felt in Rachel's performances, where the incidents and passions of the scene came near ordinary life, and seemed to bring to the surface the hard and *tant soit peu* Bohemian elements of her nature. The free play of movement, the flexibility, the agile grace, the playfulness vailing depth of feeling, which make the charm of comedy, were not within her command.

Rachel, as an artist, stood at her best between the years 1843 and 1847. From that time she sensibly fell off, and the reason of her doing so is obvious. She had set her mind more upon the improvement of her fortune than of her skill as the interpreter of the great dramatists of her country. Her physical strength, never great, was lavishly expended on engagements in all quarters where money was to be picked up, and where she went on reiterating the same parts until they lost all freshness for herself, and, as a consequence, that charm of spontaneousness and truth which they had once possessed. It was in vain that wise friends warned her against the ruin she was causing to her talent and to her health. The simple, self-centred life which they urged her to cultivate, of the true artist, to whom the consciousness of clearer perceptions and of finer execution, developed by earnest study, brings "*riches fineless*," was abandoned for the excitement of lucrative engagements constantly renewed, and of new circles of admirers serving up the incense of adulation in stimulating profusion. To this there could be but one end, and that a sad one.

The strain upon the emotions of a great tragic actress, under the most favorable conditions, is enough to tax the soundest constitution. She must "*spurn delights, and live laborious days*" to maintain her hold upon an inexorable public, before whom she must always seem at her best. As Rachel herself says in writing to Madame de Girardin (2d of May, 1851). "*On ne mange pas toujours quand on veut, lorsqu'on a l'honneur d'être la première tragédienne de sa majesté le peuple français.*" Long seasons of rest for both body and spirit could alone have enabled her to be true to her own genius. These Rachel would not take until too late. Thus we find her in 1849 playing during three months that should have been given to repose in no fewer than thirty-five towns from one end of France to the other, and giving seventy performances in the course of ninety days. "*Quelle route*," she writes, "*quelle fatigue, mais aussi quelle dot!*" The day was not far off when she was doomed to feel in bitterness of heart how dearly this "*dot*" was purchased.

The temptation of wealth, which her European fame brought her, was no doubt great. The sums she received in England, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Prussia and Russia were enormous, and the adulation everywhere paid to her might have made the steadiest head giddy. At the staid Court of Berlin she was received in 1853 with courtly honors. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia approached her, after a private performance at Potsdam, with all the chivalrous gallantry which sate so gracefully upon him; and when she offered to rise as he accosted

her, took her by both hands and pressed her to remain seated, saying as he did so, "Asseyez vous, mademoiselle; les royautés comme la mienne passent, la royauté d'art ne passe pas." And when, in the following year, she went to Russia for six months, she not only brought back \$60,000 as the solid gains of her visit, but recollections of courtly homage paid to her.

Triumphant, however, as in one point of view was Rachel's visit to Russia, it had its heavy drawbacks. She returned to Paris more shaken than ever in health, and the failure in vigor was quickly perceived when she resumed her place upon the stage. The public, moreover, were out of humor with her for having forsaken them so long—she had been away a year—and they marked their displeasure by leaving her to play to comparatively empty houses. A new piece, "Rosemonde," in which she sustained the principal part, was coldly received; and an epigram of the day tells the tale both of her broken health and of the eclipse of her popularity:

"Pourquoi donc nomme-t-on ce drame Rosemonde?
Je n'y vois plus de rose et n'y vois pas de monde."

The "Czarine," written for her by Scribe—the last of the characters created, as the phrase is, by Rachel—in the following year, was not more successful. The wrong she had done to her body and to her great natural gifts was now to be avenged. "Glory," she writes to a friend even in 1854, "is very pleasant, but its value is greatly lowered in my eyes, since I have been made to pay so dearly for it." Years before she had been warned. In 1847 she had written, "I have had great success, but how? At the expense of my health, of my life! This intoxication with which an admiring public inspires me, passes into my veins and burns them up." But this alone would not have wrought the havoc which by 1855 was visible in her person and in her general powers. Things had come to a serious pass with her.

Conscious though she was of this perilous state of health, Rachel was still so bent on making one more grand effort to augment her fortune, that she entered upon an engagement to play for six months in the United States. After performing in Paris during the Summer all her great classical parts, she gave seven representations in London, and sailed on the 11th of August from Southampton for New York. Her success, however, fell far short of what she had anticipated. "Corneille" and "Racine" were not attractive to American audiences; and although she supplemented them with "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Lady Tartufe" and "Angelo," she did not establish any hold upon the public. In the course of forty-two representations the total receipts were a little over \$135,000, of which Rachel's share was about half; a very handsome return, but most disappointing to Rachel, who had counted on gains even beyond those of Jenny Lind.

So feeble was the impression she produced, that it is quite certain Rachel would have lost money had the engagement gone on. But her progress was cut short by a bad cold, followed by such an aggravation of her pulmonary weakness, that she was compelled to return to Europe at the end of January, 1856.

Next Winter was spent in Egypt, with no abatement of the fatal symptoms. She returned to France, feeling that her work in life was done, and that she would be "doomed to go in company with pain" for whatever term of life might be vouchsafed her. In October she left Paris for Cannet, a few miles from Cannes, where the father of M. Victorien Sardou had placed his villa at her disposal. Before quitting Paris she wrote to her friend

and fellow-worker, Augustine Brohan: "Patience and resignation have become my motto. I am grateful to you, dear Mdlle. Brohan, for the kind interest you express; but let me assure you, God alone can do anything for me! I start almost immediately for the south, and hope its pure and warm air will ease my pains a little." Very touching are the words of a letter to another friend, written at the same time:

"It sometimes seems as though night were settling down suddenly upon me, and I feel a kind of great void in my head, and in my understanding. Everything is extinguished all at once, and your Rachel is left the merest wreck. Ah, poor me! That *me* of which I was so proud, too proud, perhaps. Behold it to-day so enfeebled, that scarce anything of it is left. . . . Adieu, my friend. This letter will perhaps be the last. You who have known Rachel so brilliant, who have seen her in her luxury and her splendor, who have so often applauded her in her triumphs, what difficulty would you not have in recognizing her to-day in the species of fleshless spectre which she has become, and which she carries about with her unceasingly!"

The end, which she clearly foresaw, was not far off. The mild air of the south somewhat lightened her pains, but could not arrest the disease. Many sad thoughts of powers wasted, and unworthy aims pursued, must have darkened the solitary hours when she was face to face with those questionings of the spirit that will not be put by. Her art, and all it might have been to her, were among her other thoughts. How much greater glory might she not have achieved, to how much higher account might she not have turned her gifts, how much more might she not have done to elevate and refine her audiences, had she nourished to the last the high aspirations of her youth? Very full of significance is what she said to her sister Sarah, who attended her deathbed: "Oh, Sarah, I have been thinking of 'Polyeucte' all night. If you only knew what new, what magnificent effects I have conceived! In studying, take my word for it, declamation and gesture are of little avail; you have to think, to weep!"

Rachel died on the 3d of January, 1858, conscious to the end. She was fortified in her last moments by the very impressive ceremonial of the Jewish Church, of which she was a stanch adherent, and died in the humble hope of a blessed immortality. As we turn away from the contemplation of a fine career, so sadly and prematurely closed, let us think gently of Rachel's faults and failings, due greatly, it may be, to the unfavorable circumstances of her life, and the absence of that early moral training by which she might have been molded into a nobler womanhood. *Pauvre Rachel!*

As an artist, the want of that moral element prevented her from rising to the highest level. Had she possessed it, she must have gone on advancing in excellence to the last. But this she did not do. Even in such parts as *Phèdre* and *Hermione* she went back instead of forward. Impersonations that used to be instinct with life became hard and formal. They were still beautiful as studies of histrionic skill, but the soul had gone out of them. A low moral nature—and such assuredly was Rachel's—will always be felt through an artist's work, disguise it how he will. And, as we have already said, it shone through the acting of Rachel whenever the part was one in which the individuality of the woman came into play. It was this which made her range so limited. Attired in classic costume, and restricted to a style of action which masked that natural deportment which is ever eloquent of character, her hard and unsympathetic nature was for the time lost to view; and the eye was riveted by motions, graceful, stately, passionate or eager, and the ear thrilled by the varied cadences or vehement declamation of her beautiful voice. But when her parts approached



THE SNOW FLURRY.—BY G. H. HALL.

nearer to common life—when the emotions became more complex and less dignified—the want was quickly felt. If, instead of Corneille and Racine, Rachel had been called upon to illustrate Shakespeare, with all the variety of inflection and subtlety of development which his heroines demand in the performer, she must, we believe, have utterly failed.

Rachel was essentially a declamatory actress; she depended but little on the emotions of the scene; she cared not at all how she was acted up to. She could not listen well; she did not kindle by conflict with the other characters. Nothing to our mind more clearly indicates the actress of a grade not certainly the highest. It is easy to see that Rachel, with her lack of high intellectual culture, and her undisciplined moral nature, could never have met the demands of the Shakespearian drama. Nor, seeing what she was as a woman, how little she possessed of the finer and more tender graces of her sex, can we wonder that she failed, as she did, in parts in which Mars or Duchesnois had succeeded, and erred so frequently in accepting others from which true taste and right womanly feeling would have made her recoil.

RELICS.

UNSHEATHED weapons and a lady's glove! In appearance these may be incongruous, indeed, yet the use of the one has not unfrequently been known to follow a gift of the other. One of the oldest specimens of sword-cntlery extant is the dagger of Rowland de Courcey, the celebrated Norman founder of the great Irish family of that name (1). Its workmanship is peculiar, the bulging of the blade in the centre being strongly opposed to our modern notions of sword manufacture. A wound inflicted by the sharp point, and enlarged by the broad, thin blade, would probably prove irremediable. The sword (3) once belonged to a Governor of Castile, and dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. The name of its original proprietor has been lost, but the perforated fetterlock

upon the blade sufficiently indicates his office. The execution of the handle is most elaborate and peculiar.

The embroidered glove (2) placed between the two deadly weapons once belonged to the unhappy Queen of Scots, and doubtless often graced her peerless hand and arm. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was customary to bestow much labor on the ornamentation of gloves, and great sums were frequently expended by royalty and nobility for a single pair. They were very commonly given as presents at New Year and on birthdays. It is related that Sir Thomas More, when Lord Chancellor under Henry VIII., decreed in favor of a Mrs. Crooker against the Earl of Arundel. On the following New Year's Day she presented Sir Thomas with a pair of gloves containing forty gold pieces. "It would be against good manners," said the Chancellor, "to forsake the ladies' New Year's gifts, and I accept the gloves; the lining you may bestow otherwise." Queen Elizabeth, a few years later, was so fond of expensive gloves, that it cost no small sum to provide her with a supply of the article. Her lovely but unprincipled rival, Mary of Scotland, delighted, too, in gloves, and presented the specimen represented in our engraving to one of her maids of honor on the morning of her execution as a traitor at Fotheringay Castle.

Another monarch, her unhappy grandson, Charles I., also made a present to his attendant under similar circumstances. The ring (4) with the motto, "Behold the end," was given by him to Bishop Juxon, a few moments before his head fell upon the block. After the execution of Charles, silver locket (5) bearing the emblems of death were extensively circulated. They are also inscribed with the date of the King's execution—January 30, 1648-9.



RELICS.

1. Old Spanish Sword; 2. Glove of Mary Queen of Scots; 3. Dagger of Rowland de Courcey; 4. Ring of Charles I.; 5. Memento Locket.



OUT OF THE DARK VALLEY. — "HE RAISED THE LAMP, AND WITH A LONG SIGH, THREW THE LIGHT UPON THE DEAD FACE. A CRY, WHICH NO WORDS CAN DESCRIBE, BURST FROM HIS LIPS." — SEE NEXT PAGE.
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THE MARTYR'S STORY.

THERE sat my granny spinnin' thrang,
Aye croonin' o'er some godly saum,
Tho' wrunkl't sair her face wi' eald,
It brichen't wi' a holy calm.
An' gatcher wi' a neebor sat
Thrang crackin' aboot sheep an' kye:
An' gatcher said he had a beast
That "thretty punds Scots" wadna buy.

But siccan cracks war nocht to me;
I boud to hear the martyr's story
Frae granny's lips; her ain forbear
Had dee't for Christ, His croon an' glory.
An' whan the gloamin' saftly fell,
My granny sat ootside the door,
An' drew me kin'ly to her side,
As aften she had dune before.

The kye cam' routin' frae the flet';
The e'enin'-air was rich wi' balm;
Stown frae the bean an' clover blooms,
The dewes were fa'in' saft an' calm.
The corneralk chirm't amang the corn,
The mavis on the bourtree-bush
Maist darklin' sang; an' up the brae
Cam' trottin' burnie's siller gush.

"God bless thee, bairn—my Jamie's bairn,"
She said, an' stralkit down my hair;
"O may the martyrs' God be thine,
And mak' thee His peculiar care!"

OUT OF THE DARK VALLEY.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.



MARK SOMERVILLE was a skillful and very clever young surgeon; and, notwithstanding the many inevitable horrors attending his profession, he had never lost his enthusiasm for it. On a night, many years ago, Doctor Somerville sat in his office, awaiting a caller whom he expected at a particular hour, and who, as he very well knew, would not fail to keep his engagement.

In those days subjects for the dissecting-room were rarer and more difficult to obtain than they seem to

be now, and many wretched men earned their living by stealing the dead. Dr. Somerville was waiting the arrival of a "resurrectionist," from whom he had agreed to purchase a "subject."

It was already long past eleven o'clock. Without, everything was shrouded in blackness, for it was a cloudy, dark and starless night in Autumn, and within, the office was comparative gloom, for the lamp was turned as low as it could be without putting it out; and, although the air was chill and damp, no fire—not even a stick of wood—burned in the grate, which was cold, cheerless and worse than empty, for the ashes and embers of yesterday still lay in it.

At the furthest end of the office a door, partly open, led into a room which had been added to the house by its present occupant, and was used by him in the study of his profession; through the half-open door the gloom of the interior was made visible by the faint lamplight, and Dr. Somerville's eyes, accustomed to the dark, could just distinguish the outline of the long dissecting-table, stretching almost from end to end of the dreary apartment.

The rest of the building was used as an ordinary dwelling-house, for Dr. Somerville's maiden sister kept house for him—and kept it well, too, for she was a model house-keeper. Neither she nor the servant-of-all-work, over whom she held undisputed sway, ever entered the doctor's office; and as for the dissecting-room, although they knew vaguely of its existence, they never permitted their thoughts to dwell on the matter, and chose to be, each in her way, unconscious that any such place belonged to the house.

Dr. Somerville drew out his watch, and placing it close to the dim light of the lamp, consulted it. Ten minutes of midnight. He returned his watch to his pocket, and leaned back in his chair. He was not impatient—he didn't care what time of night it was—he had consulted his watch mechanically, and could not have told, if any one had asked him, what hour the hands marked.

For the first time in his life he felt hard, bitter and cruel—he cared neither for himself nor any one else. The world was a blank, and he lived only because the vital forces were beyond the control of his will, and he had a physician's horror of suicide.

Mark Somerville had gone through a bitter experience, and his present frame of mind was the result of it.

Six months before this dark and dreary Autumn night he had been betrothed to a beautiful girl, whom he loved with the one absorbing love of his life—the deep and concentrated passion of a profound nature and an intellectual mind.

Evelyn Maybrook had loved him, too; she had told him so, and every look of her fair face, every tone of her sweet voice, was proof of it. No obstacle was placed in their way; their wooing was simple and easy, and they were finally betrothed, with the full consent of the only persons in authority—Evelyn's father, a tender-hearted, but feeble-minded old gentleman; and her stepmother, a dark, black-eyed, handsome young woman, but a few years older than herself.

Mr. Maybrook made but one condition in giving his consent to the engagement—that the young couple should wait for one year, and that, at the end of the specified period, Dr. Somerville should be in receipt of an income qualifying him for the position of head of a family.

The lovers were contented and happy for a time; but suddenly there came a change. Mark found Evelyn crying one evening, when, as customary, he called to spend the two hours which he had stolen from his less pleasant duties, and to all his tender inquiries she failed to make any satisfactory answer. The next evening she was cold, *distracte*, and in a bad temper. Mark inquired what was the matter, and was told sharply that his own conscience might best inform him. At that he laughed, made light of the grievance, and hoped that his conscience would always be as clear. Evelyn burst into passionate tears, and her lover, much perplexed, tried all the known methods of soothing her; but, as she still refused to give her sorrow words, he departed wholly in the dark, and in a divided state of mind regarding his sweetheart's feelings toward him.

On the next day Mark, very anxious, and determined on a full explanation from Evelyn, called earlier than usual, but was told by the servant that Miss Maybrook was sick in bed, and could see no one. Before he could inquire more particularly, the door was unceremoniously closed, and he was left blankly staring at it.

That same night Mark received a small, sealed package, directed in Evelyn's handwriting. It contained all the gifts she had ever received from him, and the few little notes which he had at one time and another sent to her—

some accompanied by flowers, others to ask her advice about engagements to concerts or the opera. Not even a line of explanation from herself accompanied them.

When Mark called, on the next day—very early, before breakfast, indeed—he was refused admittance to Mr. Maybrook's house, and the servant told him she was forbidden to carry any message to Miss Maybrook, who was still quite ill and confined to her room.

Half distracted with anxiety, and utterly perplexed by the treatment he was receiving, Mark still persisted in his efforts to obtain an interview with Evelyn; he wrote repeatedly, day after day, but his letters were returned unopened—he could not feel sure if they ever reached her to whom they were sent, for the handwriting directing them back again to himself was not Evelyn's.

Mark sought Mr. Maybrook at his office in the city, but from him he received no satisfactory information. Mr. Maybrook knew no more than his wife had told him—Evelyn had broken off her engagement for reasons which sufficed to herself, and she absolutely refused to speak on the subject. Mark made a final effort, and once more called at the house of his beloved and demanded to see her; but he was treated with so much insolence by the servant who answered the door, that he felt any further attempts to force an entrance would be useless.

Mark raged and despaired silently; and at last his heart grew bitter against the woman he loved, and he resolved to forget her in devotion to his profession—a sufficiently engrossing one, and which, indeed, gave him little time to spend in useless repining. But when, some weeks afterward, he heard that Evelyn was dangerously ill, he learned how ineffectual had been his efforts to forget her. Then came vague and mysterious reports concerning her. She was dying—her mind was affected—she was being attended by a physician for the insane—and at last a rumor got abroad that she was to be taken away to a private asylum. Again Mark tried to see her, his heart broken with anguish and his soul torn with remorse for the bitter thoughts he had entertained of her. But again he was disappointed, although he besieged the house, and appealed alike to the pity and to the cupidity of the servants who guarded it. Then he used to walk past the house every day, and look up to the windows of what he believed to be her room. One day the curtains were down and the shutters were closed—the whole house was shut up. The entire family were gone, and he could learn no clew to her whereabouts. With the hopeless calm of despair, Mark waited, and, at the end of months—they were like years to the unhappy man—the Maybrooks returned to their home, and before the close of the week the door was draped with crape tied with white ribbon; and Mark knew that she was gone away for ever.

"They will not deny me now," said the heart-broken man; "they cannot refuse to let me see her, now that she is dead."

Mrs. Maybrook received Mark. She was shrouded in crape; her face was of a deathlike pallor, and threads of silver gleamed here and there from the midnight darkness of her hair. Her hand trembled in Mark's grasp like the quivering leaf of an aspen, and he could barely distinguish the words spoken by her faint and broken voice. But he understood them soon enough, for she refused to let him see Evelyn, even in her coffin, and excused her cruelty on the plea that she had given the dead girl her promise to that effect.

Mark spoke not a word. The last sad hope of his life died within him. He rose and stumbled out of the house, and found his way, somehow, to the shelter of his own home.

Mechanically he looked over his memoranda for the day, arranged certain visits of a professional nature for the next day, and took note of the engagement made the day before with the "resurrectionist," and then set himself to wait for his coming. All his life, from the hour when he had last seen Evelyn, passed before him as he sat there, and, as he thought over it, his heart grew more hard, bitter and cruel. He hated the whole world, himself worse than all, for he felt, without knowing how, that in some way he had been outwitted—that in some way he had failed to save the girl he had loved from a fateful influence stronger than herself. He cursed his own powerlessness; he raged against the cruelty which had been too strong for him.

His thoughts were becoming maddening, when suddenly the deep tones of a church-bell chiming the hour of midnight startled him out of the horror of his own mind; and, as the last chime of the bell died away on the still air, three distinct taps sounded on the glass of the office-window.

Dr. Somerville rose, opened a side-door, and admitted a wretched-looking man, who bore in his arms a bundle wrapped in a huge canvas-bag.

The doctor locked the door, drew the curtain closer over the window, turned up the light of the lamp, and, with a gesture of the hand, directed his visitor toward the dissecting-room.

The man obeyed in silence, and carrying his ghastly burden into the further room, laid it carefully on a wooden bench close by the table.

Having paid the "resurrectionist" his stipulated price, and locked the door after him, Dr. Somerville resumed his seat. He felt no less wretched than he had felt before, but the current of his thoughts was broken.

The increased flame of the lamp, which he had not turned down again, now illuminated the interior of the dissecting-room, and Mark's gaze was fixed with a sort of fascination on the long, shapeless, ghastly thing which lay on the wooden bench.

He had taken no thought how he should spend the night. To retire to his own room for the purpose of sleep was absurd; to study, or even to read, was equally impossible.

His mind craved some active employment, and, with a harsh and horrible laugh, he rose, and taking up the lamp, strode into the further room. He set down the lamp on the table, and turned toward the bench.

"Come," he said, with a sneer. "God knows I take no pleasure in the living—let me see if the dead are any more to my liking."

He was a powerful man, and he raised the body from its resting-place without any conscious effort. Still holding it in his arms, he unfastened the sack and began removing it. As he did so a mass of long, soft hair tumbled out and fell in a golden shower over his arm.

He felt rather than saw it, but he murmured, in a gentler tone: "Ah! it is a woman!" And, with an involuntary tenderness, his arm supported the rigid form, and his gaze was averted as he slowly dropped the canvas covering to the floor, and placed the body on the table gently, as if he feared to hurt the inanimate clay.

Then he raised the lamp, and with a long sigh, threw the light upon the dead face, and bent to look at it.

A cry, which no words can describe, burst from his lips—a cry of horror and despair—of love unutterable—of joy and pity and anguish altogether!

The lamp was nearly overturned as he set it down; and then he caught the dead woman's hands in both his own, raining wild kisses on them and on her waxen face.

"Oh, Evelyn, my darling! my own, my own! Mine in death—you have come to me—the grave could not keep you from me! The grave? She is not dead! No, no, no! I cannot be deceived—this is not death! The dead are gray and ashen and cold—cold! But she is cold, too,

and white—oh, God! how white and fair! But not dead, not dead—it is impossible! She is like a woman carved out of marble, or a saint cut from alabaster, but not like any dead woman that ever my eyes have looked on!"

Shaking from head to foot, trembling in every nerve of



IN SOFT AND FLEECY WHITE.

his body, Mark Somerville drew back and strove to look calmly, critically, as a physician only, and not as a frantic, heart-broken lover, on the body of Evelyn Maybrook.

Still and rigid it lay before him, in a simple robe of white muslin; folds of snowy lace shrouded the neck, white as itself; ruffles of lace embraced the waxen wrists and dropped over the perfect hand; flowers that had

Mark groaned in agony as he looked; but he would not—could not believe that she was dead.

For a moment he withdrew his gaze and raised his eyes, and from the depths of his soul a prayer that could not put itself in words went up to heaven. With a supreme effort of a strong will he forced his mind into working order, and compelled his nerves to be as steel.



LIFE IN OLD FLORENCE.—INTERIOR OF THE OLD PALACE.—SEE PAGE 56.

decked her for the grave still clung among the folds of her drapery; a single white rose had loosened and fallen to the hem of her robe, where it rested against the slender, arched foot, no fairer, no whiter than its resting-place. The face was like a lily, white, pure and inexpressibly sweet and tranquil; and, but for the waxen, transparent eyelids and pallid lips, might have seemed asleep.

With a touch light as a feather, he felt for the pulsation at the wrist—there was not the faintest perceptible movement. Gently he dropped the waxen hands, and despite the longing of hope within him, he saw that they fell as the hands of the dead. Reverently as a saint or a lover he uncovered the marble breast, and laid his cheek above the heart; but the chill of death seemed to settle round his

own as he listened—it was so still, so quiet. His soul fainted within him, but he would not despair. One last trial remained; he had often made it before—it was the test of a great French physician, and hitherto it had proved infallible. Dr. Somerville lighted a candle, and raising one of Evelyn's hands, held it at a little distance between him and the flame. He scarcely dared look, but he forced himself to do so—steadily, unflinchingly. He dared not at first believe—the blood rushed to his brain and roared like a cataract in his ears; he closed his eyes and passed his hand over his brow. Then he looked again. He had not been deceived. The light shone through the transparent hand, and there was within it a faint but perceptible pink color. For a moment his joy seemed an agony of keen, exquisite pain—it must have utterance or suffocate him. Something between a cry and a shout burst from him.

"She lives—she lives!" he screamed, and caught the inanimate form to his heart. He looked about wildly, uncertain for an instant how to act; but his brain worked quickly in his extremity. Before he had time to think he was already bearing his beloved burden through the office, across the wide hall outside, and up-stairs; for he comprehended the danger of any shock when she should return to consciousness.

In his own room he found a bright coal fire shedding its ruddy glare throughout the apartment; the air was warm and pleasant, and a shaded lamp burned on his toilet-table. His sister, as usual, had been mindful of his comfort, though he had forgotten that and all else. With blessings on her thoughtful care, he carried Evelyn to the bed and laid her upon it. Without pausing to think—for if he had he would probably have feared to leave her—he hurried across the corridor to his sister's room.

Miss Somerville was one of the few rare people who could awaken from deep, sound slumber with all their faculties clear. She comprehended in an instant that something had occurred of an extraordinary nature; but, although far from timid, she grew quite pale, and fell a-trembling while she listened to her brother's wild story.

"Miss Maybrook—Evelyn! Mark, have you gone mad?"

"No; but I *shall* if you do not help me, Hester."

Miss Somerville saw that her brother was calm, and intensely in earnest.

"I will come!" she said, promptly; "go away—it will take but a minute to dress."

But Dr. Somerville was already gone; and Miss Somerville found him rubbing the cold hands and chafing the temples of the still insensible form upon the bed. As soon as she appeared, Mark issued hurried directions, and flew to procure restoratives from his office.

Miss Somerville obeyed him in everything, but without hope; to her Evelyn was dead past recall, and, though she acted under his directions with skill and even with enthusiasm, her whole mind was bent on the thought of how she could comfort him when his hopeless efforts were at an end.

But Dr. Somerville was a physician of many resources. He was convinced that Evelyn lived; and rather than yield her now to the grasp of death, he would himself have fallen dead beside her.

Suddenly he grasped his sister by the arm and pointed to Evelyn's face.

"Look, Hester!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Do you see—may I believe?"

Miss Somerville looked, and saw that a pale pink had *stolen into Evelyn's pallid lips*; they trembled like the *down of a thistle when it is breathed upon*; the color was

already spreading to her cheeks, and the transparent eyelids quivered.

"Oh, God be praised!" she cried. "She is alive!"

Dr. Somerville laid his finger on Evelyn's wrist. The pulse fluttered faintly, but every moment it grew firmer and stronger.

It seemed an age while they watched her, breathless; but it was only a few moments till the great blue eyes flashed open, their gaze resting on her lover with a glad, sweet surprise.

"Oh, Mark, are you here? Then you have died, too, and this is heaven?"

Mark fell on his knees beside the bed, and pressed her hands to his heart. He was afraid to speak, for he remembered suddenly all the rumored stories of her insanity; they had been exaggerated, no doubt, but now the thought terrified him.

What could he do? What could he say to spare her mind the shock of knowing that she had been buried alive? Yet something he must say, for already her sweet eyes were looking wild and frightened because he did not answer her.

"You are not dead, my own," he murmured. "You are alive and with friends—with me—with Hester—and you shall never leave us again!"

Miss Somerville bent over her, and tenderly kissed her brow and hair.

"Then I am safe, since I am with you, and never to leave you again, Mark. I know I am safe, and I am not afraid. But what has happened? How strange it all is! Have I had a terrible dream?"

She felt her dress as she spoke, and raised the fold of it to look at it more closely.

"How strange! I never saw this before. I remember hearing somebody say that I was dying, and I begged so to see you, Mark! Papa was not there. I think *he* would have sent for you, but *she* wouldn't; and then everything grew dark—dark—and I remember nothing more. Where did these flowers come from? How strange they smell! And why am I dressed like this? Ah! I am dead—or I was! Speak to me—speak to me! Tell me what it means?"

"Evelyn, my darling!" cried Mark, almost beside himself with alarm; "have pity on me, Evelyn! Don't leave me again! Be calm and listen to me. You are safe, now, darling, and I love you—I adore you! Control yourself for my sake, will you not?"

"Yes, Mark, I will. You have a right to command me. Only tell me; I will not be frightened—I can bear it better. I think I comprehend—I *was* dead. They thought me dead, and buried me, and I was brought to you. Great God! I have lain in my coffin—I have been in my grave! Oh, horror!"

She snatched her hands from his grasp, and covered her face with them.

Mark Somerville groaned aloud, and scalding tears rushed to his eyes. She was suffering, and he was powerless to comfort her.

But that sound of anguish from him pierced Evelyn to the heart. She withdrew her hands, and clasping her arms about his neck, drew his head to her bosom.

"Forgive me, Mark," she said. "I am worse than wicked to grieve you so. I was overcome by the horror of it at first; but that is all. I can be quite calm now—I can bear anything. Here, with you, I have no fear. You need not tell me any more just now. I quite understand all that has happened."

Devoutly grateful, Mark assented to everything; and, to his inexpressible relief, he saw that the shock and agi-

tation of Evelyn's first alarm had not the ill effect he had so dreaded. It seemed, on the contrary, to have aided in rousing her from her tranced condition.

As soon as the steady and even pulsation of her heart would warrant him in doing so, Dr. Somerville administered stimulants and food, and afterward a powerful composing draught.

Evelyn slept for more than an hour, and when she awoke it was with an irrepressible shudder. But she would not permit her nervousness to overcome her.

Both Mark and his sister had watched her slumber, and when she opened her eyes their gaze immediately fell on the two anxious faces.

Evelyn smiled brightly.

"Please, dear Hester," she said, "draw the curtains closely, and keep out that early dawn. By-and-by I sha'n't mind it, but just now it is too suggestive. It was just as the day was breaking that I fell into that awful sleep, and seemed to die. But no, I should call it a blessed sleep, since it brought me to you, Mark—don't be afraid of me, Mark, dearest—do, do let me talk. Everything seems so much more real when I can hear the sound of my own voice."

Dr. Somerville never had felt such a sense of helplessness—he feared to contradict her, and feared still more to let her waste her strength in excitement. But Miss Somerville said, decisively:

"She is right, brother—let her talk—it will do her good."

The grave physician bowed before the feminine prescription for quiet; and Evelyn laughed outright at the sight of his face.

Dr. Somerville from that moment entertained a lofty opinion of his sister's intellectual ability.

"Mark," said Evelyn, "are you sure you can forgive me?"

"Forgive you—for what, my angel?"

"For listening to her at the first, even for a moment—for being such a weak and wicked fool. Oh! I had no excuse for being so blind, because I ought to have seen at a glance that she was in love with you—"

"That who was in love with me?" interrupted Mark, bewildered.

"My stepmother—Mrs. Maybrook."

"Your stepmother—Mrs. Maybrook? In love with me?"

"Yes, oh, yes; that was what made all the trouble. She was in love with you, madly—and furiously jealous of me because I was to marry you. But I didn't suspect at first—she was so subtle and so clever. She made me believe that you were trifling with me—that you really did not care for me, and only wanted to marry me because I would have money. It was the flimsiest pretense of a story, Mark, but I believed it—she had so wrought on my feelings first that I was not capable of coolness and judgment. You know you were attending Miss Curran at the time—she was so beautiful, Mark—and Mrs. Maybrook persuaded me she was not ill at all, and assured me it was only a pretext to get you there, so that you could make love to her. Oh, I don't know how I could have been so foolish, but I was so jealous, my senses deserted me. I could not believe either the evidence of my eyes or my ears that you loved me, and yet I could believe every word that bad woman said when she told me you loved some one else. When you implored me to tell you what was the matter, Mark, I could not—I felt so ashamed and humiliated to acknowledge that I was jealous; but when you laughed at the answer I made you I was more than ever convinced that you didn't truly love me. I told Mrs.

Maybrook all that passed between us on that interview, and she made use of it. Next day I was too ill to leave my bed, but she had never left me, and by nightfall she had worked on my distracted mind till I was in an agony of jealous rage; and I made a parcel of all your dear gifts and letters, and directed them to be sent to you. From that hour I was lost—she did all the rest. It was not till long after that I knew how you resented the action—how you tried again and again to see me, and write to me repeatedly, only to have your letters sent back unopened. Oh, if I could but have known then, *nothing* should have kept me from you; but I thought you had cast me from you, as perhaps I deserved, and was already consoling yourself with Miss Curran. I learned the truth quite accidentally from something papa said, after you had called on him; and I was wild with remorse and grief at what I had done. I accused Mrs. Maybrook of having separated us for her own monstrous purposes, and she did not deny it—her love for you was a mania! She not only acknowledged, but exulted in what she had done; and defied me to better myself. I knew it was useless to tell papa—he would not believe me, I was sure; and if he did, it might be worse, for he would have killed her. But you must not think I submitted tamely. I tried to leave the house and go to you, but Mrs. Maybrook unceremoniously locked me into my room. I tried each one of the servants in succession to bribe them to convey a letter to you, but my stepmother had been before me. She gave out that my mind was so affected by melancholy that I was no longer responsible for my actions, and my every word, look and act was watched and misrepresented. Then I fell ill. Mrs. Maybrook called in a man whom she called a physician, and he pronounced me insane; my doom was spoken, and I might almost as well have been mad for any hope I had of ever proving myself otherwise. A nurse was procured for me, and I was a helpless prisoner in my father's house. The woman who had the exclusive care of me was perfectly upright and honest; completely devoted to her employer, but so densely ignorant that her integrity was her worst feature. She implicitly believed in my insanity, and any attempt to bribe her to my cause was utterly hopeless. I gave up in despair—I expected to become mad in reality, and my only hope was in death. After they took me away from home I fell into an indescribable state of lethargy, from which I only roused at long intervals to make wild but futile efforts to melt my stepmother's cruel heart—but it was of adamant. I might as well have appealed to stone. And yet she suffered, too—I could see that in her changing face and wasted form. But it was not from pity or remorse—her hopeless passion consumed her like fire. She never expected to win your love; for, as she once told me bitterly, she knew you better than I had ever done, and she knew you could not love a second time; the one joy in her wretched life was in keeping me from you. She never wearied—she never relented—but she visibly failed in health; and at last it came to be a question between us who would die first. But my lethargy increased—I was pronounced dying, and they brought me home. She must have felt herself to be a murderess, but I could not trace the thought in her face; and if I was to live ten lifetimes I can never forget the calm, deliberate, tranquil pleasure in her face as my eyes closed upon the world."

Miss Somerville was sobbing in a convulsive, hysterical manner, long before Evelyn's story was finished. Mark could not speak; words were such utter mockery for the expression of his varied emotions; but the girl herself was much more tranquil and happy after the recital of her grievous wrongs.

Evelyn continued to improve steadily, and toward the close of the day which was now begun was strong enough to be up, and dressed in Miss Somerville's best silk, the fit and the voluminous proportions of which grand robe occasioned her much merriment. But she was a little startled, notwithstanding, when Dr. Somerville introduced a clerical friend, and stated the purpose of his presence.

The ceremony was speedily over, with Hester Somerville and the smiling servant-of-all-work for witnesses, the latter of whom blushed and giggled as though she was assisting at her own wedding instead of "the dead young lady's," as she persisted in calling Evelyn.

At first Dr. Somerville was disposed to make no explanation to his new relatives, but Evelyn begged that "poor papa" might be told, excusing his past cruelty to herself on the plea that he was so entirely under Mrs. Maybrook's influence.

"But no man has any excuse for being influenced by his wife out of his own sense and reason," said Mark.

"Well, I suppose it is too late for me to argue that question now," returned Evelyn, twirling the plain gold ring on her slender finger; "but do consider, Mark, poor papa. He was never very strong-minded, and it really wasn't his fault."

So Dr. Somerville made himself the bearer of his extraordinary tidings, and it is to be feared that he experienced a wicked joy in the fact that Mr. Maybrook's wife chose to be present at the interview. Evelyn's father bore the strange story tolerably well, only he trembled a great

deal; but her stepmother looked as if she was turning into stone. At last she came toward him and fixed a long, searching gaze on his face.

"I see that it is true!" she said, and fell, like stone, to the floor. Mark Somerville did not stay to witness her recovery from that death-like swoon.

LIFE IN OLD FLORENCE.

BY J. THEODORE BENT.

FLORENCE was always a gay city, always extravagantly fond of the beautiful, patronizing the arts as no other city has done before or since. Yet the Florentines in their private life were frugal and cautious, essentially mercantile. Their private banquets, their marriage feasts, had nothing of that display about them which we see elsewhere in medieval Italy. They could lavish thousands of florins on a procession, or on a public banquet to a guest, or on a building to be handed down to posterity; they were ambitious for lasting fame, and few cities of the world have achieved their object more fully.

Their writers despised and scoffed at dress, their rulers curtailed dress by stringent sumptuary laws, and when anything extravagant in the way of costume did creep in, it was sure to undergo bitter sarcasm; witness Velluti's opinion on an extensive headgear the ladies had then started.

"Monna Diana passed by the Rossi palace one day, she was struck on the head by a falling stone, but so large was her headdress that she scarce felt it, and took it for naught but gravel." Sacchetti, the novelist, Boccaccio's precursor, who strung together endless silly little tales, loved to have a laugh at any eccentricity in dress.

"Sleeves!" he says, "they should rather be called sacks. Can any lady take up a glass or reach a morsel from the table without dirtying herself or the cloth?"

The merchant of Florence was very economical in his costume. His daily garb was a black robe of serge, the *lucco*, which we recognize in pictures of Dante; it was thrown loosely over the body, open in front, and had apertures to let out the arms, and was fastened round the neck by a brooch. The family *loggia* was his club. The merchant-prince there held his throne, marriages were ratified there between the heads of families, visits were paid and returned in them, chess and draughts were played in them, and each family piqued itself on the special virtue which was attached to its own *loggia*—the Adimari haughtily affirmed that no *mésalliance* had ever been made in theirs, the Uberti could not be arrested for debt within theirs. This *loggia* was a great outlet for the tightly-packed families which lived under the same roof. Every man when he married lived in his father's house, "and some," says Villani, "had only a single



COSMO I, GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY.

chamber and a small kitchen for themselves, with a common kitchen and a common hall for the family, where round the blazing fire they assembled during Winter evenings."

Outside the *loggia* would often be an open space for *pallone*, and games of a more active nature. Then there was the continued walking up and down outside the houses, lounging on the cathedral steps, chatting before a banquet, for in Florence all the guests met in the streets before a dinner party, where they stood and talked till the doors of the banquetting hall were thrown open. Let us go to Sachetti's novels again for an illustration of one of these feasts, which will at the same time serve as an illustration of early Florentine light literature and its standard.

Ser Ciro was an uninvited guest at Ser Buonvisi's banquet, but Ser Ciro was determined to go, being a pushing man and anxious to get into good Florentine society; so he mingled with the "knights and gallant gentlemen" as they walked and conversed before Ser Buonvisi's door. At length the gates were thrown open, and the guests, Ser Ciro amongst them, mounted the stairs and took their places at the table. One of the family perceived that Ser Ciro had come unbidden, and begged him to depart. "No," says Ser Ciro, "I am come to dine, and if you attempt to turn me out I will create a disturbance and spoil your feast." So he was permitted to remain.

The first course was served; it consisted of calf's stomach served up to each in bowls. Ser Ciro ate heartily, and laughed and talked the while, as he quaffed his Montepulciano. The second course was served; it consisted of boiled partridges. Ser Ciro grew merrier and merrier. The third course was served; it consisted of hashed sardines. By this time Ser Ciro was the life of the party. After dinner the guests had a musical entertainment in the garden, and then servants brought each a torch to light him home.

Ever after this Ser Ciro was regularly invited to every house in Florence, having demonstrated his conversational ability to all the world.

Another of Sachetti's little tales throws a life into the bare walls of Florence. Ser Minto lay dying, surrounded by his friends, all anxious for him to make a will. They looked out of the window and saw Notary Bonavere passing by with his long black coat, his wig, his portfolio under his arm, his large pen, his ink bottle. Doubtless this was an everyday sight in Florence. But Notary Bonavere, the story says, is a notably negligent man. He went up at the summons, but, alas! his ink bottle is empty, so is his portfolio, and his pen is broken; he rushes off wildly to buy new ones, but when he returns the rich man has died intestate.

Of Florentine domestic frugality contemporary authors speak much. We read that no one ventured to have much plate, for fear of being ridiculed, and the inventory of a



LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.

rich man's plate-chest is given as follows: "A service of forks and spoons, a silver cup for holding confectionery at marriage feasts, one or two other cups, and a silver saltcellar, the gift of the commune for personal merit"; yet at public banquets no people could show more plate than the Florentines, and they would give handsome presents of silver to foreign celebrities—for example, to Philip de Comines they gave twenty-five pounds worth of plate, a large quantity in those days of cheap metal.

Alessandra Strozzi, of that noble family whose palace is in the Via Tornabuoni, had three sons in exile in the middle of the fifteenth century, and she wrote them long letters, from which we can cull many a quaint bit of life in Florence, and also learn that as the age of the Medici came on the simple habits of former days were abandoned one by one. "Your sister Caterina," she writes, "is exceeding fair, in my eyes fairer than any damsel in Florence"; and then she tells us of her dress—a long robe of crimson velvet, a garland on her head of peacock's feathers, ornamented with pearls and silver, and two strings of pearls tightly bound around her forehead; on her shoulder she wore a golden clasp in which were two sapphires and three pearls; on her crimson girdle she had open work of gold and silver filigree. In short, her costume was quite "aesthetic."

Caterina Strozzi, her mother tells us shortly after, is now married to young Marco Parente, to the great contentment of all, "for he is a youth not only virtuous but

rich, of twenty-five years of age, and keeps a silk shop. His father is of good position, and has been occupied in the Government. Caterina's dower was 1,000 florins, in addition to what she got from the "Monte della Dota," which, by-the-way, was an estimable Florentine institution which provided dowers for children after the following fashion: On the birth of a son or daughter the father generally paid 100 florins into the fund on the child's behalf. After the lapse of fifteen years the child was entitled to 500 florins, which accumulated at compound interest if the object of it did not marry at that early age. In case of death or single-blessedness the sum sank into the general capital of the institution.

Her mother now takes us to visit Caterina in her married home in Via del Cocomero, where we see her seated in her boudoir, richly dressed, in which was "the customary looking-glass, which cost fifty golden florins, and on the walls were hung two *forgeri*, in golden frames, painted by Master Domenico of Venice, which contained a great tabernacle in the centre carved by Giuliano da Maiano in antique fashion, and painted by Massaccio's brother, in which stands a figure of the Virgin in relief."

The women of Florence required a great deal of looking after, judging by the legislation on their behalf from the earliest records down to the later ducal restrictions on dress. As early as 1294 women were by law forbidden so much as to enter a court of justice, and a severe penalty was imposed on any *podestà*, or magistrate, who listened to their wily tongues; for, says the act, "they are a sex to be looked upon as most dangerous in disturbing the course of justice."

In those days of simple habits the women were content to stay at home and regulate their households. However, in 1330 the Republican Florentines deemed it necessary to tell their wives, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts, that they must on no account wear "fringes, or flounces of gold, silver jewels, enamel or glass; two rings only on their fingers, and not more than thirty inches of cloth in their collars, no striped gowns, robes, ermines, etc." But the women of the Republic were harmless and subdued compared with those who lived in the ducal days. In the volumes of edicts that we have preserved to us we find elaborate notices of what they were to do and not to do.

In 1521 it was decreed, with praiseworthy sagacity, that no lady under thirty might wear a brooch, or have three rings with stones or pearls; but, strange to say, the Florentines preferred their jewelry, even at the risk of being accredited with more years than were their due; and in 1546 a very stern sumptuary law was issued, which forbade jewels except in rosaries, and pearls for two rings. Furs were not allowed, nor musk, nor perfumed gloves that cost more than four crowns the pair; and the Grand Duke went even further than this, and struck at the evil of expenditure at its very root—namely, in the milliners' shops: sleeves must not cost more than three crowns, aprons four crowns, caps three crowns, shifts three crowns, and so forth.

Again, in 1572, very stringent additions were made to these laws, which had been dexterously evaded by the fair ones. Yet one act of clemency marks this last code, and it was the following: "Children of either sex, up to the age of three, may wear a gold or silver collar round their necks, and an *Agnus Dei*, a cross, a bunch of coral, or dogs' teeth, attached thereto, but without pearls or any other jewelry."

Ladies who could read Boccaccio's tales were not likely to be over-refined in their private lives—far from it—and consequently they were a carking care to their legislators.

Betting was a great vice amongst them, about which a law of 1550 gives us notice. There favorite stakes were generally with regard to the sex of any future offspring they might have, and a Florentine matron would not only present her husband with an infant, but at the same time with a heavy debt of honor if the sex was other than they desired. Wisely enough the legislature took this up, declaring such bets to be illegal, "unless made with the husband's consent, and unless a judge had been previously consulted as to whether the sum at stake was excessive or not."

It is but fair to add that the men of Florence were not all that could be desired. Young Florentines had a special reputation for rowdiness and their love of practical jokes. Donato Giannotti grieves much over this, and over their disrespect to old age. Their greatest pleasure, he tells us, was to go to a wedding and spoil the festivities by rioting and drunkenness. Mischief was the great object of their lives, and, as an instance of the sort of mischief in which young Florentines indulged, Giannotti gives us the following illustration:

A distinguished citizen, Fornaciaio by name, had a banquet one day at his villa, outside the Porta S. Frediano, to which he bade the most respectable inhabitants of the town. For the amusement of his guests, citizen Fornaciaio arranged a recitation of one of Machiavelli's comedies. Attracted by this entertainment, a large body of young nobles came out together from Florence, in the hope of sport. Immediately on arriving they entered the house, yelling and hooting, and turning everything upside down. They let in those they liked, and if any elderly or respectable person remonstrated with them, their rudeness knew no limits; in fact, to quote the expressive words of Giannotti, they made the place an *inferno dei dannati*.

In the Grand-Ducal days the men came in for their restrictions as much as the women did. They would bet and play cards in the hovels of Florence until the Grand Duke was at his wit's end to know how to suppress the "games with cards and dice, which distracted honest men from work." He fined them again and again without avail, until at length he resorted to public flagellations, having the miscreant tied to a column in the *Mercato nuovo* and soundly thrashed. This method seems to have been more effectual, as in future edicts against swearing, this punishment is alluded to as the "former efficacious means of suppressing gambling," etc.

Dress on the part of the men became too extravagant to please the Grand Dukes, and they were included in the later sumptuary laws, which at first only attacked the fair ones, and Duke Cosimo did his best to restore the simple old black *luccho*, but without avail, telling the men that they must not only "desist from wearing jewelry, but also brocades and embroidered vests."

In common with the rest of Italy, Florence in her earlier days indulged largely in miracle plays, and representations of Scriptural or apocryphal stories performed in her *piazze* on impromptu stages. They were for the most part harsh and unpleasant, without any forecast of histrionic art.

Ammirato mentions a very curious performance which took place in 1304, and was given at the expense of the district Borgo S. Sepolchro. It took place on the then wooden Ponte alla Carraia. Probably taking their plot from the name of their parish, the givers of this play thought it would be wholesome for the Florentines to have some insight into the dark side of futurity; so they chose the river as a fitting stage on which to represent the infernal regions, whilst the horror-stricken people assembled in crowds on the bridge to behold. Boatloads of

the damned shrieked and howled as they were tormented by demons such as Andrew Orcagna has depicted in his frescoes on the walls of Sta. Maria Novella. Consternation and dread at the tortures in store for them seized the Florentines as they gazed eagerly over the parapets of the bridge on the weird scene depicted below—when lo! the wooden bridge gave way, and many a Florentine was hurried in solemn earnest into the future world to attest the veracity of the representations he had just been witnessing.

It was not until the early days of the Medicean revival that these miracle plays gave place to something of classic merit. The magnificent Lorenzo himself wrote and encouraged the writing of plays, which ushered in a new era for the Florentine stage.

Another feature in Florentine religious sentiment was the frequent representation on saints' days, and holy days, of the mysteries of religion in the particular church which was dedicated to the saint in question. Perhaps the Ascension, as celebrated in the Carmine Church, was the most conspicuous of these, for Brunelleschi, the architect of the Florentine dome, brought to bear upon it all his skill as an engineer. The Carmine being lofty, was chosen for the theatre of this representation; in the centre was a mountain cunningly contrived of wood, and decorated with plants and ferns. On this, Christ and His disciples were seen praying, when from the heavens descended Brunelleschi's cloud, let down by ropes, which cloud was made of a wooden framework, thickly covered by cotton wool, and containing an angel and numerous cherubs, all let down from the roof by ropes. Then the angel gave the necessary summons, and the Christ ascended into the heavens, with the angels and the cherubs in the mist of cotton wool, the heaven being represented by an innumerable quantity of lights on the ceiling. Meanwhile the disciples remained on the mountain, lost in bewilderment, like the spectators.

Florence, throughout her history, suffered much from the neglect of agriculture. Her 200 factories, and the 30,000 workmen employed therein, naturally required a large amount of provender to sustain life. The country around was given up to villas and vineyards, the mountains were arid and unproductive. In short, throughout the whole of the Florentine territory only enough grain was grown to supply the requirements of the city for four months in the year. When a dearth did visit Italy (and throughout the Middle Ages bad harvests were as common as they are now), it fell with double force on Florence.

"Officers of abundance," as they were euphoniouly called, were elected by the Government on such occasions to superintend the sale of grain in the city, to dole out rations as they thought fit, and to negotiate for the arrival of supplies from the East or elsewhere. These officers, for example, during the famine of 1352, amongst whom the celebrated Giovanni Boccaccio was numbered, met every day that was not a feast day in the Piazza d'Or San Michele (the granary [*horreum*] of Florence from the remotest ages, which in later times was turned into a church). They examined the quantities of corn at their disposal, and the quality of the same, and as the hour of nine struck they would seat themselves on an elevated platform near a certain pillar of the *loggia*, and would distribute the grain to eager purchasers. As the famine grew worse their difficulties increased, and the people clamored and rioted. Nobles, to curry favor with the people, would sell their own grain cheaper than the officers of abundance could do. For days together the officers did not sit in the piazza, for the simple reason that they had no grain to sell, and when they sat again the

riots were fearful to behold, though an ax and a block which the officers kept by them on their platform were held in readiness to chop off a limb from a more than unusually unquiet purchaser.

A kindly disposed nobleman would send down his corn to the market-place to be sold by the officers of abundance, and sometimes, too, to be distributed free of charge, and the Convent of Sta. Maria gave of its riches this year largely. Three times a week, as long as the dearth lasted, they distributed to "every poor man a loaf of fourteen ounces, and to every woman with child double that amount."

Scenes of misery like these were of constant occurrence in wealthy Florence. Villani relates them incidentally again and again; later historians do so, too. Yet every time a famine came round it found the Florentines equally unprepared.

Florence has throughout her history rejoiced in a monopoly of St. John the Baptist, and to do honor to her patron saint, Florence has devoted all she knew in expenditure and art. The vigil of St. John was the regular gala day of old Florence, even as it is to some extent today.

In the year 1333 two companies were appointed to regulate the festivities, one dressed in yellow, 300 strong; the other dressed in white, numbering 500. All the shopkeepers and merchants joined heartily in giving an appearance of holiday to the streets. Rare stuffs and skins from the East hung from their windows, and each of the arts or guilds of tradesmen subscribed largely to the amusement fund. As a return for their assistance a fair was allowed to be held sixteen days before and sixteen days after the festival in the meadow of Ogni Santi, and thereby business was combined with religion.

The abilities of all the first engineers were brought to play for devices. Cecca, a great inventor of scenic effect, contrived that a canopy should be spread all over the Piazza S. Giovanni, and be attached to the cathedral walls. It was twenty feet above the ground and made of blue cloth, bespangled with Florentine lilies in yellow, and decorated here, there and everywhere with the banners of the signory and of the arts. It was in five pieces, cleverly joined together, and the whole was upheld by an elaborate system of iron poles.

In 1435 this wonderful canopy was accidentally burnt, but the energetic Governors of Florence put a tax on wine to construct another; and again when this was destroyed thirty years later by hail and wind, the undaunted Florentines went again to their wine-bottles for a tax to reconstruct the same.

The piazza of the Signory was alive with gayety on the day of the procession. Every imaginable device for tower, wood and labyrinth covered it, amongst which the gay crowd circulated as if for feast and carnival week.

In olden days the chief features of the procession, which wound its way to the Baptistery to do homage at the Baptist's shrine, were wax candles of prodigious size, painted grotesquely outside by certain artists, who, by reason of the baseness of their designs, were dubbed "wax painters"—analogous to our modern opprobrium of a signboard painter. First came the candle of the Treasury borne aloft on a chariot drawn by two bulls. Following this were sometimes as many as a hundred lesser lights, for each of the arts sent one, nobles and princes sent them, the Flemish workmen and artisans from Brabant brought them; and last of all would come the candle of the prisoners, twelve of whom were let out of jail on this day by the extreme clemency of St. John to partake in the procession. As they passed by, the

mischievous Florentines would laugh and jeer from the windows, and try to pick at these grotesque wax candles with long bill-hooks, so as to destroy the offering at the shrine of their patron.

But better things were in store for the procession as art in Florence developed. The chariot of the treasury took the place of the candle "in the decoration bestowed upon it," and a right wonderful chariot it was, representing on



THE BAPTISTERY AT FLORENCE.

its four sides passages out of the life of St. John, painted by some really distinguished artist. Above was a boy dressed as an infant St. John, in camel's hair, holding the reins of two bulls which dragged the heavy concern. On the summit stood a man representing St. John in the wilderness, with naked legs and feet. Striped drawers of flax carried out the dictates of decency, and over his shoulders were cast two tiger-skins, fastened to the shoulders with a brooch; to his diadem were attached long tresses of hair. And thus this gorgeous car set forth, accompanied by crowds of people shouting "Lilies! lilies!" if in the olden Republican days; if after the Medici were in power, "Palle, palle!" would be the popular cry.

The guilds of tradesmen vied with one another in the grandeur of their cars. Andrea del Sarto painted one for the woolstaplers in *chiaroscuro*, which was greatly admired, and another was painted by Piero de Cosimo, that weird painter of mythology, representing death in all its forms, which went by the name of the "car of death." It was accompanied by doleful singers, who reminded the awe-struck Florentines of their last enemy in a mournful dirge.

In 1662 nearly all these grand carriages were burnt, through the folly of an attendant, who left a candle burning on one of them, and from this the whole treasury of processional cars formed one large bonfire. Others were made to take their place, but of such greatly inferior artistic merit that all the spectators groaned as they passed by.

Other, and costly offerings to St. John's shrine, graced these annual processions. They were the *pallia*, or banners of velvet, carried by knights on horseback. Count Uberto, of the Maremma, annually sent a stag dressed in scarlet. The men of Bastia would send four hawks and a harrier; and last, but by no means least, came Engineer Cecca's "clouds"—wonderful contrivances they were, somewhat after the fashion of Brunelleschi's ascension trick, but far more elaborate.

There was a square framework made of planks, with a



HIERONYMI FERRARIENSIS ADEO
MISSI PROPHETÆ ET FIGIES

SAVONAROLA.

glory on the summit, then an outer framework of wood, all of which was shrouded in cotton wool, out of which peered cherubs and angels with lanterns. In the centre of the whole sat, or stood, a living saint, generally supposed to be in the extremities of martyrdom—St. Sebastian, for instance, with portions of an arrow on either side of him, and large dabs of red paint on his bare chest; iron poles ran behind to support children dressed as angels in the act of flying. One mass of fluffy wool gave a wonderfully aerial appearance to this moving show, but the port-

ers who were concealed underneath could bear testimony to its being more substantial than it looked.

Imagine, in addition to all these things, giants and giantesses, grotesquely dressed, stalking about on stilts, elfs and demons flitting about in all directions, and we have a fair idea of the substantial part of a Florentine procession in honor of St. John.

The Signory, on these and other festive occasions, were always in attendance in their smartest state clothes. A family historian has told us what they were like, and we can picture to ourselves the jealousy with which the ladies of Florence would look down from their windows on these



AN INUNDATION ON THE ARNO.

resplendent men, wearing to them forbidden finery. The priors wore a long scarlet robe down to their feet, lined and edged with ermine, long sleeves of the same material, and on their heads a large red cap, closely resembling a cardinal's hat. Their shoes were black, and on every point of vantage shone a glittering diamond or sapphire.

The *gonfaloniere* likewise wore a long scarlet robe, but his was of velvet, and bespangled with golden stars. His cap had an ermine border to it, and was covered with pearls and lace, the summit being crowned by a large pearl, around which were stripes of golden embroidery and lace.

Such was the festival of St. John the Baptist. During the days of mad enthusiasm, in Savonarola's time, many of the best cars and dresses were destroyed; for the magnificent Lorenzo had brought this procession to a final pitch of excellence, when he had constructed fifteen edifices and triumphal-cars to represent the entry of Paulus Emilinus into Rome after his triumph in Macedon.

When the excitement of the procession had abated, some desultory deeds of charity were gone through year by year. Wine and bread, for example, were distributed to all the poor fishwives of Florence, "whether they had brought trout from the mountains above Pistoia, or fish from the sea below Pisa."

Inasmuch as the Baptist was their saint, Florence early gave its attention very closely to the ceremony of baptism. Immersions took place in the centre of the large building which we know still as the unrivaled Baptistery of Florence, and the Florentines were amongst the first to keep any regular register of these ceremonies. In the early days it was considered only necessary for a black bean to be inserted in a box if the child was a male one, and a white bean if it chanced to be a female; but this method was found to be very inconvenient, as with increasing prosperity beans accumulated fast. So in 1450 regular records were kept, long before they were in vogue in other towns in Italy, which did not become general until 1517, when the Council of Trent made regular registries obligatory; and no Florentine baby was ever immersed or baptized in the ordinary way except in the baptistery close to the cathedral, from the remotest time to the present day, which greatly simplified the question of registers.

Next to St. John the Baptist the River Arno has played the most prominent part in Florentine daily life, dividing, as it does, the city in half, and forming a sort of centre to the town, on the banks of which some of the finest palaces are situated. They have bathed, fished and boated on it from generation to generation; they have held galas and merry parties upon it—and there it flows, still hemmed in by two great walls; for peaceful though it may usually appear, the Florentine Arno has now and again been known to play the city some sorry tricks.

In earlier annals, side by side with plagues and famines, we find enumerated disastrous floods which have swept over the city before the river was enchained by the above-mentioned strong walls. In 1557 there was a terrible deluge, of which an authentic account has been handed down to us. It commenced its ravages above the city, sweeping all before it, so that into the Piazza del Vino, says the annalist, there was so much wood washed down, that "it will take 300 men three months to remove it, piled up as it is above the level of the windows." Sta. Croce was bathed with water, and in the market-place all the stuffs and goods of the venders were swept away; *shops were emptied of their stores of oil, wine and grain; the roofs of the houses on the Ponte Vecchio were carried clean away, as also the columns and slabs on this bridge,*

where fish was wont to be sold. "Every house on the bridge was left like a washing-sieve."

The Sta. Trinità bridge was entirely ruined, arches and all, on one of the piles of which were left standing, as if by a miracle, two individuals—one an old palsied man, and the other a child of tender years; and here they had to remain for two whole days, whilst they were fed by means of a rope, which was thrown from a neighboring palace, and along which they passed a basket from time to time containing wine and bread.

Seventy people and 300 animals lost their life during this flood. Again and again the old chroniclers speak of these inundations, which swept down on the city after heavy rains in the mountains. To the old Florentines indeed the Arno was but a capricious friend; it was the source naturally of their prosperity, affording them easy means of transporting their manufactures to the sea. This has been greatly ameliorated by the Lung'arno walls, but even now the visitor to Florence is from time to time surprised to see the flood waves rise and threaten the safety of those jewelers' shops on the Ponte Vecchio, and many a time do the shopkeepers hurry away with their precious burdens, fearing a collapse of this weather-beaten though picturesque relic of the past.

Another episode in the career of the Arno in 1604 puzzled the Florentines not a little. In the Winter of this year sunny Italy was visited with an intense frost, no one ever remembered such a time, and the Arno was covered with a thick coating of ice. Cautiously the Florentines ventured on one by one, until it appeared as if the whole city had ventured out to enjoy the strange delights of sliding; and with their characteristic love of festivity the Florentines were not slow to decide upon a grand gala on this glossy sheet, to be held on the last day of the year 1604. Meanwhile they played at *pallone*, they hunted cats and rabbits on the ice, slipped about, and tumbled to their hearts' content.

The festal day came at last, and as the frost had not given way, they hied them to the theatre for their amusements, which was chosen between the bridges Sta. Trinità and Carraia. From beneath the arch near S. Spirito issued twelve gaudy trumpeters, followed by a crowd of men, dressed as in carnival time, to run a race with bare feet; behind these came would-be nymphs on sledges, who pushed themselves along with two sticks. Immediately after followed gentlemen on sledges, constructed like old war chariots, prepared for the joust. Each was got up like a savage, covered with loose hair and unkempt beard, a bludgeon in one hand, a red shield in the other. Their sledges were covered with ivy, and each had his placard or challenge before him; one, for example, stating that "the ardor which burnt in his heart could melt the rigid Arno, and compel it to resume its liquid course." This procession paraded up and down the icy surface, and then the sport began.

The races of the barefooted combatants caused the greatest amusement. The more they slipped and fell, the greater was the roar of laughter which resounded from the walls, and roofs, and windows, which were crowded with spectators. Then came the sledge races, which were equally productive of ludicrous disasters; and, finally, they had the jousts, and as night came on the sledges decked themselves with lanterns, and the Arno was aglow with bonfires and illumination for that and the succeeding nights of the great frost. Of a truth, the Florentine knew how to take advantage of the eccentricity of this season, and thoroughly appreciated the delights of an Arctic Winter.

Florentine marriage festivities were poor compared to

those of the rest of Italy; Florentine funerals, too, were unusually commonplace. Yet it may be interesting to close this account of the manners and customs of the City of Flowers with the account of a funeral, as related to us by Ammirato, the object of which was an Englishman, the celebrated *condottiere* Sir John Hawkwood—Giovanni Acuto, as the Italians called him—who had fought many a battle in the pay of the merchant princes, and who died in their midst in 1394.

His bier was spread over with cloth-of-gold and crimson velvet, and was carried by knights of the highest rank, and followed by a crowd of torch-bearers, banners, shields and war-horses caparisoned with gold. All his servants and his household were presented with mourning at the public expense, and relays of Florentine matrons were paid to wait around the corpse whilst it was exposed to public view in the Baptistery. Eventually the English warrior was deposited with great pomp in the Cathedral, where an equestrian portrait was put up, until such time as Paolo Ucello had finished his monument to be placed over the remains of the stranger. Florence could do all this, and more besides, for a foreigner who died amongst them, but they took care to bury their own relations on a much more economical principle.

AN AUCTION OF WOMEN.

THE Venetians have had a practical and strictly business-like way of arranging marriages from the earliest times. The shrewdest provision has always been made for the good of the state, private and public interest being consulted, the small matters of the affections have been left to the chances of association, and it does seem that Venetian society has ever dealt severely with husbands or wives whom incompatibility forced to seek consolation outside of matrimony.

Herodotus relates that the Illyrian Veneti sold their daughters at auction to the highest bidder; and the fair being thus comfortably placed in life, the hard favored were given to whomsoever would take them, with such dower as might be considered a reasonable compensation. The auction was discontinued in Christian times, but marriage contracts still partook of the form of a public and half mercantile transaction.

At a comparatively late period Venetian fathers went with their daughters to a great annual matrimonial fair at San Pietro di Castello Clivolo, and the youth of the lagoons repaired thither to choose wives from the number of the maidens. These were all dressed in white, with hair loose about the neck, and each bore her dower in a little box, slung over her shoulder by a ribbon. It is supposed that there was commonly a previous understanding between each damsel and some youth in the crowd; as soon as all had paired off the bishop gave them a sermon and his benediction, and the men gathered up their brides and boxes and went away wedded.

This going to San Pietro's, selecting a wife and marrying her on the spot, out of hand, could only have been the contrivance of a straightforward, practical race. Among the common people betrothals were managed with even greater ease and dispatch till a very late day in history, and in the record of a certain trial which took place in 1443 there is an account of one of those brief and unceremonious courtships. Donna Catarussa, who gives evidence, and whom I take to have been a worthless, idle gossip, was one day sitting at her door when Pietro di Trento passed, selling brooms, and said to her:

"Madonna, give me some nice girl to be my wife."

As Donna Catarussa thought at once of a suitable match, she said:

"In faith of God, I know one for you. Come again to-morrow."

So then both met next day, and the woman chosen by Donna Catarussa was asked:

"Wouldst thou like to have Pietro for thy husband, as God commands the holy Church?"

"Yes," she answered.

And Pietro being asked the like question, answered:

"Why, yes, certainly."

And they went off and had the wedding-feast.

PECULIAR JAPANESE GAIT.

NATURALLY, being a man, I watched the women rather closely; for "woman is woman everywhere, and that is enough for man anywhere." They wear their hair elaborately dressed, their lips painted, and their necks and faces artistically powdered and painted. A Japanese woman is considered very dowdy-looking, indeed, if her hair is not elaborately arranged; and no matter to what social rank you turn, it is rare, indeed, to find one who does not follow the fashion. A very peculiar custom among them is to shave their eyebrows off. Another custom, but one which the people are gradually dropping, is the blacking of the teeth of married women.

It is very disappointing, at times, to be riding down the street and meet a handsome Japanese woman—and there are many of them—and see her friendly smile suddenly disclose teeth as black as coal. Their walk is very peculiar. They all turn their toes in to such an extent that their walk becomes a perfect waddle—the more exaggerated because of the high clogs they wear. They cling to this style of walking with the greatest tenacity. A few years since a foreigner started a dancing-school in Tokio. He had many pupils, and for a time things went on quite merrily, but a cloud soon arose. The girls' habits of walking prevented them from dancing well, and the teacher commenced learning them to turn their toes out. They obeyed without a murmur; but the next day the teacher was informed that he might teach the girls to dance, but he must let their walking alone; that it was a national custom to walk in their manner, and it must be followed, and any interference with it would lose him his pupils.

THE VALKYRIES.

IN the mythology of the North the Valkyries were daughters of Odin, delighting, like their father, in war and carnage. On the eve of a battle they rode on their winged steeds over the Scandinavian or Teutonic hosts, pointing with their spears at the brave heroes who were to fight their last fight, and when the storm of battle was past the Valkyries bore the fallen braves to Walhalla, and there, in the days of earthly tranquillity, they waited at the table of the heroes.

AS BENEVOLENCE is the most social of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not any man either so great or so little but he is yet capable of giving and receiving benefits.

THERE is nothing so exhilarating to the human mind, and there is nothing so bracing and useful to the human faculties, as progress.



THE VALKYRIE, DAUGHTER OF ODIN.—SEE PAGE C3.



A COVEY OF PARTRIDGES.—DRAWN BY CHARLES WHYMPER.

A WHITED SEPULCHRE.

By M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

At that very hour, almost, two most commonplace-looking travelers left the train which arrived in the dark stone station of Genoa.

So little remarkable were they that the idle loungers about the building scarcely gave them a glance, while they bestowed all their attention upon the voluble tourists who poured forth from the first-class carriages, covered with the grime and soot of their long tunnel ride through the grim fastnesses of rock.

And yet, humble as they were in appearance, their arrival there in the quaint old city drew a loop in the web of fate which very closely concerned the interests of more than one of the gay and fashionable party at Trente Towers.

The travelers were two women, each clad in the gray serge garments with the knotted cord and leather *scarsella* which marked them as members of some convent in the north of Italy.

The taller of the two was plainly the leader, and by no means unfamiliar, it seemed, with the localities of Genoa, for she made no inquiry of any one, but with noiseless step and calm, severe look, quietly turned into a narrow street leading to the right.

"The convent lies in this direction, my daughter," she said, in Italian. "My business there will not detain me long. Yet we had best remain over night in its safe shelter.

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But we will take a carriage and drive out to the seaside village, if you are sure it is best for you to go."

"Dear Mother Veronica, my heart yearns to behold it again—perhaps for the last time," returned a sweet voice.

"We will go, then. Why not now before the twilight approaches? And then I can attend to the convent matters this evening, and be ready for our return early in the morning."

"You are very kind to me, Mother Veronica," said the plaintive voice, gratefully.

"Who could be harsh with so patient a lamb, so meek a sufferer? You will go back, my daughter, I think, willing at last to take our final vows. Our Lady grant it may be so!"

The woman addressed was looking downward. Her thin, delicate hands were clasped together, the fingers interlocked in a fashion that showed some repressed pain, either of mind or body. The soft white muslin wound over her hair, and hiding nearly all her forehead, added, somehow, a saintlier look, and did not mar the delicate refinement of the features below. It was not a young face, nor yet an old one. The skin was smooth and fair, and almost as colorless as ivory. The long lashes, which drooped so persistently, were of a very remarkable tint—not really golden nor brown, but of a light, warm hue between. If the hair under that snowy muslin shroud matched

them in tint, and the eyes were fine, this must be still a beautiful woman, although there was a painful lack of expression—a sort of forced mask held upon the features which could only have been acquired by many years of passive endurance.

"I cannot tell. I shall do it if my conscience permits. It is a poor offering to bring to the altar where I have found the only protection and kindness of my life. Such halting faith! so weak a heart!" she answered.

"But if we give our all, my daughter, it is miraculously made into a worthy offering, however small it may originally be," said the Mother Superior, in a gentle, persuasive voice.

"We will talk again, dear Mother Veronica. Perhaps a new experience will come to me when I have again visited the spot where my last tie to life and love was surrendered. Perhaps it will pass away—this strange impression that somewhere there is an aching heart which forbids my withdrawal from its claim."

"Our Lady send that it may be so!" murmured the Superior. "And yonder comes a *fiacre*. Let us secure it at once."

An hour afterward the pair had left the carriage behind them, and were strolling down a rugged pathway toward the Mediterranean.

A lovelier scene is seldom found than that which unrolled itself before their eyes.

There were only a few light clouds of fleecy silver flitting across the sky. The beautiful sea, glinting and sparkling beneath its fervent sunshine, seemed like a living creature frolicking in glee as it flung its waves upon the rocky shore, which rose here in tall cliffs crowned with picturesque fort or more romantic ruin.

The luxuriant verdure had not yet begun to wilt and burn; the flowers were in their most prodigal blossoming, and the tiled roofs of the quaint houses had a warm tint against the gray of the rock or the green of the verdure that completed such a picture as the artist loves.

A few fishermen were down at the narrow strip of beach below the cliffs. Half a dozen boats were rocking at their anchor near them, and of course a score or more of brown-legged, Murillo-eyed children, with unkempt locks, were dancing to and fro along the rocks, and by the water's edge.

"Ah," said the younger woman, in a voice full of passionate protest, "it is the same scene. It seems but yesterday. Can it be, Mother Veronica—can it be the I have spent sixteen years with you in the convent since—"

"Sixteen years of safety and peace and innocence, my daughter. Thank our blessed Lady for it."

"Yes, it seems the same," went on the woman, as though the stern repression of all those years had suddenly been lifted away from her, and the long-pent tide was finding vent. "It might be this very morning that I gave my darling to Beta's care, charging her to be so careful that the tiny feet were not wet. It might be this very morning that I dashed away the bitter tears, wrung from me by my woeful lot, and on my knees vowed that I would live my blighted life cheerfully for my child's sake. Oh, God! Oh, God! was there any wrong in the vow? Was my love idolatry? that the cup with its one drop of living water was dashed from out my grasp?"

"My daughter, my daughter!" said the saintly Mother Superior, with a wistful sigh. "These are wild words! I pray you be calm."

"Ah! have I not been still and mute and patient all these years? Let me grieve naturally for these few moments. See! There is the very spot where the boat was moored when Beta carried my baby into it. Oh! was

it not cruel that this one boat should be the one to drift away?"

"My daughter, the boat held other children; it was not your child alone that was drowned. Be not so fierce and bitter."

"Ah, yes; six innocent little children and the girl—poor Beta! And the lad who made all the mischief was saved!" moaned the woman.

"To be haunted all his life by the fearful woe his careless act had caused. My daughter, I am sorry I brought you here. I hoped it would cure the fever within you, but I fear it has stirred all your thoughts to frenzy."

"Ah, and how bright the heavens were! the cruel, treacherous water, so bright and benignant and smiling, like the water!" went on the low, wild voice.

"Oh, Mother Veronica, think of it, and have more pity for me. I was a motherless, fatherless girl, betrayed by the one upon whom I had bestowed my all of love and honor and trust. Cast off by my friends, deceived alike by husband and lover, yet innocent in the sight of the purest archangel of any guilt in the whole cruel story—innocent, and yet myself the agonized sufferer. And I had but one hope, one thread of hope, and joy in the black and blighted woof of my life. My baby was left to me, and the cruel sea yonder snatched her away from me. And the heavens looked on, and smiled down in their sunshine and beauty, but did not hinder nor stay the terrible deed. Oh, Mother Veronica, where was your Lady of Love and Tenderness then? She who had held her own blessed Babe at her breast—where was she, that she did not interpose?"

The Mother Superior's face grew paler still. She stopped to cross herself and seize upon the beads of the rosary hanging at her side. But there was an almost angelic pity in her sweet, grave face when she turned it toward the passionate speaker.

"My daughter, your heart is torn by the agony of the remembrance. Ah, if you had but staid it upon the living Rock, you would not need to speak in this wild despair. Have you forgotten how the Blessed Mother Mary gave her holy Son to die upon the cross? What is your grief for a little mortal child to hers who saw the Lord of Life upon the cross of shame and anguish? But she forgave you. She pities you at this moment. Perhaps you are brought here to endure all this tempest of anguish that your heart may learn all the blessed comfort she can give to it. Child, child, have all these years of holy ministrations and tranquil peace in our Sisterhood taught you nothing?"

"Oh, Mother Veronica, forgive me. They have taught me to trust in human goodness. You have given me my only safe refuge, and I thank you all. Oh, how sincerely I thank you! I have tried—yes, how fervently I have prayed that I might ruin your unquestioning faith, your holy joy! I have sometimes made myself into a kind of stony image that could look calmly, could speak tranquilly, and thought, perhaps, I was learning the way. But the first baby hand in the street or hospital that touched mine set all my blood leaping in my veins, and brought this maddening pain into my heart. All these years I have been dumb, because I loved you all, and I knew how much I owed you for the tender care which took an alien and friendless creature and nursed it back to life, and protected it from the ravening wolves of the world. But all the time, within me has this wild rebellion seethed and burned. I have shown it to you at last. Do with me what you will; I will submit to any penance you ordain, though I have taken no vows. I submit myself freely to your rules—I have always done that. At least I am no longer a hypocrite. Perhaps it was to bring about

this confession that you were sent on this mission to the Genoese convent, and consented to my company."

The fire had burnt itself out. The outstretched hands fell limply. The flashing light faded out of the eyes as the momentary hectic died out of the pale cheeks.

The words had been poured forth in a resistless torrent, and, of course, the whole conversation had been carried on in Italian. The woman sat down upon the ground, as if unable to stand another moment. The Mother Superior stood looking at her with eyes full of tender love and pity.

"My daughter, we will talk of this no more until we are safely back in the protection of our own peaceful home. I must wait for prayerful reflection, possibly for wiser counsel. Rest here while I look for the driver of our carriage; you will need to be very careful of fatigue after all this excitement."

She turned to go, but before she had taken a step they were both startled by a figure which rose up from below the rocky crag on which they stood.

It was only a fisherman, with his half-mended net trailing awkwardly behind him.

"Will the signora pardon me that I have heard?" he asked, promptly, while he pulled off his worn cap and displayed a shaggy head of gray hair beneath; "but"—and here he crossed himself, and bent low before the Mother Superior—"truly I think our Lady has a blessed hand in the matter, for it is months since I have come here to this crag to mend my net, and if the wind had been right this morning I should have been off. But I mistrust it is the lady—the Inglesse lady, I have looked in vain for, in so many years."

The woman started up, and looked eagerly into his face.

"Is it Bratti?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Ay, that it is—the ~~fisher~~ of the poor lad who made the mischief. *Diavolo!* but he has gone on from trouble to trouble. What matter for that now? But"—and here the man peered eagerly under the quaint headgear—"I said I should know her anywhere by the hair, which was so like the Madonna's. May I see the signora's hair?"

With a tremulous hand the woman pushed away the snowy headgear, and showed the pale, gold tresses parted smoothly beneath.

Bratti put his tongue between his teeth and articulated the sharp Italian "Pst!" and added, hastily:

"Then I have something to tell you, and the Inglesse gentleman was right when he said that you would come here again, if only once more in your life."

"The Inglesse gentleman? What mean you, Bratti? I know no Englishman—I saw none while I lived here."

"But he was here, all the same, miladi. He had his bed at my house, and he used to sit and watch you with eyes as hungry as a wolf's. And he never let you see him. But after it happened—the drowning, I mean—(the saints forgive that mad Giovana of mine!) he disappeared. But he came back, it was scarcely a month after, and he was wild with fury when he found that you were not here, and that none of us could tell him where to find you. It was then that he gave me the letter and a shining piece of gold. And he charged me to watch for you, and to give you the letter the moment I could find you; and if I heard anything about you I was to get the padre to write it and send to him. And he promised me more gold when it was done. *Ebbene!* how closely I watched for you all that Summer, and the next, and the next! But after that I gave it up—but I have kept the letter safe. It is yellow enough now, but it is there under Our Lady's image in my house. The saints be praised that you will get it at last, and when he sends next Spring I can answer that his word is done."

"My daughter," said the Mother Superior, pityingly, "why do you tremble so? Do you know who the letter is from?"

"How can I? Oh, if it should be from him who was my husband. And it is all these years since it was written! Oh, Mother Veronica, why have we not come before?"

"Which is the soonest done—for us to go with you to get this letter, or for you to bring it here?" demanded Mother Veronica, turning authoritatively to the man.

"I will bring it swiftly," he answered, flinging down the net which he had held all this time clutched in his brown hands, and he was off down the rocks before either could answer him.

Both women stood in silence, one looking off with wild, dazed eyes of a wonderful blue that was somehow akin to the Summer sky and the dimpling waves on which the glance fell, but knew not of; and the other, with her slender fingers clasping the cross of her rosary, and her grave lips calling over inaudibly the Ave that might protect her from the evil effects of this sympathy with human passion.

Bratti came back, flushed and panting, but he held in his hand the letter, yellow with the sixteen years that it had lain under the plaster Madonna of his cottage shrine.

A spasm crossed the woman's pale face when she took it in her hand.

"It is not his writing. Alas! no, it is not the writing I hoped for. Oh, I thought I was to be rewarded at last for all my suffering! I believed this strange happening was really a leading of Providence to give me some blessed news," she cried out, in bitter disappointment.

And she held the letter before her, and looked at it in angry contempt before opening it, while she said:

"What can *this* one have to say to me? I thought I silenced him for ever."

And then slowly the tremulous fingers broke the seal which for sixteen years had held its trust.

The first lines were devoured by crying eyes, but suddenly a low cry broke from her lips, and a rich color flashed into her face. The next instant she was on her knees at the feet of the Mother Superior, a flood of tears pouring like rain over her cheeks and deluging her clasped hands.

Oh, Mother Veronica, the Madonna has heard, indeed! Oh, Heaven is merciful at last! He is right. I shall never have such bitter hate for him again. He has saved my baby. She is alive—my child is alive!"

"Holy saints!" ejaculated Bratti.

Mother Veronica lifted her meek eyes heavenward, and then bent down to smooth the forehead of the agitated creature, and to wipe away the tears with her own handkerchief.

Then she said, quietly:

"All our ways are led, my daughter. It may, indeed, be for this that we came so far from Verona and our quiet convent. But let me see the letter. Where will you find the child?"

"Where, indeed?" echoed the mother. "Bratti, Bratti! tell me where to find him."

Bratti's brown hand was thrust into his bushy locks, and his glittering black eyes lost no look or gesture of theirs.

"Ah, signora, there is the banker's address at Naples. I was to send my word there, and I never did—never in all these sixteen years. *Diavola!* but it is strange!"

"Sixteen years!" moaned the lady. "Oh, what may not have happened in that time!"

The mother superior meanwhile took the yellow letter.]

and read the lines, whose very chirography showed in what fierce heat they had been dashed upon the paper.

"EVELINE—I do not forget with what withering contempt, that seemed to burn into my very heart like a sizzling iron, you turned upon me when I saw you last. You said I was never to dare to speak to you again; I was never even to look upon you. I thought I could obey you. I was stung into retorting with the semblance of equal scorn. But I did not count upon the strength of this mad love which is consuming me. Eveline, I love you; through all your hate, your shame, your desolation, I cling still to you as the most precious thing that life can offer me. I know better than to plead how I may help you, care for you, work for you. You would not listen to me a moment, but flash again that blue lightning of your scornful eyes upon me. But now I have a thread in my hand which will pull your heart-strings and make you hear me. Eveline, your child was not in the boat which swamped last month, and brought such sorrow to the little fishing-village. I coaxed the little maid to let me hold her while she went into the boat to chat with the boy. Poor soul! She went to her death; but, Eveline, I saved your child's life. No matter what my motives were, I saved her, and she is in my hands, and only in my hands will you ever find her. Eveline, whatever I have done in the past—shameful and wrong as I know it now to be—might be forgiven by you for these two reasons: because it was all through my mad love for you, and because I have saved you the child. Come back to me. Forget all of the past, and bear with me to be happy in your child. I swear to you by all things holy that I will cherish and protect you both. Bratti has but to send a single word to Naples, and it will find me; and with me you shall win again your child. Waiting for that word, I am always yours, devotedly,

"HORACE."

"And it is sixteen years," said the Superior, solemnly. "Man! has he been seen again?"

"He came, madonna, twice a year for three years at least, each time wilder and fiercer than before. Then he sent word. The letters to the padre came twice a year. Then once a year. Last Spring there was but this line: 'Any word yet?' Another will come again in the Spring, it is likely. But the signora can send to Naples."

"Let us go. Oh, Mother Veronica, let us go to-morrow!" implored the woman.

"Be calm, my daughter. You can write your letter to-night, and send it on to Naples. We will follow to-morrow night. Come, we must find another carriage and go back to Genoa."

"And to life and hope!" cried the woman, with a joyous smile. "My child is alive!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MEANTIME at Trente Towers life had apparently flowed along in one sparkling ripple of gayety and enjoyment. The fourth week of her visit had passed, and still Miss Van Benthuyzen showed no signs of taking leave. After each flying visit to the Rookery she came back shivering, and declaring that all the Winters of her absence had left their damp and chill in the old house. Violet was only too thankful to remain near the one friend in whom she had implicit trust. She was growing more at ease in society, and was learning to endure the companionship of girls of her own age, without that unpleasant feeling of strangeness and uncongeniality which had hitherto distressed her. But she was still shy and reserved, and nervously apprehensive of the uncanny influence of her eyes. More than once Philip asked her, anxiously:

"Are you contented, Violet? Are you treated kindly? You do not wish to leave Miss Van Benthuyzen?"

And Violet answered:

"Ah, where could I go! You do not find any trace of my true place? I am grateful to Miss Van Benthuyzen for my home with her. But she will never love me. Alas! I have given up that hope now. But I try to be patient and grateful."

Philip still believed that Miss Van Benthuyzen knew the truth about Violet's history, or, at least, a portion of it. He had many vague suspicions himself, especially since he had heard the gossip about her, and recalled Colonel Trente's interview with her at the Rookery. He was convinced that if he demanded investigation it must come. But he hoped to obtain it in a pleasanter way. Besides, he had confided everything to Roger, and, though the old man gave little information back, Philip trusted him entirely, and believed him when he said he would be sure to warn Philip when it was the right time to push inquiries.

But with all these undercurrents of separate aims and hopes and passions, the upper surface was ever the same sparkling plane of urbane conventionality. Fashionable life is very much the same everywhere. There were morning drives and equestrian afternoon gallops. There were evening musicales and dances. There were exchanged civilities with the neighboring gentry, occasional picnic visits to famous ruins, and every day the pleasant little ripple of gathering together from their varying amusements in fine array at the dinner-table.

Mrs. Thornton was in her native element, and thoroughly happy. Colonel Trente had put her into the seat of honor, and in some measure given over the management of everything pertaining to his guests' entertainment to her hands.

But Geoffrey Carlingford, with inimitable tact, while seeming only to follow the lady's suggestions, managed to carry out his own programme.

He was thoroughly fitted to be a society leader, with his gay spirits, his ready humor and versatile genius, and no one could have more thoroughly enjoyed the position.

And to do him justice, it must be said that he managed admirably, and brought out a more harmonious state of affairs than any other could have done with such incongruous elements. Colonel Trente felt profoundly grateful to him, and was not perhaps aware how plainly he showed his partiality for the cheery-voiced, debonaire young man, whose gay smile was always ready, and whose ringing laugh was in itself a tonic and invigorator for his own heavy heart and drooping spirits.

Algernon Thornton watched everything with almost as sharp a scrutiny as Miss Van Benthuyzen, but he was not so often there.

The work at his little shooting-lodge was the ostensible reason of his frequent absences; but Valeria Van Benthuyzen and his own quailing heart knew that he fled away to escape a pair of innocent blue eyes whose lightest glance stabbed him through all the icy mask with which he had armed himself.

How little the others dreamed of the tragic comedy enacted every day under their unconscious eyes, when Miss Van Benthuyzen called the honorable and distinguished member to her side by some courteously worded, respectfully voiced remarks, which could not be ignored by him, yet kept him in torture and abject humiliation under the very flash of her own steely eyes, and confronting those innocent ones which were such unconscious avengers!

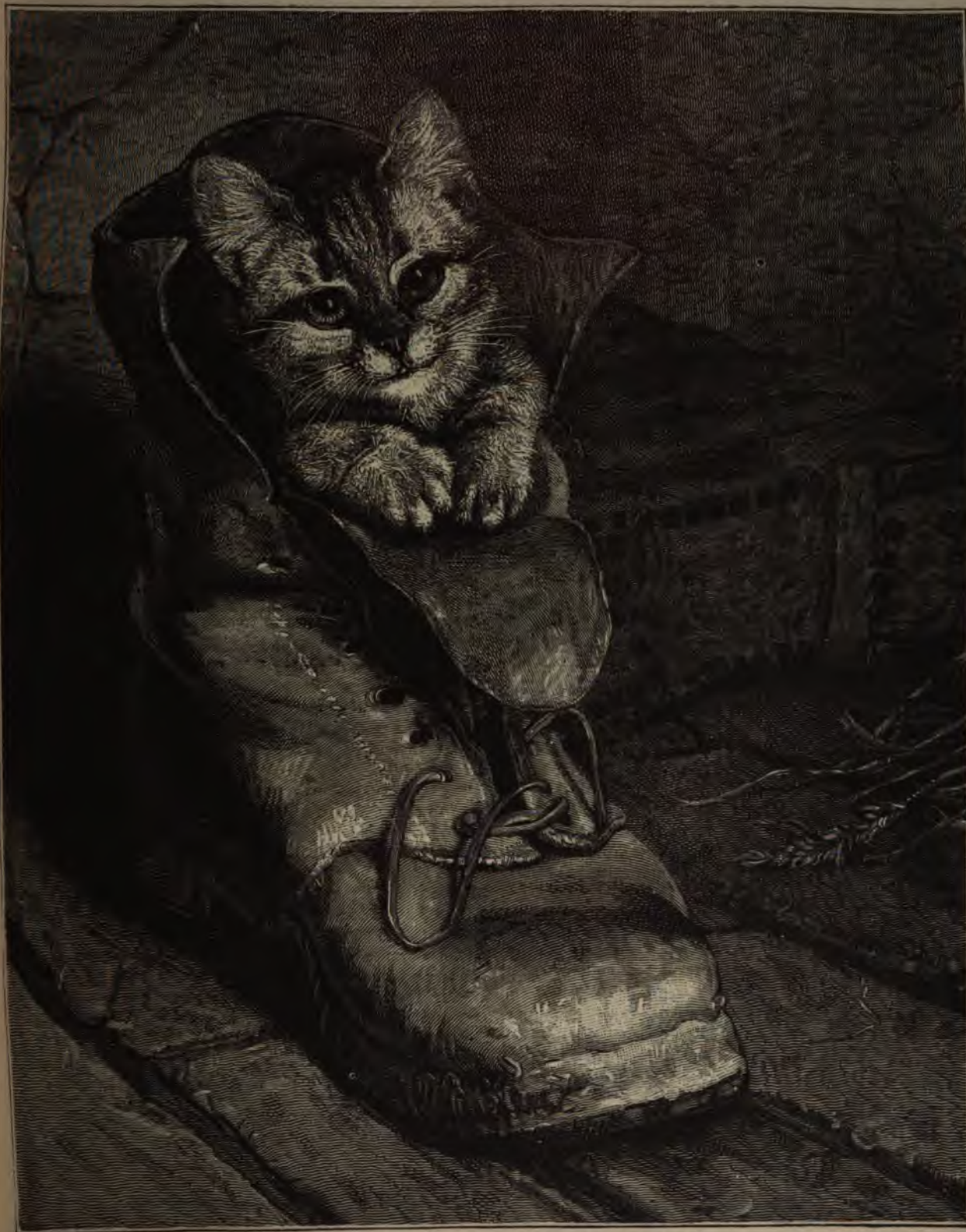
She understood perfectly well how he hated her, how he longed to strike down that long, thin hand of hers whenever it was proffered to him, and she smiled grimly when he took it, and bore it, and carried out his own part according to her compelling.

She knew that he secretly accused her as an interloper and an enemy, yet she forced him to speak polite—nay, even complimentary, words to her before them all, and she lost no opportunity to compel his attendance upon her movements. Two-thirds of the time it was upon his arm that Valeria Van Benthuyzen swept out to the dinner-table. Almost as often he was compelled to be her *vis-à-vis*

in the carriage ; or if with desperate effort to escape his torture, he abruptly appeared on horseback, and declined to ride in a carriage at all, she was ever equal to the occasion,

sting. It was not strange that, when he could escape this merciless torture, he seized upon the opportunity.

"Papa," said the beautiful Maude, one day, "you are



SUMMER QUARTERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK PATON.

and discovered a sudden equestrian whim which forced him to something he dreaded most of all—a *tête-à-tête* in which every mocking sentence of hers held its gibe and

growing thin. And see these lines ! I am alarmed about you." And she drew the tip of her white forefinger along his forehead.

"Cares of state," said a gentleman standing by. Oh, Mr. Thornton, but you cannot say in behalf of an ungrateful constituency, sir. Never, I think, was a public man more thoroughly appreciated, nor—I may say without flattery—nor one more idolized. Did you see that reference to you by the Thunderer? It was a very pretty quotation about the one escutcheon free from spot or stain."

Maude arched her stately neck and smiled proudly.

"What else could you expect, sir?" she said, hastily. "Would any one dare to look for a blot against my father's name?"

Algernon Thornton made a little deprecating gesture toward the gentlemen, then he took Maude's hand away from his forehead, hastily.

"What idle talk!" he said. "But tell me how many saw the morning-glory arbor this morning? It was a 'thing of beauty, and, indeed, a joy for ever,' if one was early enough to see it in the dew and the first sunbeams."

And so he changed the topic, but he felt Miss Van Bentkynsen's piercing look. And he met, also, Malcolm Trente's eyes, and again something in them chilled and sickened him.

That day there was a picnic at the ruined abbey, some six miles away. Half the company were mounted, and the others went in carriages. Roger and three of the men-servants went before them with luncheon-baskets and hampers, to make things ready for their coming.

As was very apt to be the case, when they rode on horseback, Colonel Trente, Miss Thornton and Geoffrey Carlingford were together, and led the way. These three were tacitly admitted to be the best riders, perhaps also the most congenial companions.

They were riding slowly, to breathe the horses after a sharp canter along a crossroad which led from the nearest village and Trente Towers to a little manufacturing hamlet, when Maude Thornton saw an unusual expression flit suddenly across Geoffrey's face, even in the midst of his animated description of an Oxford frolic. She glanced around curiously for an explanation, but saw nothing beyond the pleasant country roadside, the flitting birds, and a woman in rusty black, with a basket on her arm, walking slowly in their own direction.

"Ah!" exclaimed Geoffrey, suddenly, "a challenge! I must answer promptly, or be a recreant knight. I see a clump of pink blossoms beckoning to me from the field over here. I will catch you at the other corner, and bring you the spoils, Miss Thornton."

The words were scarcely spoken before he turned his horse's head directly to the stout hedge of privet which edged the field, and over they went gallantly, horse and rider, in that close sympathy and pleasure which had marked all Geoffrey's frolics with Spitfire.

They heard the playful hoofs cantering down the field. Then, in an instant, Geoffrey's voice rose in a soothing murmur, but it broke out into a sharp command the next instant, and a trampling sound suggested their first altercation.

Colonel Trente's horse pricked up his ears, and the rider frowned slightly. The next instant their own horses leaped forward excitedly, for a flying leap brought Spitfire over again, and almost upon them. His eyes were distended, and a fleck of foam fell from his mouth. Geoffrey kept his seat, and had a firm grasp of the bridle, but he had evidently lost command, for the moment, and the chestnut leaped forward with frantic bounds. Half a dozen angry black specks were buzzing over the creature's head.

"A hornet's nest!" ejaculated Colonel Trente, seizing

upon the rein of Miss Thornton's horse, and riding hastily to the other side. "Take care! Hold firm, Geoffrey. Spitfire is mad with pain."

It was doubtful if Geoffrey heard. The chestnut, with mad plunges, flew along the road and disappeared.

Maude turned pale.

"Is there any danger?" she asked, hastily.

"Not if he has clear track. Geoffrey is a perfect horse-man," returned Colonel Trente. "The horse has been stung, undoubtedly. Let us hurry forward, though."

But here there came a most unexpected interruption. The woman walking before them suddenly gave a shrill cry, and flinging away her basket, ran wildly down the road, screaming:

"He will be killed! Oh, save him! save him!"

The rest of the riders, hearing her scream, came dashing forward, and after the hasty explanation all rode rapidly on, just in time to see the chestnut at the foot of the rather steep descent, suddenly fling himself down into the dust and roll over and over.

Was the gallant young rider underneath? This was the terrible question, for that seemed an interminable space of time, but which was, in reality, scarcely three minutes.

Then, with a universal thrill of intense relief, the straining eyes saw Geoffrey raise himself slowly and stiffly, as if a little stunned by the shock, and take a step or two toward them.

Only that much, for by that time the gallant strides of Colonel Trente's Brown Royal had brought him to the spot.

Yet he was scarcely before the flying woman, who suddenly paused, gasped out, "Oh, Geoffrey, you are safe—you are safe!" and flinging up both arms, fell headlong at his feet, scarcely out of reach of Spitfire's plunging hoofs, as he still rolled on the ground.

Yet with one malignant look of deadly rage, scarcely concealed by his drooping lids, Geoffrey Carlingford left her to lie with her white cheek plunged into the dust, and went forward to Colonel Trente.

"This is a mad escapade, sir. But I don't think Spitfire is hurt beyond the stings. We went into a hornet's nest in the field."

"Yes, I supposed so. One of the grooms rode in the rear. I think he must change horses with you, and get Spitfire home again. He will be good for nothing for a day or two, I imagine, poor fellow! But who is this woman?"

Before Geoffrey could answer, the remainder of the party appeared upon the scene. The gentlemen gave their attention to the struggling animal. Colonel Trente leaped to the ground and took up the senseless form of the woman and laid it carefully upon the grassy bank.

"Carlingford," he said, "if you know the woman, come here and speak to her when she revives. You evidently frightened her quite out of her senses."

Geoffrey had gone to Miss Thornton's saddle, and taken the gauntleted hand, outstretched to him in heartfelt congratulation at his safety. His face was pale, his lip had an unusual tremor, and there was a fiery flash in the blue eyes that rather puzzled her. What he would have said to her she could only guess, for at this summons he turned, and said, roughly:

"I know nothing of the woman, sir. Confound her! I suppose her scream frightened Spitfire more than all the rest. I wouldn't bother with her, sir. She will come to when she gets ready for it. Such people always do."

It was a heartless speech. Even Maude wondered at it, and was vaguely pained.

Philip Markham found some one who had a flask of

brandy in his pocket, and carried it and carefully moistened the wan lips. Violet chafed the purple hands. They were rewarded by a long-drawn sigh and a throbbing at the wasted throat.

"She is coming to herself," said Philip, in a low voice.

And while he said it the eyelids flew open, and a pair of eagerly questioning eyes seemed to seize upon every feature of the scene.

A strong shudder ran through her frame as she perceived the prostrate horse. She clasped her hands eagerly, and half raised herself to look around her.

"Safe! Are you sure he is safe?" she asked, in a mild, horrified voice.

Geoffrey had bitten that fresh young lip of his till a drop of blood oozed upon his tongue. He came forward now hastily, and said, in a voice shaken with uncontrolled anger:

"Good heavens, woman, what is the matter with you? The horse did not run with *you*, and you were in no danger of being trampled upon. For goodness sake, spare your heroics for your own affairs. Come, good people, let us up and away. The groom will take poor Spitfire back again and wash those ugly bunches down. I am punished enough, by losing his mount, for all my escapades for a month back." And in angry contempt he turned his back upon the prostrate figure.

She closed her eyes, and swallowed what seemed some cruel lump in her throat. Then she grew deadly white again, and sank back to the ground.

Violet bathed her temples in the brandy, and moistened her lips with it.

"She is ill, indeed, Colonel Trente. I think she is very ill," she said, pityingly.

Malcolm Trente stood in silence, looking from the sufferer to the angry-eyed young fellow.

He alone knew that she had called him by his rightful name. The whole affair puzzled him, and brought a vague uneasiness to him.

"I suppose," he said, slowly, "that we ought to go on to meet the riding party, who will wait at the crossroad for us."

"Of course we ought," urged Geoffrey, impatiently. "The groom can take care of Spitfire, who is already improving."

"I was not thinking of the horses, but of the woman, Carlingford. It seems heartless to leave her here till she has recovered. Who can she be?"

"Who cares who she may be? Indeed, sir, you are giving too much importance to the affair. Come, let us mount and away," returned Geoffrey, in cold, incisive tones that cut to the very heart of the drooping creature on the bank.

Violet saw the pale lips writhe, and the thin hand creep toward the fluttering heart. Colonel Trente saw it also, yet he swung himself slowly to his saddle.

"Thomas, remain here till the woman recovers, and if need be, help her home," commanded he.

"Take good care of poor Spitfire," said Geoffrey Carlingford, carelessly. "Come, Markham, shall I mount Miss Younge to her saddle, or will you? We are losing time."

And whether intentionally or not, he kept his horse between the others and the bank where the woman lay, until one by one they rode past him.

The woman stared dully up into the handsome face, so cold and icy in its expression when the blue eyes turned toward her. Something in the look he flung her seemed to wilt the little life remaining.

A low sob broke from her.

"Oh, I am dying! I think I am dying," she gasped. "Don't leave me. Everything is black—I cannot see."

One moment the straight, handsome figure on the horse beside her wavered; the next, the rein was pulled sharply. He wrenched his eyes away from the ghastly features, the glazing eyes, and rode on to join the cavalcade.

The bitterness of death was indeed with the poor creature left there upon the turf, although she soon revived. Colonel Trente was unusually thoughtful during the remainder of the day, and more than once Geoffrey found that questioning eye upon him. He fancied that it would divert whatever suspicion had arisen to be unusually gay, and consequently had never been in such a flow of spirits. What he was studying in his mind was this: Had Colonel Trente heard her call his name? If he had, it behooved him to make some prompt movement. At last he decided what it should be.

He found his opportunity later in the day. Colonel Trente and Roger were talking together in a corner by themselves, while the ladies were drinking coffee, and the gentlemen busy with their cigars. Geoffrey sauntered over to them.

"Do you know, Colonel Trente," he said, "that one of my Oxford *bête noirs* has confronted me to-day? That woman we saw to-day is the same crazed old creature, I do believe. She drove me half wild while I was at the university. She took it into her cracked old brain that I was her lover, or her son—I declare I don't know which. How ever came she here, do you suppose? She ought to be safely lodged in a lunatic asylum. She made no end of fun for the fellows, but—before ladies—it is really too annoying!"

"I will inquire into it, and see that she is taken care of. Roger shall hunt her up to-morrow," answered Colonel Trente.

"And I must take care that Roger does not find her," thought Geoffrey; and then the thought came: "Perhaps she really died to day."

And this cruel son, at the thought, felt only a throb of guilty relief.

Afterward, among the gay company amidst the ruins, he spoke with such tender anxiety about poor Spitfire's sufferings, that more than one said:

"What a kindly nature he has! How pitiful he is even to that dumb animal!"

He gave a rather more romantic version of the crazy fancy of this woman from Oxford to Miss Thornton, on their ride home, and explained his annoyance at her reappearance. And the affair eventually added credit with that young lady, when he carelessly told how many times he had helped her with money, and tried to provide a decent refuge for the hapless old creature.

That evening he pleaded a headache, and retired to his chamber at an unusually early hour. But Roger was not particularly astonished when he saw him quietly stealing out a balcony window, and crossing the gardens by all the shaded paths. The old man smiled grimly, and stalked behind him at a safe distance, until he had tracked him down the rear avenue into the highway, along the crossroad, and finally to the door of the cottage, where he asked for Mrs. Carr.

Mrs. Carr came out, wrapped in a shawl, and walking feebly. Geoffrey led the way to a safe distance from the cottage; then he stopped abruptly, and said, sternly:

"Well, you have almost ruined me. I hope you are satisfied."

"Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey," burst forth the poor creature, with a sob at every other word, "how could I help it? I thought you would be killed."

"And so did your best to kill all my prospects in life because I was not," said the young man, pitilessly. "It all comes of your being near me. I tell you I will not have it. Do you leave this place and this shire to-morrow morning. Mind, there must be no delay, no whimpering, now. Colonel Trente will be sending for you to-morrow."

"I will go—oh, I will go," moaned she; "but don't be so hard with me, Geoffrey. You are cruel, and I would die for you any time. I almost died this morning."

A heartless laugh broke from Geoffrey's fresh young lips.

"You made me wish you had," was his cruel taunt.

She groaned, and a gush of bitter tears wet her thin, white cheeks.

"My only son, and he talks to me so! He has no pity!"

"Yes, I have—pity for myself first, and for your folly next. Why can you not be content to wait? When everything is secure, as I have told you, I will take you to my home. Is not that enough? The more you hinder it, the longer you must bear the separation. Come, be reasonable. You know that you can never answer for yourself. You would break down under Colonel Trente's questioning, and betray everything. You must go back and get yourself ready to leave this place in the morning by the earliest coach. Go back to Oxford, to the old place. I will send you word there how I am getting on. That is all I have to say. Mind, there is to be no more trifling of this sort."

"Yes, I will go. I must go, I suppose. Geoffrey, once you found a way to see me once in a while, and to give me a little happiness. Have you lost all love for me, for the poor mother who has yielded everything to gain you this prosperity?"

"We can't waste time in talking sentiment. There, you may kiss me good-night. Mind, you are off early. Good-night."

And after just brushing her cheek with the golden mustache and the soft red lips, he wheeled about and stalked away.

Roger, in the shadow of the fir-tree, waited, and heard the poor mother sobbing out her loneliness and grief to the night-air, long after the careless tread had ceased its echoes on the highway.

When at length she turned and crept listlessly back to the cottage, Roger gave vent to his indignation.

"The heartless cur! I'd like Mr. Malcolm to have heard it all. He's been a mighty favorite, so far; but I'll wager that the other true-hearted young fellow's turn is to come. I'll leave my master alone a little longer. Maybe he'll find it out for himself; but I'm not afraid but he will see it when I show him what I know. So I shall have my visit for nothing to-morrow when I'm sent over here. A deep head for so young a one. But he don't mistrust old Roger can match his plots. He to be heir to Trente Towers! He, indeed!"

CHAPTER XV.

ON this fourth week of Miss Van Benthuyzen's visit, Mr. Warde quietly dropped in upon the circle gathered at The Towers.

It was rather ridiculous that the advent of this still undemonstrative man, who glided noiselessly here and there, with scarcely a word of interruption to any one, should have been so much like a bombshell in a friendly camp.

But the moment she perceived him, Miss Van Benthuyzen's eyes snapped, and she threw back her head defiantly.

"So is he down here to look after my secrets? Then it

behooves me to be on my guard. I am not afraid of Malcolm Trente, and I think I am a match for Algernon Thornton; but for this little trained ferret! Bah! I must put on all my armor, and be wary, likewise."

And the first day after his appearance she sent Violet Younge over to the Rookery to look up some laces, which, after a day's search, could not be found; and when she returned in the evening the young girl was kept away from the drawing-room by some other absurd, but effective pretenses.

Meanwhile, the Hon. Mr. Thornton had discovered the addition to the guests, and even while he went forward with a smile of affable condescension, to shake hands with the old Trente solicitor, he said, within a quailing conscience:

"This means mischief. Warde is not down here among us without a purpose. Has Malcolm Trente brought him down, or that diabolical old maid? If I knew which, I should better see which way to trim my sails."

But Malcolm Trente was as much surprised as any one else at Warde's sudden appearance.

"Do you bring me news of any discovery?" he asked, eagerly, when Roger ushered the solicitor into the library upon his arrival.

But Warde shook his head.

"My scent leads me round and round in a circle. I have come down here to see if observation or lucky chance may not help me out of the woods. If you could give me some ostensible errand to account for my being here, perhaps it would be prudent to announce it. And you won't mind if I am mixed up with your guests in my proxy fashion?"

"I shan't mind anything you do, Warde, if you succeed in your object. And the sooner the better. I am getting tired out, I think," replied Colonel Trente, drearily.

Roger looked at him with a glance of wistful tenderness. He felt a pang of compunction that even out of his deep love he had dared to have any concealments from that beloved master. For it was Roger's summons which had brought Warde down to The Towers.

And it was Roger who defeated all Miss Van Benthuyzen's caution. For he led Mr. Warde into the garden and established him in a vine-hung arbor there, while yet the dew was on the leaves, on purpose to show him Violet Younge when she came down from her early morning visit, which Roger had discovered was her invariable habit.

"She comes this way always, stooping over the roses and inhaling their sweet smells in her pretty, birdlike way, sir. You will not need to look sharply to see who she is like. They all see it, I am certain."

And Warde saw her, and though in a measure prepared for it, he could not help the start, which recognized not the timid young *protégé* of Miss Van Benthuyzen, but the ghost of a figure years ago as fair and sweet and young, flitting among the roses there.

"You are right, Roger," he said, gravely. "There are no other proofs needed than those wonderful eyes, that peculiar hair. But—but—it is more of a puzzle than ever. Why did he not send her home to Miss Annette? Why was her very existence hidden? And what does she say about her mother?"

"She knows nothing—poor child, with all the rest she is confronted with mystery on every side. The young man, Philip Markham, has told me all she knows about it. And, sir, have you noticed—have you thought?—there is no single glimpse of a Frenchman trait. But—no, I will not tell you. See for yourself if you can find any other familiar look," and Roger broke off abruptly, in a voice quivering with agitation.

Warde turned and looked at him steadily for a moment, as if he thought the old man had taken leave of his senses. In the garden the girl was standing motionless, watch-

A dark-red flush mounted to Warde's face, a sparkling glint shot across his dull eye.

"By heaven!" he cried, though in a low voice. "I un-



WINTER QUARTERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK PATON.

ing a bird that lilted saucily on a spray of hollyhocks. Suddenly she burst into a low, musical laugh, and flung out her hand in gesture.

derstand you, Roger. But, but—Malcolm Trente was the soul of honor, even in his boyhood."

"He was, and he is," said Roger, fiercely. "Wherever,

however, you follow suspicions, you are never to lose sight of that fact."

And, as if afraid of further questioning, or stung by his own persistent doubts, Roger started up and walked hurriedly away.

"Snarl upon snarl," growled the lawyer. "I believe the wisest thing to do is to shut them all in one room together, and force everybody to speak the truth he knows."

Violet had received her instructions from Miss Van Benthuyzen to absent herself from the general company as much as possible. Naturally enough, supposing that she had offended those terrible laws of etiquette with which Miss Van Benthuyzen was for ever upbraiding her, she ventured to beg pardon, and ask what she had done wrong, that she might mend it in the future.

But Miss Van Benthuyzen answered, tartly, that when she had explanations to make, she would give them without prompting from any one.

And Violet, feeling herself in disgrace, stole away with a book to a retired arbor in the rear garden, where few of the guests ever ventured.

She was sitting there, nestled cozily into a corner of the old garden bench, with the unread book lying idly in her lap, when the master of the house came slowly down the path. His arms were folded, his head was drooping, and upon his face was an expression of intense melancholy.

Violet's gentle heart stirred in a yearning sympathy. Was he, also, dreary and lonely and sad?—this kind and generous gentleman who had done so much for Philip, who was so genial a host for them all.

She wished she might say something. If it were not for her eyes, she thought, perhaps, she might. If he came into the arbor she was almost sure she would venture to try.

Once he unclasped his arms, and lifting one hand, rubbed his forehead, as if to drive away unwelcome thoughts. Twice a heavy sigh came to her above the pleasant rustle of leaves, the twitter of birds.

She never moved. Half she longed for him to move away, and half she hoped he would come into the arbor, but she would do nothing to precipitate the event.

He walked on slowly, still sighing, and passed the arbor door. The girl lifted the carefully hidden eyes, accepting the decision, and never suspecting the sudden change which made him wheel about and come suddenly in to her.

The start he gave pained her.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "I did not mean to grieve you. I did not think you would come in. How sorry I am!"

"My dear Miss Younge, why should you be sorry? And you speak as if it were on my account," he said, quickly.

"But you were so sad, I wished to do something to comfort you, and instead I pain you," stammered Violet.

"You pain me? I do not understand how——"

"My unfortunate eyes, sir. I cannot help seeing how many avoid them."

She said this in a pathetic tone, like that of a grieved child, and a bright drop slipped down from the golden lash, and splashed upon her cheek while she spoke.

Malcolm Trente went over to her with a kindly smile, and sat down beside her.

"My dear little girl, have you been grieving over this all this time you have been in my house? I beg your pardon, I am sure. Come, let us talk about it, and be friends in future. You remember my illness when I first saw you? Yes, dear, your eyes are very like a pair I knew long years ago. Eyes that I thought were to light all the joyful ways of my life, but that instead left a deadly blight

behind them, and went away from me for ever. But it is not your fault, dear child, nor are your eyes less beautiful for it. I have wondered why I could not catch their glance. So you have been trying to spare me! Tender little heart, I thank you, but do something better than that—look at me fearlessly, with trust and affection."

"That would be very easy," said Violet, dimpling into smiles. "I think I have longed to love you ever since I heard of you."

"And when was that?" he asked, with an amused smile.

"When Philip told me how you had helped him. And since—when I have seen that you were almost as lonely as I, my heart has yearned toward you, I wished so much that I might be able to comfort you."

"You shall, generous little heart. Come, let us promise here to be true and good friends. When I am lonely and dreary I will send for you, and your prattle shall cheer me. And if you are in any need or trouble, remember you must come to me as if I were your father."

His voice faltered a little when he spoke the word, in spite of a brave effort.

"My father was grieved with my eyes in the same way," said Violet, musingly.

"He has only recently died, Miss Van Benthuyzen tells me. I am sorry for your loss. But let us talk of cheerful things, since we are to mutually brighten and not sadden each other. What book have you selected?"

And Colonel Trente lightly glanced at the volume of poems, and then begged her to read him one. They passed a happy forenoon in the arbor, and were even merry over the tray of fruit and cake, which the master sent for by the first servant who answered his call upon the gold whistle he wore on his watchguard.

Violet stole back to her room in Miss Van Benthuyzen's suite with such a radiant face that the latter seized her by the shoulder, exclaiming:

"What have you been doing? Have you found—your aunt?"

"No; but I have found a friend," answered Violet, and she told her artless story.

"Humph!" was all Miss Van Benthuyzen's comment.

That evening she gave command for Violet's reappearance in the drawing-room.

Consequently, Violet was one of the train the next day when the equestrian party trotted out of the avenue, and followed Geoffrey's lead upon a new road which they had never before explored.

Colonel Trente had excused himself, and gone off with Warde in the dogcart in another direction; and Miss Van Benthuyzen had taken the carriage and gone over to the Rookery for some needed consultation there. There was no one, therefore, to hinder their taking this direction, and the young people rode gayly along, enjoying it all the more because of the uncertainty of their destination.

Violet and Molly Chilson had Philip for their attendant, and had chatted pleasantly, but presently Philip became aware that Violet's mood was changing. At first there was a pensive haze in her eyes, then they widened and deepened in color, and glanced around with startled wonder. She dropped out of the conversation, and seemed to be lost in a day-dream. But all at once she checked her horse, and putting one hand against her heart, as if its throbbings hurt her, she said, sharply:

"Hush, Philip! Don't talk, but listen to me. It has seemed to me that I knew this road before for a mile back, but now I am sure of it. Listen, and hear me tell you what we are coming to. Do you see that low-arched willow road, with its roof of green? We shall go through

it, and come to a stone trough with a queer image, half lion and half griffin, cut out of stone and set above it. The water pours through the creature's mouth into a stone bowl, worn smooth as a marble, and then falls into a trough. There is a stone seat on one side. Then"—she paused, and shut her eyes, either recalling a dream or some recital often told to her—"then we cross a pleasant meadow with a rustic railing over a stone bridge at either end—two bridges. You understand? And then we enter an avenue shaped like a bow with the string to the meadow, and this avenue is cool and dark always with walnut-trees; and then—we come to a house, old and gray, with many quaint gables, and with a shining brass knocker on the thick door, that has, again, a head, half lion and half griffin, upon it."

She looked and she spoke like one in sleep. Her eye glittered strangely, and her cheek was very pale.

"Violet," began Philip, in alarm.

But she waved an imperious hand.

"Ride on now. I have told you. Philip, we are coming to my Aunt Ann's house."

She touched her horse with the whip as she spoke, and rode on so swiftly, he could not speak again to her.

"What does she mean? She must have been here before," questioned Molly Chilson; "for, see! Here is the willow road and the stone trough."

"She will find everything out for herself," thought Philip, watching her anxiously, and greatly puzzled at the change which had come over her, transforming the timid, distrustful child into an imperious, self-reliant woman.

Everything appeared according to her prophecy, and at the steps of the old manor-house, where a wondering servant appeared, Violet Younge suddenly astonished them all by springing unaided from the saddle and demanding:

"Where is the mistress? What is her name?"

"Miss Annette Henchman, miss. The place belongs to another name now," answered the servant, brushing the back of his hand across his eyes.

"What was her brother's name? She had a brother?" again commanded the young, sad voice.

"Yes, miss; though no one talked of him. We all think Miss Annette broke her heart for him. You mean Mr. Horace?"

"Ay—Horace—Aunt Ann's brother Horace. And she is dead and he is dead. And this is the old house."

The poor fellow looked at her in bewilderment.

"I should like to go in. I must see everything there—the heron in the hall and the armor. Oh, Aunt Ann! Dear, dear Aunt Ann!"

And now the stern mood gave way, and the tears poured over her cheeks.

Philip approached her eagerly, alarmed for what might be her next movement before all their wondering eyes.

She flung herself against his shoulder, reckless of everything.

"Oh, Philip, Philip! I have found my father's house, but there are only ghosts here!"

He calmed her, as best he might, angrily aware of the tittering laughter among the watchful observers.

"Hush, dear Violet," he whispered. "Save all this agitation until we are alone together. These people will only blame you innocent grief."

"My dear Miss Younge, you seem to have made some important discovery," said Geoffrey Carlingford, riding up to the steps, with a satirical smile lighting his handsome face. "Shall we leave you and your devoted cavalier to enjoy the romance alone? The rest of the party seem to be *de trop*."

Violet withdrew her wet eyes from their clinging gaze upon the quaint old house behind her, and gave one cold, impatient glance toward the smiling group of aristocratic triflers on the lawn. She read the meaning of their whispering, their satirical, contemptuous looks.

"Oh, tell them to do what they please, Philip; to laugh and sneer and guess evil things, according to their own imaginations. I do not care. I give them so little thought that I cannot even be hurt by their cruel jeers," she said, impatiently. "And as for myself, I want to go back to Trente Towers. I have a friend there. He promised to be my friend."

"Let me put you in the saddle again," said Philip, quietly, except for one steely glance, ignoring the gallant figure of the horseman by the steps.

Mrs. Chilson guided her horse to Violet's side as soon as the latter was mounted.

"Child," said she, indignantly, "have you not been long enough in England to know better than to throw yourself into a young man's arms? Foreign manners of that sort will never pass here."

"Mrs. Chilson," spoke Philip, sternly, "Miss Younge is my affianced wife. And she has just passed through a most agitating discovery. I am here to protect her from levity and harshness."

The lady retreated, biting her lip angrily.

"Rash young man," she murmured, spitefully. "Has he not heard that shameful story? Does he not know who this girl must be, if this discovery of hers is true?"

"Philip," said Violet, when the twain were riding alone behind the cavalcade, "I shall never be like those girls—like any girls, I fear. Are you ashamed of me?"

"Did I seem to be?" he asked, reproachfully.

"You? No, you are always the same—always, Philip, my king," she answered. "But," and now a rosy glow stole into the pale face, and crept even over the broad, low forehead. "I have shown you too plainly what was in my heart. Oh, I see now how many things I have done—from the very first—that other girls would blush for. But to me they were but the truth, which I could never hide if I tried, and would not if I could. I scorn to use deceit with you, even about my love. But, Philip, I will not have even your love out of pity for my forlornness, nor out of charity for my—need."

"No, Violet," answered Philip, quietly, "you will not. I should know better than to ask it on such a pitiful score. You will love me as I love you, because heaven sent us to each other."

She turned a glowing face toward him.

"Ah, you have said it. I accept it as a child. But I am grown into a woman in these few weeks, and I know better now how kind and good you have been to me. For a moment they made me afraid that you looked at it in their way. I beg your pardon, Philip."

She lingered upon the name with a loving cadence in the voice that gladdened his secret heart, and reassured his momentary doubt.

"We are strangely situated, singularly alone, each of us," continued Philip, gravely. "If Miss Van Benthuyzen is really to be your guardian I must say this to her. But while I am in doubt of that fact, I keep silence. It makes me fiercely impatient to be settled in life, to think of you exposed to her whim and capricious generosity."

"She does not like me, but she has taken a strong fancy for you. Philip, I am patient with her unkindness on that account. What will she say to me when she learns that I have found my aunt's real home?"

"Perhaps that she knew it all before," returned Philip.

Philip helped her to dismount when they reached The

Towers, and led the way promptly to the group gathered in the vestibule. Then and there he meant to try their mettle—to learn the verdict they had pronounced upon her.

Violet herself was singularly unconscious either of any curiosity or anxiety in the matter, but she followed him with a new dignity of bearing. She had found at last a home where she could claim at least her father's rights, and the poor child felt somehow strengthened and ennobled by the discovery.

The highbred company lingering in the vestibule dissolved, as if by magic, when the young couple approached.

Philip understood only too well what it meant, as one by one they hurried off, without vouchsafing a word or glance toward the tabooed delinquents.

He flushed angrily and set his lips together in a stern defiance, but Violet's face was as unruffled as a Summer lake. Some definite purpose shone in her eyes, and absorbed her thought. She asked Roger in the hall if Colonel Trente was in the library, and being answered in the affirmative, walked calmly forward to the door of that apartment, and after a single knock, entered the room.

Colonel Trente, Mr. Thornton and Mr. Warde were there, and Miss Van Benthuyzen, still in bonnet and wrap, was standing by the chair which she had not yet accepted.

Straight past them all went the slender figure with the train of the riding-dress trailing behind, as it escaped from her careless hold.

"Colonel Trente," said the sweet, clear, trustful voice, "you told me to come to you when I needed help. I did not think to do it so soon, but I have found to-day my aunt's house. I have looked upon my father's home, and I come to ask you to tell me what is right for me to do."

Miss Van Benthuyzen stared as if she could not credit her own vision. Was this grave, resolute, womanly speaker the timid child she had hitherto known and ruled?

"Are you mad, Violet?" demanded she, fiercely. "What can you mean?"

"My Aunt Ann was Miss Annette Henchman. My father was Horace Henchman. I have found it out to-day."

"Horace Henchman's daughter. And with that face! Oh, my prophetic heart!" exclaimed Malcolm Trente, in a voice of anguish.

Yet he went forward with generous graciousness and took her hand.

"My dear child, your appeal shall not be made in vain. I make your cause my first care."

"And in that case," spoke up Warde, with a sudden promptness that astonished himself as much as the others, "you will lay a solemn obligation upon every person present to assist you. My own efforts, and all the knowledge I possess which bears upon the case, are at the service of—this young lady."

"Thank you, Warde, you have taken the right step. And you, Algeron Thornton—you also are required to honor, to give the same assurance. Strangely enough, all who are here are able to fulfill such a promise," said Malcolm Trente, with a solemn earnestness, that made the great statesman shiver.

He bent his stately head with a haughty nod, and looked over to Miss Van Benthuyzen, inquiringly.

She flung an irate glance toward Violet, but answered at once:

"What little I can tell is at any one's service. I shall not be the one to hold it back."

"Then to-morrow—no, not to-morrow—on the third day from this, and at this hour, this same company shall be present here, and each one solemnly promises to bring all

the help within his power to disperse the mystery which has hung for so many years over the pitiful story of Horace Henchman," said Colonel Trente, looking from one to the other with impressive gravity. "Have I your solemn promise?"

Every one answered Yes, the honorable member loudest of all.

Malcolm Trente turned to the grave-eyed girl, and touched his lips lightly to the little hand he took in his.

"So you see you may rely upon our help, Miss Violet. Have no fear. From this moment you are my ward, and I will manage this affair for you."

He led her gently to the door while he said it, and opened it himself for her.

He met Miss Van Benthuyzen, and detained her by a single sentence at the threshold.

"And you knew this when you brought her here?"

The frozen skin flushed as it had not done for many a year, but she returned, coolly:

"I am to tell my story in three days, it seems. I will not anticipate that day, and spoil its effect."

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. CHILSON went promptly to the reigning sovereign of their aristocratic circle, and Mrs. Thornton was put at once into possession of all the facts of Violet's misdemeanor.

"Such strange manners in a young lady!" she reiterated, indignantly. "But, then, what could be expected of her if this proves a veritable discovery? A most unfortunate affair. And undoubtedly Miss Van Benthuyzen herself is thoroughly deceived."

Mrs. Thornton had as much indignation for the culprit as any one else, and would have liked to deal out summary punishment. But—

Colonel Trente was a peculiar man, and this was his house. It really would not do to inaugurate any decided line of conduct until one learned his opinions. But, after all, there were ways enough to show one's disapprobation. The two ladies placidly arranged a line of conduct which should pierce their helpless victim to the heart, while yet it should not be open to the charge of uncharitableness or cruelty.

Mrs. Thornton called in her daughter when the consultation was ended, and Mrs. Chilson had gone to the other ladies with her approved instructions.

"What is all this flurry about that strange girl, Maude? Tell me what you saw and thought about it?"

"I thought everybody was in a great hurry to condemn her; that more allowance might be made for her foreign education," answered Maude, carelessly. "I don't suppose it is really wicked for her to love that Mr. Markham—is it?"

"But to be so bold and forward—that is frightful! Why, Mrs. Chilson says she actually threw herself into his arms. Besides, her conduct is the least embarrassing part of it. Just think who she must be! what a stain is on her birth!"

"Poor child! Well, I grant you that is terrible," returned Maude. "Oh, I cannot think how I should bear it if I were in her place! And yet that is where she herself is most innocent and helpless. It is very hard that she should suffer for it!"

"What would you have? Shall we make no distinctions in these things?" asked her mother, impatiently.

The beautiful Maude sighed softly.

"I suppose we must. It is my crown of rejoicing that my father stands before the world with such a spotless

escutcheon. It would crush me to the dust to have a dishonorable record flung at him. For that very reason I have pity for a less fortunate girl."

"You have never taken any notice of her yet. Of course, you will not begin now," observed Mrs. Thornton, in a tone which suggested that she was never positive about anything her daughter might do.

"I don't suppose I shall. I am thankful it does not come into my hands for decision. I shall treat her precisely as I have hitherto done; but, as you say, I have never been at all intimate with her, and there can be no marked change."

"You do not associate with the other young ladies, Maude. For all your fine philanthropic talk you are a haughty creature, and hold yourself aloof from common clay," retorted her mother, half in pride, half in complaint.

Maude Thornton tossed her queenly head, and smiled softly to herself, as she murmured, "*Noblesse oblige*."

"Your father thinks that this Geoffrey Carlingford is destined to be the future master of Trente Towers. It is odd that I can't find out anything about the family. You are with him a great portion of the time. What does he tell you, Maude?" went on the mother, stealing a scrutinizing glance at the young lady's lovely face.

"That it is a charming day, and a beautiful country hereabouts," answered Maude, lightly. "I hope you see that Colonel Trente generally rides with us, and keeps beside us. Or, if he does not, that I bring up Mr. Chilson or his wife for safe escort."

"Oh, I am not accusing you of any disregard of proprieties. I have the utmost confidence in you there, child. You have too much pride to be in any danger of such folly."

"Yes, I am proud; I am very proud," said Maude, musingly. And she carried the thoughts with her down to the drawing-room, vaguely wondering why there was a new pain in the old, familiar consciousness.

Violet was alone in the great room. She had gone, as usual, to Miss Van Benthuyzen's room, to assist in whatever way she might about that lady's toilet. But the door was locked upon her. She called softly:

"It is I. It is Violet."

"No," answered Miss Van Benthuyzen's chilly voice, "it is Miss Annettee Henschman's niece, who was never invited into my rooms. Pray go back to your chamber. You are Colonel Trente's ward, now, and have dropped my protecting hands."

The girl stood a moment as if stunned, then went slowly down to the drawing-room and took up a book of engravings. Two or three of the other guests looked in, saw her and retreated.

Philip was not at hand to shield her, not even when the collected groups came in from the piazzas.

She wondered where he could be, but heard the explanation presently.

"Markham seems to be a knight much in request, whether by distressed and forsaken damsels, or by impatient creditors, who shall say?" said Geoffrey Carlingford, in a tone of voice which expressed great amusement. He was the centre of a small group who stood with their backs to Violet.

"Did you know I found an advertisement in the *Times* this morning begging Philip Markham, who left Heidelberg at such a date, to send his address promptly to a London office?"

"Oh, yes, I heard it. What has the fellow been up to, I wonder?"

"But he didn't seem much frightened," interposed an-

other. "He has gone down to the village, to telegraph at once where he can be found."

"That was what he said," said Geoffrey, with a significant smile. "Colonel Trente didn't seem particularly pleased to have a guest of his advertised for in that way."

"How did he know about it?"

"Why," answered Geoffrey, unblushingly, "of course I told him. I supposed he saw it."

Mr. Warde coughed rather affectedly, and was thus prevented from making a reply to Geoffrey's significant glances.

Meantime, Miss Van Benthuyzen sailed into the room, pretending to shiver under the ermine cape which covered her shoulders. All the ladies watched to see her manner toward Violet.

The latter started up, half mechanically, to cross the room to her side, but meeting only an icy glance, which seemed to see only the wall behind her, she sank back again into her seat. Miss Van Benthuyzen appeared to be in unusually amiable spirits. She talked affably with first one and then another.

"But where is Mr. Markham?" Violet heard her ask.

And Geoffrey hastened to answer:

"The man has been advertised. His full name was out in yesterday's *Times*. Somebody in Heidelberg is particularly anxious to find him. He said he was going down to the telegraph-office to answer. Perhaps we shall see him again, and perhaps he will mysteriously disappear. Who can tell about these marked men?"

While the laughter elicited by this sally was still sounding in the room Philip appeared, accompanied by Colonel Trente.

"Safe!" cried Geoffrey, theatrically. "What a relief!"

Philip went directly to Violet, and unfolded a newspaper before them all, to show her its contents.

"Two advertisements which concern me," he said, quietly. "The Heidelberg one is a mystery. But look at this," and he pointed to the column of "Wants," and laid his finger against one requiring a sub-professor of German in a neighboring college. "Exactly what I should ask for," he said, in a lower voice. "I have already written my application. It means an independent, if an humble, home, and, something else, Violet."

A glad light lent a golden glory to the violet eyes, a soft flush of happiness crept over the pale face. Where was the sting of their unkindness, the chill of the grand company's displeasure now? It fell off from her as lightly as the dew escapes before the sunbeams. She looked up trustfully into his face. And again he realized, with a thrill of added tenderness, what a true, frank, guileless nature she possessed, so utterly free from the little shams and mock pruderies of common girls.

They went out together behind the others, entirely oblivious of the intended crushing rebuke of society. Neither of them was aware that Valeria Van Benthuyzen fairly ground her teeth as she sailed by them.

But before they left the table Philip knew how Violet had been turned away from the locked door, and that Miss Van Benthuyzen had relinquished her guardianship.

He went to Colonel Trente that very night with the professorship advertisement in his hand, and quietly stated the case.

"I certainly owe enough to you, Colonel Trente, aside from your claim as host, to show to you my desire and intentions," began he, promptly. "Besides, Miss Younge is so peculiarly situated——"

"Miss Younge!" interrupted Colonel Trente, "you mean this young girl Violet. She claims another name now—and she is my ward. What of her, pray?"

"I wish to marry her at once, sir, and if I obtain this situation, I shall be able to do it."

"Marry her! Good heavens, man, how long have you known her?" ejaculated the astonished host.

"Only a little more than two months. I admit that it must look very absurd to you, but I might have gone through an ordinary London courtship, and never have learned one-half so much of my bride as I know now of her sweet, true nature. We have made our acquaintance amidst sorrow and trial. Our love has grown out of mutual confidence and sympathy; and, as I said before, the case is very peculiar. Violet is so desolate of friends. Miss Van Benthuyzen is so hard a guardian I cannot leave her to endure the life a day longer than is actually necessary. I feel that some one should be consulted, and we both turn to you. Will you endorse my claim, Colonel Trente?"

"But, Markham, I must think for you. I mean to give you my assistance. How much depends upon yourself? A very brilliant future may open to you."

"So much the better," exclaimed Philip, eagerly. "How thankful I shall be to give Violet the luxuries of life as well as the delights of love."

"But you must think of yourself, my lad. Hers may prove to be a clouded name; her birth, even, may be dubious; she is sure to be poor, and to have little pride in her father's name," said Colonel Trente, earnestly, but kindly.

"I am giving her *my* name, and though it is not a noble one, its fair fame was never questioned; and she herself will bless and adorn any station. I ask her to be the crowning jewel of my life wherever its paths may lead me," responded Philip, fervently.

"You are a worthy lover!" cried Malcolm Trente, laying his hand in a kindly caress upon Philip's shoulder. "If the young lady shows an equal willingness, I promise you I will not say you nay—but the suddenness of the affair will be unprecedented. Wait until the day after to-morrow, and we will settle all things by its revelations."

And again he shook Philip's hand warmly.

He had scarcely settled himself to reflection after Philip's leave, when Geoffrey Carlingford presented himself.

"Could you spare me a few moments of your valuable time, Colonel Trente?" asked Geoffrey, with that flattering, deferential air of his, but which, somehow, fell flat and stale upon Colonel Trente's mood. Perhaps because the ring of true metal was still in his ear, and the hollowness of the spurious coin was therefore more perceptible.

"My time is of little account, Geoffrey. What is it you wish?"

"Advice, sir. Advice upon a most delicate and perplexing question. But you, of all others, can solve my doubts."

He drew an ottoman toward Colonel Trente's chair, and dropped down upon it in an attitude graceful enough for an Apollo. The lamplight flickered on his golden hair and handsome face.

Malcolm Trente smiled, and then sighed. The handsome lad had almost won his heart, but ugly doubts had crept in, though they were only hints from Roger. He held himself aloof, uncompromised, until some final test.

"Well," he said, "in what direction am I to go to find the problem?"

"I wish I knew myself," sighed Geoffrey, tragically.

"Colonel Trente, I admire Miss Thornton very much."

"Well, so do a great many others, I among the rest," was the cynical reply. "I see nothing dubious there." Geoffrey gave a little start.

"You—you, Colonel Trente? Oh, indeed! Then I shall say no more. No one can hope to supersede *your* claims."

"Nonsense!" cried the host, a dull crimson mounting to his forehead. "You are not absurd enough to think I could be a suitor of hers. Go on. What more have you to say?"

"I think I shall love her—sir—if it is prudent—if it meets with your approbation. I came to consult you while I hold the reins in my hand, that I may know which way to turn."

"It seems to me that the consultation required is of your own heart and the young lady's," returned the host, dryly.

"But I wish to do what is honorable," said Geoffrey, in a slightly reproachful tone; "and I have come to ask you to show me the right way."

"True, true. Well, I will do my best," answered Malcolm Trente, moved, in spite of his judgment, by the appealing look of those expressive eyes.

"I think I shall win Miss Thornton's favor if I ask for it. But will it be honorable to ask for it until I have settled prospects?"

And under the lowered eyelid Geoffrey cast a searching glance at Colonel Trente's face. How far would it be safe for him to venture?

"I should certainly advise you to wait until you have arrived at some decision," spoke Colonel Trente, slowly.

He was thinking of the German professorship, and the letter of application already on its way. There were contrasts to be drawn certainly between these two young men.

"Miss Thornton is very beautiful; her manners are exquisite. She will grace any position, adorn any home. Her family, her position, are all that could be desired; and her father's influence would make a success of any political ambition I might cherish, or—any one might cherish for me," went on Geoffrey, slowly and meditatively. "It seems to me that I should be wise to improve this most favorable opportunity of winning her favor."

No answer from the listener.

"But," resumed Geoffrey, "of course I do not trust my own impressions. I come to consult your wishes, to ask your advice, and—and—to inquire——"

"I see," broke in Malcolm Trente's low, cool voice; "and you wish to know what prospects you may advance to assist your wooing. I must say frankly that I scarcely know how to answer you. We have not talked at all yet about your future course in life. Have you made any plans?"

"As frankly I must answer that I have not. I trusted everything to your kindness, sir."

And again Geoffrey looked up into Malcolm Trente's face with that irresistible smile of his.

The latter was drumming rather impatiently with one finger on the table.

"I committed myself to nothing beyond your education," he said, presently. "What other ideas I held were kept to myself, and were extremely indefinite. I will say, however, that, provided you merit my approbation, I am willing to purchase a commission in the army for you, if you find no more congenial pursuit calling you."

He saw the shadow fall over the debonaire countenance while he spoke the words. He heard the angry thrill of disappointment in the voice as Geoffrey returned:

"You are very kind, indeed, sir; but I don't think the army would be the place for me. I am afraid that I must not think of Miss Thornton, unless, indeed—— Has she the prospect of a fortune?"

A feeling of angry disgust rose in the heart of Colonel Trente, but he managed to answer, indifferently:

"I really cannot see that she has. Her father had no inherited money, and he has lived expensively."

Geoffrey sighed softly, and, as he flattered himself, most pathetically.

"Then it is not to be considered. Under present circumstances I cannot afford to indulge my inclinations."

There was a silence which Colonel Trente took care not to break.

Geoffrey looked up again, with a still more expressive sigh.

"Colonel Trente," he said, sorrowfully, "has any one tried to prejudice you against me? Have I done anything to forfeit your confidence?"

"My dear fellow," answered the other, lightly, "you vex yourself unnecessarily. You forget that I have known very little about you; not a particle more than of my other guests. How could you forfeit what you have never possessed? It requires a long or a close acquaintance to win my confidence to that degree you are thinking of. But it is growing late. Suppose we say good-night?"

"Good-night, sir. I hope I have not bored you."

And Geoffrey went off with a tranquil face. But alone in his room an angry frown knit his forehead, and he cried, fiercely:

"Curse it! something has changed him. He need not think I do not know it."

(To be Continued.)

ADVERSE CRITICISM.

WHAT flowers I had in one fair knot were bound,
And so I laid them on a public stall,
Wondering would any one take note at all,
Or taking note, to praise them would be found.
A keen-eyed critic turned the nosegay round,
Then cried, "No true flowers, these!" and let it fall:
"More weeds that grow against the church's wall!
And what coarse thread about the stalks is wound!"
"Be true, I fear me, dandelions and grass
I culled, mistaking them for garden bloom,
And half believing that they so might pass;
And now my critic has pronounced my doom,
Half undeceived I shall not grudge my lot,
If friends may find one true Forget-me-not."

A NIGHT OF MYSTERY;

OR,

THE GHOST OF THE TOWER.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

I HAD come back to New York after two years' absence, as confidential clerk and agent of the great house of Mack-aye, Hallam & Co., of which a cousin of my mother's was one of the senior partners. He had sons and daughters of his own, and I had never counted on wealth or favors, though I had been fairly advanced in the business. Now, after having been closeted with him some four or five hours, and taken to dine with him at his favorite hotel, he put a note in my hand.

"This came for you yesterday," he explained. "A telegram was sent first to inquire when you might be expected home, to which, I replied, and this letter was the result."

I opened it hastily, glanced at it, and then as suddenly closed it in my fingers.

"The troublesome news, Ross, I hope?" said the kindly voice.

"No. That is—surprising—I mean——" and I paused

in my stammering reply, my eyes averted, my face crimson.

"If you are in any money difficulty, Ross, come to me as you would to a father. You are too fine a lad to be wrecked by a boyish entanglement or indiscretion."

"Thank you," and I wrung his hand warmly. "It is not money or trouble, but something surprising. And if I need a friend in it I shall be glad to come to you if I may."

"You may, assuredly."

There we parted, and I went to my lodgings. Alone in my room I opened the crumpled missive, and read it through with breathless attention. It certainly went straight to the point.

"MR. ROSS ALLINGHAM—More than two years ago you asked me for my daughter's hand, and was refused. I thought then, and still think, that she might do better, but, whether wisely or not, she loves you. If you have made no new ties and care to resume the old, we will forget the past, and if you care to visit Gervaise Court you will find a welcome. May I request an early answer?"

"CLEMENT GERVAISE."

Almost three years before this I had met Reine Gervaise. I was having a holiday at a rather wild, romantic, seaside resort.

One day I had gone out fishing with a small party, when there came up a sudden squall, a perfect hurricane of wind, but no rain to speak of. We made hurriedly to the shore, or, rather, tried, but wind and tide were against us, and we capsized. Not a soul was in sight. Could we swim to the shore?

I came up clinging desperately to the stern of the boat, and straining my eyes shoreward. Was it a vision that met them? A woman on a superb gray steed, her dress fitting her shapely figure to perfection, a long white plume in her hat, and a shower of golden hair that fell to her waist. For an instant I was dazed.

She waved her hand, her handkerchief, and I could tell like an inspiration the very words she said, though the roaring and crashing of the waters would have drowned the voice of a trumpet. I knew then that I should be saved, and I exhorted my companions to renewed effort. My vision disappeared; gray walls of emerald spray closed around us, there was a ringing in my ears, a falling, swooning sensation, as I buffeted the waves, and memory failed me, until some time afterward I woke to consciousness and found myself in bed, feeling very weak and uncertain, but I knew the face bending over me. I took one long, delicious draught of satisfied gazing.

"He has opened his eyes," cried the voice, joyfully, and every pulse in my body seemed to respond to the music.

"Thank heaven! He is all right, then. Miss Gervaise, there are four human lives put down to your quickness and presence of mind. You are one woman out of a hundred," was the response, in a manly tone.

"Thank you! I am very glad. I couldn't bear to give up this one, for he looked to me so appealingly out there in the sea. If he had been drowned his face would always have haunted me. Do you know him?"

"No. At least nothing more than that his name is Ross Allingham, from New York."

"Ross Allingham! What a pretty, musical combination!"

Musical, indeed, it sounded from her lips. I fell asleep to the dreamy, seductive intonation, and woke again quite well.

Miss Gervaise was a heroine after that. She disclaimed vehemently; but, when I heard all the story, I did honor her for the presence of mind that had saved my life.

*A BRIGHT AND WINSOME FLOWER.*



A NIGHT OF MYSTERY.—"WITH A SORT OF SWING AND A SHRILL CRY IT GAINED THE GROUND AND FACED THE WINDOW WHERE I STOOD."—SEE PAGE 79.

How did I dare to love her? Well, I cannot tell you. That never was half so much of a mystery to me as that she could and did care for me, for the family was rich, old and aristocratic.

Her father had come into possession of an immense fortune some ten years before, but it was rumored that he was rather "fast." He belonged to an expensive club, kept valuable horses and gave elegant dinners.

There was an old family residence called Gervaise Court—a great favorite with Miss Gervaise—but her father spent much of his time at fashionable hotels.

Her tastes were quite different, and very simple. To be sure, her gray horse Selim was a superb animal, and she had him kept with the utmost care. Riding was her passion. I was thankful for some country experience that had made an excellent horseman of me, so that I was not ashamed to take my place beside her.

I overstaid my time by a fortnight, and received a rather peremptory summons to business. How could I tear myself from her! I realized that I loved her with a wild, absolute passion that combined all the elements of affection, respect, warmth and jealousy.

And then I wondered a little that so attractive a girl should have the whole world at her feet. She was a trifle haughty, and hedged herself about with a kind of fine reserve; but how had I come to everleap the barrier?

We were walking on the beach that last evening, having so much to say, yet saying so little. How it came about at last—how I gained courage to confess my love—I can never clearly remember.

She did not spurn me; indeed, I felt that she did care more than she confessed.

"I shall be in New York in October with papa," she said, at last. "If you are of the same mind then, call on me."

And then she turned her large, serene eyes full upon me, and the light in them half blinded me. She cared for me. I was in a transport of bliss.

They did not come until the middle of the month. I had spent six rapturous weeks dreaming about her. But I realized then the great gulf between us!

"You are absurd, Ross!" she exclaimed, with girlish petulance. "An energetic young man of twenty-eight has a chance to die a millionaire. And, after all, I do not count so much on the Gervaise fortune; papa's habits are very extravagant. My mother's father left me a legacy of one thousand a year, and if I marry I dare say that is all I should bring my husband for many a year to come. You need not be frightened, therefore. But I wonder, Ross"—and her fair face paled a little—"I have no idea how papa will take this. He has never said a word to me about marrying, and I am almost twenty. He has allowed me my own way in everything."

"I shall not ask him to give you to me wholly until I have taken a step or two in my present position. But I want a positive engagement. I want to be an honorable and acknowledged lover."

She bent over and kissed me, though in general she was very chary of her caresses.

They were going to Washington, so I nerved myself for the rather dreadful duty. I had an idea that Mr. Gervaise was not a very affectionate father. He seemed to care little for ladies' society of any kind.

But I was to be quickly undeceived. He heard me through with a cool, supercilious stare, and declined the honor of my future acquaintance in a manner that completely crushed out hope. One look of the man's face was enough to convince you he was not of the relenting kind. He would explain this little matter to his daughter,

so that it would not be necessary for me to see her again, as he should give orders to the servants that I was not to be admitted, and that any letter coming from me should be refused. With that he wished me good-morning and bowed me out.

I was stunned. I went back to the counting-house and took up my pen mechanically, and tried to think the whole thing a hideous dream. Not see her again! Better that the waves had washed me to her feet a corpse after my first vision of her.

I did not venture to call, of course, but I watched, and was rewarded by a sight of my darling. It was just dusk, and the streets were full of people hurrying to and fro, so we passed through the crowd unnoticed. I had never seen her so moved, so agitated. I knew that she loved me.

"We must be patient, dear," she said. "We can spare a year or two of our young lives. It seems so strange to him, and he is so incredulous of love. But I think that, when he finds how steadfast our affection really is, he will relent."

"And you love me? You are sure?"

"Sure! Oh, my darling, it might be better for me if I could forget you, but I cannot."

A plan of correspondence was arranged upon, and after many promises, we parted. The next day they left for Washington.

I heard from her frequently until just before Christmas. They had returned to Gervaise Court, and some inexplicable change had come over her father. He had suspected the correspondence and taxed her with it, and she was too honorable to deny it. I could guess how a man of his temperament had raved. And he had extorted from her a promise never to marry without his consent. She had given it.

"I know you will blame me," she wrote; "but for you to understand my feelings I must give you a page of our unhappy family history. More than a century ago, when Gervaise Court was first built by a haughty Norman nobleman, he married a fair young wife and installed her as mistress. Then there followed him from over the sea a woman who had loved him madly, and been deserted. She strode through the hall, and a frightened servant directed her to the nursery, where the master was amusing his little son. A terrible scene followed—so goes the legend. 'I will put a curse upon your child and all his descendants,' said she. 'Father and child shall war with each other continually, each child in his turn bringing his father's gray hairs to shame.' Then she turned and left him, but stopped on the threshold to utter another curse. Weeks afterward they found her dead body in the river, and gave it decent burial, though there were not wanting people to say that she had been murdered. I am not weakly superstitious, but it is true that fathers and sons have always been at variance. My uncle and his son quarreled desperately, and it is supposed he came to a violent end. Then my father inherited. He has no son, but it seems as if we were not to be exempt. And so I have given my promise. We might go on until our love became a snare and a temptation, and I could not risk his curse. I ought to have known better than listen to you that Summer night. I often think how strange that of all the men I have met I should have loved you. Oh, forgive me for bringing this sorrow upon you."

There was another page blotted with tears. I sprang up and began to pace the floor. I could not, would not have it end thus. My plans were soon made. The next morning I pleaded some urgent private business, and received a week's leave of absence.

Gervaise Court, as it was called, was in a wild, mountainous region in the northern part of Maryland. I started at once for Baltimore, knowing that from thence a railroad diverged to the town nearest the Court, and that I could easily find my way. How I should see her I left for circumstances to determine. It was a dreary journey in mid-Winter, and somehow, as I neared Gervaise Court a chill struck to my very soul. The place looked as if it had a curse upon it. No wonder they staid at home so little.

I wandered around all the morning. I had resolved that if I saw Mr. Gervaise go out I would call upon Reine. I did not dare question a servant. About mid-afternoon there was a stir, and Selim was brought round. My heart beat in great, strangling bounds.

She came at length, alone. There seemed to be a discussion between her and the groom, but he did not follow. Then she glanced up and down the road in a state of indecision. I emerged from my lurking-place and waved my hand. She turned Selim, galloping gently.

"Oh, Ross! Ross!" she cried, "are you crazy?"

"I should have been if I had not seen you," I replied. "Reine, my queen!"

"Hush! hush! Walk on to that lane yonder, and I will meet you there."

She was pale and agitated to the last degree. I really experienced a strange sense of remorse. The lane led to a thicket from which timber had been cut and drawn. Here she dismounted and we seated ourselves for a talk.

I will not repeat my lover's arguments. I was willing to wait—indeed, I meant to wait until I had advanced myself. I even said that if she wished to be free because she had met some one she liked better, or if I was not quite what she had fancied me—if she had loved too hastily and now repented—I would relinquish my claim.

She did not endeavor to conceal her love. It was her father's prohibition, and the unhappy family histories that seemed to have imbued her with superstition. I could not shake her determination.

"It is best for us to forget the past," she said, in a weary tone. "I think now that I can never love or marry another person, and doubtless you believe the same, but time works great changes. I want you to feel entirely free."

That was all. The Winter sunlight waned, and we said adieu amid bitter tears. How weird and gloomy the old house looked! I seemed to understand that there might be a curse upon it.

A fortnight later I had this offer to go abroad for our house, and I accepted it gladly. I used to scan the papers with a feeling that sometimes I should find Reine and her father registered as foreign travelers, but I never did.

And now this overture met me on my return. I felt more than surprised, astounded. Had Mr. Gervaise squandered his fortune to that extent that he was willing his daughter should marry a poor man?

It was too late to telegraph then, but I did the next morning. Then I went to Mr. Mackaye and told him the whole story.

"I am very glad to have this confidence, Ross," he said, gravely. "We have been thinking of making you a junior partner in the house. You had better go and attend to your love affairs first, though," with a quiet smile.

I wrung his hand warmly, and thanked him from a full heart. Still there were so many little things to attend to that I could not get off until the night train. The next morning there was a wearisome detention on the branch road, so it was past noon when I reached the station.

I scarcely expected Reine, but almost the first person I saw on the platform was Mr. Gervaise. I waited until the crowd dispersed, and then approached, rather hesitatingly.

"Ah! Mr. Allingham, I believe? Well, you have changed, surely. Allow me to congratulate you."

Was this the jaunty, stylish, elegant gentleman who had been such a favorite with city clubs? He had a thin, shrunken, worried look, and his restless eyes seemed on the alert for something. I half smiled as the idea of a ghost-haunted man came into my mind.

I asked after Reine, and made all the conversation I could about my return. And then I frankly thanked him for his invitation. Somehow I could not feel quite sure that he meant to give me his daughter.

"She has had several good opportunities to marry, but I am convinced that she will never care for any one but you. So, why should she waste all her life in solitude? I am not one of those inexorable fathers with resolves of iron," and he gave a short, nervous laugh. "I used to think highly of wealth, and all that, but one's mind changes as one grows older. The old house is too cheerless and gloomy for her. She needs young society. Then she has taken a fancy in her head that I am ailing, but it's nothing. If she were settled, I should shut up the place or hire it out. That would be best, I suppose," meditatively. "I want you to persuade her to be married as soon as you like. I'll do the fair thing by her. Don't let her give it up. It's killing her to stay here."

I was greatly puzzled. I tried to steal a glance at Mr. Gervaise, to assure myself, but he was watching me furtively; so I strove to appear unconcerned.

We drove up the cedar avenue. It was a warm May day, and yet I shivered.

"She knew nothing about my sending until yesterday," Mr. Gervaise began, abruptly. "If there is any blame, charge it to me. I am afraid you'll find her changed, but I depend upon you to brighten her up, and make her like her older self."

I gallantly replied that I should do my best.

We left the carriage and entered the spacious hall, where a grave-looking servant met us, took my baggage, and I was bidden to follow him. It was a rambling old house, built of stone, but now falling into decay. The furniture was massive, but obsolete, the carpets faded, and it seemed but natural that one should be dull here. Why did Mr. Gervaise stay? He did not use to be so fond of the place.

I found some flowers on my table. Reine had thought of me, then. Where was she? Had her father's overtures offended her delicacy?

Dinner was at four, and the bell rung presently. I went down to the hall, and there stood Reine, so changed that I could scarcely forbear an exclamation of surprise. Still handsome—hers was not the beauty of mere contour, dignified, womanly, but passive—so grave that I could scarcely believe her to be the glowing, excited being whose hand had beckoned me shoreward when danger stared me in the face. What spell was there in this house? Had it always been so?

Mr. Gervaise chatted in his uneasy way, and darted quick, suspicious glances around. The quiet Lutler waited upon the table. The meal seemed to lag interminably. But after a while we rose and went to the drawing-room, and then Mr. Gervaise left us.

If less romantic at thirty, I was scarcely more patient. I must put my fate to the test, and know if she still loved me. I crossed the room and took both hands in mine. She flinched and trembled, and her eyes filled with slow tears. Have I said that with the most exquisite tint of



A POLYNESIAN KINGDOM. — THE VOLCANO OF MAUNA-LOA, IN THE HAWAIIAN KINGDOM. — SEE PAGE 91.



HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.—A VIEW OF THE BUSINESS PORTION OF THE TOWN.—SEE PAGE 91.

golden hair, she had dark, lustrous eyes, whose tenderest glances were a foretaste of heaven?

"Have you no welcome for me?" I asked, softly.

"Oh, Ross! I had learned to be—tranquil. And this came so suddenly. I should not have—I mean, I——"

"Yes, I know. Your father sent without your knowledge. Reine, have you ceased to love me?" I knew by the flush and tender flutter of nerves that she had not. "If you can say truly that you have, I will go back——"

"It would be best," she said, quietly, "before we talk



THE NEW PALACE OF KING KALAKUA, AT HONOLULU.

over any of that old time. It would be harder to part then."

"Reine," I said, almost passionately, "no other heart has been for an instant in your place. I am armed with your father's consent, and it will go hard with me, indeed, if I cannot win you again, my darling."

She clung to me unconsciously, and it gave me a thrill of rapture.

"What is all this mystery about?" I asked. "Have you seen the Gervaise ghost, and is it slowly turning you into stone? The more need, then, that I should bear you to a more congenial atmosphere. You know I told you once that you were unduly superstitious."

"Perhaps I am. It is about papa. He is far from well, and has some secret trouble. Do you not think him changed? Oh, Ross, I have been schooling myself to coldness. I cannot go away and leave him to die here alone. I have an impression that he suffers from some malady, and anticipates a sudden, perhaps terrible, end. Oh, do not seek to persuade me."

"Why, he talks of going away himself," I said, in surprise. "He spoke of it as a certainty, when you were once married."

"Did he?" and she raised her face, on which was depicted the utmost astonishment.

"And he is so very anxious about you. He said, and truly, that this gloomy old place was no home for you!"

"Why does he not take me away, then?" she asked in a surprised tone.

"Has your father given up society? He used to be so fond of it?"

"He has changed strangely. You see that."

"Tell me all about it," I urged.

"You remember when we parted in New York? We came home in December, and I went to spend a week with a friend. On my return I found my father in a terrible passion. He accused me of corresponding with you, and I did not deny it. I had never seen him in such a rage. He demanded, nay, he absolutely made me swear to give you up. I promised never to marry you without his consent. That was the word that brought you here," and she smiled. "You have never seen him angry, and you do not know how dreadful it is. That Spring he tried to make me marry one of our neighbors, a man of his own age, but immensely wealthy. I went at last to Mr. Bradon, and besought him to desist from persecuting me which, to his credit be it spoken, he did. Then I went North for the Summer, with some of my mother's connections, and remained eight months. On my return I found him and everything else so changed. The old servants had gone away, and a few new ones came in their places. Papa admitted having had some sort of nervous attack, but was irritable, and could not endure questioning. And then—laugh at me if you will—but there seemed to be the strangest noises about the place. The tower-windows had been boarded up, the passage leading to it on this floor taken away, and sundry mysterious changes made. Since then papa has never left the Court. He walks the house at night, and I have sometimes found him with a wild, frightened look in his eyes. He starts at every sound, he is but a shadow of his former self. Oh, Ross, when can it be?"

"Not a ghost!" I declared, stoutly. "Some derangement of the nerves, doubtless. I think it would be wisdom for you both to leave the place."

"But he will not go. And, oh, Ross, what if he should be taken insane?"

"My darling!" I kissed and comforted her. I won her back to something of her old trust, and found that her

love for me had not grown dim. Mr. Gervaise came in presently, and we spent a rather pleasant evening.

"You had better retire," she whispered to me, presently. "Papa likes to be the last one about."

"If the ghost visits you during the night, send him to me," I answered, gayly.

William attended me to my room. All the household slept on the upper floor. I read for a while, and then smoked. Being a lover, I should have remained awake in fond vigil; but drowsiness overpowered me at length.

Some time in the night I was startled by a strange sound—a succession of sharp cries, I should have said.

I sprang out of bed and rushed to the window. The night was cloudy and still. Hark! What was that? A human voice, I could have sworn, chanting a "Marseillaise." The stirring inflections of the refrain reached me. Some belated traveler, perhaps—certainly not a bodiless ghost.

Was that a step at my door? Oddly enough, I had not bolted it. It opened cautiously. Some one or something stood and listened. I gave a half-snore, thinking the intruder would advance toward the bed, if he intended to work me any harm. Instead, the door was shut, I heard a sound like the slipping of a bolt, and then two or three retreating footsteps.

Was I in the room with a madman? Had Clement Gervaise lured me hither to put me out of the way?"

I stood still for many minutes. There was no further sound or stir. I groped to the bedside, felt in my pocket for a match as well as my pistol, and struck a light. The candle shed a sickly glare. No one was visible. Emboldened, I began a search, looking under the bed and in the closet. Then I turned the knob of my door softly. It was fastened on the outside!

It took another thorough search to convince me there was no one in the room besides myself. Then I put my candle in the corner on the floor, and went to the window again.

There was not the slightest clew to the mystery, unless Clement Gervaise was addicted to freaks of night-walking.

How long I lingered I could not tell. My candle flickered faintly. Then I saw a gleam of light from without—a long, arrowy ray.

A figure with a dark lantern came out of the tower; it crossed the little court, said a low word to the dog, came up the broad portico. I sprang and bolted my door, and blew out the remnant of candle. The steps came softly along; my bolt was cautiously drawn; then the person went on.

There was no more sleep for me that night. I ransacked my brains for all the stories of *diablerie* that had ever found lodgment there, and last of all Jane Eyre's ghost flitted across my mental vision. Up rose a fabric complete. There was some one confined in the tower. She—it was a woman, of course—was some discreditable connection of Mr. Gervaise, had been brought or followed him here, and it was necessary to keep her in seclusion.

Only two servants slept in the house, and they were both deaf. Visitors were seldom invited—Reine had said so. I had better marry Reine, and take her away. Her father might be trusted to manage his own affairs.

Mr. Gervaise inquired in the morning how I had slept. What with bats and chimney-swallows, he could not recommend the house as a particularly quiet place.

I said, laughingly, "that I was one of the soundest of sleepers."

"Reine has listened to so much negro-gossip that she is quite sure the place is haunted. Every old house, you know, has its ghost. I don't suppose a field-hand would

enter that old tower if he were promised his freedom. An old ancestor of ours had a laboratory there once, and his diabolical lights and smells gave him the credit of being in league with the Evil One. It has fallen mostly to ruins, so a while ago I nailed it up, and cut off communication with the main house. The servants feel much better about it."

He uttered this with too carefully an assumed carelessness. However, Reine was in brighter spirits, and proposed we should take a gallop over the hills.

We had a pleasant morning, and I found that absence had not diminished her love.

Oddly enough, there were guests to dinner—some old neighbors, who spent most of the evening. I took good care that night to bolt myself in my chamber. I was tired, and slept soundly.

But the next night there was evidently an uproar in the Tower. Mr. Gervaise crept out and in, and had a haggard look at breakfast. That day he spoke of the marriage again.

Reine's nerves were in the highest state of excitability, and it alarmed me to see her look and talk so much like her father.

"Did you hear nothing last night—nothing at all?" she questioned, when we were alone. "Is it pure fancy on my part? I was haunted with shrieks and cries."

I soothed and comforted, and showed her how absolutely necessary a change was if she was to keep her health.

I persuaded her, too, that her father was very anxious on her account, and that it would be really better for him, and in this I was sincere enough. I knew he desired to be alone with his mystery. I felt encouraged with my success; in a few days more I knew she would yield.

That evening, as we were holding sweet converse, we were startled by a heavy fall up-stairs. Reine sprang out out of the room, and seemed to reach her father's chamber in a flash. On the threshold she uttered a wild cry. I followed, to find Mr. Gervaise senseless upon the floor.

"Oh, he is dead! he is dead!" she wailed.

"No, not dead, I think," and I tore off his garments to find his heart. "Summon William. But first, are there any restoratives handy?"

She brought me some, and I applied them; but some time elapsed before consciousness returned. Then he glanced wildly around, and muttered incoherently, making frantic efforts to rise, and falling back faint and almost lifeless.

Reine was kneeling beside the bed with tearful eyes and pallid face.

"You see," she began, in a tremulous voice, "it would not be right for me to leave him. Suppose he were to die here all alone? And yet an hour ago I almost thought—"

"My darling," I answered, "some new arrangement must be made for both you and your father. If I am not much mistaken, the doctor will insist upon it!"

It was eleven before the doctor came. Mr. Gervaise was in an uneasy delirium. He looked ghastly. His eyes were sunken, his features pinched and thin, and you could see now how much his whole frame had shrunk.

I persuaded Reine to leave the room.

"It's a peculiar case," began Dr. Burroughs. "The man's nervous system has been strained to its utmost, and collapsed. For a year I've noticed something queer about him. I do not think he can live twenty-four hours. Our only present hope is in anodyne."

He administered one, and watched its effect. Then, as he had a critical case on hand, he promised to come again early in the morning.

Reine insisted upon watching with me a while. The

great hall-clock struck one. It was a clear, but moonless night, past the witching hour, when something like a shrill, smothered laugh startled us both.

This room was nearest the tower. Reine clasped my hand in affright. Then we listened to strange sounds—from the prisoner confined in the tower, I well knew. She had not a suspicion of that.

"Oh, Ross!" she cried, at length, "what is this horrible mystery? It is killing papa. There is something—yes, I do believe in ghosts. No human being makes these unearthly noises. Papa once took me through the tower, and there was nothing there, and no chance for anything to get in. He has boarded everything up so strong, as if he were afraid, even. There—hark!"

There seemed to be a faint crash and tearing of something. Was the tower really unoccupied? I could not believe it. But Seine's fright was becoming so ungovernable that I insisted upon her taking part of the anodyne, and did my utmost to soothe her, explaining the curious noises made by owls and bats. Presently she became drowsy, and I sent her to bed in the care of Jane.

The sick man was sleeping quite naturally. The dense gray of that darkest hour before the dawn had begun to lift a little.

I went to the window and watched the old gray tower with eyes preternaturally keen. Some person *was* working inside.

A crash startled me. The boarding of a window had fallen on a pile of rubbish below. The silence that succeeded it was intense; then a low, curious, insane chuckle that made my very blood run cold. A moving, shadowy mass appeared at the window, and threw out a light article of some kind, then mounted the sill; arms and legs became visible, and with a sort of swing and a shrill, wild cry, it gained the ground, and faced the window where I stood. It was not a woman, for it had a thick ragged beard. If he offered to scale the roof of the portico and enter the house, I would grapple with him instantly. He appeared undecided—then as suddenly shot into the cedar-wood, and disappeared.

Reine came flying through the hall with a terrified cry.

"Oh, Ross, what is it? Did you hear it? Will this night of horror never end?" and she fell senseless at my feet.

The noise roused Mr. Gervaise. He sat up in bed, glanced wildly around, then sprang to the window. The light was rapidly dawning.

Such a cry of rage and despair as he uttered!

"Escaped! escaped! How have you dared to keep me here? Where is the key? Quick! quick!"

He searched his coat with nervous hands, and fled swiftly from the chamber.

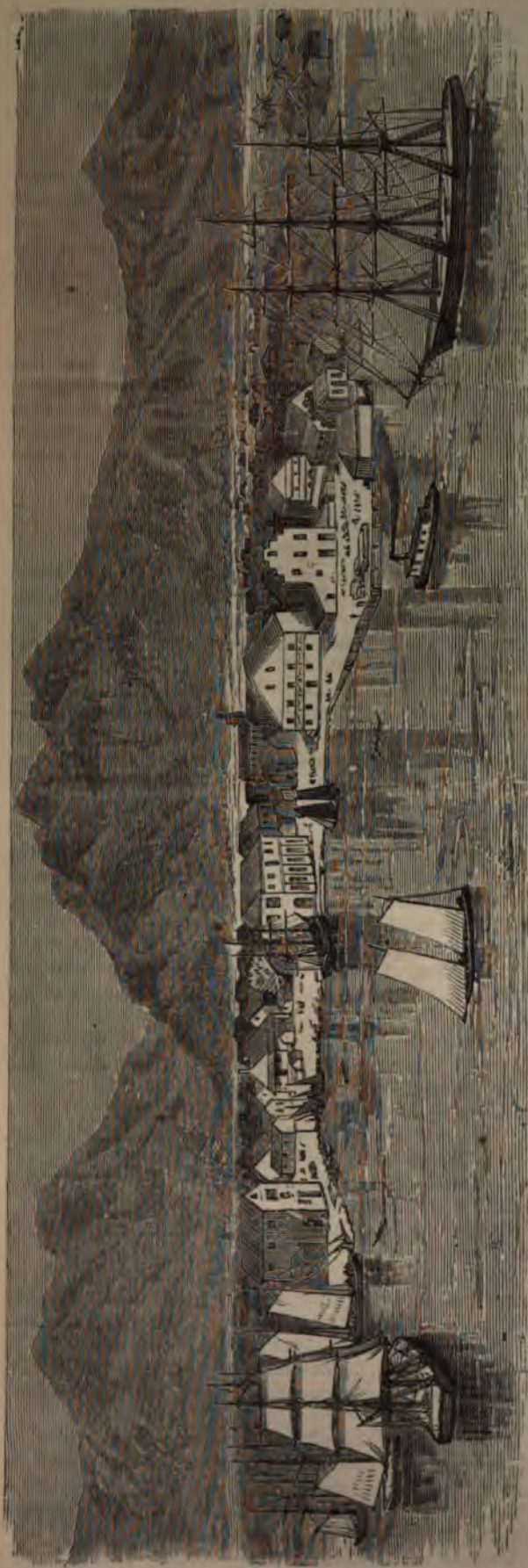
"Attend to Miss Reine," I said to Jane, and followed Mr. Gervaise.

He tugged at the tower-lock with his weak, frantic hands and opened it, then another inside door. I could not go in this strange, dark prison, so waited breathlessly. William came with a lantern.

"I wouldn't go in dar for a fortun', mass'r," he said, shaking his head. I never told no one, but I've seen the ghost!"

A heavy fall up above hurried me on. Mr. Gervaise had fainted again. I took a cursory glance at the place. It was evident some person had lived here. There was a rumpled bed, a table with dishes and food, the broken window, letting in the morning light.

I seized my burden, and bore it back to the house. Shortly after the doctor came. I knew then that nothing could save Clement Gervaise.



A POLYNESIAN KINGDOM.—VIEW, FROM THE HARBOR, OF THE CITY OF HONOLULU, CAPITAL OF HAWAII.—SEE PAGE 91.



NATIVES BATHING IN THE BAY NEAR "NEWPOINT," THREE MILES FROM HONOLULU.



A HAY VENDER.



HONOLULU DANCING GIRLS.



HAWAIIAN LADIES.



HAWAIIAN LADIES' STYLE OF RIDING.



NATIVE FAMILY EATING "POL."



"POI" SELLER.



THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL AT HONOLULU.

Reine was like a ghost herself, but she would not leave him.

Just before noon he roused a little, and desired the clergyman to be sent for, who came presently.

"You love her? You wish to marry her?" he asked of me.

"I do, certainly."

"Let it be immediately, then. Reine—"

She broke from my grasp, and knelt at the bedside.

"Papa," she began, much as I love him, I solemnly declare that I will not marry him unless you assure me there is no crime or sin in this dreadful mystery."

"Crime! sin!" and he laughed, shrilly. "There is nothing worse than poverty."

"Reine, do you fear to trust me?" I asked, seizing her reluctant hand.

"If you will have the story," with a sneer, "know that my cousin, Arthur Gervaise, came back eighteen months ago, two years too soon for me. He is a drunken, driveling idiot, but master here by his father's will. Last night he escaped. He will outlive me, and Reine is a beggar. That is my secret. He has been the ghost of the tower. I swear to you that I never raised my hand against him, and he was as well off in confinement. That is all," and he sank back exhausted.

"Go on with the marriage," I said, authoritatively.

She did not resist, and in a few moments was made my wife. Then we watched by the dying man, who told us at intervals of his temptation, of the manner in which he had altered the tower into a prison.

He had spent so much of the money that he dreaded to be called to account. Neither could he bear the idea of poverty. It did not seem possible for his cousin to live six months, but probably freedom from dissipation had prolonged his life.

The next morning Clement Gervaise died. Before night William came in, terrified half to death, to tell us a body had been found in the cedar swamp. It was brought up to the house, and when it came to be decently robed the likeness to the Gervaise family was undeniable. At the inquest I gave in my testimony concerning the escape, and the identity was fully established. Both cousins were buried in the old family churchyard.

Then I took my darling away to brighter scenes. She was much shattered, but my love and tenderness helped to restore her strength.

Some two years afterward Gervaise Court was profitably disposed of on account of a valuable mine that had been recently discovered. The house and the tower fell into decay, its reputation for being ghost-haunted having been so fully established that not a soul would venture to live there. Indeed, the crime of Clement Gervaise was quite forgotten in this more mysterious version. But Reine shuddered at the thought of the money, though she was now the lawful heir; so it was donated to several different hospitals. But she will never need it, for heaven has prospered me.

CHRONOGRAMS.

A CHRONOGRAM is an inscription, or brief statement, in which a certain date or epoch is expressed by the numeral letters therein contained. Thus in 1666, when a day of national humiliation was appointed, in the expectation of an engagement between the English and Dutch navies, a pamphlet issued in reference to the fast-day, instead of bearing the imprint of the year, after the usual fashion, had this seasonable sentence at the bottom of the title-page: "LORD HAVE MERCIE Vpon Vs." It will be seen

that the total sum of the figures represented by the numeral letters (printed in capitals) gives the requisite date 1666.

Another common use of chronograms was on medals, as in the legend of one struck in 1632 to commemorate certain victories of Gustavus Adolphus: "CIVIS VS DVXERO TRIVMPHVS." They also may be found, though very seldom, in England, inscribed on monuments and on buildings, both ecclesiastical and civil, to record the date of erection or construction, as on a tomb to Thomas Ford, who died in 1658, at Ilington, Devonshire: "DORMIO ET UT SPERO CINERES SINE LABE RESURGENT."

The letters that compose the chronogram are almost invariably printed or incised in a larger character than the remainder of the inscription, and when once the eye is familiar with the singular appearance of the mixed array of short and tall letters, the antiquary whose researches have not hitherto led him into the quaint field of chronograms is able instantly to unravel many a hitherto puzzling inscription.

Chronograms, as Mr. Hilton tells us in his preface, though generally composed in Latin, are not confined to that language, and some of the earliest known specimens occur in Oriental countries, especially where the Arabic language has been in use.

The first known instance of a chronogram was written in Hebrew as early as the year 1208, and several occur in Arabic illustrating the year 1318. European examples are first met with in the fourteenth century, but the fashion of composing them prevailed to the greatest extent in the seventeenth century. Perhaps the most startling feature of a subject such as this, which has, for the most part, been altogether ignored by the scholars and antiquaries of the present generation, is the extraordinary amount of time and ingenuity that used to be expended by able men in the trivial occupation of chronogram making.

Anthony Stock, a Belgian Jesuit, actually so far abused his intellect as to publish, in the year 1658, a version of the "Imitation of Christ," in which every single line throughout the book, with the exception of the preface, formed a correct chronogram of the date of publication. But another Jesuit writer, Gerard Grunsel, completely surpassed the efforts of Stock, for in 1660 he issued a volume of poems, termed elegies, on historical events of the century, which contains two thousand and sixty-eight hexameter and pentameter lines of no mean order, each couplet giving in chronogram the particular date 1660. And these two are but samples of many other books and tracts of a like character.

Second only to our astonishment at the marvelous perversion of genius which could make such laborious undertakings appear in any way profitable or pleasant is our astonishment at Mr. Hilton's own achievement in this quaint field of letters. That any one could be found to make the history and collection of chronograms his hobby is sufficiently surprising, but surprise gives way to some extent to admiration when the reader finds that Mr. Hilton's enthusiasm has resulted in the publication of a most tastefully printed antique quarto of 570 pages, containing a collection of 5,137 examples of chronograms culled from various languages and countries, ranging from A.D. 1208 to the present time, and carefully grouped under their different nationalities.

As this craze of the human brain—with some truth branded by Addison in the *Spectator* as "false wit, a trick in writing requiring much time and little capacity"—has occupied no inconsiderable space in the curiosities of literature, it is well, we suppose, that the history of chron-

ograms and chronogram-making should be once and for all written; this much being granted, Mr. Hilton is to be distinctly congratulated on the exhaustive character and general ability of his volume. Nor is the book so monotonous as might at first be supposed. It is brightened by numerous fac-similes of curious engravings and title-pages in which chronograms are used, and also by illustrations of medals bearing chronogrammatic legends. The pages are no mere dry catalogue of chronograms and their translation or explanation, but much singular and out-of-the-way information is furnished from time to time for the purpose of throwing light upon the circumstances under which some special chronogram originated. Thus the remarkable history of St. John of Nepomuk is here given with many interesting details and illustrations in consequence of various chronograms on his statue at Prague and in other places.

Another extraordinary series of chronograms relates to a Jewish robbery of the Host at Brussels in the fourteenth century, and to the jubilee pageants that have been subsequently held in honor of the miracle. It is related that in 1370 a Jew who had become a Christian, being bribed by a rich Jew, named Jonathas d'Anghien, to bring him some consecrated Hosts, entered the Church of St. Gudule, at Brussels, through a window, broke open the ciborium, and with the assistance of his family took the Hosts, sixteen in number, and brought them to the synagogue. Being placed on a table, Jonathas and other leading Jews stabbed three of them with knives, whereupon blood flowed visibly from the wounds thus inflicted, and the Jews were stricken down by some unseen power. These Hosts were afterward recovered, and are said to be still preserved in the golden altar of the Cathedral Church of St. Gudule, whence they are conveyed in solemn procession through the city from time to time. In 1720 the anniversary of this event was kept with special magnificence, and on the various triumphal arches that then spanned the streets some hundreds of ingenious chronogrammatic inscriptions, all referring to the event, were placed. This singular way of showing honor to the anniversary was retained in many of the succeeding festivals even of the present century.

There are several ingenious and original chronograms on the title-page and first leaves of this handsome volume, and with the following sample of the art Mr. Hilton concludes his last page: "COVRETVSREADER I FINISH WITH THIS CHRONOGRAM. BE THE YEAR IT INVOLVES HAPPY TO VS BOTH. FAREWELL."

BRACELETS FOR MEN.

THE *London Telegraph* says: "For some time past the quaint old pagan fashion that bracelets should be worn by men as well as by women has been gaining ground upon the Continent, chiefly, it would seem, in countries where the prevalent creed is Roman Catholicism. The porte-bonheur is an old-fashioned institution in the Austrian and Italian cavalry, and, indeed, the majority of Austrian noblemen, being addicted to field sports, are accustomed to wear St. George's medals set in silver bracelets, upon one or the other arm, the subduer of the dragon being generally recognized by equestrians as their patron saint. Archduke Rudolph, the Austrian Crown Prince, wears upon his left wrist a bracelet of chain-mail, visible in a photograph taken immediately after his marriage, and representing him arm-in-arm with the Archduchess Stephanie. The late King Victor Emmanuel, a mighty hunter in his day, always wore a massive bracelet contain-

ing a medallion of St. Hubert, the same that is now worn in memory of him by his son, Italy's actual sovereign. Austrian naval officers are addicted to the wearing of porte-bonheurs in which are medals bearing the effigy of St. Peter, while the bracelets of imperial and royal artillery officers are invariably commemorative of St. Barbara's piety and personal attractions. Rossi and Salvini, the two great Italian tragedians, being also excellent horsemen, have caused broad bands of silver, framing medals of St. George, to be riveted upon their upper right arms. It is believed that this bracelet-wearing fashion has spread to England, and has been adopted by more than one distinguished personage."

A POLYNESIAN KINGDOM.

ABOUT twenty-one hundred miles southwest of San Francisco—just within the northern limit of the tropics—lies a cluster of eleven volcanic islands, known as the Hawaiian, or Sandwich group. Few persons in this country are aware how great a diversity of scenery these islands afford.

Rising from one of the deepest parts of the Pacific, they are all included within an area three hundred miles by two hundred and fifty. It is, *par excellence*, the region of majestic mountains, of hideous, flaming craters, of wonderfully beautiful and picturesque landscapes.

The face of nature, even in the country immediately surrounding Honolulu, comprises an almost endless variety of aspects.

Returning to the United States from China and Japan, in the latter part of 1880, I paid a short visit to the capital of this little island-kingdom, which lies nearly upon what is called "the southern route" between San Francisco and Yokohama. It was about the middle of October, when, after a monotonous voyage, we found ourselves at daybreak in sight of the gray heights of Oahu, the central island of the group and seat of the capital. The morning was a charming one. By sunrise the island's rugged outlines stood out sharp and clear against the eastern horizon, and soon our rapid approach brought the details of its surface into view. Lofty peaks, with intervening stretches of tableland, and the nearer shore fringed with stately and graceful palms, passed us in ever-varying succession as we steamed along the northern coast. One who has never made a long sea-voyage can have no more than a faint idea how we welcomed the sight of land.

As the steamer rounded the volcanic promontory of Diamond Head, a few miles from Honolulu, our delight was intensified by the loveliness of the scene which opened to our view. The splendor of the landscapes, the balmy air, the wonderful transparency of the water, and the imposing height of the mountains, all combined to make up a picture as beautiful as it is rare. Steaming close along the shore, my eye now and then caught a glimpse of little native cottages peeping from bright-green groves of palms, or nestling far up some charming valley close under the mountain walls.

We passed through the narrow channel that guards the entrance to the harbor, and were soon at anchor near the principal wharf. Before us, nearly upon a level with the water, was the Hawaiian capital, its houses half hidden and half seen in groves of banana, palm and bread-fruit-trees; beyond the city, yet near at hand, rose the mountain-background, two or three thousand feet high, and covered almost to its summit with verdure.

The general appearance of Honolulu is so pleasing that I was not surprised to find the details still more so. But,



LUNALILO, KING OF HAWAII.



KALAKAUA I., OF HAWAII.

on landing, one is subjected to a series of somewhat annoying formalities. The visitor is interrogated, and has his baggage inspected for dutiable articles by the customs authorities, and having passed this needlessly prolonged ordeal, is required to pay a tax of two dollars—the tax to be refunded if he leave the islands within thirty days.

Once in the city, we forgot the petty annoyance of the custom-house, and, allured by the cool shade of the trees, wandered aimlessly about for an hour or more.

The city is small, not having, probably, more than 15,000 inhabitants; but it is well laid out in blocks of about two hundred feet square, and the streets are wide, smooth and kept scrupulously clean. To us, one of the greatest charms of the place lies in its rows of magnificent shade-trees lining and overhanging some of the avenues. As we strolled along under broad-leaved palm or wide-spreading breadfruit-trees the effect was really enchanting—neat, home-like cottages, surrounded

by gardens of bright flowers, called up cheerful recollections, and, loitering on, the rich and varied scenery of the city's environs soon added surprise to our delight.

Honolulu contains a foreign population of 3,000 souls. The great majority of these are Chinese; but one meets with many Americans, a few Englishmen, and still fewer Germans. Like all places where any great number of Chinese are found outside of their native land, the city has its "China-town," a section inhabited almost exclusively by "Celestials."

The houses of the foreign residents are built either of wood or stone, and are rarely more than two stories high,

generally only one. They almost invariably have wide, cool verandas, inclosed by lattice-work, and screened by climbing vines. Nearly all are surrounded by pleasant grounds, in which bright flowers are always found in the greatest profusion.

The natives' houses are smaller, grass-thatched, and built of bamboo, but



THE COURT HOUSE AND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, HONOLULU.



THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA AT NIGHT.



THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, HONOLULU.

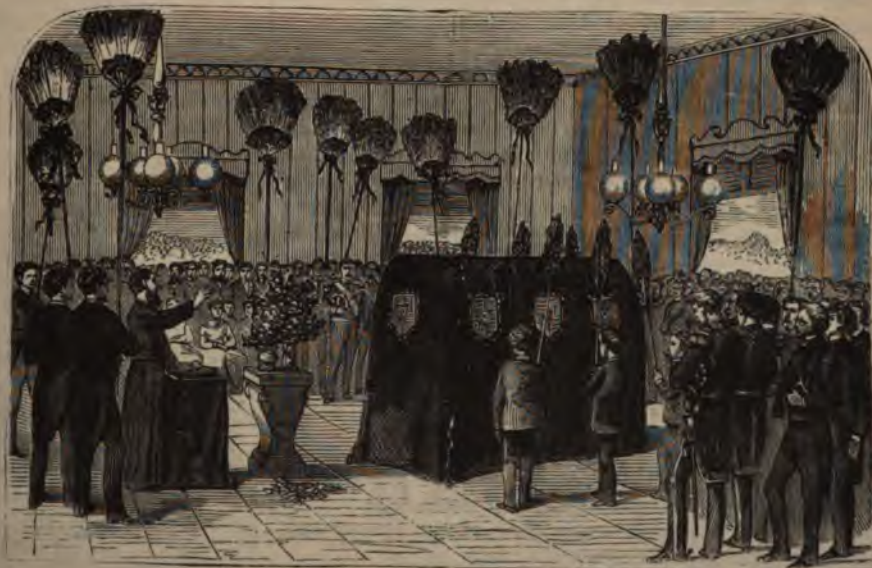
always neat and comfortable, and often half-hidden by trees and shrubs in the surrounding yards.

Quite a notable feature of the city is the absence of parks or plazas—a small inclosure of perhaps 200 feet square, in which the royal band plays twice each week in the evening, being the only approach toward anything like a place of public resort. The band enjoys something more than a local reputation for good music; but our visit happened to be made while it was absent on a month's vacation, allowed once in two years.

The public buildings and institutions connected with the administration of government

are larger and better than one might expect to find in a Polynesian capital. With the example of enlightened nations before them, and with the aid of foreigners holding positions in the King's cabinet, the successive rulers were enabled to frame such a system of public administration as was likely to suit a people fast becoming civilized, and to erect the necessary buildings for the more important branches of the Government.

The most pretentious of these buildings is the Parliament House, in which, in addition



FUNERAL OF PRINCE MATAIO KEEUANO, AT HONOLULU.

to "Parliament Hall," are the public library and museum, and the offices of the ministers of the several branches of the public service.

By glancing at the sketch accompanying this article the reader will form a more correct idea of its extent and appearance than from any description in words.

Not far from the Parliament House is the new Royal Palace, now in the process of construction. It is a square stone structure of modern architecture, situated in the centre of an extensive yard, and surmounted by a lofty cupola.

The Iolani Palace, the present residence of the King, is only a small frame building, standing in an inclosure of about an acre in extent, near the centre of the city.

While speaking of public buildings, I must not omit to mention one of a peculiar nature, and to testify to its practical value to strangers, whatever may be its importance to the Government. This Government institution, toward which we soon directed our steps, is the Hawaiian Hotel, built, at a cost of \$150,000, by two public-spirited cabinet ministers from loans obtained upon the public credit. The building was completed in 1874; but when its surprisingly great cost became known, it is said to have caused the (*too*) public-spirited ministers the loss of their positions. The location is good, overlooking the most picturesque parts of the city and adjacent country; and since it is the only hotel in the place, it enjoys the character of a Government monopoly. It is surrounded by spacious grounds, to which winding walks and tasteful flower-beds, shaded by grand old trees, give a most captivating loveliness. The floors are clean, and uncarpeted, the rooms plainly but comfortably furnished, and, what is of more importance in a warm climate, large, high, and well ventilated. Wide verandas stretch across the front, from which one can obtain a delightful view of its picturesque surroundings.

The stamp of business life in Honolulu is decidedly American. Our coin is the standard and current money of the country, and many of the wealthiest merchants are Americans. Few of the business men reside in the city, but drive in about eight o'clock in the morning from pleasant country homes. At dusk the stores are mostly closed, and the city, save two or three favorite promenades, apparently deserted. The streets are but poorly lighted, and by nine o'clock almost absolute silence reigns throughout their lengths.

Our short stay of ten days only sufficed for visits to a selected few of the picturesque spots that lend such a charm to the country around Honolulu.

We drove one afternoon up the valley which, in our sketch of the city, is seen on the left, beyond the two steeples, and which ends some five or six miles away in a frightful precipice. For a mile or more the road is lined with pretty cottages, and winds through groves of cinnamon, pepper and spice, ascending always, but always gently, toward the mountain height, while on either side rise majestic rock walls, from 1,000 to 2,000 feet high, drawing gradually nearer as we proceed. On every hand man and Nature seem to have blended their choicest works in perfect harmony. Half way up the valley we leave behind these pleasant groves and cottages, and look back and downward upon a splendid view of the city and harbor.

Although the road soon became rough, we traveled over it rapidly and with little inconvenience. On reaching a sudden rise we overtook a party of natives, who walked by the side of our carriage and blocked the wheels with stones when it became necessary to stop.

Leaving the vehicle near the summit of the mountains,

where the valley had narrowed to a deep-cut gorge, and climbing a short steep path, we came suddenly upon a sight scarcely equaled by its kind anywhere else in the world. Leaning over an iron railing which now obstructed our further progress, we gazed straight down the face of a cliff for full fifteen hundred feet. Below us spread out a nearly level valley, scored deep in the very heart of the mountains and stretching away some four or five miles to the sea. It is covered with sugar and rice fields, cut into squares by stone walls and irrigating ditches, and dotted here and there with white farmhouses peeping from clusters of palms.

For a while we stood looking down into this valley of grandeur, or watching the ever-changing, sinuous lines of white surf that fringed its shores, and then reluctantly turned back toward the city. Retracing our way downward, long ere we had reached our destination, the moon arose above the eastern wall, and, pouring down into the valley a flood of deliciously soft light, such as one sees only in the tropics, seemed to give a more enchanting loveliness to the scenery around us, and a still grander attitude to the mountains that rose on either side.

A drive of three or four miles from Honolulu, along the seacoast east of the city, takes one to Waikiki, the "Newport" or "Long Branch" of the islands. It is a magnificent grove of palms, shading one of those picturesque little bays which so often indent Oahu; a splendid stretch of seabeach nearly under the stately heights of Diamond Head.

The road leading to Waikiki is a delightful one, broad and level, lined in many places with charming cottages, surrounded by shady grounds, and embowered amid lovely pines and gorgeous flowering shrubs. Great beds of flowers, that shame our hothouses in their brightness and variety, fill the yards and gardens along this favorite drive of the Honolulu public and favorite residence of its wealthiest citizens. The cottages, though small, are elegant and comfortable, but their crowning glory is their yards. No words could convey any adequate idea of the loveliness that gathers about these stately tropical walks and avenues of royal palms.

The beauty and profusion of the flowers in the city are more than equaled by the great variety of ferns that everywhere greeted us in the valleys or on the mountain slopes. More than 120 kinds, I was told by a gentleman in Honolulu, are found in the group; "some of them," he added, with pardonable pride, "of wonderful beauty, and found in no other part of the world."

In the smaller vegetable species the flora of the islands is a rich one, embracing, besides its wealth of ferns, many varieties of mosses, lichens and algæ; but of the larger growths only a few are indigenous. Among these last are the cocoanut-palm, screw-palm and breadfruit-tree. The mango, tamarind, Chinese orange, lime and fig trees, and the magnificent Norfolk and Caledonia pines, are natives of other climes introduced by the hand of man.

A glance at the map will show that the islands extend in a general direction nearly northwest and southeast, and that Hawaii is much the largest of the group. Of the total area of about 6,000 square miles, Hawaii alone contains upward of 4,000; while Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, has but 530. On Hawaii, as is well known, is the great crater of Kilauea, the largest of active volcanoes.

The mouth of the crater, three miles in diameter, is some 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, not at the summit, but on the side of Mauna Loa, whose conelike peak, snow-capped in winter, reaches an altitude of 13,700 feet. The islands are all evidently of volcanic formation, and appear to be the centre of a great circle of volcanoes,

which, commencing in the Tierra del Fuego, extends northward through the Andes of South America, the ranges of Central America and those of the Pacific coast of North America to Alaska, and thence through the Aleutian Isles, the Kuriles and Japan to the Philippines. Any unusual activity in one or more of the volcanoes of this chain is nearly always marked by a simultaneous increase in the violence of the craters of the Sandwich group.

The climate of the islands is remarkably mild. In Winter—and there are but two seasons of the year, Winter and Summer—the temperature rarely falls below 68° Fahrenheit, and in Summer seldom rises higher than 83°. These limits compare strangely with the annual range of the thermometer in our Northern States.

The islands are not very prolific in fruits, except in some of the tropical kinds, such as bananas, oranges, mangoes, guavas and pineapples, and even these are said to have been originally imported from other countries.

There is no stream deserving to be called a river in the group; but on Hawaii one comes across hundreds of little mountain-brooks, perhaps, nearly dry at certain seasons of the year, that become torrents after a rain, and toss themselves into foam and spray in a countless number of waterfalls.

It would be out of place here to more than touch upon the political condition of the kingdom. One cannot help contrasting the present condition of the people with that of their ancestors a hundred years ago.

The islands were discovered by Captain Cook, in 1777, and named in honor of the Earl of Sandwich. In February, 1779, the famous navigator was killed by the natives on the shore of Kaawaloa Bay, Hawaii. The spot where he fell is now marked by a stone shaft, erected by England in 1874.

"As these islands are not united under one government," says an early account of their discovery, "wars are frequent among them. The inhabitants are undoubtedly of the same race as those that possess the islands south of the equator; and in their persons and manner approach nearer to the New Zealanders than to their less distant neighbors, either of the Society or Friendly Islands. Tattooing is practiced by the whole of them." Some ten or twelve years after their discovery a Napoleonic King of Hawaii invaded successfully the several islands of the group, conquered and placed them under his own rule, and founded a dynasty that lasted until February, 1874.

From their conquest until the present day the population of the island has steadily and rapidly decreased. Out of an estimated total of 400,000 natives in 1779, only 58,765 remained in 1866, and this latter number was still further diminished between the years 1866 and 1872 to 51,531. The causes of this decrease are said to be "wars, drunkenness and human sacrifices"; but, according to native traditions, vast numbers of the people were swept away during the first part of the present century by periodical epidemics of smallpox and measles. Whatever the cause, the ominous fact remains.

Only eight of the eleven islands are inhabited—Hawaii, Maui, Kahoolawe, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai and Niihau—each being under a governor, who holds his office at the will of the King.

King Kalakaua, the present ruler, is about forty-four years of age, and a native of Honolulu, though not a lineal descendant of the preceding sovereigns. He was placed upon the throne—on the death of King Lunalilo without having named his successor—in February, 1874, by the popular vote of his people, and, unlike most other sovereigns, seems now to possess the unbounded respect of all classes of his subjects. He is a man of liberal

education and of considerable ability, and deeply interested in the political progress of his kingdom.

The legislative power is vested in a House of Parliament composed of forty-eight members, twenty of whom are appointed by the King, and hold their seats for life, and twenty-eight elected biennially by the people.

The Cabinet Ministers—those of Foreign Affairs, the Interior, Finance and Law—who virtually rule the country, are foreigners, and men of ability and enterprise. They have become rich during their term of office, but at the same time have gained general favor by their progressive ideas and evident desire to advance the interest of the country.

To a certain extent one may measure the probability of a government's success in the political world by its means of public instruction, and, in this respect, the future of the kingdom promises well.

There are several free schools in Honolulu, and one or more in each little village throughout the islands, which continue during the whole year, and are devoted to the instruction of native children. The law compels parents to send their children to school, and with what result is shown by the fact that a native who cannot at least read and write is rarely to be found.

The inhabited islands are divided into districts, in each of which the Government places a physician, who is paid for attending the people, and required to make the tour of his district at stated intervals.

The natives are simple, honest, and obviously cheerful and contented; but, like all residents of the tropics, they are wanting in physical energy. "The people," says a recent writer, "are surprisingly hospitable, and know how to make a stranger at home; they have leisure and know how to use it pleasantly; the climate controls their customs in many respects, and nothing is pursued at fever-heat, as with us."

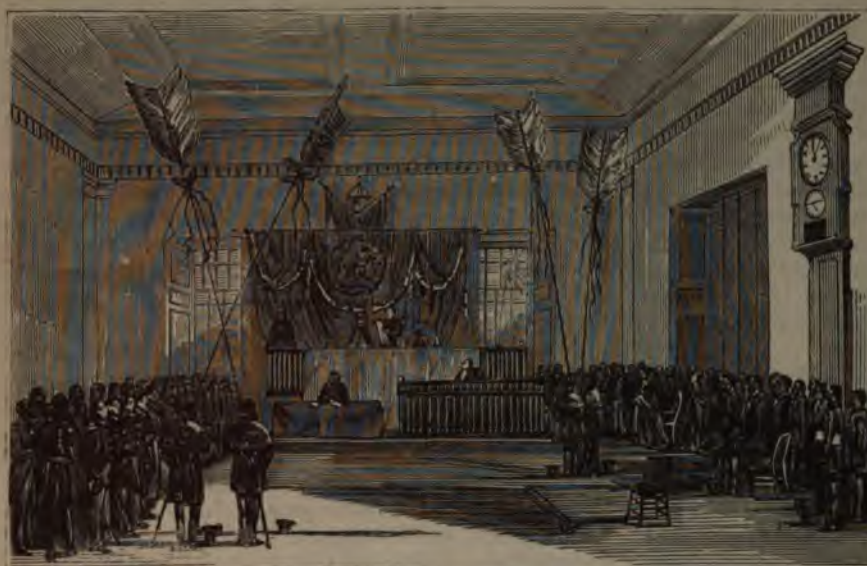
The idleness-loving nature of the people has its direct effect upon the agricultural products of the islands. Although excellent crops of sugar, coffee and rice can be raised, it is difficult to find laborers to till the fields. Native labor within the last few years has become quite inadequate to the constantly increasing demand, and efforts to introduce Chinese coolies are now being made by the Government, with fair prospects of success.

Some idea of the financial condition of the Government, and of the annual amount of the exports from the islands, will be obtained by referring to the following table, taken from the statistics of 1874:

Sugar exported.....	24,566,611 pounds.
Rice "	1,627,143 "
Wool "	899,926 "
Pulu "	418,320 "
Tallow "	125,596 "
Total value of exports.....	\$1,889,620
Public debt, April, 1874	\$840,000
Annual revenue "	483,561

We are unable to furnish the figures showing what amount of these exports were sent to the United States; but in 1872, out of a little less than 16,000,000 pounds of sugar exported, 14,500,000 came to us, and in addition came 1,317,000 pounds of rice.

A great drawback to the progress of the islands was, until late years, the lack of steam communication with the United States; but this has been removed by the Pacific Mail Company, whose steamers now touch at Honolulu once a month, on their voyages between San Francisco and Australia. Besides these, there are several sailing vessels trading between the islands and ports of the United



SCENE IN THE LEGISLATURE, HONOLULU.

States. Honolulu is now one of the few foreign ports in which the American flag is not "conspicuous for its rarity."

There are three classes of people in the islands, foreigners, natives and half-castes, each of which forms a distinct circle of society. An almost Arcadian simplicity of manners characterizes the natives and half-castes. From the highest as well as the lowest a stranger will always receive the most polite attention; and in their intercourse with each other there is nothing of rudeness, no lack of good nature. Foreigners in Honolulu, not always themselves resplendent with the virtues, tell us this courtesy is but superficial, and



THE KING OF HAWAII LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A CATHEDRAL IN HONOLULU.



FUNERAL OF KING LUNALILO, AT HONOLULU.

that underlying the surface refinement there exists universal moral degradation. It may be so. Our observations would tend to prove it otherwise.

The voyage between San Francisco and Honolulu is mostly through the gentle, constant trade-winds, over a region where the Pacific best deserves its suggestive name. My readers will perceive how little there is of delusion in this name if I conclude by quoting the words of Mr. Charles Nordhoff: "The voyage down to the islands lasts from eight to nine days, and even to persons subject to sea-sickness, is likely to be an enjoyable sea-journey, because after the second day the

weather is charmingly warm, the breezes usually mild, and the skies sunny and clear. In forty-eight hours after you leave the Golden Gate, shawls, overcoats and wraps are discarded. You put on thinner clothing. After breakfast you will like to spread rugs on the deck and lie in the sun, fanned by soft winds; and before you see Honolulu you will, even in Winter, like to have an awning spread over you to keep off the sun."

HAVE the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even when you are in company with a rich one, richly attired.



CHRISTABEL CAREWE. — "SHE FELT IN THE DARKNESS FOR THE HANDS; THEY WERE SMALL, AND HAD RINGS ON THEM; SHE PLUCKED OFF THE RINGS, AND SLIPPED THEM ON HER OWN FINGERS." — SEE NEXT PAGE.
Vol. XV., No. 1—7.

BEAUTY ROHTRAUT.

WHAT is the name of King Ringang's daughter?

Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut;

And what does she do the live long day,

Since she dare not knit and spin away?

O hunting and fishing is ever her play.

And, heigh! that her huntsman I might be!

I'd hunt and fish right merrily.

Be silent, heart!

And it chanced that after this some time—

Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut—

The boy in the castle has gained access,

And a horse he has got and a huntsman's dress,

To hunt and fish with the merry princess;

And, oh! that a king's son I might be!

Beauty Rohtraut I love so tenderly.

Hush! hush! my heart.

Under a gray old oak they sat—

Beauty, Beauty Rohtraut.

She laughs: "Why look you so slyly at me?"

If you have heart enough, come, kiss me."

Oried the breathless boy, "Kiss thee?"

But he thinks, "Kind fortune has favored my youth";

And thrice he has kissed Beauty Rohtraut's mouth.

Down! down! mad heart.

Then slowly and silently they rode home—

Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut—

The boy was lost in his delight;

"And wert thou empress this very night,

I would not heed or feel the blight;

Ye thousand leaves of the wildwood wist

How Beauty Rohtraut's mouth I kissed.

Hush! hush! wild heart.

CHRISTABEL CAREWE.

BY MARGUERITE F. AYMAR.

"I SAY I am tired of it."

"Nonsense! Tired of what?"

"Tired of what?" the young woman echoes, derisively.

"Of this." She turns her handsome, flashing, scornful eyes about the room, from one to the other of the shabby pieces of furniture. "Of this," and she points to her faded dress. "Was it to bury me alive, Jack Damer, that you married me and brought me here to this cursed place by the sea, where I hear nothing but the eternal roar of the breakers, see nothing but the inside of this miserable house, and the dismal, flowerless garden about it?—not a human face, not a human voice, and I have been shut up here now for four months."

She stands by the window, staring out into the night—the pitiless night—where no moon and no stars are shining, where there is nothing to cheer, and everything to depress and terrify.

The rain is falling in torrents; the wind howls and the sea roars; now and again a rumble of distant thunder is heard, and a sharp, sudden flash reveals to her eyes the dreary desolation of the high-walled garden about her home.

"Rose, you are too handsome for me to let any one look at you; the men would envy me and the women would envy you. By heaven! I had enough of that sort of thing when I used to watch you night after night at the theatre, before you were mine! No, no, my girl; no more of that. I went through purgatory once, but I never will again."

He leans his elbows on the table and his chin in his palms as he looks at her with rough, passionate eyes.

"Do you mean to say, Jack Damer, that you are going to keep me *here* all my life?" She turns about and faces him, full of angry defiance. "Do you mean that I am to mope away my life—ah!"—she grinds her small white teeth together—"I don't know what I am saying. I—"

"Don't you love me?" he asks, quietly.

"Don't ask me that. I wish I was back in the old life—the lights, the music. Ah, the music, the motion, the applause that greeted me, and sent my blood running like fire through my veins! The old life—I loved it!"

"Dance for me," the man says, surveying her composedly.

"And are you lights and flowers and music and people?"

"I ought to be, if you love me, and you used to say you *did*."

"Love you? You make me hate you. You shut me up in a gloomy house; you take me out of light and thrust me into darkness. I am growing old, old—worn. Look at the circles round my eyes." She comes up to him, and holds the candle close to her face. "I cannot stand it—and I won't."

"Rose"—he takes the candle from her hand, and holds the hand firmly in his—"long ago I told you that you would grow tired of my way of loving, but you said 'No!' Long ago I warned you of what my wife would have to expect. I am a demon of jealousy, if you like"—his gray eyes sparkle like steel, and his lips contract with an intensity of emotion—"but when I married you I swore that my wife should not be as other men's wives. You are a woman. You know I think women are not fit to take care of themselves. I propose to take care of you, and in the way I think best. I love you as"—his eyelids quiver strangely, and a sort of tremor shakes his big frame—"God help you, *you could not love!*" And then he pauses. "Kiss me, sweetheart," he asks, at last, with shut eyes, reaching up his mouth toward hers.

"Kiss you!" cries the girl, wresting her hand from his, and springing from him as though he had been a reptile. "Kiss you! Jack Damer, I would kill you quicker. There!"

She snatches up a knife from the table and throws it at him—into him. It was well aimed, that pretty pearl-handled toy that he had bought for her to sharpen her crayons with; it stuck firm and fast in Jack Damer's side.

He did not stir; his shut eyes opened a moment and closed again—closed with the image of the maddened, beautiful face written in their gray, cold depths; the blood oozed out a bit, but he did not move.

A terrific roll of thunder shook the house to its very foundation; a gust of wind that swept everything before it blew out the candle, and then, uplifting her frail woman's voice, Rose Damer fled out into the storm and flood, out into the darkness and the horror of the night.

Like a deer the woman ran down through the garden, her feet catching at almost every step in the lank, tall grass, through the broken gate, over the narrow, shaking bridge, across the sandy dunes, blinded, lame, terror-stricken, to the sea; and, with her, urging her on and on anyhow, was the thought that she had murdered—the thought that if they found her they would take away from her her life.

On she fled along the shore, her feet bruised by the pebbles, cut by the shells, her garments heavy with water, her long hair fallen, soaked and dripping, her wild eyes for ever staring into the blackness and dismalness of the way, and seeing nothing; and then there came a crash, as though the sky were riven in twain, and by the lurid glare that followed the woman saw her way—saw the sea—and yonder! out there she saw, too, a ship go down into the cruel bosom of the sea; she saw boats battling with the waves, she saw bodies strewn upon the sands, she heard a sound of voices afar off, and she crouched down flat, with her face to the sand, and her breath coming and going like a dying deer's, for she was so absorbed in herself that she thought they were seeking for her to kill her; then she heard the words, "Wreck!" "Lost!" "Saved!" and she laughed and lifted up her head. Another flash of lightning showed her something lying near her, right at hand; she felt it—it was cold, sea-washed, dead; she shrank back and uttered a pitiful cry—why did death greet her on every side to-night?—and then she touched it again, and by the lightning she saw that it was a woman!—a woman with long, black hair like her own; she felt in the darkness for the hands; they were small, and had rings on them; she plucked off the rings—they left their owner reluctantly—and slipped them on her own fingers; she felt about the neck, it was bare and very cold—something, a cloak or shawl, was dragged off from one shoulder; she pulled it quite away and wrapped it about herself, and then threw her own waist over the dead woman; she felt, too, the small, delicate ears—there were jewels in them, diamonds, she saw by the next flash of lightning; she put them on herself, and then she rose and ran—ran swiftly like the wind, and with the wind, along the beach, with the rain and the spray dashing in her face.

At last she heard many voices and saw dim lights, and then Rose Damer lay down upon the sands and shut her eyes and waited.

Up and down the shore the fishermen's wives and daughters ran, ministering to those whom the sea had not wholly bereft of life, helping the poor wave-beaten creatures to their little cabins, wrapping them in their own poor garments, drying them and warming them, and murmuring many a cheering word in ears whose last-remembered sound, maybe, had been the dying, despairing sob of him who was dearest to them on God's earth.

"Come, Anne, leave the corpses," cried a bluff old weather-beaten fisherman to his daughter, as she knelt above a woman's prostrate form and listened with bowed head at her heart.

"She's not dead, father! and look how beautiful she is—look at that for hair!"

Truly the wave-washed face was beautiful, although by the glimmering light of Ann Fletcher's lantern it was white and ghostly as the snow, and the lengths of black hair only added to the intensity of its pallor.

"Give her a bit o' brandy, Anne, and get her up to the house; she's a cabin-passenger, maybe." The aged Fletcher regarded her from a commercial standpoint, evidently. "See to her, Anne, girl; see to her."

In a few moments the dark-fringed lids were lifted wonderingly once more upon the world and upon its dreariness.

"That's right, miss; we're all friends here, miss," cried Anne Fletcher, reassuringly. "You've been shipwrecked, miss, off the Jersey coast. But you're saved, miss, and you're all right."

The dark eyes closed again most wearily.

"Could you walk to our house, miss? Only a step. Could you tell me your name, miss?"

The cabin-passenger held up her hand and looked for something; then she held up the other—both were empty. She stared at the waist that was tightly wrapped around her, and at the woman who bent over her inquiringly.

"No, ma'am, not mine; that's your own, miss."

Then the passenger felt her ears—no jewels hung in them, and then she turned away her head. And then Anne Fletcher saw that she could not speak—that the sea had made her dumb—but she could hear.

"There, Anne, girl," called the father, "up to the house with you! There's a great lady there, handsomer nor this one, girl with rings to her ears and her fingers, and a name inside o' the gold one—Christabel Carewe. Now, we'll be well paid for all we do for her. Come, come along!"

The lips of the passenger twitched convulsively; she started to her feet while Fletcher was speaking; she held up her two small hands and gazed at them, and then she tore the waist off her white shoulders and flung it from her as far as she could. She ran up the sands trying to speak, but the sea, cruel as the grave, had robbed her of the power. And still she ran on, wringing her hands and thinking—God knows what!

"Let her go," said Fletcher. "Uncle Jim or the reg'lars 'll find her; she wa'n't much 'count, anyhow; but this one as is named Carewe, she has the money and the friends, I guess. Couldn't speak like, at first, but she held up her hands and looked eager like a bird, while Sammy he read out the writin' that was inside of it. Don't stand a-lookin' at that woman—she ain't anything but steerage, I guess. Come on!"

But Annie Fletcher did stand a moment, throwing the light of her lantern up the beach, and watching the slight, swaying figure that sped on so wildly, with the long, dark hair streaming out in the storm-wind behind her, and speechless—unable to tell who she was or what she was.

"Uncle Jim'll christen her, I guess, like he did the babes that couldn't be found out about last wreck we had;" and, so thinking, Anne followed her father.

Fletcher was right—at least, in so far as money was concerned. Christabel Carewe, in the end, proved a highly remunerative person. Her father and mother and sister were lost—had found their last rest beneath the waves of the Atlantic; other relatives in England she had none; but quite a fortune, after due formalities, was handed over to her, through the kindly offices of the English Consul, as she signified a desire to remain in America, and never return to the land which now was only fraught with unhappy memories for her.

Miss Carewe found warm friends in New York—people who had known her father years ago, and received his generous and noble hospitality; she was asked to make her home with them, and accepted.

There was a grace, a charm, a kind of shrinking timidity about her that won every one to her side; she had a shy way of raising and dropping her eyes quickly if any stranger entered the room; and the color flew into her face and out again if any one spoke to her unexpectedly; if a book dropped or a door slammed, she startled with the nervousness that was born of the terrible trials through which she had passed. And yet, withal, she was a regal-looking creature, with eyes of fire, and lips luscious as the dew-filled rose; a figure *svelte* and full of a languorous grace that was, perhaps, but redoubled by the deep, clinging mourning of her garments. The Randal thought that, in securing Miss Carewe as an inmate of their beautiful home, they had borne off a prize. Miss Randal had no daughters, and she secretly hoped that the beautiful heiress would be wooed and won by her son, but

that first she should have the triumphant pleasure of chaperoning in fashionable society the almost faultless daughter of the Carewes of Carewe Hall—the place where she had spent so happy a part of her honeymoon thirty years ago.

The year was at September, and twelve months, almost to a day, had passed since the wreck of the steamer *Pacific*. Mrs. Randal had begun to realize her dreams; she had persuaded Miss Carewe to lighten her black, and to accompany her to Saratoga and Long Branch. But the other and the greater half of her hopes had been crushed to the earth; her son had been refused, point-blank, but in such a fashion as even a mother's heart could not resent.

"You say you hoped I would be your daughter, dear Mrs. Randal. Let me be so; adopt me. Let me bear your name—the name of Carewe is hateful to me. I hate myself—the last of my line—for having dared to live when all perished on that terrible night; they rise like spectres before me. I—dear Mrs. Randal, give me leave to call myself your daughter—to sign your whole name *my* name; let me be a sister to Fred, but do not ask me for aught else."

Who could resist that appeal? Not Mrs. Randal. Besides, the fond, foolish mother fancied that perhaps in the end Fred's suit might prosper.

So Miss Carewe was no longer Miss Carewe; she was the belle of Long Branch as Miss Randal, and but few knew the romantic story of her young and eventful life, and they, at her own special request, guarded the sad story well.

She was lovely; no man could deny the beauty or the fascination of her manner; and, perhaps, of all men who met her that Summer, none seemed to be more charmed by her than Philip Chester, a young Englishman of wealth and good birth, who was traveling for pleasure through the States—some said to repair a broken heart, some in search of a wife. However it may have been, Catherine Randal's face was the only one that arrested his attention for a moment.

"You remind me of—" He was lying on the sands at her feet, looking up into her face.

"Of whom?" she interrupts, eagerly, almost harshly.

"Oh"—his brow contracts, and he straightens himself with a quick, man's sigh—"of—"

"Well, I am waiting!" She speaks very impatiently.

"Of a dream I had once." And he looks off and across the sea to where it is lost in the sky.

"And what was it? How did it end? Tell me."

She leans her chin in her palms, and brings the full light of her glorious dark eyes upon his blue ones.

"How was it? It was sweet as the bread of heaven. How did it end? Under that water there that we are looking at this moment."

He folds his arms, and the shadow on his face is as the shadow of death.

She shudders. The sea, the sea! Could it—absurd! And even if it had been, the dead tell no tales.

"But it was only a dream, you say?" she murmurs, with drooped eyes, and the rose-flush on her soft cheeks.

He looks over at her steadily and quietly for a moment or two, and then he speaks, steadily and quietly, also.

"Do you think you would be willing to marry a man because you remind him, by a trick of your eyelids or the texture of your hair, of his dream? Do you think, Catherine, that you would be happy as my wife? I would do my best to make you so.

You love me? Ah, yes." He draws her to him unresisting, and there is a soft assurance in the voice that calls her name endearingly.

Philip Chester has no need to plead at Catherine Randal's shrine. She yields herself without a suspicion of coyness or a hint of coquetry. She was done with those woman's weapons how many years ago?

She trembles a bit as she glances yonder at the sea; the tide is coming in and crawling up the sands to where they sit, and she looks over her shoulder as though, perhaps, she half-expected to see some one hateful to her standing there, and then creeps closer in his arms, and is in her inmost heart thankful for the new protection that his name will give her.

After her fashion she loves him, not with the girl's freshness, but with the woman's fruition of passion and adoration, content to receive whatever he may see fit to lavish.



BEAUTY PORTRAIT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 98.

"My Catherine!" he whispers, as he kisses her brow, and notes with a pleased, speculative smile the flush of her happy face.

"One word," she says, raising her head from his breast.

"The dream—you have loved before to-day?"

"And you?" he asks, half-pityingly.

"I?"—she turns away her head—had he turned a dagger in some old slumbering wound?
 "I—oh, I have no past. Philip, you will make my future for me, my whole future, every pulse and hour of it—
 you alone!"

Mrs. Philip Chester is sitting in her boudoir at one of the great hotels in New York. She has been married six years, and they have been years of peace, judging from the woman's face; there is a repose there that was lacked when she was Catherine Randal—the pink flush flies to her cheek less often nowadays, and she is not as nervous and startled a person as she used to be.

The days have been good days, and if Philip Chester has not given his heart into her keeping, he has graciously permitted his wife to lavish the whole wealth of hers upon him.

There are times when his blue eyes seem to be piercing the impenetrable veil of the distance, when his lips are contracted in a bitter control, when he looks like a man who questions his Maker, gaining no reply; but, with all, Catherine Chester's life contents her. It is his mood to travel continually, and it is hers, also; she never likes to stay long in any one place, and is only in America so that Mrs. Randal may have an opportunity of seeing the little Kate, now five years old.

Mrs. Chester is reading some romance or other when a knock comes at her door, and a servant enters.

"A lady to see you, madam."

She extends her hand for the card. "What name?"

"She gave no name, madam; she said merely that she wished to see you."

"Go down and inquire the name!" She almost staggers

to her seat after the man leaves the room. "How foolish I am! That is buried; and yet how do I know? Ah! I took good care not to know. I never read a paper—no, not for years! I take one up now with a shudder, and yet I know not why. I feel as I did that night, as though I were walking over quicksand, and as though I felt it giving way beneath my tread. Oh, my God! grant that

my child may be spared to lead a purer life than mine; grant that she may not m— Oh! what am I saying? I am mad, mad! Well?" she adds, with a supreme effort, turning to the waiter who re-enters the room, although her face is toward the vase of flowers, with which she is idly playing, and not toward him.

"She says, madam, she is in reply to the advertisement for a governess; she does not know your name—it was only Room 48, Fifth Avenue Hotel."

"Oh"—Mrs. Chester laughs so merrily as she speaks—"certainly, James, show the lady up at once."

"You are the lady applying in answer to my advertisement?" Mrs. Chester says, motioning the young person to a seat.

"Yes, madam, I am."

There is something—Catherine Chester knows not what—about this thin, pale, poorly-dressed woman that puzzles her. Has she ever seen her before? While she sits talking over the matter of education, etc., with her, her memory is turning backward and searching among its old haunts.

Was she a member of the bal—oh, pshaw! impossible. Where? No matter; she suited in every respect for a governess for Kate, and she was anxious to go to England.

"Yes, madam, I have just recovered from a very serious accident. I had lost my voice, and a sea voyage, they say, will do me good. I am not delicate, though; you need not fear that you will find yourself on the ocean with an invalid on your hands."

"I have no fears. We consider the matter finally settled, then? You will come to-morrow?"

"Yes, settled," she speaks half-forlornly, half-hopefully.



HANNIBAL.—FROM A BUST BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

"And now, madam, my name, madam, is—Jane See—Jane See."

"See!" Mrs. Chester echoes. "What a singular name!" And for the second time she wonders when and where she once looked into that beautiful face before.

"And yours?" the governess inquires, respectfully.

"Oh! to be sure—Chester—Mrs. Philip Chester," she says, softly and proudly, with lowered lips.

And the governess—her great eyes dilate with a sudden terror, her lips quiver, and her thin fingers grasp the back of the chair near which she stands with a grip of steel; and a little child runs into the room with its hands full of flowers.

"Oh, mamma!" Kate cries, and then is silent and round-eyed with wonder at the stranger.

"Won't you come to me, dear?" Jane See says, holding out hungering arms. "I am going to be your governess, and you will try"—oh, what a heartbreak there was in the woman's voice!—"to love me a little, my dear, won't you?"

Kate goes and holds up a red cherub of a little mouth to be kissed, and shyly pokes one of her daisies into Jane See's hand.

"Thank you;" she presses it to her lips as she walks away down the wide corridor of the hotel, and murmurs brokenly to herself, "His child—his child!"

The following day the new governess does not appear, in the morning at least, nor yet in the afternoon. Mrs. Chester grows impatient, and at night is disgusted.

"I did not fancy her exactly, Philip, after all; she was too—too demonstrative with Katy."

"Ah! Well, my dear, governesses are extremely plentiful; no doubt you will find another quite as desirable, if not more so. By-the-by, I have an appointment at the Union League, so *au revoir*."

Catherine watches him cross the avenue, and watches him until his tall figure is lost in the shadows of the park trees, and then she turns away from the window; and as she does so her eyes fall upon a face she has not seen in years. When last this woman looked at this man, the sea moaned and the storm raged, and the winds howled without and within; the life's blood was flowing out of his heart—and she stands still, mute and motionless as a statue, before him now.

"Well," he says, "I have found you at last!"

"What do you mean? Who are you?" says she, while the breath almost freezes between her lips, there is such a chill upon her.

"I am your husband, Jack Damer, and I mean to have you!"

He makes a savage dash for her—all the old steel-like fierceness in his cool gray eyes; but some one—something inscrutable and invisible—wrests her from his hold—it is the angel of release—the sweet angel of death!

Jack Damer lies down upon the floor beside her; he kisses her, he talks to her, he calls her all the old soft words he used to in the days when she was his. He touches her glory of hair with his rough hands, and smooths the white jeweled fingers between his; he turns her face up to the light, and looks at it as a hungry man looks at food, and then, with an oath, he puts her away from him.

"She was too much for me, by the Lord! What woman with eyes like hers isn't too much for any man?"

And then he goes, taking nothing with him; not leaving anything behind him—not even the briefest breath of dishonor to blow over the dead face of the woman he loved so well, and had scoured the wide world over to find again, and claim and lose,

When Philip Chester came home—it was early, but little past nine o'clock—he did not go straight into the boudoir, but opened the parlor-door first, finding the room, however, quite dark, save for the lights that shone in from the streets. By that dim glare he saw a figure sitting in a chair in one corner. It was not his wife, and neither was it the maid. Evidently some one waiting for a reply to a message; he would light the gas; and so thinking, Mr Chester took up a match.

"Please do not light the gas," the voice was low and soft, and almost unconsciously his arm was arrested. "I am the governess, Jane See, whom Mrs. Chester engaged yesterday. I am come to say that I must give up the situation. I find that I cannot leave this country—I cannot go to England."

She said the words as though repeating some hard-learned lesson.

"You will be so kind as to tell Mrs. Chester, sir—and that I regret exceedingly having caused her any inconvenience—"

What buried memories do the sound of this woman's voice awaken? Why does Philip Chester stagger and turn pale as Jane See rises from her chair and advances toward the door?

"By heaven!" he cries, under his breath, and strikes the match and lights a gas-jet. "Who are you? I must see you!"

Before she could flee, before she can reach up protecting hands before her face, Philip Chester springs to her side and is gazing with wonder-stricken eyes into hers.

"Christabel!" he murmurs, holding out his arms imploringly toward Jane See—"Christabel! my lost, drowned love! Is it you—or is it that spirits can return from the dead and speak to us? Is it that the prayers I have prayed have been heard, and you have come back to tell me that you are waiting for me *there*? No, no, no! my darling, it is you—you, verily. Ah! Christabel, speak to me!"

With a little low wail of anguish, Jane See falls into the outstretched arms of Philip Chester, and rapidly and nervously tells him her story—the wreck, the dumb horror of awakening, her christening by the old fisherman, her life among the people of the coast for nearly six years, then the recovery of her voice; but the despair of knowing that her story would not be believed—for they told her all along of the finding of one whom they called Christabel Carewe, and of her being taken away by rich friends, of the rings upon her fingers with her name in them—and sometimes she thought she was mad, that she had never been, was not, Christabel Carewe. "And when I came here yesterday and learned that you had forgotten me—had married another—oh! Philip, then I knew that I was mad! I had hoped to get home to England—to find you—to—I know not what!"

"Hush—h! my poor lamb. I only married Catharine Randal because she resembled the girl whom I thought had been taken away from me. God knows I sought for you; God knows it is bitter—bitter to find you *thus*!"

He turns away and sobs. When a strong man sheds tears, heaven help him!

"Villain! adventuress! I would to God I could find the low-born, base wretch who stole your name, your life, your love, *our* happiness from us! Oh, Christabel!"

He looks over toward her, but the room is empty—Jane See has gone.

Two years have slipped away. The afternoon sun shines lingeringly and softly over the stone turrets and ivy-covered towers of Chesterfield House; the rooks

caw to each other, and the starlings and the wrens flit in and out among the thick-leaved oaks, whispering and twittering their good-night songs. A child is playing on the lawn with her dogs, while the maid watches her every movement—a fair little girl child, of about eight, with dark, long hair and intense blue eyes.

"Come, Juno," she cries—come to supper. I am hungry, and so must you be. Come, and then you shall have some dessert with papa and mamma in the dining-room if you are good."

And Kate Chester, laughing merrily, dances into the house.

Christabel Chester stands in the deeply mullioned window, watching the child that she so dearly loves.

"Is it not *his* child?" she softly murmurs to herself; and then, as she looks down at the little plain gold ring that she holds in her hand, a smile full of bitterness and terrible recollection flits across her lips. "To think that the mother of this child—*his* wife—should have been the woman who robbed me of six years of my life—who robbed me of my name, my all! But he shall never know it; my darling shall not even suspect that I have found the key to the mystery—found it laying away sealed in a little box, and hidden, as she supposed, for ever from human eyes."

"Christabel!"

"Yes."

She turns startled eyes around to meet his loving ones.

"What have you there? Ah, love, no secrets from me," reproachfully, taking her hands in his.

"No, Philip," she answers, bravely. It is only a little ring that you gave me long ago. You had had my name cut inside of it, and had worn it."

"You have kept it all these years, dear?"

"I lost it for a while once, Philip, but I found it again."

Christabel Chester speaks slowly and with drooped lids, and her husband watches her narrowly the while.

"Yes," he says. "By-the-by"—still with his eyes fastened full upon her face—"I have just had letters from Mr. and Mrs. Randal, and they tell me that Catherine was not their own daughter; that they had merely adopted her; that her real name—or, at least, the name she went by—was—"

"Philip," cries his wife, placing her little hand across his lips, "of the dead let us speak no evil. Dear, I do not care to hear that name. I will only remember that she was once your wife."

"You say you lost that ring for a while once?" he cries, while his brow contracts with agony.

"Yes, dear, I lost it once for a little while. Oh, Philip, what are years—even six years—when we have life before us—when we have each other?"

"Christabel, my Christabel," Philip Chester murmurs, drawing her to him, passionately, "you are one woman in ten thousand."

"And I am yours," whispers she, looking up into his face with a look of exceeding great joy as she slips the little ring back upon his finger.

It stays there always now, the name inside, he says, a talisman against all evil—his wife's maiden name—"Christabel Carewe."

PREVISH contradiction about trifles is infinitely more vexatious than a generous opposition where matters of importance are involved.

A good man will never teach that which he does not believe.

MY BOOKS.

SADLY, as some old medieval knight
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield—
The sword, two-handed, and the shining shield,
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,
While secret longings for the lost delight
Of tourney or adventure in the field
Came over him, and tears but half concealed
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,
So I behold these books upon their shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other days;
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
For they remind me of my other self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

THE DEVIL'S LOOKING-GLASS.

(Converted from the French of Anais Ségalas.)

BY MEISTER KARL.



H, my dear, you are the very perfection of a man!"

It was to her husband that Celeste—and she was, indeed, a celestial beauty—addressed this endearing expression. With her eyes firmly fixed on him she contemplated him as though he were one of the seven wonders of the world, probably that of the Olympian Jupiter—or maybe, as an angel in a black frock-coat, whose wings had, however, been clipped by the clergyman who officiated when they were married. Remember, however, that the sun-rays which at that moment shone through the gold-and-crimson-colored glass of the saloon, and fell in delicate rainbow light on the young couple, were in reality those of the honeymoon.

It was, madame, my dear reader, you whose heart palpitates and cheeks flush with delicious memories of that happy period, the first quarter of that sweet waking dream, that blended rapture of tenderness and anticipation, of dainty peccadilloes and holy affection which follows the day of orange-flowers and lace.

"Flatterer!" replied the angel, twisting up his little black mustache.

"But I see you as you really are, beloved—perfectly good, sweet—oh, sweet as the angels in heaven—virtuous as one of Father Ravignan's sermons, and poetic as the Spring in all its glory. Oh—you—dear!"

The young couple embraced passionately; pale with intensest attraction they gazed into each other's dark eyes as if to exhaust by intensity the unutterable desires which their burning words had awakened, and after a fresh outburst of extravagant avowal abandoned themselves to renewed vows and poetic protestations of love. But after an hour poetry and protestation were exhausted—the sugar-plums were all eaten!

If Robert de Valigny had only been a senator, or banker, or lawyer, or even a clerk in a store, he would have left his wife to pass the day at his business. But he was rich, and not ambitious and particularly indolent. So he remained by his wife, and the young couple, having nothing more to say, looked at each other tenderly till they were tired, and finally Celeste went and sat by the window, and opened a volume of religious-poetic-allegoric-diabolical legends.

It was an excellent dessert, madame, after her late surfeit of sentiment—a sort of *pousse-café* after dinner—a forgetfulness-inducing draught. There is nothing like an interesting book after these domestic scenes to get their



THE DEVIL'S LOOKING-GLASS.—BEELZEBUB SEES HIMSELF IN A MIRROR.

out of your mind. Try it. Read, for instance, this story. Celeste, with her rich brown-blond hair in wild confusion, her cream-amber complexion, violet eyes of almond-shape, and, above all, with her Greek features and perfect form, looked like a true angel who has just realized the most exquisite thrills of earthly passions; while Robert, with his sharply-cut features, black hair, and semi-Oriental Mephistophelean eyebrows, had very much the air of Robert the Devil—after a slight round of dissipation. Celeste was dreamy, poetic, sentimental, and rather a foe to the realities of life; while Robert, accustomed to a free-and-easy bachelor life, was an accomplished voluptuary, whose literary opinions were limited to believing that a tragedy in five acts wasn't worth a dinner of two courses. Nature had made him a glutton; Paris had civilized him into an epicure.

When Robert found out that his wife adored the ethereal and ideal, he saw at once that he must conceal with all care his deadly sin of gluttony—but chase Nature out of an eating-house and she will return through a restaurant. So while Celeste floated in reverie over the works of great poets, Master Robert devoured the "Divina Commedia" of

Francatelli, the "Iliad" of Ude, the "Henriade" of Carême, the "Nibelungen" of Kochmeister, the "Paradise Regained" of Gunter, the "Macaronics" of Soyer.

Therefore it was that Celeste, after the tender passage-at-arms described—opened a volume of legends, while Robert, sneaking into a corner, drew from his pocket, and began to read by stealth, the "Perfect Cook."

All at once Celeste, whom her husband believed to be absorbed in reading, suddenly raised her Hebe head and asked:

"What are you reading, darling?"

"What am I reading?" quoth Robert, who believed that he would be lost if he avowed his crime, "is—that is to say—I am reading what you would like to know interests me by its personal. It is—that is to say—a little work—in book form."

"Poetry, dear, isn't it! I supposed so. Is it Victor Hugo or Byron?"

"Yes—that's it. It's Byron."

"Ah, I knew it—I knew that you, dearest, would choose our inspired poets whose souls are sisters to your soul—angel—divinity—ducky. Oh, how beautifully you must read, who do everything so much better than anybody else! How well you must read those verses! Oh, you are going to read Byron—ar'n't you, sweetest?"

The sweetest felt the cold perspiration gather on his forehead.

"Don't you think we'd better take a little walk?" he asked, faintly.

"Nonsense! I insist on it—oh, you must, you must, you must!"

So all was up with the glutton, the liar, the sinner. The young may see from this moral tale how one vice leads to another.

If Robert had breakfasted on a little mush and cold water, gone at once down-town to his business, and left his wife and "The Perfect Cook" alone, we should have seen none of the horrors which I have described. He had been married only a week, and wished to obey. He pretended he had lost the book, but Celeste pointed out to him the fact that it was in his pocket. So it became necessary to hunt for Byron in "The Perfect Cook."

"Have you done turning over those leaves?" inquired the wife of her angel.

"Here I am!" cried Robert, who was raking out of his memory all the little of Byron which ever went into it. Here I am! It's from the 'Corsair,' my apricot:

"Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's humblest roots."

(He was at the recipe for preparing potatoes *à la maitre d'hôtel*.)

"And scarce the Summer's luxury of fruits,"

(Here he came to directions for stewing apples),

"His short repast in humbleness supply,"

(Recipe for *cotelettes de poulet aux truffes*),

"With all a hermit's board would scarce deny,"
(*Ortolans à l'Italian*).

"But while shuns the grosser joys of sense,"

(Boiled beef in the German style, with stewed horse-radish),

"His mind seems nourished by that abstinence."

"How sweetly you read!" sighed Celeste.

Robert re-echoed the sigh. He was out of Byron.

"I've got a little cold," said he, closing the book.

"Cold—nonsense! Why, there is tenderness in every note of your voice."

There was no help for it—the book had to be opened again; while stammering out something he became confused, and without knowing what he was about, read aloud from the book:

"Kid steaks stewed with olives."

"What!" cried Celeste.

At one bound like a panther she was by his side with glowing eyes, and snatched from him the book.

"What stupidity!" quoth Robert to himself.

"And while I thought you were entertaining me, you were gratifying your vile *penchant* with 'The Perfect Cook'!" cried his wife.

"Well, I was," exclaimed Robert, firmly and desperately.

"What would you have, little Celeste? Marriage is a community of faults. Pass me the kid steaks (when there are any on the cloth), and I'll pass you the *coquettes de riz* or *de volaille*, or whatever they're made of. To tell the plain truth, I'm something of a high liver and an epicure."

"But—my—dearest," said Celeste, in a tone of saddest despair, "perhaps you might cure yourself of the fault!"

"*Ma foi!* no. Now that I have thrown aside the mask, I'll be plain with you. There's no hope of me. I mean to give my favorite recipes to the cook; I shall teach you how to teach her, and when we are alone, instead of everlastingly talking poetry, we'll talk cookery. The most perfect of all the muses is 'The Domestic'—no, that's too vulgar—I mean 'The Perfect Cook.' She holds the saucepan for a lyre. Oh, if men must quote poetry, let them say of me:

"Behold his breakfasts shine
with reputation!
His dinners are the wonder
of the nation."

Come, don't scold, my blonde, seraph! I'm going at last to order a real good dinner!"

And like a wild bird set free, he rushed away to the kitchen.

Celeste fell almost lifeless on the sofa.

Oh, waking from love's young dream! oh, agony and despair! bitter disappointment—waves of joy ebbing from the sunny strand—all was over! This was the hus-

band whom the tender soul (Etcetera, etcetera. The reader will please supply, say a page and three-quarters from the first sensation novel—one by a lady to be preferred, for obvious reasons.

She reposed on the *fauteuil*, her snow-white hand resting on the ebony *priedieu*, her exquisitely chiseled boots slumbering in graceful outline upon the velvet cushion brodered in *orfeverie*. The book of legends was still open, and her eyes rested mechanically on a strange and fearful story of the olden time. It was the dark and weird legend of "The Devil's Looking-glass"! She read, she scarce knew how (observe, reader, that I am still sticking to the regular old novel style, though the original French doesn't. If Mlle. Anaïs Segalas ever sees this translation of her little moral tale, she'll open her eyes, I fancy).

Yes, the fair Celeste read the first lines, when at once a wild inspiration flashed like tri-colored lightning, doubly startling, through the midnight of her despair. Came it from heaven—*ou de l'enfer*? With a smile on her lips and hope in her heart, she read the following legend:

"Beelzebub, fly-god of Old Babylon, became a sedentary fiend, and for ages remained under the paternal and infernal roof, dwelling quietly in his house of red and black."

(This is in the original. "*Sa maison rouge et noir*"—you see, don't you, madame, why gambling-houses are called "hells"? Excuse the word!)

"He passed his evenings pleasantly enough, however, chatting with Voltaire, playing chess with Montaigne, drinking aquafortis with Calvin, reading Boker's plays and poems, telling stories with Peter Aretino, quoting the young England and young English poets to the little devils when they were naughty, and giving them Lamartine and Tupper for medicine (treacle and brimstone has no effect down



CELESTE READING POETRY TO ROBERT AFTER HIS REFORM.

there). Over and above this, when his wife was absent he flirted with Christina of Sweden, Ninon of Paris, Messalina of Boston, Aurora Koningsmarke of New York, and a vast array of other ladies, who at present board in his hotel. So he sat of evenings by the corner of the fire in his old easychair, coloring his meerschaum, and had quite forgotten when the foreign steamers were due or the hours of the railway trains. But one day a gentleman who was behind hand in his accounts and had achieved a vast bankruptcy, or stealure, arrived. He had been traveling immensely in Belgium, and talked a great deal—so much as to awaken in his host a fancy to rush forth into the world. Of course, he began with Paris, where a part of his family had long resided—his Father of Lies, his brother Mephistopheles, returned some time before from the German universities, and his wooden-legged nephew, Asmodeus; with a parcel of American country cousins, rapping-spirits, good fellows as ever drew a cork, but sadly poor devils, who at a pinch helped in two-shilling shows.

"No sooner had he arrived in Paris than Beelzebub went to the Stock Exchange, where, as he had been informed, his father was to be found at all hours. But imagine the amazement of Beelzey to find that wherever he went his appearance excited roars of laughter. Now, Beelzebub believed himself to be good-looking. He had been very successful among the ladies *chez lui*, and supposed himself an infernalesque Adonis—for there are no mirrors in his place.

"His cousin, the fair Ashtaroth, who was walking with him, saw with woman's tact where the trouble was, and led him with a Yankee devil into a picture-framer's store. Here in a splendid mirror Beelzebub saw himself at full length, and uttered a deep grating roar of tremendous amazement and fury. Nay, there was even horror in the cry. He saw himself with eyes darting lightnings, his every expression intensely diabolical, his beard singed with fires, the whole expressing uncivilization and ferocity.

"He went quietly home, trimmed his beard, subdued his wild outbursts; and became charming, fashionable, elegant—for he had cured himself of the sins which had been revealed to him by The Devil's Looking-glass."

"And I, too," said Celeste, "I will cure my husband by reproducing faithfully as in a mirror his faults."

And smiling as she caught a view of her beautiful eyes in the Psyche opposite, she murmured:

"I, too, will be a Devil's Looking-glass."

I believe, madame, that none of your sex ever determined to become a reflector without freely and completely fulfilling the intention. Probably Anais Segalas, when she wrote this very story, knew this. There is a deep mystery unknown to man in the ties which identify women with a mirror. The oldest type of Venus—the primeval Egyptian—represents her with one. According to Artemidorus it is the symbol of life, and woman the source of life. I believe that the poet Mat Prior has somewhere hit on something like a solution of the mystery—but I must stop here, or I shall say too much, and am, moreover, in a hurry to be with the delicious Celeste.

"Well, my friend," said she to Robert, as she re-entered the room (French ladies call their husbands "friends"), "have you ordered a fine dinner, a truly artistic one, piquant, nourishing, cherishing?"

"It seems to interest you all of a sudden."

"Interest me! Darling, didn't you say that marriage is the community of faults? The fact is, that if I have one fault greater than another, Robert, it is of being a little glutton. I know it—I'm ashamed of it; and when I heard you avow the same fault, why it vexed me, just as

it always does to see our faults reflected in others. But, on reflection, I've concluded to make common cause with you, and live a delightful epicurean life. Oh! beloved, how we *will* eat—how we will stuff and cram! What suppers, what dinners, what breakfasts! What living, and oh, what love!"

And she cast herself lazily on the sofa, *whis-sp-ing* with her lips in that watery, appetizing manner, and rolling up her eyes and glancing at Robert, as if all the joys conceivable consisted merely of eating and digestion.

"Why, this is queer," said Robert, with a faint sensation of discontent; "*you*, so gentle, so poetic—for, without flattery, I must admit that I could not have chosen a more charming little wife—"

"Did you order an eel pie, with mushrooms? I adore them!"

"By-and-by," exclaimed Robert, impatiently. "You know, Celeste, that I have vowed to eternally devote to you a tenderness—"

"With mashed potatoes—"

"Oh, do stop with your dinner!" cried Robert, impatiently. "I told you that I had vowed eternal tenderness. I shall never forget our first meeting; it is a memory full of exquisite emotions—"

"And mustard."

"Ma'a'am!" exclaimed Robert. (I'm wrong, reader—he said MADAME—in small capitals. But this is the bore of translation—you are always getting hold of words which don't work well into English; for which reason we should follow Sir Thomas Urquhart's plan with Rabelais, and steer as wide of the original as possible.)

"Ma'a'am!" exclaimed Robert, "what is the use of mixing up my love with your mustard in this aggravating way? Do you know that you have been answering very singularly to my loving efforts? One would say that you hadn't felt one of my manifestations of attachment. But your love is mine (warming up again), isn't it? What with a thousand little tendernesses and every care, I shall preserve it for ever."

"Like fruits with plenty of sugar. Talking of preserving, I have a really adorable recipe for apple jelly."

"Ah!—this is detestable!" cried Robert. "Conversation is impossible. There will be no more of those tender interviews which make married life so delicious and constitute its sweetest—"

"Marianna!" cried Celeste, without listening to her husband, and running after the cook, whom she saw crossing the next room, "are the pies ready?"

And she arose and ran away like a young grayhound. She returned in a few minutes with an enormous cut of hot pie in one hand, devouring it with a rapture and avidity which completely unpoetized her in the eyes of her husband.

"Go on, dear," she said. "You were saying something about your affection. Oh! how nice this pie is!"

"Ma—a—AM!" exclaimed Robert, fairly enraged—"a husband's sacred duty is to speak the truth to his wife. You seem ugly enough, ma'am, to frighten the devil when you talk in that manner, with your mouth crammed with a great wedge of pie—why, it is perfectly disgusting!"

"There's the first insolent speech you've made since we were married."

"Well, and this is the first fault I've found in you."

"Well, I have a terrible appetite; it is a weakness of mine."

"But, ma'am," replied Robert, "you must know that I only love delicate and aerial women. That's what I chose you for. And now you'll grow fat!"

"And, after all, sir, what if I do, if I have a fancy for it?"

"But I insist upon it that you shan't grow fat!" cried Robert, stamping on the floor in a rage.

"I have a right to," replied Celeste; "the Civil Code, section Marriage, has nothing to the contrary. It isn't a ground for separation."

"Come, Celeste," exclaimed Robert, tendering down, "it would be cruel if disenchantment should begin eight days after the wedding. If you want to please me, avoid this everlasting conversation of the vulgar kitchen—it's horribly *bourgeoise*. And do get rid of your gluttony. It's a vulgar fault, my love; repulsive, hideous!"

Here Robert had mounted the horse of eloquence and gave him rein.

"It is a prosaic, brutal vice," he continued, "wanting the romantic fascination which in some form or another gilds every other crime. It chased Adam from his terrestrial paradise—it will chase me yet from mine."

"Re-ally! And yet you cultivate it, this prosaic, atrocious, vulgar and villainous vice! Well, if you don't like it, I will reform; but then pray don't you yourself lay temptation and obstacles in my way, *Roberto tu ch'adoro*. If you keep talking to me all the time of the exquisite recipes in your 'Perfect Cook'—why—*dame!*—you make the water come into my mouth—and—why, I can't help yielding sometimes."

"The Perfect Cook!" cried Robert, his eyes suddenly opening; "the cause of our first quarrel! By Jove, here it goes, into the fire, to which it has in its time condemned so many innocent *poultices!*"

And, like a good fellow, Robert slung the "Perfect Cook" into the centre of the coals. It blazed, twisted up its covers in agony, like a Huguenot or a Servetus kicking at the stake, and finally departed on the wings of flames material to those aerial regions devoted to the souls of "Perfect Cooks."

The quarrel was over, and the harmony of the morning completely re-established. Robert read elegies and performed amiabilities to perfection. Finally, Celeste, looking up in rapture, with moistened eyes and blushing cheeks, exclaimed:

"Oh, my friend! you are the most perfect of men!"

AN EAST INDIAN REVENGE.

SIR RICHARD PAULSON, belonging to one of the noblest families in England, paid a visit to India, shortly after the close of the Sepoy rebellion, and spent several weeks in Calcutta. He found the weather so extremely hot that he would not leave the house of his friend, Colonel Hamilton, of the Ninth Regiment, except at nightfall, and then he wandered quietly along the streets, smoking his cigar, and dreamily gazing at the swarthy natives, who seemed so insensible to the intense fervor of the sun's rays.

On one of these occasions he was wandering through the suburbs of Calcutta, toward what is known as the Garden Reach—about three miles south of the town, and where most of the Europeans reside.

He was sauntering dreamily along in this manner when his attention was arrested by two female jugglers. One of these was quite an old woman, while the other was young, and extraordinarily handsome. Her black eyes, luxuriant hair, swarthy cheek, and beautifully rounded limbs would have excited admiration anywhere.

Sir Richard paused, and watched their juggling performances. They consisted mainly in throwing balls and rings, combining the latter with curious figures, while the

former appeared and disappeared in a manner perfectly bewildering to an uninitiated spectator like the English gentleman.

Observing his look of amused wonder, the girl approached, and held out her palm for money. He dropped a gold coin in it, of such value that she bowed low, making one of the most profound of Oriental acknowledgments.

Sir Richard was delighted with the girl's beauty and charming manner, and he endeavored to engage her in conversation; but she could not understand a word, although she seemed pleased to listen to him.

There was nothing objectionable in the Englishman's curiosity. He was a highbred gentleman, who was simply interested for the moment in the dark-eyed beauty; but while he stood gazing at her he was startled by something like the hiss of a serpent at his elbow, and turning his head, he observed a scowling Sepoy glaring upon him, with drawn knife.

"What do you want?" inquired Sir Richard, indignantly, as he recoiled a step or two.

The Sepoy muttered something in his own language, and advanced upon him with the stealthy tread of the tiger. He evidently was the husband of the girl whom the Englishman was so palpably admiring, and, consumed with jealousy, he was about to take his life.

Sir Richard had no weapon except his cane; but he was a skillful swordsman, and whirling it over his head, he knocked the knife fifty feet from the hand of the Sepoy, and then gave him such a caning that he was compelled to take to his heels to save himself being beaten to death.

Somewhat excited, Sir Richard turned about and walked homeward, observing as he did so that the two female jugglers had also disappeared.

When he related the incident to Colonel Hamilton, the latter laughed:

"Watch out for that Sepoy! He will give you a stab in the back some dark night; he will never be satisfied till he has revenged himself upon you."

"Let him revenge himself! I shall carry my revolvers with me after this, and I only regret that I hadn't them with me to-night. I would have blown his brains out!"

"They are a fiendish set of dogs; we learned that in the war just closed."

That evening as the two were sauntering quietly along, they were approached by an East Indian, dressed in European fashion, who stopped in front of them, and making a polite bow, said:

"Will Englees gentleman be so much kind give me card?"

He addressed himself directly to Sir Richard, who, on the impulse of the moment, produced his card, and handed it to him.

"What do you want? Who are you? Give me yours?"

But the stranger bowed with all the stately politeness of a cavalier, and, saying never a word, walked rapidly away and mingled with the crowd.

"That is the most impudent proceeding which I ever heard!" exclaimed the astonished Englishman. "What does it mean?"

"It means that the Sepoy with whom you had the difficulty to-day has determined on revenge, and has taken the first step by finding out your address. You see he has something now to work upon."

This fact so annoyed Sir Richard that he shortened his stay in India, and, a few days later, sailed for England. Not until he had once more stepped upon the soil of Great Britain herself did he feel safe, and draw a breath of relief.

Time passed on, and now that he believed all danger



past, the little affray in distant India almost faded from the nobleman's remembrance, and when he thought of it, it was with a shudder, as one remembers some dreadful dream.

One day when he returned to his apartments, he learned that a present had been sent, in the shape of a goodly-sized trunk, which, from its heavy, foreign look, made it seem probable that it had come from some distant clime.

It was directed in plain India ink, and a curious key lay on the top, inviting him to open and examine the treasure for himself.

Never once suspecting danger, and greatly wondering who his unknown friend was, he applied the key; the lock easily turned, and the lid was raised.

Horror of horrors! What did he see? The flat head of an immense serpent came gliding out ere he could realize his danger or shut down the lid again.

Scarcely conscious of what he did, he made a clutch at it, seizing its pulpy neck in both hands; but it continued gliding forth until fully fifteen feet of the boa was in the room.

Sir Richard was a powerful man, and he held the neck of the hideous monster with the grip of a

vise; but he could not prevent its folds from winding about both his legs, with their tremendous compression.

But he had the better of the snake, and if he could only retain the grasp, powerful as was the reptile, it must succumb at last. He actually feared his lower limbs would be crushed to a pulp and his bones broken, so prodigious was the strength of his antagonist.

By-and-by he could see that the strangulation was beginning to tell. The boa coiled and uncoiled with great rapidity, flinging his immense body round the room, knocking the chairs and furniture hither and thither. Then he wound them round his legs again, until the man was almost frantic in his agony.

But still he held on to the neck, compressing the soft mass until it was a hard twist in his hand, keeping his muscles up to the severest tension, never relaxing for an instant, and fixing his own horrified eyes upon the glittering, beadlike orbs of the boa.

A serpent cannot live without oxygen any more than can a man, and by-and-by this strangulation had its effect. Gradually its efforts ceased, and it soon became inanimate. Releasing his hold, Sir Richard rushed, half fainting, out of the room.

In the course of half an hour he returned with some

friends, and peered cautiously in. The snake lay in an immense coil upon the floor, dead, and the three, armed with revolvers, entered.

A careful examination was now made, and the boa was found to be a few inches less than fifteen feet in length. One of Sir Richard's companions was somewhat of a naturalist, and he declared that the snake had been kept a long time without food or drink, so as to make it unusually fierce. In the trunk, or box, were discovered several apertures, so that it should not suffer the want of air.

Some time after, Sir Richard learned that an East Indian had come to England upon a

British merchant ship with such a box in his possession. In London he had no difficulty in learning his residence, and, keeping the serpent until it was in the most savage condition possible, he had brought it himself to his room and left it, with the announcement that it was a present intended specially for him.

There could be no doubt but that this was the same Sepoy who had been so mortally offended by the nobleman, and had taken this characteristic means of revenging himself upon him.

Sir Richard had the skin stuffed, and ever afterward kept it as a memento of his East Indian experience; but he never more heard of his enemy.



AN EAST INDIAN REVENGE. — "HE HELD THE NECK OF THE HIDEOUS MONSTER WITH THE GRIP OF A VISE."

HOUSE OF THE FAUN, POMPEII.

CAMPANIA'S skies set in the marble frame
 Of yon twin columns, edge with twinkling blue
 The mountain's ashy cone, that darts the flame
 Sun-kissed once more—this banquet-chamber's hue
 Is crimson yet. Was it that eve the same,
 Then when the reveler by the plashing fountain
 Pushed back the roses on his brow, to gaze
 One moment on the tumult of the mountain,
 And the breeze played around him that would bear
 His shroud, quick-woven in that opal haze;
 And Isis' distant cymbals clashed for prayer?
 But, hark! upon the shore and up the hill
 Bells of another vespers fill the air,
 Though on his anvils Vulcan labors still.

RESEARCHES IN MY POCKETS.

I CANNOT deceive myself—I was horribly tipsy last night. Let him who has never been in like case throw the first empty bottle at me!

How did it happen? In this way. I, a civilian, reading law, was invited to dine at the garrison mess. I had never been at a similar entertainment, and I cannot but think, now that I look back on it, that the officers played some trick on me. I only know that they were prodigiously polite, which always looks suspicious. From a certain point, from the third course, I remember very little; a sort of cloudy curtain intercepts the view like the curtains that come down in pantomimes, and all the rest of it is like a pantomime, and I don't know whether I was Clown, or Pantaloon, or Columbine.

Yet something must have happened to me, a great many things. I've been sleeping in my white tie; and then my face! What a shocking yellow, dissipated face! Upon my word, it is a pretty affair! At my time, one-and-twenty, to be overcome by wine like a schoolboy out for a holiday! I cannot express what I think of it.

How am I to know what happened last night? Ask my landlady? No; I cannot let her see how ashamed I am. Besides, she would only know the condition in which I came home; and that I can guess.

They say that from a single bone Professor Owen can reconstruct an entire antediluvian animal; I must try and do something similar to reconstruct my existence during the last twelve or fourteen hours. I must get hold of two or three clues.

Where can I find them?

In my pockets, perhaps.

Since I was a small boy I have always had the habit of stuffing them with all manner of things. Now, this is the time for me to search them.

I tremble. What shall I find? (*Searches his waistcoat-pocket.*)

I have gently insinuated two fingers into my waistcoat-pocket, and have brought out my purse. Empty! Hang it! (*Lifts his overcoat from the floor.*)

On picking up my overcoat I have found my pocket-book, half open, and the papers fallen from it on the carpet.

The first of these papers which catches my eye is the *carte* of last night's dinner. Well, who was there? How many of us? Several of the fellows I knew, of course; but which of them? Happy thought! The *menu* will remind me of their various tastes and reveal their names to me.

Oysters. Well, I know that the Colonel is a tremendous *land* at oysters, so I am sure he was there.

Mulligatawny. That is Captain Simpkins's soup, or rather liquid fire, so Simpkins was there. Two of them.

Roast beef. Makes me think of little Dumerque, the Jersey man who wants to be a thorough Englishman. He was there.

Saddle of mutton. Tom Horsley, the inveterate steeple-chaser.

Charlotte Russe. That is Ned Walker, who published his travels from "Peterborough to Petersburg."

Now I know pretty well who some of my fellow-guests were. As for the others— (*Picks up some photographs.*)

Hullo! was there women at the mess? No, certainly not. Then we must have talked of women, and the men must have given me photographs of their female relatives. Strange thing to do! especially as I don't know the ladies. Here's an ancient and fish-like personage in a blue jersey. Dumerque's grandmother, I'll be bound. Here a stout, middle-aged dame, widow, probably. I know Simpkins wants to marry a widow; but why give me her portrait?

And this—this is charming! Quite in the modern style—low forehead, small nose, tiny mouth, all eyes, and what splendid eyes! and such lashes. She is fair, as well as one can judge from a photograph. And the little curls on her forehead are like rings of gold. And so young, a mere child. A lovely figure; our forefathers would have compared her to a rose-tree, but then our forefathers were not strong in similes. She has neither earrings nor necklace; perhaps that gives her that look of disdain. Disdain! She knows nothing yet of life, but tries to seem tired of it. They are all like that.

Who is she? She must be the Colonel's daughter; I've heard that his daughter is a pretty girl. I must have expressed my warm admiration of the photograph, and he must have responded by giving it to me. Did I ask him for her hand? Did he refuse it? or did he put off his reply? Perhaps that was why I drank too much.

Now let me proceed. What further happened? Let me continue my researches. (*Tries the pocket of the overcoat.*)

By Jingo! Two visiting cards! The first says:

"Captain Wellington Spearman,
 First Royal Lancer Dragoons."

The other:

"Major Garnet Havelock Cannon,
 Rifle Artillery."

Now, what does it all mean? I do not know those military gentlemen. They must have been guests like myself. How do I come to have their cards? There must have been some dispute, some quarrel, some row. These two cards must have been given in exchange for two of mine. It all comes back to me!

A duel—perhaps two duels!

But duels about what? Whom did I affront? I know I'm an awful fire-eater when I've drunk too much. But was I the challenger or the challenged? I think my left cheek is rather swollen, as if from a blow; but that is mere fancy. What dreadful follies have I got myself into?

I can make out some pencil marks on the first card, that of Captain in the Lancer Dragoons. Yes. "Ten o'clock, behind St. Martin's Church."

Ah, a hostile meeting, that is clear! I must run; perhaps I shall be in time.

No, too late; it is half-past eleven.

I am dishonored, branded as a coward! No one will believe me when I say that I had a headache, and overslept myself on the morning of a duel.

I had no energy to look further in my pockets. Still, one never knows— (*Brings out a handkerchief.*)

A handkerchief—a very fine one—thin cambric. But it is not one of mine. There is a coronet in the corner. How did I come by this handkerchief? Could I have stolen it? I seem to be on the road to the county jail.

Oh, how my head aches!

THE BELLES OF EARLY AGES.

UNDOUBTEDLY there is much idle talk about the wonderful extravagance of the ladies of the present day, their pursuit of constantly-changing styles, and the luxuries demanded by those who can, or think they can, afford the expense. One would be led to suppose, in the absence of knowledge to the contrary, that these were things of modern growth. But just look at the "style" they used to put on in the early ages, and their enormous extravagance.

We are told that the ladies of Lesbos slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened. And in those times court-maidens powdered their hair with gold.

Marc Antony's daughter did not change her dress half a dozen times a day, as do the Saratoga graces, but she made the lampreys in her fish-pond wear earrings.

The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at \$2,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper \$1,562,200 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizen's supper. The luxury of Poppaea, beloved by Nero, was equal to that of Lollia.

The women of the Roman empire indulged in all sorts of luxuries and excesses, and these were revived under Napoleon I., in France. Mme. Tallien bathed herself in a wash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfumes.

Ovid says that in his days girls were taught to smile gracefully.

The beauties of ancient times were just as vain as modern belles, and spent the greater part of the day at their toilet. The use of cosmetics was universal among them. Aspasia and Cleopatra (models of female beauty, it is said) both used an abundance of paint, and each wrote a treatise on cosmetics. Cleopatra used bear's grease to keep her hair from falling out. Roman ladies were so careful of their complexion that to protect them they wore masks. The Athenian women of antiquity were very studious of their attitudes and actions, and thought a hurried and sudden step a certain sign of rusticity.

We have certain styles of beauty nowadays; so had the Greeks. They were wild over the "ideal chin"—neither sharp nor blunt, but gently undulating in its outline, and losing itself gradually and almost insensibly in the fullness of the neck. The union of the two eyebrows was esteemed by the Romans a beauty. It is said they admired the air of dignity in the face.

An Albanian belle of to-day presents a rather striking appearance. She is, as a rule, gayly coiffed with seed-pearls and coins, and enveloped in a black serge pelisse. She uses paint on her face profusely, and her taste runs to cherry lips and cheeks, and jet-black eyebrows strongly drawn. An Albanian bride discards paint for a while, and if wealthy wears a suit something like this: Rose-colored underrobes, with an overrobe of dark-green velvet, the idea being taken from a rosebud half folded in its leaves. Thus arrayed, the girl of handsome features is said to look really bewitching.

The Tartars despise prominent nasal appendages, and the woman who has the smallest nose is esteemed the more charming, but to the outside barbarians she is a perfect fright.

The women of Spiti, in India, wear tunics and trousers

of woollen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which are fond of tacking off at any time. In order to get greater warmth, they often put a quantity of flour into these boots besides their legs. Their taste in regard to ornaments runs much to all sorts of rings, including noserings.

A typical woman in the interior of Africa is thus described: "Her naked negro skin was leathery, coarse and wrinkled; her figure tottering and knock-kneed; her thin hair hung in greasy locks; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links of iron, brass and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls, and heaven knows what lumber more."

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS GERTY.

THERE, mamma, I should like a lady-doll for my birthday."

Little Kitty said this as she stood beside her mother. In a week's time Kitty would be five years old, and of course she was thinking a great deal about her birthday and the presents her parents would give her.

"Why a lady-doll?" said her mother.

"Because I have a baby, and a sailor boy, and a naughty Nancy with short hair and little petticoats just like mine, and it would be so nice to have somebody quite grand and grown up."

Mamma laughed, and said:

"Well, we'll see."

When Kitty opened her eyes on her birthday she saw something at the foot of her bed, and in a moment more she clasped in her arms the most charming doll she had ever seen. Its hair was put up in plaits and rolls like her dear mamma's, it had pink cheeks and blue eyes, and a silk dress trimmed with lace.

Kitty determined to call it "the beautiful Miss Gerty," and when nurse came to wash and dress her, she was still admiring her new treasure.

"Now, Miss Kitty," said nurse, "you won't pout over getting up to-day, I hope. I am sure you wish to be fresh and nice for breakfast, and you can't be clean unless you are washed."

For once Kitty got through her toilet without a tear.

The day so well begun proved a happy one. Some little girls came to play with Kitty in the afternoon, and in the evening she was allowed to sit up to a late dinner.

Nurse had just taken off her stuff frock to put on a white one, when she was called away, and Kitty caught up the beautiful Miss Gerty.

"Why, my dear," she said, "I believe that you have never been washed, and nurse says that you can't be clean unless you are washed. Oh, well, perhaps I shall just have time to do you."

Off went the silk dress on to the floor, and in a minute more the beautiful Miss Gerty was standing in a bowl of water, while Kitty grasped the big sponge ready to give her a good sousing.

"Stop, stop!" cried nurse. "What are you doing? You'll spoil your doll."

Kitty was so amazed that she stopped short.

"But Miss Gerty must not be dirty," she said. "Why will water spoil her? You say it is so good for me."

"Because she is not made to be washed," said nurse, "and you are."

Nurse took up the poor doll, dried her directly, and managed so well that both Kitty and Miss Gerty were dressed in time for dinner.

You may think from all this that Kitty was quite a good little girl, and so she was; but she was quite a naughty little girl, also. She had a very quick temper, and would stamp and scream when she felt cross. This brought her into sad trouble, and one day, in a fit of passion, she

my precious Miss Gerty. How I do wish I could be good, but the naughtiness sticks and sticks to me!"

"Only Jesus can make you good, my darling," said her mother. "Jesus can take our sins away and wash us clean in His most precious blood." Kitty stood silent



THE BEAUTIFUL MISS GERTY.—"WHEN NURSE CAME KITTY WAS STILL ADMIRING HER NEW TREASURE."

threw the beautiful Miss Gerty on to the floor, and cracked her neck so badly that her head nearly came off.

Then indeed Kitty was very sorry, and ran to tell her mother about it.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said. "I get angry all over just in a minute. I struck nurse, and I have broken

while her mother tied up Miss Gerty's neck with ribbon and made her right and beautiful again.

"Mamma," she said, earnestly, "I do wish that my badness could be washed right away."

And then her mother taught her a little prayer: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."



PEARL MARGARET.—"SEE, MY FATHER, THIS PISTOL BELONGS TO COUNT SPEITZ. THERE IS HIS NAME!"—SEE NEXT PAGE.
Vol. XV., No. 1-8.

PEARL MARGARET.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

THERE was a cry of "Murder!" on the midnight air, the sharp report of a pistol, the plunge of a horse over the steep, precipitous rocks, and then all was silence, save the awful voices of the storm raging amidst the mighty mountains of the Tyrol.

The morning rose clear and beautiful. Toward the close of the day two persons came from the lower road that wound up from a small hamlet—Larschen, the high peasant of Garda, and his daughter.

"Holy mother! what is that up there?" exclaimed Larschen, as his eye caught sight of an unusual object.

"Where, my father?" asked the beautiful peasant girl at his side. "Something that the wind has thrown down. The storm was fearful in the night."

Like most of the women of that region, Pearl Margaret, as the high peasant's daughter was called, exceeded in stature the dwellers of the lowlands. She was very tall and stately, though only sixteen. Her father had begun life as a woodcarver, and gradually added to his possessions, until now there was no peasant in the Tyrol as rich as he.

Pearl Margaret was his only child and heiress of his wealth. He was very proud of her, for she bore the palm of beauty from all the maidens for leagues around. She wore a silver belt, and her clothes were made of the finest materials, such as velvets, silks, and the richest of woolen stuffs.

A splendid picture she made, walking beside her tall father, her scarlet bodice laced with gold cord, her black-velvet short skirt, heavily embroidered, displaying crimson hose above the well-turned ankle; her sleeves of white cashmere; the ribbons of her hat fluttering in the breeze; her hair in heavy braids, shining in places with a golden lustre; her cheeks like June roses; her eyes soft and bright as stars.

The sky, heavenly blue, looked smilingly down on the now dusky path. Evening was drawing near—or, rather, twilight—and the sun cast its parting beams among frightful crevices, illumined the sharp and cruel rocks, covered with gray and yellow moss, niched with wild, fern-like grasses, and smiling with many-colored flowers. Up yet higher and higher the Alpine crowns took on a more resplendent fire, and blazed with so white and fine a lustre that it was not possible to gaze on them.

Not far from the two peasants, at a right angle, but some sixty feet above them, a curious sight met the girl's eye as she at last directed her looks in the right direction.

Something resembling an eagle, with wings outspread—an immense bird—seemed to be caught in the strong branches of a tree just under the mountain road.

"It cannot be an eagle," said the high peasant, forming a tunnel with his hands. "No bird that ever sailed in the heavens had a body like that."

"Oh, my father, quick, quick! Come this way! Heaven help him who is up there, if, indeed, there be any one!"

The voice was full of horror.

Pearl Margaret had run hastily forward, and now stood looking down into a chasm that yawned far below in the mountain-side, and up from which could be distinctly heard the brawling of a mountain stream. There, bridging the chasm, was the dead body of a horse. That he was quite dead was fully apparent, for the glazed eyeballs and crashed frame told the pitiful story.

"Ah!" said the high peasant, with a long-drawn breath,

"I see what it is, now. The thing up yonder is the body of a carriage, caught between the ledge and the trees. Whose can it be?"

"And was any one in it, my father?"

The two gazed for a moment in each other's eyes, a sad, sickening foreboding troubling both. The girl's rounded cheek grew pale.

"It could be reached up there," she said, shudderingly.

"Few carriages but the count's travel that way; it is the road to the chateau," murmured the high peasant. The girl turned abruptly away before her father saw the impress of white teeth upon her lip, that had lost all its ruby color. She trembled from head to foot, and pressed her two hands, tightly clasped over her heart, sighing repeatedly.

"Yet, if anything should have happened to the good count!"

"Oh, my father—you must not say it! you do not think it!" she panted, turning upon him. "No, no—my father—not him! not him!"

"Well, after all, it may not be," said the high peasant, noting her emotion with something like amazement.

"No, it may not—it *must* not be him," said Pearl Margaret, her breast still heaving; "he is so good, our patron—our friend—the kind, handsome young count! Oh, surely Our Lady would protect him!"

By this time, two sturdy young fellows from the lower village had come up with their guns on their shoulders; they were chamois-hunters. They bowed low before the high peasant and his daughter. What young man in all the village for miles around but was in love with Pearl Margaret?

"It must have been an accident," said the elder one, looking up and shading his eyes. "We can go up there—the path is quite safe, and narrow as it looks here, broad enough for a man and a chamois. Stay you here, high peasant; we will soon find out what it is."

They were gone. It was fearful to look a moment after, and see them hanging, as it were, in the air. Many a stone and piece of rock went sullenly down into the water below; sometimes it seemed as if the next step would plunge them into eternity, but on they went, sure-footed, strong-hearted, and up they went like eagles.

"Oh, my father, they are there now," said Pearl Margaret, shuddering. "It may be, the count had left the carriage, and was saved. Are they not moving something? Ah! how pitiful it is to watch! Now, are they not breaking off the branches? Why should they do that? And now! ah, if one only knew what they were doing *now*!"

She sank upon a stone that was perched above the ground, thickly covered with moss, and for a moment hid her eyes. Meantime, the stalwart young peasants appeared to be descending, and the high peasant had gone further along the path that he might speak to them as they came near. Pearl Margaret looked up, and seeing herself alone, gave a little cry and followed her father. The men were coming down very swiftly. Margaret held her hands so clinched that the veins stood out like cords on the fair white surface.

"Well, boys!" shouted the high peasant, "anybody there?"

"Yes, high peasant," replied the elder, and came sliding down, bringing a great rain of moss and stones, so that they covered the ground for a wide space. "There has been foul work up yon."

Pearl Margaret gave a faint cry, and then held her hand hard upon her mouth, while her features grew slowly whiter and whiter.

"It is the count's carriage; the count himself lies up there—murdered!"

A shrill shriek, and Pearl Margaret threw herself into her father's arms.

"Are you quite sure?" asked the high peasant, holding his daughter closely, himself trembling with horror.

"Quite sure, high peasant. There is a bullet in the left side—and here is a small pistol with which the wound was made."

"Let me see it," said Pearl Margaret, lifting her pallid face. They placed it in her grasp.

"Blood—his blood?" she whispered, her lips contracting as a crimson stain touched her hand. "See, my father—this pistol belongs to Count Speitz. There is his name. Oh, take it away; it burns my fingers like fire!"

"Count Speitz!" exclaimed the three men, in chorus.

"He dashed through our village this morning long before sunrise; I saw him," said the elder hunter.

"And it is now sunset," responded the high peasant, pointing to the scarlet glow on the tall peaks of the mountains. "Strange! they were not enemies."

Pearl Margaret's eyes fell to the ground. She clasped her hands to her bosom. She could have told the high peasant why this deed was done.

"We must not accuse any one hastily," said the high peasant, as Margaret, with a look of anguish, turned away. "Make your arrangements to bring the body down; here is money. Carry it to my farmhouse. Go summon the peasants to help you. Send the doctor to my house. Tell the village authorities what has happened. I will keep this murderous-looking weapon in my own hands. "Yes, yes—perhaps Margaret knows," he added, casting a side-glance at his daughter, "why they might have quarreled. I have not liked the behavior of Count Speitz; he has sent us too many presents; he has passed my house too often. Well, well—a murder up here in this peaceful village! and the good count, who was doing so much for us all! It is truly terrible. Come, Margaret," and taking her by the arm, for she seemed quite dazed and incapable of motion, he led her to their home.

Only an hour later and a mournful procession moved along the mountain-path to the little hamlet. It was headed by two sturdy mountaineers bearing the body of the noble count on a stretcher rudely constructed of boughs and branches. After them followed the steward and servants of the Castle Stuttgart, mourning and lamenting—then the population, men young and old, women, boys and maidens, all taking the direction toward the high peasant's farmhouse, which looked as if it had been grandly illuminated for some great festival, rather than to receive, under the mournful light of the stars, the body of the man so universally respected and beloved.

They were met by the physician and the selectmen at the threshold of the high peasant's door. None others were permitted to enter, save only those who carried the body, and the two hunters who had made the discovery.

As for Pearl Margaret, she ran up-stairs to her own room, and there threw herself before a delicately-chiseled crucifix of purest ivory, her face wearing the dull tints of death. She prayed with sobbing utterances, loosened her long silken locks, and gave way to an agony of grief.

In the long, low-ceiled room below stairs lay the body of the count upon a rude settle. The old village doctor, who had not stopped to take off his red skullcap, whose tassel dangled upon his shoulder, bent over the face so white, its heavy lids making deep brown shadows on

the slightly sunken cheeks. Outside the peasants talked so loudly that Clarshen, the old servant-man, was sent out to rebuke them, and bid them leave the premises. But that they would not do, only fall back out of hearing, and gabble over that strange, unheard-of crime, in that part of the mountains—a murder!

The clock had struck ten, and Pearl Margaret still walked the floor of her room, her hands tightly locked, her lips parted, her eyes staring, her shining hair waving with every motion as she paced back and forth.

Now and then she paused to listen, but all was strangely silent. And why should it not be so? Death was always silent. She pictured him lying in the room beneath her, his glorious face covered, his hands folded upon his breast.

Again and again she murmured, "The good, good count!" She remembered how kind he had been to her ever since she was a little child. Was it only three short years ago that the bells rang out all over the Tyrol announcing that Count Stuttgart was bringing his young and beautiful bride to the chateau? Yes, she—then only thirteen—had been put forth to welcome her with a little speech and a bouquet of flowers. She recalled the scene—a level plateau, the mountain-peaks shining grandly above wreaths of mist, and seeming to pierce the rich blue of the sky like gigantic needles—the splendid procession of peasants in their bright gala dresses, she with the high peasant, her noble-looking father, standing before a great circle of grand ladies and gentlemen, all in beautiful costumes, and one among them, the sweet young bride, smiling upon her like an angel. She heard the exclamation:

"Oh, what a pretty little creature!" She even felt the touch of those high-born lips upon her forehead.

And then another year passed. The bells rang out again, but this time sadly enough, for they rang the age of the fair Countess Stuttgart, who slept so chill a sleep up in the picturesque old castle, with her little dead son by her side. Her father had taken her up there to see her, and, oh! how she did pity the count, who bent in speechless, tearless agony over the lovely dead face. From that moment she had never been able to put the count out of her mind.

Month by month, year by year—for it was two years now since that day—she had thought of him, and worshiped him, not as a lover, but as a saint, far out of her reach, never, never to bless her with an earthly love.

Then came the vision of another day, a heavenly time, when the gray old schoolmaster, standing at the door, bowed low, and said, as he bowed:

"High peasant, I salute you. Pearl Margaret has won the golden medal for scholarship and good behavior, and as it is the seventh honor that has been conferred upon her, his gracious highness, Count Stuttgart, declares his intention of placing it upon the neck of my worthiest pupil."

"Do you hear that?" rang out from the broad chest of the high peasant. "Do you hear that, my Pearl?"

And Margaret, sitting within, almost frightened at the joy she felt swelling her heart, her cheeks hot with crimson blushes, did hear, but could not speak; could only murmur to herself, "Ah, the good, good count!" and feel that he was more of a saint than ever.

Hark! was that a footstep? Surely a door opened.

She ran to the window. It was the burly figure of the doctor, whom she thought had gone long before.

Slowly he walked away in the broad moonlight, his head hanging over his chest in his usual way, the great tassel of his skullcap swinging.

"Then, indeed, all is over!" she cried, passionately; "and, oh! Our Lady, I may tell you how I loved him! Ah, my heart will break if I never can see him again! I cannot live—I cannot live and see the sun shine, the flowers bloom, and men and maidens happy, while the sod grows over his head and over my poor buried heart. I would have been contented if he had lived, only to know that he was alive! only to meet him sometimes and see his smile. Oh, wicked Count Speitz, it is me you have killed also!"

The light flickered in its socket. With a quick cry, she substituted another candle before the flame had quite gone out; then she paused to listen again; but all was quiet. Her thoughts reverted to the past; again she saw Haneken, the old nurse, bringing the handsome dress in which she had been confirmed, and talking of the honor

which was to befall her little nurse-ling, as she always called her. And now, attired in all her splendor, she was on her way to school. Was she not the envy and admiration of all the classes, as the old school-master clasped her hand and led her to the seat of distinction? How plainly she heard the murmur her beauty called forth as she took her place, conscious of being the queen of the hour. There, before her dim eyes, sat the rows of honorable inspectors and com-

mitteemen, the dear old priests, with their venerable white heads; and beside them Count Stutgart and Count Speitz, both looking at her—one with calm eyes and a gentle smile, the other with glances that filled her with shuddering, though she scarcely knew why.

And then came at last, the supreme moment. The speeches had been made; the ribbon, with the beautiful medal, was placed in the hands of Count Stutgart. She knew nothing, for, as he stood over her and placed the token of honor upon her neck, she was conscious only of such an ecstasy as swallowed up every other feeling.

Then, dizzy and delighted, she saw herself on her way home. Her father had gone just after the ceremony; one by one her girl-companions turned away to other paths, and she had at last the solitude that she coveted.

There was a large, smooth rock by the roadside; on this she seated herself and began to indulge in blissful

thoughts, when suddenly there was a movement beside her, and she looked up to see the shadow of the tall, slender figure of Count Speitz, and to shudder at the glance he cast upon her from those large, evil dark eyes. And then—she could have torn her ears off for listening—then he poured forth his wicked passion.

She saw him now, as he leaned toward her; she saw herself, starting to her feet with a dignity and womanliness suddenly born, and hurling back his wicked love in his face. Was it only one brief week ago that this had all happened? Then he seized her by the arm, and with teeth that showed cruelly under his black mustache, with eyes that gleamed with a tigerish light, with a voice hoarse with the passion that possessed him, had hissed in her ear:

"Ah, my sweet Pearl Margaret, you are very gentle,

very modest; but I read you like a book. Let Count Stutgart say to you what I have just said, and how prettily would you cross your hands and kneel in the dust before him! But he will never say it to you, Pearl Margaret!"

"Never!" she had exclaimed, writhing out of his grasp; "you may well tell me that Count Stutgart is an honorable gentleman; and an honorable gentleman or an honorable peasant, though he were a cow-herd, would not speak the words you

have spoken. Do not name yourself in the same breath with Count Stutgart," she added, passionately; "even we peasants know that you are a gambler and a libertine."

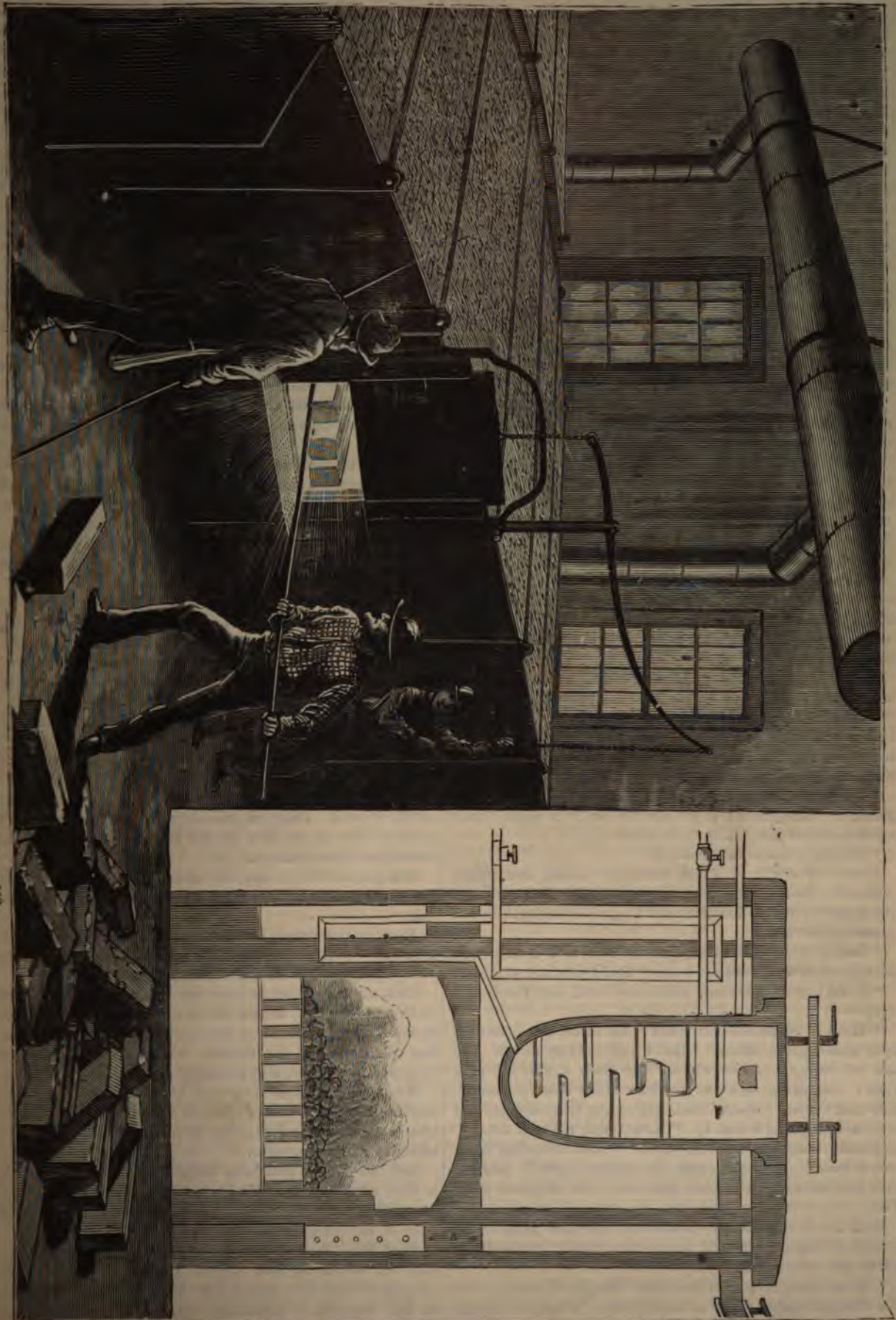
Then, turning as he sprang toward her, she took her way home by a path he dared not tread—none but a child of the mountains could have leaped from rock to rock like a chamois—so he walked away with wrath and murder in his heart.

He knew then that she loved Count Stutgart. He had seen it, while she fancied the secret locked securely in her heart, away from every human eye. She felt humiliated; who else had cherished these thoughts concerning her? Had the count himself? She shuddered, and grew icy cold from head to foot.

Plenty of time was there now for thought, for her schoolgirl-days were ended. There was nothing for her to do but what she pleased to do. The old nurse still



INSTANCE OF REASONING IN A CAT.—SEE PAGE 119.



THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON AT THE PETROLLEUM PROCESS.—SEE PAGE 110.

mended her clothes, as when she was her nursing, still plaited or curled her luxuriant tresses, and tended her as if she were a child. There were plenty of spinning-wheels, but there were also plenty of maids to spin.

She had only to choose her amusement, to sit at her rude little cithern and play, to read the books her father brought her from the town library once a month, to sit and think, and think what might have been, till that terrible afternoon, when, walking out with the high peasant, the vision that hung between heaven and earth had startled them.

She dared not picture to herself that frightful encounter which must have taken place the night before, while the storm was raging. She knew, for her father had said, that Count Stutgart had collected his rents on that day, and must have had a large amount of gold with him, for he owned several mills, and the great factory below, besides many of the farms of the small peasants; and there was no money found among the ruins, though the box in which he had probably carried it was intact under the splintered seat of the carriage.

From these musings she was now really roused by a step. There was also an aroma approaching, which, miserable as she was, saluted her senses refreshingly.

Answering the knock at the door, she hastily gathered together her disordered apparel, threw her hair into a great coil, which glittered over her brow like golden bronze, and opened the door. There stood Bertha, the tall Swiss servant, in her red-and-black bodice, her striped headgear, and great hoop of rings glittering in her ears.

"The high peasant sent this up," she said, displaying a tray covered with refreshments, in the midst of which stood a steaming urn of coffee. "He told me to say he was sorry it was forgotten; but everybody has been so busy below-stairs."

"But I don't want it, Bertha," said Pearl Margaret, wearily.

"The high peasant said you were to eat and drink before you came down-stairs," was the response; and the tall maid set the tray upon a table and arranged knife, fork, spoon and napkin.

"Before I come down-stairs?" repeated Pearl Margaret. "Why should I go down-stairs? I cannot look upon his dead face," she added, bitterly.

"But he is not dead, mistress."

One wild cry, and Pearl Margaret stifled her voice, staggering backward. Then she fell rather than sank into the nearest chair; then she tried to gather strength in her great happiness.

"Did you say, Bertha, that he was not dead?" she asked, in a low, breathless tone. "Did I hear you aright?"

"I did say so, mistress. He's not dead, but the doctor says—"

"Hold!" She stretched out both arms, her beautiful eyes shining like stars. "Don't tell me any more. Let me be happy a little while. Oh, Holy Jesus, I thank thee! Oh, Mary Mother, you know how blessed I am!" She had thrown herself down before the little shrine, and was weeping like a child. "Now I will eat and drink," she said, rising like one refreshed. "How tempting those cakes look! How delicious the coffee smells! Bertha, it is too bad for you to wait upon me; you ought to be in bed."

"But I am not sleepy, mistress. We are none of us sleepy to-night; we are quite too joyful. Everybody loves the good count."

"Everybody?" murmured Pearl Margaret, bending her face over the tray; "but I, most of all. What am I to go down-stairs for?" she asked, a moment after.

"To watch, I suppose, and give the medicines. The doctor left written papers—this hour so, that hour so—and none of us servants can read, or we would all watch."

"Oh, I am glad!" exclaimed Pearl Margaret, impulsively. She was about to add something very different, but said instead: "Glad I can read. It will be so easy, so pleasant, to nurse him! There, take the tray away, Bertha. I am quite satisfied."

Then she ran to the glass as soon as the maid had gone, carefully arranged her dress and her tresses, washed her hands in scented water, and once more knelt before the little shrine.

"What would a poor, motherless girl do without thee, Holy Mother?" she murmured. "Oh, if I could but see thee, I would kiss the hem of thy garment."

Quietly, and with a stately dignity, she moved down the stairs. The light burning through glass doors told her where she might find him. Her father met her at the threshold.

"Can you keep awake, Pearl Margaret?" he whispered.

"Try me," was the response.

"He lives—and that is all; his wound is mortal," was the pitiless rejoinder. "Still, everything shall be done for him."

With a sinking heart Pearl Margaret moved to the couch which had been improvised for the count. In the faint light of the tapers set in angles of the wall the face looked like sculptured marble.

"Then, if you are to die," thought the girl, as she knelt by the bed to watch the beloved form, "I may in truth worship you as a saint!"

* * * * *

In the year 18—an *attaché* of one of the foreign legations entered an opera-box in Washington. He was in the habit of attending the opera alone, was reputed to be wealthy, was highly accomplished; some considered him handsome, and many wondered that his position was, in one sense, so subordinate, as he spent his money lavishly, and appeared to be capable of greater things.

His name was Van Barstein; by people in general society he was nicknamed the "Recluse." He seemed to court solitude, was never seen at receptions, and seldom at the theatre. Only on occasions of opera might he be said to live in his box in the upper tier, for he never missed a representation.

His passion for music was almost a madness, but still he continued to be that mystery—a hermit in fashionable life.

Even in his opera-box he kept himself secluded from general view, was apparently wrapped in thought, and completely abstracted from all surrounding objects.

This night he had entered his box, as he usually did, with great secrecy, drawn the curtains, and seated himself behind them, taking out his opera-glass, giving a sweeping glance about the theatre, when suddenly his hand dropped powerless, and the little glass fell to the floor.

Something unusual had met his wary eye. The blood rushed in a fierce tide of crimson to his pallid cheeks, his eyes were fixed and blazing as he nervously pulled the curtains nearer together.

But the picture had been burned upon his vision as by a flash of lightning. There sat, in diamonds and costly laces, and with the ease and grace of refinement that marked the queen of society, Pearl Margaret!

That face! how it had haunted him for years! That face, for which he had periled his soul! His eyes devoured her glorious beauty—for she was far more queenly in her matured womanhood than in her earlier loveliness.

Could there be another in all the wide world so like?" Had his eyes deceived him? And what had brought the simple mountain maiden to this new country? Why, of all places under the sun, should he meet her in Washington? By what magic had she been transformed into a lady of fashion? No, no, it was impossible. His senses had deceived him. This woman was the counterpart of the peasant girl. From the very cradle she must have enjoyed the gifts and graces of fortune. And who could it be with her? If he could only see—but it was not possible; her escort, like himself, was screened by the curtain. Who can tell what visions of horror rose before the appalled soul of that haunted man? for haunted he was. How the memory of one terrible night must have pierced his bosom! Ever and ever he was looking over frightful precipices with the face of a dead man. Only music stifled for a time the remorse in his soul—only music helped him to forget the past—but to-night! how it all came rushing over him! his love, his madness, his crime! A changed name—a changed nature had wrought no change in his troubled spirit! He was Count Speitz again, sitting in the village school plotting to ruin innocence, and to revenge himself upon his rival.

As he sat buried in gloomy contemplation, from which even the glorious voice of the reigning prima donna failed to rouse him, half unconscious, and wholly miserable, there was a tap at the door of his box. Von Barstein rose mechanically and opened to the intruder. A man in a cloak with a crimson lining entered, and stepping down to the front, the light fell full upon his face. At the first glance Von Barstein drew his breath convulsively. His features grew livid. He fell back a dead weight upon the cushioned seat. Then ensued a scene more terrible than any ever witnessed on the mimic stage—for it was tragedy in earnest.

"So! it is you, then, Count Speitz—robber and murderer! Don't attempt to move—there are officers in the gallery"; and Count Stutgart lifted his hand.

"One moment," gasped the miserable man; "*she* is then here—Pearl Margaret."

"Silence! Take not that pure name on your polluted lips. Yes, *she* is here—my wife! honored and beloved, as the woman who watched me with unwearied tenderness, and recalled the soul that you would have sent unshriven before the Eternal Judge. Now, officers, do your duty.

Only a week from that time, and Count Speitz was on board a steam packet, bound for the shores he had hoped never to see again, and if he was not doomed to solitary confinement for years and years, it was because the sweet lips of Pearl Margaret pleaded eloquently for his culprit life—Pearl Margaret, now the Countess Stutgart.

INSTANCE OF REASONING IN A CAT.

THE following account of reasoning in a cat was communicated to me by its mistress, Lady E., whom I have known for many years (says the Rev. J. G. Wood). The animal evidently felt surprised that such a thing as an empty plate should be allowed upon a breakfast-table, and so, in her own way, showed her mistress how a plate ought to be filled:

"Our breakfast-room had bow-windows, and the houses were very near each other.

"One morning when the windows of both houses were open, our younger cat, Tiny, disappeared into our neighbor's window, and a few minutes after rushed back into our room, and, leaping upon the breakfast-table with a

lobster in her mouth, held it over an empty plate. She evidently only wished us to see it, as she would not allow any one to touch it, and, darting out of the window again, with the lobster still in her mouth, she replaced it upon the table without taking any, and came back to our room.

"The lobster was returned so carefully that our neighbors assured us they should not have known it had been touched."

A BAR OF IRON.

BY GEORGE W. VON TUNZELMANN.

A BAR of iron, as it usually appears to the eye, is brownish in color. The brown is, however, not the pure metal, but a coating of rust, which we have seen is simply ferric oxide, or the gas oxygen in union with the metal through its contact with the air, or with water which contains the former. The rust filed off and a fresh surface obtained, we see at once that iron is a whitish, bright metal. In its native state, however, mixed as it almost invariably is with various impurities, it is singularly unlike the metal turned out of the smelter's furnace.

Iron exists in small quantities in the native state, chiefly in meteorites; but it is mainly found in combination either with oxygen or sulphur. Iron pyrites ("the diamond" of slates) are formed of a compound of iron with sulphur; but though containing the metal in large quantity, they are not used for its extraction, owing to the difficulty of completely removing the sulphur, a very small quantity of which is sufficient to render the iron useless. The ores from which iron is actually extracted contain the metal in combination with oxygen, and sometimes with carbonic acid, and the value of the ore depends far more upon the nature than upon the quantity of other substances present.

In the extraction of iron on the large scale, the process is usually begun by *roasting* the ore mixed with coal (or charcoal in countries where wood is plentiful), either in open heaps or kilns, in order to expel water, and also carbonic acid, if present. The ore is then introduced alternately with layers of fuel and of limestone into a *blast furnace*, which is kept at a high temperature by a continuous blast of hot air. The object of the limestone is to form a fusible slag, which surrounds the metal when first formed, and thus preserves it from being oxidized, and also prevents the formation of a less fusible slag containing iron, which would entail a large loss of metal. The iron gradually collects at the bottom of the furnace, and is run off from time to time by piercing, with an iron bar, a plug of sand and clay by which the tap-hole is closed. The iron so obtained is known as *cast iron*, and is combined with a large quantity of carbon obtained from the fuel, together with other impurities, such as silicon, sulphur, phosphorus, often a considerable proportion of manganese, and frequently other metals in smaller quantities.

If we take a bar of cast iron and try to draw it out into wire, we shall find that it will be impossible, as the bar will break before it has been stretched to a sensible degree. If now we lay it upon an anvil and try to hammer it out into a flat plate, we shall find that the bar will fly to pieces under the hammer. Thus we find that *cast iron* is neither *ductile* nor *malleable*—that is, it can neither be drawn out into wire nor hammered out into a sheet. We will now take another bar of cast iron, long and narrow, and we will try to bend it; but we shall find that this, too, will be impossible, as the bar will break off short even if the force be very gradually applied.

We will finally suppose that a short, thick bar of cast

iron is placed between the plates of a very powerful press, such as a hydraulic press, and very great pressure applied. We shall find that in this way, too, it will be quite impossible to flatten out the metal to any perceptible extent, but when the pressure becomes very great the

stretched. Moreover, it will enable us to experiment upon the relative ductility of different metals in the form of wire or of narrow bars.

First we must procure from an ironmonger two pairs of pincers of a peculiar form, with the handles turned round



IRON MANUFACTURE—FROM THE MINE TO THE BLAST-FURNACE.

bar will be crushed. This last experiment will probably be beyond the means of most of us, but the others may all be performed with very little trouble.

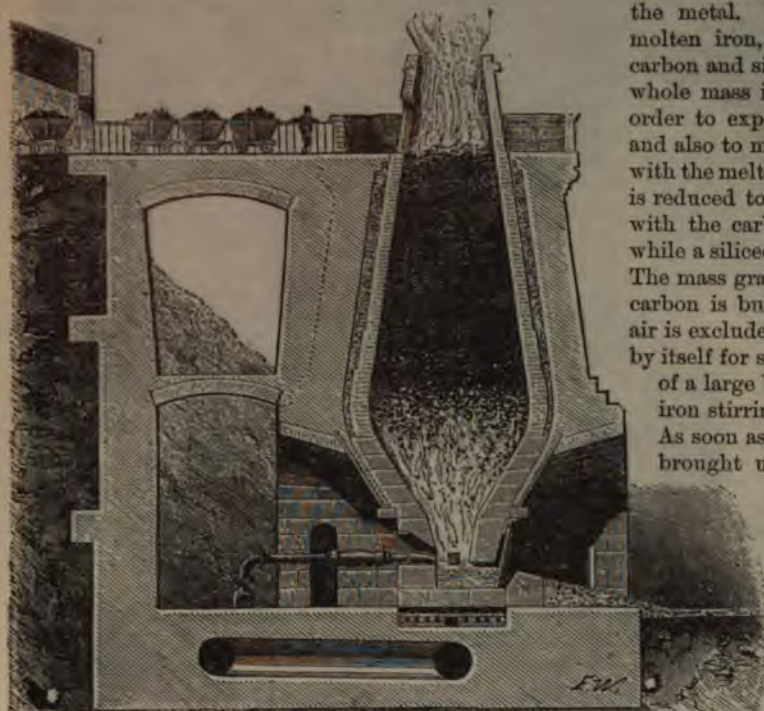
We shall now describe an easy way of proving that cast iron cannot be stretched, as the apparatus is very simple, and will serve us again to show that wrought iron can be

into hooks, and known as wire-drawing dogs. They are made that when a loop of wire or stout cord is passed through the hooks at the end of the handles, and a small bar fixed at one end is grasped by them at the other, then the harder the loop is pulled the more firmly they grasp the bar.



POURING THE SHAFT.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILK.

We now make a loop of very strong iron or steel wire, and pass it over a strong-fixed horizontal bar, to serve as a support for the whole apparatus. On to the lower part of this loop we hook the first pair of *dogs*, and make them grasp one end of the narrow *cast-iron* bar; the other end of the bar must then be grasped by the second pair of *dogs*, from the handles of which a heavy weight is to be



SECTION OF THE BLAST FURNACE.

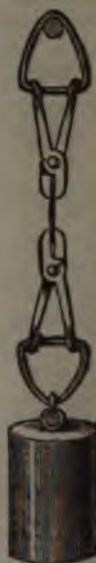
suspended by means of a second loop of strong iron or steel wire. Our apparatus is now complete, and we must go on increasing the weight until the bar breaks, which we shall find it will do quite suddenly, without previously stretching to any perceptible extent. In this experiment we should, of course, use as thin a bar as possible; but supposing we had apparatus at our command of sufficient size and strength to enable us to employ a bar having a section of one square inch in area, we should find that it would break off short when the suspended weight amounted to about eight or nine tons. This we express by saying that the tensile strength of average cast iron is such as will bear the strain produced by a weight of from eight to nine tons per square inch. If we were to take a short piece of similar bar, having also a section of one square inch in area, we should find that it would not be crushed until the pressure amounted to about forty tons, so we see that average cast iron will bear a compressing force nearly as great as would be produced by a weight of forty tons per square inch. For example, a cast-iron plate ten inches square, and therefore containing a hundred square inches, would bear a weight of nearly four thousand tons without being crushed.

Owing to its brittleness, cast iron cannot be employed where it would be liable to sudden shocks, as in a railway bridge. It is found that the brittleness which we have shown to be characteristic of cast iron is due almost entirely to the presence of the large amount of carbon in combination with the iron, so that in order to get iron that will admit of being drawn into wire, or hammered out into sheets, we must remove the greater part of the carbon.

Iron which contains less than five parts of carbon in a thousand of iron is called *wrought iron*, and is then both malleable and ductile, the malleability and ductility gradually increasing as the proportion of carbon diminishes, while at the same time the temperature required to fuse the metal gradually rises. In order to obtain wrought iron from cast iron, the cast iron is melted in a shallow furnace, so constructed that the flames play directly upon the metal. Air is kept continually passing over the molten iron, and this causes a surface oxidation of the carbon and silicon, and also of a portion of the iron. The whole mass is constantly stirred with a long iron rod, in order to expose a fresh surface to the oxidizing action, and also to mix up the oxide of iron formed at the surface with the melted mass, the effect of this being that the oxide is reduced to the metallic state by its oxygen combining with the carbon of the cast iron to form carbonic acid, while a siliceous slag is gradually formed upon the surface. The mass gradually gets thicker and more tenacious as the carbon is burnt away. Toward the end of the operation air is excluded from the furnace, and the mass is heated by itself for some time; finally it is drawn out in the form of a large ball of soft iron adhering to the end of the iron stirring-rod. This process is known as *puddling*. As soon as the mass is removed from the furnace it is brought under a powerful hammer, to beat out the slag, and unite the particles of iron into a uniformly coherent mass.

If we take a bar of the wrought iron so obtained, and submit it to the same experiments that we made with the bar of cast iron, we shall find that its properties are very different. In the first place, we shall find that when a pulling force is applied to it, it never breaks off short, as is the case with cast iron, but it first stretches to a considerable extent. We cannot draw out a bar or a short piece of thick wire into a long piece of fine wire by merely pulling the ends apart, for we can never get a bar that is perfectly homogeneous; there will always be some part that is weaker than the rest, so that the greatest stretching will take place at this point. Now, as the stretching is greatest, the section will have become smallest at this point, and, therefore, as we continue the pulling there will be less resistance offered to stretching here than at any other part of the bar, so that we shall ultimately separate the bar into two pieces, each tapering to a point. In order to make the stretching even throughout, and so draw out a short round bar into a long piece of fine wire, we file down the end of it so as to make it fit in a hole, very little smaller in diameter than the bar, made in a strong steel plate. The bar is then pulled through the hole, becoming narrower, and at the same time longer; and this process is continued, using a smaller hole each time, until we have got a piece of wire as fine as we desire.

Iron is one of the most ductile metals, but even in its purest form its ductility is less than that of gold, silver or platinum; but it is more ductile than copper. It is generally found that the properties of malleability and



ARRANGEMENT FOR EXPERIMENTS ON DUCTILITY.

ductility go together, so that if we were to draw up two lists of metals, one arranged in order of ductility and the other in order of malleability, the two lists would be very nearly identical, but not precisely; for instance, we should find that in the first list iron would stand above copper, but in the second iron would be placed below copper, being less malleable, although more ductile.

Gold possesses both these properties to a much higher degree than any other metal, and indeed than any other known substance. This metal can be hammered out into leaves which are less than the 200,000th of an inch in thickness, and these leaves are transparent to the green rays, so that if a piece of gold-leaf be held up between the eye and sunlight it will appear to be of a green color. A single grain of gold may be drawn out into a wire 500 feet in length; but the best way of showing the extreme ductility of gold is to gild a bar of silver and then draw the bar into wire. One ounce of silver gilt with eight grains of gold has been drawn out into a wire 13,000 feet long, remaining throughout its whole length completely covered with gold.

Ductility and malleability are chiefly illustrated by the metals, and in the Middle Ages they were supposed to be essential properties of a metal, so that the brittle metals, antimony, bismuth and zinc, were called by the alchemists *bastard* or *semi-metals*; that is, as Paracelsus tells us, substances which are malleable to a certain extent, and which therefore somewhat resemble metals.

A good illustration of ductility is also afforded by glass, which is composed of a mixture of silicates of different metals, chiefly potassium, sodium and calcium. Glass, though so brittle at ordinary temperatures, becomes extremely plastic and ductile when heated, and so great is its ductility that a glass tube may be drawn out at a moderately high temperature, and that without the aid of any apparatus such as a wire-drawing plate, into a fibre finer than a single thread of unspun silk; and if this fibre be examined by the aid of a microscope, it will be found still to retain its original tubular form.

Let us now try the effect of hammering a bar of wrought iron upon an anvil, and of compressing another bar in a powerful press; we shall find in both cases that the iron will flatten out to a considerable extent before it begins to crack. We shall also find that a bar of wrought iron may be bent without difficulty.

We shall find that the bar may be hammered out or compressed to a much greater extent if it be first heated to a strong red heat, as it then becomes plastic, and in this condition it can not only be beaten out very readily, but two separate pieces of metal can be hammered into one mass in such a way that no join is perceptible. This process, which is known as *welding*, will afford us a good illustration of the physical phenomena of *adhesion* and *cohesion*.

Adhesion may be defined as the physical force in virtue of which one body remains attached to the surface of another when the two bodies are brought into contact. *Cohesion* we define to be the mutual attraction which the particles of the same body exert upon one another.

We see from these definitions that there is not any fundamental difference between the forces of adhesion and cohesion, and the process of welding forcibly illustrates the imperceptible manner in which the former may pass into the latter, for when the two masses of iron first came into contact they would *adhere* to one another; but when finally welded into one mass we should speak of its different parts as being kept together by the force of *cohesion*.

The reader may try an experiment in illustration of this even more easily than by paying a visit to the nearest

blacksmith's shop. Take two lumps of wet clay and bring them lightly into contact; they will *adhere*, but on being pulled apart the two original pieces will separate as before; now press the two lumps forcibly together, and we shall find, on attempting to separate them, that the two lumps of clay have now become one mass, held together by the *cohesion* of its particles, and though we may divide this mass again into two or more parts by overcoming the cohesive force, we shall not be able to distinguish the two original lumps. We all know that if we dip our finger into water it will become wet—that is, a film of the liquid will adhere to it; but if instead of water we try the same experiment with mercury, we shall find that our finger will not be wetted. The reason of this is that the cohesive force, which keeps the particles of water together, is weaker than the adhesive force between the finger and the water, while in the case of the mercury, the cohesive force is stronger than the adhesive.

It is the adhesion of liquid films to the surfaces of solid bodies that causes what is known as *capillary action*. This adhesive force of a liquid may overcome the cohesion of the solid, so that it dissolves in the liquid, forming a solution from which it can be again obtained in the solid form by evaporating the liquid.

If a solid be dissolved in a liquid, and we find that we cannot recover it unchanged by evaporating the liquid, then we know that besides the adhesion between the liquid and the solid there has been another force at work, a force known as *chemical affinity*.

The well-known fact that a clean needle will float upon the surface of still water is due to the adhesion of a film of air to the needle, which therefore floats upon a cushion of air.

When wrought iron is submitted either to a pull or to a pressure, we have seen that it gives way gradually. Now with average wrought iron it is found that if the weight causing this pull or pressure does not exceed about twenty-three tons per square inch of section, then when the weight is removed the iron will return to its original state; but if a greater weight be applied, the iron will not resume its original shape, but will be permanently deformed. This we express by saying that the limits of elasticity of wrought iron is about twenty-three tons to the square inch.

In the process of removing the carbon from cast iron we have seen that the metal, which at the beginning of the operation is in a fluid state, gradually passes into the solid condition in a continuous manner—that is, without any abrupt change, so that we cannot fix upon any one moment during the operation and say that at that moment the iron ceases to be a fluid and becomes a solid.

If instead of liquid iron we were to take some water, we should not be able to discern any such intermediate condition between the liquid water and the solid ice.

A substance which, like the iron, during a great part of the puddling process is not a solid and yet is not completely liquid, is termed a *viscous fluid*.

We may obtain a viscous fluid of any desired degree of viscosity by mixing bees-wax and oil in different proportions. In order that we may have a definite conception of what is meant by viscosity, we must first have an accurate definition of what is meant by a fluid. We may define a fluid as a substance which can support a stress or force only when uniform in all directions, except when the different parts of the fluid are moving unequally. Now, if we fix our attention upon any small portion, we see that it must be changing its shape, as otherwise there could not be any inequality in the motions of different parts of the fluid.



A BLAST FURNACE.

The capacity which a fluid has of bearing an inequality of stress while such changes are going on, is called *viscosity*. Accurately speaking, all fluids are more or less viscous, but unless a fluid be capable of supporting unequal stress for a perceptible time it is not called a viscous fluid.

This will be most easily explained by means of an illustration. Let us take a hard block of asphalt, which at first sight we should certainly call a solid, for it is quite hard, and so brittle as to fly into pieces on being struck with a hammer. If, however, we place the block in a

large shallow trough and leave it long enough, we shall find that the slight inequality of stress due to the weight of the upper portions pressing upon the lower will cause it to flow in all directions, until it has covered the bottom of the trough to a uniform depth, and thus we see that asphalt is not a solid, but a viscous fluid. Next, let us repeat the experiment with some treacle by suddenly inverting a large vessel filled with that substance over the middle of the trough. We shall find that after a short time, but not immediately, the treacle will attain a level surface.

Finally, let us replace the treacle by a jar of water. We shall then find that, not

taking account of the waves produced, the water will attain a level surface instantaneously, as far as we can judge.

The conclusions which we should draw from these experiments would be that asphalt is not a solid, as it would appear at first sight, but an extremely viscous fluid; that treacle is a viscous fluid, but that its viscosity is very much less than that of asphalt; and finally, that water is a non-viscous fluid.

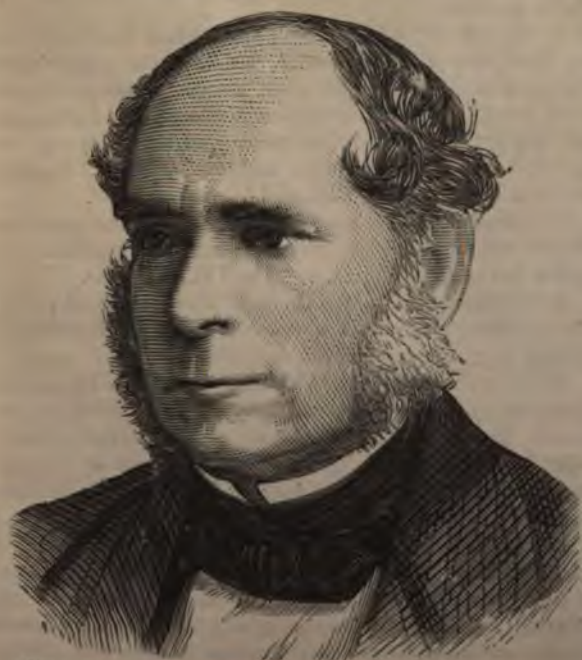
Bar iron, properly hammered and rolled, is of a gray

color, and has a fibrous texture, but when the amount of carbon attains a proportion of about five parts in a thousand, its structure becomes granular or crystalline, and at the same time it acquires a dead-silvery lustre.

The hardness of iron increases with the amount of carbon, until when the proportion reaches about six parts in a thousand it becomes steel. Like wrought iron, steel was in early times made directly from the ore, and afterward, and down to the present time, by adding the requisite amount of carbon to wrought iron by means of a process known as *cementation*.



AN IRON MINE.



MR. HENRY BESSEMER, INVENTOR OF BESSEMER STEEL.

Within the last twenty-five years several methods have been devised of making steel directly from cast iron, but the best kind of steel, especially that used for fine cutlery, ten days, according to the purpose for which the steel is required.

In 1856 Mr.—now Sir Henry—Bessemer communicated



BLACKSMITHS AT THEIR LABORS.

is still prepared by cementation. In the manufacture of steel by the cementation process, a number of wrought iron bars are packed in powdered charcoal in fire-brick boxes, and kept at a full red heat for about from seven to

to the British Association a method which he had discovered for manufacturing steel directly from cast iron. The Bessemer process consists in blowing a powerful blast of air through the liquid cast iron. Intense heat is

evolved by the oxidation of the silicon, carbon and manganese contained in the iron, and this heat is found to be sufficient to keep the metal in a liquid state during the process.

The first experiments were not very successful, as it was found impossible to remove the sulphur and phosphorus contained in the ordinary impure cast iron, and the first success was obtained with Swedish iron, obtained from the ore by means of a furnace fed with charcoal, and free from these deleterious impurities. It was afterward found that the iron obtained from some of the English ores could also be used, and enormous quantities of steel are now made in England by this process.

Another difficulty was that it was found to be impracticable to stop the operation at the exact moment at which the proper stage of decarbonization was reached, so that a mass of pastry wrought iron was obtained instead of liquid steel. This difficulty was obviated by Mr. Mushet, a Scottish ironmaster, who suggested that the process should be carried to the point of complete decarbonization, and that a sufficient quantity of "spiegel-eisen" (a name adopted from the German for a white cast iron containing manganese and a large quantity of carbon) should then be added to convert the wrought iron so obtained into steel.

The operation is carried out in an egg-shaped vessel called a converter, made of wrought-iron plates, and lined with a paste made by grinding up a very infusible siliceous rock known as gannister.

During the first part of the "blow," as it is called, the uncombined carbon of the cast iron enters into combination with the iron, and at the same time a siliceous slag, partly derived from the gannister, is formed. A yellow flame, edged with blue, now appears at the mouth of the converter, and the mass looks as if it were boiling, owing to the escape of the carbonic acid formed by the oxidation of the carbon. During this period the flames become more luminous and begin to flicker, while particles of slag and liquid iron are ejected from the converter together with showers of sparks, due to the combustion of some of the iron. In a few minutes the escape of gas diminishes, the shower of sparks ceases, and then the flame suddenly disappears. The blast is now stopped, and the fluid spiegel-eisen introduced, after which the blast is turned on again for a few seconds, and finally the steel is poured out into a ladle, and then into a series of molds.

It is extremely important to stop the blast at exactly the right moment, as if stopped a few seconds too late or too soon the steel obtained is inferior in quality. Professor Roscoe first suggested in 1863 that the spectroscope should be employed to determine the exact moment. It is found that this can be most easily determined by the disappearance from the spectrum of the flame of some absorption-bands due to the presence of manganese, which disappears from the molten metal simultaneously with carbon.

In 1878 Messrs. Thomas and Gilchrist showed that phosphorus may be eliminated in the Bessemer process by lining the converter with lime instead of with gannister, or even by simply adding lime to the contents of the converter. By the utilization of this discovery, the Bessemer process has been successfully applied both in England and Germany to the manufacture of wrought iron and steel from very inferior qualities of cast iron.

The most remarkable property of steel is the extreme hardness which it assumes when suddenly cooled from a high temperature, which may be most conveniently effected by plunging it into water.

This treatment, besides hardening the steel, renders it extremely brittle and elastic. These effects may be partially removed by heating this "icebrook steel" to a moderate temperature, and allowing it to cool gradually, a process known as tempering. The higher the temperature employed for tempering, the softer is the steel rendered.

The workman judges as to the required temperature by observing the colors assumed by the surface of the metal during the process. These hues are the colors of tin plates, due to the various thicknesses of oxide formed upon the surface. The hardest temper, used for razors and surgical instruments, requires a temperature of about 446° Fahrenheit, and the tint is a light straw-color. The lowest temper, which is employed for large saws and for chisels, demands a temperature of about 572° Fahrenheit, and the color is a dark-blue.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

LEATHEROID is a new article which is being made of paper. It consists of a number of thicknesses of cotton paper wound one upon another over a cylinder. The remarkable qualities of strength and adhesion it possesses are derived from a chemical bath, through which the paper is drawn on its way to the cylinder. The effect of the chemical bath on the paper is said to be wonderful. Leatheroid, for the purposes it now serves, consists of about twenty thicknesses of paper; it is shaped upon or around molds, while wet, into the form it is to represent, and will hold that form perpetually when dry. When dried, it is as difficult as raw hide to cut with a knife. A company has been formed at Kennebunk, Me., for the manufacture of this article, and will at once build a large mill there for that purpose. This company is making, for introduction into the mills, roving cans, boxes, etc., to take the place of tin cans and wooden boxes. Cans made from this material are about one-fourth the weight of tin cans of equal size; while tin cans are liable to get bent, and cans made from leatheroid are entirely free from this objection. They have the elasticity of thin steel, and no amount of kicking or handling will break them. Orders have already been received from several large mills for their roving cans and boxes, which are made seamless. This substance is also used, to a large extent, for covering pulleys, making one of the smoothest and most lasting coverings which can be obtained.

GERMANY and Russia are both pushing forward experiments in flying machines for use in war or otherwise. It appears that the direction in which these are working is the only one likely to be successful. It ignores the ridiculous inflated gas-bag, which is enormous in size, difficult and costly to fill in war, and floats—a gigantic derelict—at the mercy of every current of air, a huge mark for the first gunner who can hit and bring it to the ground. Baumgarten in Germany and Baronovski in Russia adopt the principle of the inclined plane pressed against the air, and thus capable of making some attempt, at least, to regulate its own course. In the kite the force that presses the inclined plane is the hand of the boy acting through the string. In the sail of the boat the resistance of the water to sidelong motion keeps the sail pressed against the wind. In flying machines the pressure is given by an engine carried by the machine and acting by means of fans of one sort or the other. The difficulty at present is the weight of engine and fuel; but with the development of electrical practical knowledge we may fairly expect to see accumulators which will supply the maximum of power with the minimum of weight. Then the problem of flying in still air will be solved. Whether we shall ever be able to ride the storm is another matter.

THE utilization of the earth's internal heat is a subject, says *Nature*, which is attracting the attention of scientific men in Japan just now. At a recent meeting of the Seismological Society, Mr. Milne introduced the subject by drawing the attention of the members to the fact that philosophers have told us the whole available energy upon the surface of the earth had in some way or other its action traceable to the sun. That there was an unlimited supply of energy in the interior of the earth was a circumstance which had, he said, been overlooked. In speaking of this energy, Mr. Milne first referred to that portion of it which crops out upon the surface in countries like Japan, Iceland and New Zealand, in the form of hot springs, solfataras, volcanoes, etc. He stated that there was an unlimited supply of water in hot springs within a radius of 100 miles around Tokio, and that the heat of these springs could be converted into an electric current and transmitted to the town. Finally, he referred to the possibility of obtaining access to the heat which did not crop out in the surface.

BINOXIDE OF HYDROGEN AS A TOILET ARTICLE.—When diluted with an equal volume of water, the binoxide of hydrogen can be used as a cosmetic on tender skin and for a mouth wash. For cleansing the teeth, take some prepared chalk and put it on the tooth-brush, then pour the peroxide over it. The result is excellent, and it is only necessary to use the peroxide once or twice a week to keep the teeth white and free from injurious deposits.

For a wash, a little aqua ammonia is added to the diluted binoxide of hydrogen shortly before it is used; one or two drops to the tablespoonful, not more! Wherever it comes into contact with the skin, little bubbles of oxygen will be seen to be given off, while at the same time the dead and rough surface of the skin will be changed into a white soapy mass. As the binoxide only discovers the dead portion, it exposes the fresh and smooth surface, which not being at all injured, soon gets strong and able to resist external influences. When used on hair, the hair must first be washed with soap, and then with strong alcohol to remove all the grease, then moistened with the peroxide and allowed to dry slowly.

A WEATHER COMPASS.—It is well known that the barometer of itself makes a very poor weather-glass, because of the fact that the humidity of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind have to be taken into account as well as the barometrical pressure. In the weather compass of Professor Klinkerfues, of Göttingen, an attempt is made to combine these observations in such a way that the instrument indicates the joint result to be deduced from them. The apparatus consists of an aneroid barometer, the needle of which is also controlled by a horse-hair hygrometer indicating the degree of moisture in the air. The influences of the aneroid and the hygrometer may be either concurrent or counter to each other as determining the position of the needle, and forewarning the probable weather within the next twelve or twenty-four hours. The direction of the wind is also made a factor in the problem by means of a disk marked with the prevailing directions in which it blows. The device is ingenious, and is stated to yield a high percentage of accurate warnings.

SIGNOR MARTINI obtains diffusion figures thus: A glass vessel is filled with two liquids little differing in density, e.g., water and an aqueous solution of salt or sugar. They are left at rest for an hour. A capillary tube entering the bottom of the vessel is connected by a siphon with a movable vessel of colored alcohol. When the latter enters by the capillary, it rises as a thin spiral thread, but on reaching the lighter liquid it spreads into fine tree-shaped figures. Figures of umbrella shape are produced, if the heavier liquid be used in place of the alcohol.

HAVE you ever thought how much entertainment might be had at home evenings if you could only find some way to use your chrome cards, photographs, scrap pictures, etc., in a magic lantern instead of the old familiar stock of glass slides? It seems almost like wishing for the impossible, and yet a cheap instrument has been invented for the purpose, called the *Polyopticon*, and you can learn all about it by inquiring of the Murray Hill Publishing Co., 129 East 28th St., New York City.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"If I rest, I rust," is a German proverb. "If I trust, I bust!" is the American version.

The difference between a hungry man and a glutton is, one longs to eat, and the other eats too long.

AN exchange says that "Henry Irving, the actor, has two sons who will beat him on the stage." Henry should have them bound over to keep the peace.

THE best that a country editor whose sweetheart had jilted him could ask was, "Why is love like a Scotch-plaid?" "Because it is all stuff, and often crossed."

"WHAT will this come to?" writes a new poet on the margin of a sweet thing he sent us about a young man dying for love. "It won't come to anything, young man. It will go, or more properly speaking, it has gone, to the waste-basket."

ALL ABOUT THE EYE.—What part of the eye is like a rainbow? The iris. What part is like a schoolboy? The pupil. What part is like the globe? The ball. What part is like the top of a chest? The lid. What part is like a piece of a whip? The lash. What part is like the summit of a hill? The brow.

A CONFIRMED bachelor says, "If a young man in a car gives up his seat to a pretty young lady, he will be accused of partiality; if he gives it up to an ugly old lady, it will be said he does it for effect. The average mean plan for him to adopt is to keep the seat himself, and see nothing but the paper he is reading."

"MOTHER," said little Ned one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added: "No, that wasn't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

CONSCIENCE'S WHISPER.—It was an Ohio man who, when a terrible storm began one night, rushed into the house of a neighbor and cried out, "Jones, this is the ending up of earth!" "I'm afraid so!" was the reply. "And what shall we do?" "Make our peace with Heaven." The wind blew still stronger, the house began to shake, and the excited man exclaimed, "Jones, you lost five bushels of wheat last Fall!" "Yes." "And you have your suspicions?" "I have. The man who took my wheat had better own up." "Can you forgive him?" "I can." "Well—" Here the wind suddenly dropped, and, after a look through the window, the conscience-stricken man turned and finished, "Yes, if ever I meet him, I'll advise him to call around."

"Yes," he said to the partner of his joys and sorrows, "I do remember the time when I was so fond of you that I said I could eat you; and now I wish I had done it."

"JONES, if burglars should get into your house what would you do?" "I'd do whatever they required of me. I've never had my own way in that house yet, and it's too late to begin now—yes, alas! too late!"

ONE of the regular exercises at Normal Schools is writing words from dictation and giving their meaning. One of the words given out was "hazardous," which the young lady pupil spelled "hazardess," and defined "a female hazard."

AN unamiable remark is reported as being made by an ex-belle concerning a youthful beauty whose grace has become the talk of the day. "She reminds me of a comb when she laughs," said the ex-belle. "Wherefore, my dear X—?" "Because she shows all her teeth."

BISMARCK SOUP.—Bismarck is always represented in the German comic papers with a bald, awful head surmounted by three hairs, which will explain the following conversation in a Viennese restaurant: "Hi, waiter—hi! I asked for Julienne, and here you've brought me Bismarck soup!" "Bismarck soup, sir! There's no Bismarck soup on the bill, sir!" "Of course it is. Don't you see these three hairs on the top of it!"

THERE was once a lad who swallowed a small leaden bullet. His friends were very much alarmed about it. The doctor heard the dismal tale with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a case of common headache, and wrote the following laconic note to the lad's father: "Sir, don't alarm yourself. If after three weeks the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder. Yours, etc. P.S.—Don't shoot the boy at anybody."

MR. LESTER relates that when he was a boy ten or twelve years of age he was one day standing in Market Square with his grandfather, when four Irishmen came up, one of whom asked the distance to Pawtucket. He was told by the old gentleman that it was about four miles. "Well, faith," said Pat, in a mock tone of encouragement, to his three tired companions, "that's not bad at all—only a mile apiece for us." "Whom do you want to see in Pawtucket?" inquired Mr. Lester. "Be jabbers," was the quick reply, "I want to see myself there the most of anybody."

DURING a heavy shower, a business-man carrying a very wet umbrella entered an hotel to pay a call to some one up-stairs. After placing his umbrella where it might drain, he wrote upon a piece of paper and pinned to it the words, "N.B.—This umbrella belongs to a man who strikes a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound blow. Back in fifteen minutes." He went his way up-stairs, and, after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned to find his umbrella gone, and in its place a note reading, "P.S.—Umbrella taken by a man who walks ten miles an hour. Won't be back at all."

A PARIS paper tells of the good done by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in that city. A peasant was once beating his ass with great fury when a member of the Society passed. "How now, my friend! Do you strike the companion of your labors? That is wrong. Humanity has certain imprescriptible rights which spread abroad throughout nature. Come, good man, you should caress the unhappy creature, for thus much you owe him." "Yes, sir; yes, sir," and the peasant stroked the ass's mane. The member passed on, congratulating himself that the day was not lost to him. After he had gone a few paces, he turned round and saw the peasant, armed with a larger stick than ever, beating the ass with great fury, and saying at each stroke, "Oho, you've got friends, have you—you've got friends?"

MANY an amusing mistake has been made by people hard of hearing. We are told that a certain Dean of Ely was once at dinner, when just as the cloth was removed the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than seven eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was very deaf, rose just at the conclusion of these remarks, and gave the company grace: "For this and every other mercy make us devoutly thankful." On another occasion, at a military dinner in Ireland, the following was on the toast-list: "May the man who has lost one eye in the glorious service of his beloved country never see distress with the other." But the person whose duty it was to read the toast accidentally omitted the important word "distress," which completely changed the sentiment, and caused no end of merriment by the blunder.

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"SPLENDID! Came one hundred miles; would journey five hundred in preference to going anywhere else to have same operation performed." This was written by a lady on the scroll of Dr. COLTON, in the Cooper Institute, after having six teeth extracted.



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"OUR VETERANS."

By BEN PERLEY POORE.

GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

THE grandest military pageant ever witnessed on this continent, if not in the world, was on that bright May morning in 1865, when the "Army of the Tennessee" marched past the Capitol and along Pennsylvania Avenue, the *via sacra* of our Republic, to be reviewed by President Johnson, who stood in the front of the tenantless White House, from which had been recently borne the corpse of him whose right, had his life been spared, it would have been to receive the homage of those gallant legions, crowned with victory, before they were disbanded.

For seven long hours did that mass of men move briskly forward with serried ranks, weather-bronzed countenances, tattered flags, faded uniforms and glistening arms, while following each command were led pack-horses and mules, loaded with "the spoils of war." The day previous the

"Army of the Potomac" had passed over the same route, more elegantly uniformed, and showing fewer marks of field-service. The "Army of the Tennessee" not only looked like veterans, but marched with that long, swinging step with which they had traversed Georgia "from Atlanta to the sea," and then come up through the heart of the Confederacy, "conquering and to conquer."

It should have been a proud and a happy day for General Sherman, the commander of this victorious force, but he was ill at ease, and when, after having saluted the President, he dismounted and went up on the reviewing stand, he contemptuously refused to take the offered hand of Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, who advanced to greet him. There were those on that stand who knew that General Sherman had been persuaded by political advisers to make terms with General Joe Johnson, after having



GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

captured his army, which the administration, prompted by Mr. Stanton, had refused to confirm, and the rebuked general doubtless felt that, while the apparent leader of a mighty host, he was in fact but a mere puppet controlled by politicians "who never set a squadron in the field."

General Sherman became the commander of the armies of the United States after General Grant was elected President, a position from which he will retire next Fall, when his name will be placed on the retired list. He now has his headquarters in a pleasant suite of rooms on the east front of the new Executive Building, adorned with military pictures and well supplied with the data concerning our little army. He believes that all young officers should in turn undergo the hardships of frontier life and of Indian warfare, nor can he brook political influence when exercised, as it often is, to retain some lieutenant on special duty at Washington, simply because he is a graceful dancer, a bold leader of the german, or the wearer of a well-fitting uniform. The general himself, by-the-way, rarely appears in his regimentals. At the first inauguration after he became a full general, his staff had great trouble in persuading him to properly array himself. He finally appeared in all the glory of blue and gold, but, to the annoyance of his staff, wearing a pair of yellow kid gloves.

General Sherman is very domestic in his habits, and he is devoted to his wife, who is a daughter of Hon. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, a leading Ohio politician in his day. She is a devoted member of the Roman Catholic Church, and their only son has been for some years preparing for the priesthood at a Jesuit College in Maryland. They have three daughters, one of whom married a young naval officer named Thachara, of Philadelphia, who has since resigned his commission, that he might enter into business.

The general is very fond of music, and during his march through Georgia the bands of his army used, by his direction, to play every night, sometimes triumphant marches, sometimes enlivening waltzes, and sometimes glorious old patriotic airs, stirring the hearts of his men with animation and hope. Fond also of theatricals, he may be seen in a stage box at the National Theatre at Washington whenever a favorite actress plays, applauding with all his might.

General Sherman is a constant and welcomed attendant at military reunions and on festive occasions, making speeches which evidently come from his heart, and which have long ago convinced political managers that he would not be a safe candidate for the Presidency. Fond of female society, he is never happier than when surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls, and he claims the right exercised by Henry Clay of kissing them whenever and wherever he may meet them. In social conversation he is very brilliant, possessing a great fund of anecdote, based on his army life and his residence in California during the eventful days there when the vigilance committee ruled. Genial, accomplished, brave, a master of the art of war, and courteous in his manners, he is emphatically "an officer and a gentleman."

LIEUT.-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

In the second year of the war, when many Union officers manifested little desire for hard-fighting, and President Lincoln remarked that he had "never heard of a dead cavalryman" belonging to the Army of the Potomac, people began to talk at Washington of a young graduate of West Point, who, by his indomitable will and his daring courage, was attracting attention at the West as an

effective cavalry leader. Winning skirmish after skirmish, he became noted as the bravest, boldest and most effective trooper in the Union Army, and in due time he received an important cavalry command.

"You want to know what Phil Sheridan is like?" said President Lincoln to Secretary Welles, who had inquired what manner of man this young Western *sabreur* was. "I will tell you. He is a brown, tough-looking little fellow, with a long body, short legs, not enough neck to hang him, and such long arms that he can scratch his ankles without stooping."

This is the hero whose ride from Winchester has been recorded by poets and painters and historians. Mounted on a fleet and powerful coal-black horse, and with a cigar in his mouth, he rode along, arresting the flying soldiers by a wave of his hand, which showed the native energy of the man, while the thick puffs of smoke from his cigar betrayed his nervous excitement. Occasionally he would rein-up to sharply reprimand the officer in command of a retreating regiment, and the men, encouraged and animated by his example, would cheer as they faced about, and follow their leader to victory on the ground of their previous defeat.

In due time General Sheridan was placed in command of the cavalry of the "Army of the Potomac," which, during the terrible fighting from the Wilderness to Petersburg, was constantly and effectively engaged. His troopers were here, there and everywhere—disregarding, perhaps, the ponderous old rules for the movements of cavalry forces, but putting in good work where their presence was unexpected, and giving their gallant commander an opportunity to record their prowess in a dispatch that electrified the loyal North.

At length the end approached. A better infantry force than ever Cæsar commanded vainly attempted to defend the earthworks around Richmond, which were stronger than those which encircled Sebastopol, and it at last became evident to General Lee that Richmond must be evacuated, and he endeavored to march southward with his army. But escape was impossible when Sheridan was sent in pursuit at the head of a light column, and not only impetuously out-manœuvred the Confederate chieftain, but demanded his immediate surrender, which was soon announced over the wires. The terrible war was at an end.

After having been for several years in command of different parts of the South, Sheridan became, by the promotion of Sherman, Lieutenant-general, and he has since made Chicago his headquarters. He was married there to a daughter of General Rucher, of the army, and the confirmed bachelor settled down into domestic life, making an affectionate husband and a devoted father. Every Summer he feels a desire for fresh air and the saddle, and makes a tour of inspection to some of the distant frontier posts, accompanied by a few friends. An enthusiastic sportsman, he cannot bear to see the buffaloes eradicated by those who only seek their skins, and he is very anxious that the picturesque regions of the Yellowstone should be preserved as a national park in their original beauty.

General Sheridan is a welcome attendant at the different army reunions, when he modestly refuses to speak, yet when loudly called for by his old comrades, comes forward (as he expresses himself) "like a little man," and says a few words which are more to the point than the long and elaborate harangues of some politicians. After the retirement of Sherman, next Fall, Sheridan will become Commander of the Armies of the United States, a position which he has won by his own good sword, and which he cannot fail to adorn.

EX QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL MONTGOMERY C. MEIGS.

General Montgomery Cunningham Meigs has probably sanctioned the payment of more public money than any other army officer, dead or living. A graduate of West Point, he at first entered the artillery, but was transferred to the Engineer Corps, and became noted as an able constructor of forts and of breakwaters. After the extension of the Capitol at Washington had been commenced, it was found that the contractors were systematically defrauding the Government by the use of inferior materials and the employment of incompetent mechanics. The work was placed in charge of Captain Meigs, who superintended it until the completion of the massive iron dome, crowned by Crawford's bronze statue of America. He not only superintended the building, but purchased the furniture and ordered the works of art which decorate the walls. At one time he came near obtaining the services of Veruet, the great French historical painter, but he was forced to desist by the clamor raised by the friends of incompetent American artists. While engaged in the great work, Captain Meigs also superintended the construction of the aqueduct which conveys the water of the Potomac River into the national metropolis, and the extension of the general Post Office, one of the most beautiful of our public buildings.

Early in the war he was made Quartermaster General of the United States, and directed the purchase of enormous quantities of stores, provisions, equipments, horses, mules and wagons for the various armies of the Union. He was in the field on several occasions, and when the Confederate forces, under General Breckinridge, threatened Washington, he commanded a division composed of the clerks and mechanics on the rolls of the Quartermaster General's Department. Afterward he directed in person the supply of General Sherman's army, and some of the dispatches which he wrote describing the operations are quoted as models of military literature.

When General Grant became President he sent General Meigs to Europe, to inspect and report on the Quartermasters' organizations of the principal armies. After his return he designed and superintended the construction of the National Museum at Washington, and he is now the architect of a huge building for the Pension Office.

The great secret of his success is his incorruptible honesty, which has never been tainted by a suspicion. He is a man of fine personal appearance, ready in conversation and possessing a large fund of general information. Now a widower, he resides at Washington in a commodious mansion of his own erection, over which presides his accomplished daughter.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

On the brief list in the army register of those officers who have received commissions for "specific distinguished services" is the name of Brigadier-General Nelson A. Miles. Born in Massachusetts, he was a clerk in a store in Boston when the war-trumpet sounded in '61, and learned the rudiments of war in that celebrated militia organization known as the "Boston Tigers," in which he served as a private. Entering the service as a lieutenant in a Massachusetts volunteer regiment, he soon distinguished himself, and rose step by step, until, in less than four years, he attained the rank of Major-General. It was his fortune to be in command at Fortress Monroe when Jefferson Davis was brought there as a prisoner, and his treatment of the deposed head of the Southern Confederacy was alike commended by friends and foes. After peace was declared he was appointed in the regular

army as colonel of a regiment of colored troops, the drill and discipline of which was the admiration of all who saw them. A few years later he was transferred to the Fifth Infantry, and became noted as an Indian-fighter.

General Miles married a niece of Senator Sherman, who is the sister of Mrs. Senator Don Cameron. He is passing the present Winter in his own house at Washington, which is enlivened by his only child, a bright, intelligent girl. He is a type of manly beauty, with an open, expressive countenance, in which is combined a mingled expression of thought and military haughtiness.

Civil war, while it sets in turbulent motion the most degrading passions of human nature, also brings to light leading spirits who remain after the cessation of the contest in prominent positions, and who take rank among the first citizens of the Governments which they aided in establishing and preserving.

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.

During the war of 1812, when Great Britain was forced to surrender her proud title of "Mistress of the Seas," a young United States naval officer was spoken of in Parliament as "having made the lights of London burn dim for a year" by the destruction of over eighty whale-ships in the Pacific Ocean. It was Commodore Porter, who had previously done much toward ending piracy in the Mediterranean Seas, and who was subsequently court-martialed for having resented an insult to his flag at Porto Rico, and censured by President Adams.

General Jackson, who never trifled about details when the national honor was concerned, wiped out this injustice by appointing Commodore Porter as the first Envoy Extraordinary to the Sultan of Turkey.

Commodore Porter had two sons who entered the Navy, and one of them, David, afterward for a time took command of one of the large ocean steamers on the Isthmus line between New York and San Francisco. Before the rebellion had fairly broken out, he was summoned to Washington as an officer who could be trusted, and was soon placed in command of the *Porchutan*, which was to have been sent to the relief of the garrison at Fort Sumter. Without the knowledge of President Lincoln, however, the orders were changed, and Lieutenant Porter unexpectedly found himself sent with the *Porchutan* to Fort Pickens, where she was not needed, that Secretary Seward's understanding with the rebel commissioners should not be violated. The change of the destination of the *Porchutan* enabled the Secretary of State to telegraph to the commissioners:

"Faith kept in regard to Sumter. Wait and see."

Porter's skill as an organizer was soon called into requisition, and he became especially useful to the Administration. After New Orleans had been captured and occupied by Farragut and Butler, it became necessary to silence the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg, the "Gibraltar of the Mississippi." This was accomplished after one of the most remarkable sieges of modern times, commanded by General Grant on shore and by Admiral Porter afloat. The Army and Navy worked in harmony for many wearisome months until victory crowned their efforts, and the Mississippi was once more opened to navigation under the flag of the Union from the mountains to the sea.

Later in the war Wilmington alone remained a port where blockade-runners could enter and then escape, and it became necessary to take Fort Fisher, which was a stronghold of the Confederate seaport. The health of Admiral Farragut had been impaired by the last two

years of arduous service, and the department selected Admiral Porter, whose enterprise and daring on the great Western rivers had attracted so much attention, and who had given such marked evidence of skill and energy as a naval commander.

The first attack was unsuccessful, but General Grant, after an earnest appeal from Admiral Porter, sent a fresh body of troops there under the command of General Terry. The fire of the ironclads was directed for three days against the landface of the fort where the assault



ADMIRAL D. D. PORTER.

was to be made, and after the surrender it was found that every gun had been disabled by the heavy shot and shell from the naval force, the gunners having obtained the exact range and fired with a deliberate aim. When the troops landed a hand-to-hand combat was continued for five hours, the thundering broadsides of the ships sending storms of shot and shell just before the advancing tide of battle, while the ground over which Confederate forces might come was swept every moment by grape and canister. The fort was stubbornly defended and gallantly won, Porter's energy, courage and skill on the water being matched by Terry and his soldiers on the land.

After the death of that noble old Viking, Farragut, Porter became admiral, and he has since had his office at Washington, in the elegant house which he fitted up with his prize-money after the war. The health of Mrs. Porter prevents his entertaining so much as he otherwise would, and he leads a domestic life, passing his Summers at Narragansett Pier. Two of his children are married.

VISE-ADMIRAL
S. C. ROWAN.

Commander Rowan stood high in the naval service at the breaking out of the civil war. He had served under Commodores Jones, Biddle

and Stockton, on the Pacific; Dallas and Henley in the West Indies; Morris and Morgan in the Mediterranean, and he was regarded as one of the most trustworthy officers among those who remained faithful to the flag.

In May, 1861, he was placed in command of the flotilla on the Potomac, and distinguished himself in several expeditions against fortified points on the Virginia shore. Smugglers of military goods into the Confederacy were arrested, spies were seized, mails were intercepted, and there was much exposure to death by disease and by shot, of discomfort and hard fare, with little glory of prize money.

When General Burnside fitted out his expedition against North Carolina, Commodore Rowan was one of the naval organizers of the victorious occupation of Albemarle Sound, and he was afterward placed in command of the expedition against Newbern. Displaying the signal "Follow me," Commodore Rowan dashed at the first row of obstructions, and passed through in safety, followed by the remainder of the squadron, the torpedoes having failed to explode. Commodore Rowan subsequently distinguished himself in various expeditions along the coast, the troops often operating on shore or floundering in the

mud of creeks until they earned the appellation of "web-footed," given them by President Lincoln. In the subsequent attacks on the defenses of Charleston, Commodore Rowan commanded the *New Ironsides*, whose eleven-inch gun did good service. After the cessation of hostilities Commodore Rowan was in due time promoted and intrusted with important commands. He is now Vice-Admiral of the Navy, and Superintendent of the Naval Observatory at Washington, which is about to be removed to a more commodious location on Georgetown Heights. Admiral Rowan is a widower, of fine personal appearance, and gallant



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

bearing, his years of active service and hardship not leaving their marks on his person.

REAR-ADMIRAL R. M. STEMBEL.

Admiral Stembel is one of the old school of naval officers who were educated on shipboard, before the United States possessed a Naval Academy on shore, where young middies could be taught infantry drill. A man-of-war was then a little world in itself, and the youngsters in the cockpit were a jovial set, who, nevertheless, acquired a firmness and determination of manner that qualified them for future commands. Young Stembel sailed

under Hull, who commanded the *Constitution* when she conquered the *Guerrriere*, and he grew up a thorough seaman, and in 1861, although a Marylander by birth, he stood by the old flag.

Soon after the war for the suppression of the rebellion broke out, Captain Foote, a gallant officer full of Christian piety, and possessing great firmness of character, was sent to take command of an ironclad flotilla on the upper tributaries of the Mississippi. One of the gunboats of this flotilla, the *Cincinnati*, was commanded by Admiral Stembel, who served with great gallantry until he was shot down at the post of duty, receiving a wound which deprived him of all power of speech for eighteen months. "Little did I suppose," wrote Admiral Foote to him, "when we warmly shook hands at parting, that you were, within twenty hours, to grapple with such a foe and receive a wound so near mortal. But no one there would have been as acceptable as my old companion in arms, who, by his unerring aim did so much to give us Fort Henry, and for which he had the honor of hoisting the old flag in place of that of the rebels."

Recovering, Commodore Stembel desired to enter upon active service again, but peace was soon declared. He then was placed in command of the Pacific squadron, and on other important duty, until, having arrived at the age of sixty-two years, he was placed on the retired list. Never having visited Washington during the war, and having been an invalid during the latter portion of it, he did not receive that advancement which the importunities of others secured, but it is to be hoped that Congress, at its present session, will rectify the wrong done so gallant a defender of the flag.

Age has dealt kindly with the Admiral, and although his long hair and beard are silvered by time, his step is elastic and his eyes are bright. He passes his Winters at Washington, accompanied by his estimable wife, who shared her husband's dangers in the war, and they have "troops of friends."

He has witnessed, since he swung his hammock as a midshipman, marked changes in naval warfare. The old man-of-war, around which clustered all the formal romance of the sea, has, since the Admiral was a midshipman, become a mere incumbrance in the naval battles, except as a naval battery, to be towed in or out of action. Mail steamers and turreted monitors carry heavy guns, in one of which is concentrated the weight and force of a broadside from the fleet of the olden time. Ships and armaments change, but men like Admiral Stembel, capable of maintaining the honor and reputation of their country afloat, will be a bulwark against the enemy that will long remain to maintain the honor of the American Navy, and to contribute to the national glory.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN I. WORDEN.

At the commencement of hostilities between the North and the South, in April, 1861, Lieutenant Worden, of the Navy, was sent with orders from Secretary Welles to Captain Adams, then in command at Pensacola. On his return he was seized as a spy at Montgomery, Alabama, and kept there in close confinement for six months before a change could be effected. On his release he was selected for the command of the *Monitor*, just completed, and arrived with her in Hampton Roads on the night after the Confederate ironclad vessel *Merrimac* had sunk the *Cumberland*, disabled the *Congress* and injured the *Minnesota*. An era of naval war which had been made memorable by the great sea fights of more than a hundred years was thus closed. Wooden ships, except for certain specific purposes, were to pass away among the rubbish

of the past as the bow and the catapult vanished at the introduction of firearms.

But the triumph of the Confederates was short-lived, when, on the next day, the victorious *Merrimac* came down again to complete her work of destruction, and was met by the *Monitor*, which resembled, said an eye-witness, "a cheesebox on a raft." After some close-range fighting the two vessels engaged in a close encounter, like two trained pugilists, watching each other's motions, and prepared alike to strike or ward off a blow. Now the *Monitor* was seen to dash straight at the *Merrimac*, and then shooting past, would aim a second blow at her. Then the *Merrimac* would run full speed into the *Monitor*, as if determined to crush or sink her. Meanwhile the two vessels were firing at each other, when all at once the *Merrimac* headed for Norfolk, having sprung a leak. The last shell fired by her exploded exactly opposite the eyehole in the pilot-house, where Lieutenant Worden was at that moment looking out. His eyes were injured, his face filled with powder, and there was also a slight concussion of the brain. When he recovered his consciousness his first question was, "Have we saved the *Minnesota*?" When told she was safe, Lieutenant Worden answered, "I am satisfied."

Lieutenant Worden was taken at once to Washington city, and an incident connected with him there illustrated the character of Abraham Lincoln. A Cabinet meeting was being held at the White House, when Secretary Welles mentioned that the wounded commander of the *Monitor* was in the city. President Lincoln immediately arose and took his hat, saying, "Excuse me, gentlemen; I must see this fellow." Hastening to Worden's room, he found the hero lying on a sofa, his eyes bandaged, his face swollen and bloody. When the President was announced he extended his hand, saying, "Mr. President, you do me great honor by this visit." "Sir," replied Mr. Lincoln, the tears coursing down his gaunt cheeks, "I am the one who is honored in this interview."

The importance of this victory, as was well said years afterward in the report of a committee of the United States Senate, could scarcely be over-estimated. Not only were untold millions of property saved from destruction by this scaled monster, but the whole of the blockading fleet of the United States was relieved from exposures to her attacks. It was the most remarkable naval combat of modern times, perhaps of any age; the fiercest and most formidable naval assault upon the power of the Union which has ever been made was heroically repelled, and a new era was opened in the history of maritime warfare. The *Merrimac* was not destroyed or captured by the *Monitor*, but the injuries she received in the action prevented her from again encountering the *Monitor*, which vessel remained ready to confront her had she resumed the attack upon the fleet. The conduct of the officers and men of the *Monitor*, a vessel novel in her construction, and untried in seeking an encounter with an antagonist of greater size and power, deserved great recognition by the United States Government. When, however, years after the war, Congress was asked to grant prize-money, action was postponed, and when a Bill had been passed by the Senate it was defeated in the House of Representatives.

Admiral Worden has, nevertheless, received the grateful thanks of the country which he so gallantly defended, and his appearance in public assemblies always solicits shouts of applause. He has held several important commands since the war, among them that of Superintendent of the Military Academy at Annapolis, where he displayed great executive ability and capacity for Government. He resides in his own house at Washington.

THE RUSSIAN'S SERF'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

"Eric," the Russian baron cried,
Watching the fading light,
"Put to the horses instantly—
We travel far to-night."

The carriage brought, he seats himself
Beside his wife and child;
Eric leaps up, and dashes out,
O'er the lone desert wild.

Mile after mile of that lone road
The travelers leave behind;
The only sound the horses' bells,
That jingled in the wind.

The wood of Rustoff, dark and drear,
Lay right beside their track,
Swarming with fiercest wolves, 'twas said,
In many a hungry pack.

On came the pack with hideous yell,
On, on, the horses strain;
But the gaunt wolves are swift of foot
And on the travelers gain.

"Here, Eric, fire," the baron cried,
"Aim steadily and low;"
And straight the foremost fiercest wolf,
Lay dying in the snow.

Their leader dead, the frightened pack
A moment pausing stood,
Then, scared, they sudden darted off
Into the shadowy wood.

Again they rally, fiercer now,
A desperate, maddened band;
Again, another leader falls
By faithful Eric's hand.

"Haste," to his fellow Eric cried,
"One only chance I see;"
And straight the trace was cut in twain,
And the fore-horse set free.

But short the respite proved, alas,
And vain the offering, too;
Th' insatiate wolves the carcass leave,
The travelers to pursue.

"Let free the other horse in front,"
Cried Eric, as before—
The wolves straight bore him to the ground,
And he was seen no more.

Brave Eric cheered the horses on,
And hard his whip he plied;
But all in vain, the yelling pack
Again were close beside.

He, in the distance, saw the light
Of the next post-house plain,
But how could they the shelter reach,
If the poor beasts were slain?

A thought arose—a horrid thought—
He would, to save his lord,
Offer himself a sacrifice
To the insatiate horde.

Tapping again the window-pane,
He made his purpose known,
Commending to his master's care
His wife and little one.

And straight from off his seat he sprang,
With pistols to the ground—
Once, twice, he fires—and from him more
Escaped no single sound.

Soothed by their meal of human flesh,
The pack no more pursued,
And safe the travelers reached the inn
They sighted from the wood.

Thus died poor Eric, and his lord,
Whom he had served so well,
Reared a stone cross to mark the spot
Where he so nobly fell.

A STRANGE VALENTINE.

BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

"Yes, it was on a St. Valentine's Eve, nine years ago," said the Reverend Hugh Dixon, looking up thoughtfully from his sermon on "Evil Spirits"; "and what a wee, odd creature you were, Nunee! Your father looked woefully troubled; I can see him now, as he stood with his hand on your head, and said: 'Hugh, I am going back to India, and I leave my motherless girl with you, my old and true friend. Some day I may claim her again; but, whether I do or not, rear her as your own.' The trust was sacred; with God's help, I have tried to keep it."

"Well," said his daughter Grace, "if he should claim her now we would not give her up; would we, papa?"

"You think his right of property has expired by limitation, do you, Grace?" smiled the clergyman. "I don't know, but we must hope that he will not claim her. Nunee, you would not care to return to far-away India?"

Beautiful, black-eyed Nunee shook her head.

"I was young, but I remember India well, and I should not like to go back; though I should like to see poor papa again."

The clock struck eleven. Both girls glanced at each other with a meaning smile, and rose, kissing Mr. Dixon with something of nervousness, though he did not perceive it, went out of the room and up to their own.

Without speaking a word, they stood in the middle of the floor, waiting until they heard the old gentleman

moving about below, closing the shutters and locking the doors; and at last, all this being done, his gentle footsteps sounded in the passage as he made his way to his chamber for the night. A dead stillness followed.

"Oh, Nunee, I am beginning to be frightened already," said Grace, with a shiver. "Just suppose we *should* see our future husbands! I should be horrified to death, unless——"

"Unless what, Gracie?"

"Unless he should prove to be Harold Kent—I mean the one intended for me. You, of course, don't care for any one in particular."

Nunee winced, and turned away with a look of pain. Little did thoughtless Grace, or any one, suspect her secret. Did even he?

But time was flying. These young ladies, it must be explained, were about to try a momentous experiment. Some weeks previously they had purchased, for a shilling, a work of immense value and interest, entitled, "The Sacred Book of Egyptian Magic," in which, among other secrets, there was disclosed the only true method of calling up the apparition of one's future wife or husband on St. Valentine's Eve.

Following the direction of the cabalistic volume, the young ladies had procured the necessary herbs, gathered under proper aspects of the planets, and were on the



"OUR VETERANS."—REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN I. WORDEN.
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point of proceeding with the final ceremonies necessary to the production of the spirit.

It was now not far from midnight and the Reverend Hugh Dixon asleep in his bed, little dreaming of the sorceries about to be conducted so near his neighborhood. Well wrapped up, and with the necromantic book and other magical properties in their hands, very cold and already a good deal frightened, Grace and that dark-eyed sprite, Nunee, stole cautiously down the front-stairs and out of the house.

A brilliant moon was up, the silence of death reigned, and both girls swiftly hastened in the direction of the neighboring churchyard.

At the stile leading into the dismal city of the dead, Grace seemed on the point of giving up the expedition, but Nunee, holding her tightly by the arm, pulled her on; and presently both stood among the graves.

Two people more thoroughly terrified, although nothing at all had happened as yet, could scarcely be imagined. But it would be folly now to retreat, since success could be a question of but a few minutes longer; and, with her heart in her mouth, trembling in every limb and pale as a sheet, Grace placed the small bundle of sticks and twigs she had brought with her on the ground, and, applying a match, soon had them blazing. Then, sprinkling the pulverized herbs over the fire, and raising stifling smoke, and with her eyes fixed on the bright moon, she pronounced, in an extremely tremulous voice, the following invocation:

"Now, by the good and evil stars,
And by the full red planet Mars;
By Saturn's pale, malefic light,
And all the fated orbs of night;
By Luna's ill-aspected beam,
Uranus' dry and cheerless gleam—
I call you at this hour and here—
Appear! appear! appear!"

As she uttered the last word, something emerged from the adjacent shrubbery—the figure of a man, tall, lithe and sinuous; a man with a very dark face and a somewhat hooked nose, and with long black hair and intensely black eyes—and stood before her, smiling oddly.

Both girls saw him at the same instant, and he probably not being the apparition they expected, both uttered a series of shrieks, and ran homeward at full speed.

The Reverend Hugh Dixon, next morning, was surprised to find Grace and Nunee late to breakfast, and, at length, coming down pale and haggard.

"Good-morrow; 'tis St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime;
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."

Thus poor Ophelia's song he quoted, and said:

"How late you are, girls! You should have been up and abroad hours ago. Don't you know that the first gentleman you meet this morning will be your valentine for the year? I, of course, don't count. A penny to nothing it will be Harold Kent. He has some business with me to-day, and, I think, is about due now."

There was a knock at the door, and both girls, upon a common impulse, sprang toward it.

But it was not Harold Kent; their valentine for the year was the awful stranger they had seen in the graveyard the midnight before; and, as they tottered back from the open portal, he stepped in, with exactly the same peculiar smile.

"The Reverend Hugh Dixon?" he said, in very sweet, low tones, looking toward the amazed cleric and presenting his card. "I am Mr. Jemmadar, of Hoshungabad, India."

Dark, sleek and graceful he was, and even handsome; but there was something sinister about him, and Mr. Dixon shook his slim hand very lightly and with uncomfortable misgivings.

The girls had their own reasons, no doubt, for exhibiting still less cordiality.

"I have come a long distance, Mr. Dixon," he pursued, in his soft, musical voice, "and have had some difficulty in finding your house. My mission is an important one. I arrive to relieve you of your charge—I arrive to take Miss Nunee Clinton back with me to India."

Grace uttered a cry and clasped Nunee, who had turned to the pallor of death, to her bosom.

The clergyman, almost as white himself, sank into a chair, uttering a groan.

"A melancholy, a distressing service," went on Mr. Jemmadar; "but you will forgive me, who am, of course, merely an



VICE-ADMIRAL S. C. ROWAN.

agent. My employer, Colonel Clinton—he is now colonel, I may remark, in Her Majesty's service, and has renounced allegiance to his own country—sends me upon this delicate and extremely painful duty, with the proper credentials and letters, which I have the honor now to place in your hands."

He laid a little packet of papers upon Mr. Dixon's knee.

While the clergyman examined them, Mr. Jemmadar went over to Nunee and shook hands with her, and seemed to be awaiting an introduction to Grace. None following, he began a conversation, sustained wholly by himself, without; and all the while he talked he kept his strange, glittering eyes fixed upon Grace, under which her own somehow shrank.

Nearly an hour later Harold Kent arrived. He found everything in dismay, the girls crying, and poor Mr. Dixon almost beside himself.

Harold heard the story with a shock. He liked Nunee, he admired her; indeed, he did not know which of the two young ladies he liked the better, and for some time his situation had been similar to that of the troubled gentleman in the "Beggars' Opera." "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away."

Nunee to go! Never to see her again! How handsome she was—how attractive in every way? Never had he perceived her many winning qualities so plainly.

To-morrow she was to go, and upon this point Mr. Jemmadar was adamant. It was cruel, he admitted, but surely no one could blame him; he was merely an agent, and his instructions were peremptory.

A sad Valentine's Day for them all, although the Indian stranger certainly tried to make himself as agreeable as possible. To Grace he was particularly attentive; she seemed to interest him profoundly.

Nunee cried a little, but, on the whole, you would have said she was resigned. A change is pleasant, and compensates for many things; so is a journey. And was she not going to rejoin her father, whom she had not seen for nearly ten years, but remembered vividly?

But in her room that night, with the door locked, alone, she walked the floor wildly, and beat her breast. No one had ever dreamed the great secret of her life—her love for Harold Kent; and now she was to leave him—to lose him for ever! His fancy wavered now, as she had many times perceived, but once she was out of the way, his mind would soon be made up, and he would marry Grace.

How could she give him up! She had always hoped—departure meant despair. The thought was distracting. Throughout that long night she slept not, but next morning there were no signs of that agonizing vigil, and old Mr. Dixon, looking at her serene face across the breakfast-table, sighed, mentally:

"Poor child! She is young, and in a week will have forgotten us all!"

Rather strangely, the next morning passed, and Mr. Jemmadar said no more about going. At dinner he announced that he was human and not a tiger; that he could not resist; that he had relented, and Miss Nunee should stay a day or two longer, after which he begged the young ladies to ride out with him that afternoon and point out the surrounding places of interest.

It was odd, and there could be no pretending to shut one's eyes to the fact, this slim, dark, serpentine Indian strongly admired Miss Grace Dixon. At every possible opportunity he threw himself in her way—always courteous, always smiling, always with something interesting to say. He told wonderfully interesting stories, and sang Hindoostanee songs, and explained learnedly the Brahminical philosophy, and certainly was a man of many and varied gifts; still Grace could not like him—could scarcely endure him, indeed; for some inexplicable reason, she was afraid of him, the more so since he had seemed to discover a preference on her part for young Harold Kent.

Mr. Jemmadar at times eyed that young gentleman with anything but a friendly look, and, as Harold concluded, would just as soon stick a knife—of which he had several curious specimens among his effects—into him as not.

Thus, we perceive, Mr. Jemmadar did not go at the time he had named, but extended Nunee's reprieve, and remained on and on indefinitely.

Mr. Dixon had begun to like him a little. He was so polished, such a capital talker, and, better still, such a capital listener. He was not averse to religious discussions; and though it was difficult to come at whether he was a Brahmin or a Christian, or nothing at all, it was at least plain that theological controversies did not bore him. He was even the indirect source of inspiration of two or three of Mr. Dixon's sermons on the subject of "The Philosophy *vs.* The Morals of the East,"

which had created a great sensation among his congregation, and were spoken of in the local paper.

With Grace, however, Mr. Jemmadar's fortunes did not fare so well. She had almost come to dread him; but, in spite of herself, he exercised some indefinable influence over her.

When he approached she would have liked to fly, but could not; having the stronger will, he awed her, and thus very often she allowed him to sit beside her, and apparently to absorb her attention, when in reality she would have given almost anything to escape.

Still he lingered, and poor Grace's unlucky valentine for the year seemed to intend remaining until the year was ended.

Nunee, instead of recovering her spirits over the reprieve, seemed to have lost them. She had fallen into the unsociable habit of moping about places alone; she had queer nervous spells, and at times was moody and eccentric, and was altogether a different being from the madcap of weeks before.



"OUR VETERANS."—GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.
SEE PAGE 129.

One evening about twilight, Grace was sitting in the parlor at the piano, alone, singing softly to herself.

Suddenly over her shoulder she heard the silken murmur of Mr. Jemmadar's peculiar voice.

"How beautiful! How lovely! Pardon me, almost as lovely, that song, as the singer."

Grace sprang up instantly. She did not know he was in the house. How long had he been standing behind her?

He raised his hand entreatingly.

"Don't go, Miss Dixon. How is it that I seem always to frighten you—I who admire you so deeply, who would be your slave? In my country, so far away across the seas, there are many beautiful maidens; but what is the fairest among them to thee? Nay, do not stir, I implore; the time has come at last—we are alone; my heart, that has been mute so long, must speak."

He seized her hand, but the frightened girl shook it from him.

"I love you, Miss Dixon. Your beauty has entered through my eyes and filled my heart. You remember that night when I saw you for the first time? It was only for an instant, but all was changed, and I was no longer at peace. Here I have lingered day by day to live in the light of your smile. The hour is nigh when I must return to my country again. Will not you, beautiful girl, go back with me?"

"Never! You must be mad. I shall tell my father how you have insulted me, sir!" cried Grace.

"Insult, Miss Dixon! Is my love insult because my skin is dark? My father was an Englishman, and his skin was as white as yours."

"I don't care, sir; I will not listen to you, and I wish to leave the room."

"You despise me?"

"I—I dislike you; I am afraid of you. I don't think you mean any good toward me, and I shall ask my father to make you quit his house."

"Ha! You would not do that, Miss Dixon—that would be a cruel insult," said Jemmadar, falling back a step, with a change of manner, stung to the soul.

"You shall see, sir."

"You are cruel, Inshallah. I could not have believed!"

He stood reflecting a minute, and then said:

"Miss Dixon, forgive me. I was too bold—I spoke what I could no longer keep back. Your pardon, beautiful lady," and he bowed his head. "Tell me that I am forgiven, and I will speak of this subject no more."

"Will you leave the room also? I was alone here, and I wish to be alone again. If you promise never to repeat the words you have just now uttered—the most offensive to me, be assured, that your lips could frame—I, in my turn, will promise to forget them, and keep your secret."

"Be it so," he whispered, softly, bowing low; and turning, he glided from the room.

She caught another glimpse of his face just as he closed the door, and she saw that it was ashen with mortification and anger.

Next morning he spoke of departure again, and named a day positively.

His manner was courteous and calm, as usual, and he talked in his polished, well-bred way about the different things that came up, and after breakfast went out for his walk.

About eleven o'clock, Nunee, sitting in Mr. Dixon's study alone, was surprised by Mr. Jemmadar's entrance.

He seemed a little excited, and glanced about the room cautiously, and then advancing with a smile, said:

"Quite by yourself Miss Nunee, and very busy, I perceive."

He sat down by her, and, after a little interval, said:

"Your friend, Miss Grace, where is she?"

"I don't know, sir. Up-stairs, I think," said the young lady, carelessly.

She did not like him much, but certainly had none of Grace's fear of him.

"I have sometimes wondered why you have not a room together. But I don't think you are sociable, Miss Nunee. Young friends should share the same apartment."

"How did you know we do not room together?" said Nunee, with some surprise. "We formerly did, but your arrival necessitated a change. We gave you the large room we formerly had in common. But what a strange question!"

"I would like to ask you one or two other questions that may at first appear a little strange, but when you have answered them I will give you my reasons," proceeded Mr. Jemmadar, in his soft, insinuating tones, getting closer to her. "Your beautiful friend, Miss Grace, interests me greatly. Her temperament is peculiar. I should like to make certain inquiries about her—perfectly harmless, of course, although they may strike you as singular."

Nunee laid down her work, and looked at him fixedly. He met her glance with his unfathomable smile.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Jemmadar," she said, presently. "I shall not answer your questions. Your tone conveys something unpleasant, and you know very well that if we were in India, where my father is, and whose servant you are, you would not talk in this mysterious way to me. Miss Dixon's disposition and affairs are nothing to you."

He dropped his eyes, and laughed gently.

"You are suspicious, my child; I merely intended to have some amusement. Here is a little toy, with which there is a secret connected. Take it in your hand, and I will explain the entire mystery, and you will see how wrong you were to suspect mischief where I intended a simple jest."

He took from his pocket a small crystal globe, and gave it into her hand.

"This," he said, fixing his eyes again on hers, "is a magnetized vitreous body; it conducts the invisible fluid which produces magnetic phenomena—as you shall see."

Even as he spoke Nunee experienced a certain heaviness of the senses stealing over her; her eyes closed in spite of her. In ten seconds more she was asleep.

When she awoke Mr. Jemmadar was gone.

She felt weak and faint. She glanced at the clock—more than half an hour had gone by. What had happened in the interval? She rose with an impulse to cry out; then more prudent thoughts followed. For the first time she felt a profound impression that her father's Indian agent was a dangerous man, and already meditating some kind of mischief.

Nunee, even as a little girl in India, had heard stories of the familiarity of the Hindoos with the occult sciences. In her own person she had now experienced Jemmadar's power to produce the phenomena of somnambulism. He had tricked her into that condition for a purpose—the purpose, no doubt, of asking those mysterious questions at which he had hinted, and which she had refused to answer in her waking state. Those inquiries concerned Grace Dixon; but what were they?

While she stood thinking, the door opened and Grace entered.

"I have found you at last, Nunee. How cold you have

been lately—and yet, to-morrow you are going away for ever!" said Grace, placing her arms about her neck and kissing her. "You will soon forget me, darling."

"Never, Grace!"

"Yes, you will. In India you will meet some of those handsome British officers, and will marry, and the new scenes and people will occupy all your attention, and the past will grow dim day by day, and at last vanish."

"And you, Grace?"

"Well," replied Grace, with a shy smile, "perhaps I shall marry, too; I think Harold will make up his mind to ask me when you are gone—why, how you tremble!"

"You are mistaken," said Nunee, withdrawing, coldly. "There is nothing to make me tremble."

"I have lately seen, pretty clearly," pursued Grace, "that Harold's admiration was divided between us. Now, you, you know, never cared for him, while I have been so much in love with him that I could scarcely contain myself. But, of course, there will be no difficulty after you are out of the way, and I suppose my dream will at last be realized."

"Where is Mr. Jemmadar?"

"How angrily you speak! But, of course, my darling, you are vexed at being taken away; I was not serious when I said you would forget us—don't be offended, Nunee," and she kissed her again. "About Mr. Jemmadar, he is gone out again, I think, with papa; he has a great deal of preparation to make for his journey, and seems to have postponed it for the last moment."

"My own preparations are not completed," said Nunee; "I suppose it will not be altogether prudent to postpone them longer. I shall go to my room now, I believe."

"Shall I help you, Nunee?"

"No, Grace; I need not trouble you."

Nunee, with this odd speech, certainly very much like a rebuff, left her. When the door had closed Grace sat down in a good deal of wonderment; her friend was clearly not in a happy temper; but what had occurred to offend her?

Nunee left the room because she knew that she could not contain her feelings a moment longer; her jealousy was agonizing; at the moment Grace uttered that unlucky speech about Harold Kent, I think she could have stricken her dead.

As Nunee went along the passage she saw that the door of Mr. Jemmadar's room was open. A very little thing will sometimes avert the most tumultuous emotions, and the current of the girl's passion changed instantly.

The memoric scene of a short while ago returned to her memory again; something in this room might throw a light upon that sinister stratagem; without hesitation she entered.

Her gaze was instantly attracted by the sight of Jemmadar's traveling-desk. In that, if in anything accessible, were his secrets; and it was not locked—not even shut.

He had played an infamous trick upon her; why should she hesitate about reprisals?

The man, she felt assured, was meditating mischief—possibly against herself. Here might be disclosed something of the character of his plans; to violate his desk was merely an act of self-defense.

She lifted the lid and looked in, and the first object she saw was a square, black, morocco book, evidently a diary; she opened it, and found the writing was Hindoostanee.

All was clear with regard to Mr. Jemmadar's extraordinary carelessness. Who out of India can read Hindoostanee?

"He did not know," smiled Nunee, "that I could speak that language before I could speak my own!"

And now eagerly she read. She read with dilated eyes and a beating heart.

Jemmadar, supposing that no one in this part of the world could, by any possibility, penetrate his secrets, had not hesitated to make his records minute.

Here lay bare the outline of a frightful piece of treachery—he intends to abduct Grace Dixon this night. His book shows that he has long been madly in love with her, and that he has seen and felt her dislike and even contempt for him.

But he will not lose her; a way has suggested itself to win her and bear her off—the magnetic sleep by means of the crystal.

Once he can throw her into a condition of somnambulism, which will be easy, she is his to do with as he pleases—an automaton without a will, implicitly obedient to the slightest change of his—a living machine, a breathing corpse!

Nunee read on, at first stunned. The plot appalled her; Grace was to go, she was to stay. Another thought flashed wildly through her brain—Grace gone, she left behind—what then? Harold Kent would marry her! It was as certain as death that he would ask her to be his wife.

She flung down the book with a wild laugh.

"My God, forgive me! I love him so madly—she must go!"

Then, fancying she heard an approaching step, she shut the lid of the desk, and cautiously stole out of Mr. Jemmadar's room and on tiptoe to her own.

Dinner rang—Mr. Dixon's hours were primitive—and she went down; Jemmadar was not present, and would not return till evening. Nunee could not eat, but tried to talk in her natural way; how she succeeded she knew presently from a remark of Grace's:

"Nunee, if I did not know better, I should think you had taken an overdose of morphine or quinine. I really can't make out your meaning."

That afternoon Harold Kent came in his carriage, and the three took their last ride together; to-morrow one would be—where? He remained to tea; Mr. Jemmadar had come back, and was also present at that meal.

How cozy everything was as they sat round the little table! You could not have fancied a prettier scene; and yet, within some bosom here, as we know, were thoughts and secrets dark and cruel enough.

As pleasant an evening followed, and Mr. Jemmadar, in his quiet, gentlemanlike fashion, provided different sources of amusement, singing several Hindoo songs, and exhibiting curious feats of jugglery. When it was growing a little late, Grace found an opportunity to speak to Nunee and tell her a secret.

"Now that Mr. Jemmadar is going away," she said, with a laugh, "I believe I am beginning to appreciate him better, and I believe, too, that he is a very harmless person, after all. How cleverly he did those feats of legerdemain! He would make his fortune by public exhibitions. He has promised to-night to give me a very valuable present—a talisman for good luck, in the shape of a small crystal globe; but I am under a promise not to tell any one that I have it; so you must keep my secret, especially from poor papa, who, being a clergyman, of course looks on all such things as foolery. But, laugh as I may, I can't help believing there may be virtue in talismans; you know I was always superstitious; and this globe, Mr. Jemmadar says, will bring about to the possessor the accomplishment of any wish."

Nunee listened with a throbbing heart, looking on the doomed girl with a wild glance of pity and horror. A

single word would save her; it was only necessary to say, "Do not touch that crystal as you value your life!" So she might have spoken had not Grace added one unlucky sentence more.

"You know the dearest wish of my heart, Nunee," she continued, with a faint flush—"to be Harold Kent's wife."

Nunee nodded with a pale smile. Unable to control

with whom she had grown up, from whom she had not been separated for one day in ten long years.

"I am about to betray her—she would have died for me!"

But then another picture unfolded itself.

"India—a lonely life for me; for her, Harold Kent and many a long year of happiness, that should and could have been mine. Oh, Harold, why do I love you so? I



THE INDIAN'S TRIUMPH ON THE WAR-PATH.

herself further, she drew away. A little later the party broke up, and she hurried to her room.

She flung herself on the bed, and hid her face in the pillow.

"Grace, Grace, how little you know! With rapid and stealthy footsteps your fate is marching on. Oh, heaven, what a struggle!"

Bitterly Nunee wept. Grace, her friend, her sister,

can't give you up to her—I can't—I can't!" she sobbed, distractedly.

And now she sat up, more calm. Vain all this.

"What is Grace Dixon to me? People must look to themselves in a world like this! Jemmadar will do her no harm; a clever man, who certainly loves her, and will make her a good husband. It is fatality; but for an accident I should be as ignorant of what is on foot as she. I



A STRANGE VALENTINE. — "SPRINKLING THE PULVERIZED HERBS OVER THE FIRE, AND WITH HER EYES FIXED ON THE BRIGHT MOON, SHE PRONOUNCED, IN AN EXTREMELY TREMULOUS VOICE, THE INVOCATION." — SEE PAGE 135.

wash my hands of it. I shall do nothing either way; I shall simply lie here and—wait."

She listened. Harold Kent was leaving, his merry laugh sounded out upon the still air, followed by Grace's "Good-night." Little they dreamed that the farewell was eternal—good-night for ever!

Then came Grace's light step on the stair and along the corridor. Everybody else abed, she was hastening to hers.

Now she stops—the listener knows why. Jemmadar has been on the watch for her. They are whispering together, and there is faint laughter.

The poor girl fancies she has wronged him, and she is afraid of him no longer. He is about to give her the precious talisman which brings good fortune. Good fortune! Merciful God! what is the real fortune in store for her?

Still Nunee does not stir; but sits on the bed with a wild, death-pale stare at vacancy, listening. The clock strikes midnight, and complete silence follows.

* * * * *

Twelve minutes later a dark figure in the bright glare of the moon stood on the lawn. It was the Indian, Jemmadar. He was looking with a fixed gaze in the direction of the house, and, with his slim arm raised, was beckoning something, and murmuring strange words to himself.

The halldoor opened and another figure emerged—a girl with a white, distressed face, and hands held out before her—and slowly, like a blind person, she advanced.

It was Grace Dixon in a magnetic sleep!

At the steps she faltered and uttered a low moan, but the mesmerizer continued to wave his hand, and she descended and went on.

She was now on the grass; across it she walked slowly, slowly, like one who bears a heavy burden—and always uttering that same low cry of anguish. Jemmadar, with his weird, dark eyes fixed upon her face, continued to step backward.

"Suddenly another figure, wild and disheveled, bursts from the open door and rushes to the sleeping girl, with a dreadful cry, and seizing her arm, shakes it violently.

"Awake, Grace, on your life, awake!" shrieks Nunee, for she it is.

Jemmadar, astounded for a second, recovers, and springs toward them with the leap of a tiger. Nunee meets him with the yataghan she has found in his room, and resolutely buries it in his breast, and he staggers with a horrid screech, his head dropping back upon his shoulders and his face glaring up at the moon with a convulsive scowl. But this is only for the space of a flash of lightning—the next instant his lithe fingers are twined round Nunee's slender white throat, and with the preternatural strength of death, and the hellish smile of a desperate revenge, he squeezes out her life, and both drop dead upon the ground together.

The crystal has fallen from Grace's hand, and she is awake—that is, no longer in the folds of the fatal magnetic sleep—but she looks on in another dream—a dream of fright and horror.

Her father has heard the noise and is coming swiftly, followed by the servants, and when he reaches her, Grace faints in his arms.

* * * * *

Grace has been Harold Kent's wife for several years. Although she is very happy, upon one spot in her memory rests a shadow; the tragic story of her strange valentine she will never forget.

Nunee lies in the little churchyard where the two girls

went that night to perform their childish sorceries, little suspecting who had lost his way there—the evil spirit that seemed to arise obedient to their conjuration.

Jemmadar, I am glad to say, is not buried in the same place. The Reverend Hugh Dickson would not have it so. The body of the Indian was sent to another and more distant resting-place.

Out of Mr. Dixon's family very little is known of the singular facts connected with the Indian's visit and sojourn. The inquest did not develop the inner motives of this curious drama; the public saw only the dismal ending, and were left to conjecture for themselves.

SLIPSHOD KNOWLEDGE.

Is a debate for Reform Mr. John Bright once compared a certain clique in the House of Commons to the occupants of the "Cave of Adullam. A reference to the newspapers of the time will show that by many persons the allusion was supposed to be classical (doubtless from the appearance of the phrase), and the fact that it was scriptural dawned but slowly on the public mind. This is one example of many instances of the slipshod nature of public knowledge.

Many quotations which have become "old sayings," are attributed to the Bible or to Shakespeare, according to the likeness they bear either to the expressions of Holy Writ, or to the writings of the great dramatist, and the supposed connection has been so often reiterated that it has become generally accepted or taken for granted, few persons ever thinking of doubting the relationship, and fewer still troubling to inquire into the matter. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," was long attributed to the Psalms of David, until oft-repeated corrections have convinced people that the sentiment belongs to Maria in Laurence Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." The epigram, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is still often quoted as one of the Proverbs of Solomon, and is rarely attributed to its author, Butler (see "Hudibras," Part II., canto 2, line 843). The nearest approach to any such phrase to be found in the Bible is the text, "He who spareth the rod hateth his son" (Prov. xiii., 24). The reference to "pouring oil on troubled waters" is often supposed to be scriptural, though the Bible does not make any such allusion. "Man wants but little here below," is an expression no older than Goldsmith's "Hermit," though it is generally quoted either as scripture or as a line from an ancient hymn. "Mansions of the blest" are mentioned in the Revelations, not of St. John the Divine, but the Monk of Evesham (A.D. 1496).

The critic who complained of "Hamlet" as being "too full of quotations," did not generalize more erroneously in attributing to others what belongs to Shakespeare than do those who attribute to Shakespeare what is due to other writers. "Richard's himself again," and "Off with his head—so much for Buckingham," are certainly to be found in "Richard III.," but they are in Colley Cibber's play, not in Shakespeare's; while on the other hand, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," so often quoted as Colley Cibber's, was actually written by Shakespeare. The instances of this inexactness are very numerous. The Bible is credited with many things written by Pope; many of the utterances of Sancho Panza are put down to Shakespeare; while the galaxy of epigrams in Stephen Gosson's "School of Abuse" (A.D. 1579) are attributed to almost every one but the author of them.

Phonics are a fruitful source of error. The sound of a word often leads astray those who acquire knowledge in a

slipshod fashion. People have long been familiar with cocoanut, or fruit of the palm-tree; but it is only within the last few years that they have become acquainted with the beverage obtained from the cacao-shrub. The result has been that the word "cocoa" is used for the product of both plants, and many people think that both the nut and the "nibs" have the same source; thus similarity of sound causes a complete misapprehension.

A more serious error is in regard to the etymology of the word "Bombay." To those acquainted with the Romanic languages, the word has certainly the appearance of meaning "good bay," or "good harbor." It can have been nothing but this appearance which led so careful a writer as Harriet Martineau, as well as Outram and many other writers, to gravely assure us that the Portuguese, on discovering the place, and observing the fine haven in front of it, exclaimed, "Buon Bahia!" ("good bay") The statement, however, is quite erroneous. The name dates from a period anterior to the arrival of the Portuguese in India. By the natives the name is still written Mambé, and very often Bambé. In the East the initials "B" and "M" are frequently used promiscuously. In the Koran, Mecca is written as Becca. In Pepys's diary the word is written Bombaim, and soon after Pepys's time it became Bombay. The name is derived from Mambé, and the place is so called because there was on the island a temple dedicated to that goddess.

Another instance of an error arising from similarity in sound is in the phrase "setting the Thames on fire." The substitution of the name of a river for the correct word entirely deprives the expression of any meaning, and so general has the error become that, foolish though the mistake is, it is perhaps useless to attempt to restore the true signification of the saying, which, like many others, is traceable to the domestic pursuits of our forefathers before machinery did so much of their work. Many years ago, before machinery was introduced into flour-mills for the purpose of sifting flour, it was the custom of the miller to send it away unsifted. The process of sifting was done at home, thus: The temse, or sieve, which was moved with a rim that projected from the bottom of it, was worked over the mouth of the barrel into which the flour or meal was sifted. The active fellow, who worked hard, not unfrequently set the rim on fire by force of friction against the rim of the flour-barrel; so that this department of domestic employment became a standard by which to test a man's will and capacity to work hard. Thus, of a lazy fellow, or one deficient in strength, it was said he "will never set the temse on fire." The word is still in common use in Lincolnshire to signify the sieve used by brewers to remove the hops from the beer.

The errors in history and geography arising from a slipshod method of ascertaining facts are so numerous and widely spread, that they are to be found even in text-books and standard primers. Almost every schoolboy will declare that Mont Blanc is in Switzerland, and will produce his "schoolbook" in proof of his assertion. A reference, however, to a standard book on geography ("Keith Johnston's Geography, 1880"), or to a good atlas, will show that Mont Blanc is not in Switzerland, but in France.

Again, the introduction of tobacco into England, usually considered one of the main events in the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, will be found by those who care to inquire into the subject to be due to Sir John Hawkins about the year 1565. For the importation of the narcotic in quantity, and for the knowledge of how to smoke it, we are indebted to Captain Ralph Lane.

After this the reader will not be surprised to learn that

the anecdote which records how Raleigh's servant threw a jug of beer over her master, under the impression that he was on fire when he was only smoking a pipe, is a pure fiction, not associated with Raleigh's name until 1726. The story is told of a Welshman, in "The Irish Hubbub; or, the English Hue and Cry" (A.D. 1619, as follows: "A certaine Welchman comming newly to London, and beholding one to take tobacco, never seeing the like before, and not knowing the manner of it, but perceiving him vent smoke so fast, and supposing his inward parts to be on fire, cried out, 'O Jhesu, Jhesu man, for the passion of God hold, for by God's splud ty snowt's on fire,' and having a bowle of beere in his hand, threw it at the other's face to quench his smoking nose."

A similar story is related of Tarlton in "Tarlton's Jestes" (1611). All anecdotes of great men should be received with caution. The person who declared that his religion was the religion of all sensible men, and on being asked, "What is that?" replied, "All sensible men keep that to themselves," is said to be Talleyrand, Thackeray, and a host of others.

Another error in history to be found in many books even pretending to authority, is that trial by jury was established by King Alfred. A reference to "Green's History of the English People," Sec. viii., will show that it was not in existence until the reign of Henry II. Again, even standard works declare that William I. was surnamed the "Conqueror," because he conquered England; but according to the greatest authority on English law, this circumstance was at best but the penultimate cause of the title given to the Norman warrior. Blackstone explains in his chapter on Title by Purchase that "Purchase, perquisites, taken in its largest sense, is defined the possession of lands and tenements, which a man hath by his own act or agreement, and not by descent What we call purchase the feudist called conquest, both denoting any means of acquiring an estate otherwise than by inheritance. Hence the appellation given to William the Norman, signifying that he was the first of his family who acquired the crown of England. This is the legal signification of the word purchase."

It is thus seen that in literature, in history, and in geography, the state of knowledge among the general public is anything but exact. It might be shown that in every other department of knowledge the same feature obtains. There is a work on "caulking," which shows that the author does not know how to spell the name of the thing he is writing about, for a reference to "Chambers's Dictionary," or any other similar standard work, will show that the "u" in "caulk" is as much out of place as it would be in chalk, talk and walk.

The above instances of slipshod knowledge show how widely spread is inexactness in almost everything that is talked about and written about. Let it not be thought that the matter is unimportant. "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good," is an excellent maxim. If the premises of a proposition be false, the conclusion cannot be true. Politicians and statesmen, as well as ordinary persons, accept a statement as true, and take it for granted, because almost everybody believes it, and then deduce therefrom the wildest theories, leading unthinking people sadly astray.

Who has not heard an orator start with the declaration, "There is no rule without an exception," or, "The exception proves the rule," and then argue as if the rule were correct simply because an exception existed? Logicians know, however, the fallacy of such reasoning. A sound reasoner knows that there is no exception to any rule. If there be what is called an exception, all that is

proved is that the rule is not sufficiently comprehensive, or is not properly worded.

In these days of verbose speaking and slipshod writing,

promulgated by slipshod knowledge, and by taking statements for granted, simply because they have been often repeated and are widely believed, than many persons



THE RUSSIAN SERP'S SELF-SACRIFICE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 135.

people will do well first of all to ascertain that even the most trivial matters are correct, before they admit that the conclusions from them are sound. More errors are

imagined, and it is a wise course to reduce every proposition to a syllogism, with the premises well and carefully established.



SWEETHEART.—"ARTHUR, WHITE AS DEATH, READ FROM AN OPEN LETTER. 'YES, DARLING,' CRIED NATALIE, WITH HER HANDS STRETCHED OUT LOVINGLY, 'I AM COMING!'"

SWEETHEART.

October 7th, 18—. FATE and I are at odds to-night. I feel that I have been defrauded of my share of happiness in this world, and I think that if I feel always as I do now that my chances of bliss in the next are uncertain! Why was I born? Or, if obliged to be born, why did not my "me" inhabit the body of some stout, even-tempered Gretchen, or sonsy, merry Scotch lassie? For, oh, my God! how I can suffer!

This is the library at Stukeley, and here am I, who went away four years ago, to rush over Europe in the vain effort to drown or stifle somehow the misery that overwhelmed my life, believing and hoping I would never lay eyes on the grand old place again.

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See how changeable we women are, and how we cling, in spite of ourselves, to our memories of a lost happiness. What has drawn me hither after so long striving to forget? Am I mad enough to think he could forget my wicked, shameless prayer that night we parted, and love me once more? No; I feel and know that his love could not survive the contempt and disgust that must have overwhelmed him then.

I am here ostensibly to please my dear friends, Arthur and Rosa, who have grieved so at my long exile from home and friends; but in reality I know that I am come to sit here in this room—haunted for me by the ghosts of my dead past—and remember, now that I can remember without

sin, each little word, and even look, of love from Alan. Rosa and Arthur never knew of my madness, therefore I feel free to indulge myself in these memories, and to-night my widow's cap was my excuse for declining a dinner at the Rectory, to which they have gone.

What a mockery these weeds of mine! Is not my whole life one thanksgiving for freedom from the horrible bonds of marriage without love? Oh, my father! you little knew how you were putting my soul in peril when you bade me marry that man!

How every bit of furniture even in this room recalls the past! If I shut my eyes I can see Alan stand there at the corner of the low mantel, leaning one arm on the marble in his easy, careless way, while his eyes look burning love into mine.

I am sitting in the same low, "sleepy hollow," where I used to delight to lounge away the hours, while Alan sat there in that old *rococo* chair, with its queer twisted back, making him look like some quaint picture centuries old, and read me "Love and Duty."

How curious that we should have fallen upon that poem, lovely as it is! It seems almost a prophecy to me now, but then we never thought; for I was unlearned in love's wiles, and he was deliberately turning his back on ties that ought to have bound me, for that foolish, and, as it turned out to be, wicked, jest of Marian's on the night we first met here at Stukeley, had never been explained to him, and he believed me to be Miss Willoughby.

How we let it go on so long I do not now remember. All thought it good fun, and I was young and foolish, and dreamed not of danger, for my heart still slumbered; and, innocent child that I was, if I had thought at all, I should have supposed that the mere fact of my being married was sufficient to keep my heart from wandering.

God knows I thought not of sin. But the bitter, bitter awakening came at last. I remember so well the day that my eyes were first opened. We were sitting here in this room—where it seems to me almost every suffering of my life has been endured—Arthur and Rosa, Marian Fay, and several others—Alan being absent, when Marian said, laughingly:

"Why does Alan put off his visit to Denham? Jean will become disgusted with him if he does not mind."

"Oh, no," said Rosa. "Jean was never an exacting ladylove. She allows Alan his swing, for she knows that, being several years older than he, and not as pretty as one would wish, to say the least, it is best for her not to hold the reins too tightly just at first. What a strange engagement it is, to be sure."

"What brought it about, Rosa?"

"Well, in the first place, the property joins Uncle Fotheringham's, and then Jean's father was uncle's dearest friend, and between them they patched up this union when Alan and Jean were children. They have always been dear friends, and Jean is lovely in character, and so, without being what is called 'in love' with each other, they have just fallen into the plan of their elders, without caring much either way. But I have thought of late that Jean was deeply attached to Alan—more so, a great deal, than I could have supposed her capable of being, for she is so quiet and undemonstrative generally. It is a good thing, pecuniarily, for Master Alan, for Denham is a glorious old place, and the property very valuable, while Denshot, I fear, is somewhat burdened with debts of Alan's brother—poor Jack!—who died in India last year."

I heard all this, and a sharp, wild pain clutched at my heart. The room seemed to waver before my eyes; but I called up every force in my nature, and did not swoon or

cry—only I felt, somehow, that everything on earth was ended.

For what did this misery mean? What but that I, a married woman, loved Alan Fotheringham with all the passionate idolatry of a heart, that never till now had known what love meant. Oh, the agony of shame that came over me like a hot flood! Had I ever shown him by any look or action of mine, what was in my heart all unknown to myself? And then, I remember, I thought, "How happy and blest this Jean must be, for he looks at her and speaks to her—" And then, in a flash, it seemed to become known to me that these looks and words which had been mine, and which I was, in fancy, transferring to Jean, meant love—love for me. Was it, indeed, so?

Had Marian's jest brought such bitter fruit? Was not only my life wrecked by this fatal love, but his love also, for whom I would gladly die?

The agony and torture of those moments is yet present with me, while the other people talked on, and never noticed my silence. Then I rose and went out upon the moonlit terrace.

Here I sat down, and drawing a long breath I looked my pain in the face. For a little I felt as though the misery belonged to some other poor little Natalie, and I found myself filled with a tender pity for her sufferings. "Poor little thing," I said aloud, "you have never had anything to love until now, and you must give it up! It is very hard. Every one but you has one person in the world to whom she is most dear. You, poor wail, have no one. Your father gave you to a man three times your age, who thinks only of eating and drinking, and the sensualities of life. You have no mother, no sister, no lover."

Then I raved inwardly, with my hot burning face buried in my hands, for I had a lover, and I loved him, oh, so horribly! and the pain was mine, and no other Natalie but this miserable one had it to endure. Oh, my God, how did I live through all that followed that black night!

I fought my enemies, and beat them down hourly, momentarily, and each day and hour and moment they rose with fresh vigor to do battle again.

Alan was absent a week, I remember, for Rosa got a note from him, saying he had met an old friend who had a week's leave, and they meant to spend it together in the Highlands. I have that little note now, having stolen it out of the waste-paper basket there under the table! So he was not with Jean!

Then he came back to Stukeley.

Why am I writing all this? I am deliberately tearing open old wounds. But there is a desperate kind of pleasure in looking back upon some outrageous action committed in the days before the Flood, and comparing it with the decorous and proper conduct that sits so easily and, to all appearances, naturally upon us in these latter days! What hypocrites we are!

Is it really four years this very night since that door opened and Alan entered, hastily, and with such an eager look in his gray eyes, which blackened and glowed as he saw me, and came to meet me? I knew he had arrived just before the dressing-bell rang, and had gone at once to his room, and I had hurried down to the library to have a quiet half hour before I passed through the ordeal of meeting him, with the knowledge of my sinful love upon me.

I did hope, till I saw him, that I had, in a measure, conquered; but, oh, the happy, tell-tale blush that seemed to cover me when he uttered my name! I knew

then that, do what I would and conceal it as I might, I loved Alan Fotheringham, and would love him for ever.

He spoke as he turned toward me, and in the gladness of the meeting called me "Natalie." How my heart thrilled and quivered at the sound! Oh, poor heart! Thou hadst never known what it was to feel the terrible power of love until then! And what horrible pangs the love brought with it! It is very sweet, but bitter—even with the sweet—to love passionately, the one love of one's life.

My one love stood before me that night, showing so plainly that his heart, his thoughts, every emotion of his nature, were mine only; and I, miserable woman that I was, was forced to shatter with a word the bright vision his hopes had fed on, all these weeks of lingering, lotus-eating delight!

How was I to tell him? All this flashed through my brain, and I felt that I was cold as death, and that my very heart almost ceased to beat. I rose from the old "sleepy hollow," and held out my hand.

"You are soon returned, Mr. Fotheringham," I said. "I had supposed you would not tear yourself away from Miss Montrose's side for many a day yet!"

He looked down at me quickly as he held my hand in his, and his cheek flushed a little.

"Do not speak to me of Jean Montrose. I cannot bear it from you. I have tried to be faithful to my plighted word, and God knows," he added, with a bitter, long-drawn sigh, "how cruelly hard it is! Don't speak to me! Do you remember the night I read you 'Love and Duty'? Listen—

'Hard is my doom and thine; thou
Knowest it all.'

Could love part us? Was it not well to speak—to have spoken once? It could not but be well! Natalie, I love you—I love you! To-morrow I shall go to Jean, and, while I tell her how my heart has wandered from her, I shall beseech her to marry me at once, and we will go far away from here and from the sight of your lovely young face, which has wrought me such ill! Oh, my darling, my sweetest heart, why did you come between me and duty?"

He had his arms around me, and for one mad moment I lay on his breast. I felt his heart beat heavily against my cheek, and I prayed a passionate prayer to die there, in the only haven of love and rest that I had ever known.

The next instant I had gently pushed him away from me, and as I carelessly arranged the lace about my wrist, I said:

"Very well done, Mr. Fotheringham; but I do not think *my husband* would altogether approve of such private theatricals."

Before he could say a word, I turned and left the library.

A few moments later we were at the dinner-table. I had whispered to Rosa, as we met in the drawing-room, that I wished her to acquaint Mr. Fotheringham at once with the fact of Mr. Willoughby's existence, as I felt the joke had been carried far enough.

She nodded and smiled, and, as we sat at dinner, I felt miserably nervous and excited, dreading I knew not what; for one glance at Alan's face had shown me that he was furiously angry at the heartless and cold manner in which I had received his passionate outburst, and that he did not dream of any reality in my flippant speech.

He did not address me at all during that long, dreary dinner, though he sat just opposite me, and I tried not to see him; but, do what I would, his eager, passionate face

was before me, as I had seen it when he took me into his arms.

When the dessert was placed on the table and the servants had departed, Rosa said:

"Well, Natalie, or, rather, I should say, Marian, as you, my lady, were the prime mover in this practical joke, I think it is about time you were bringing it to a close. Allow me, therefore, to present to the assembled company Mrs. Lane Willoughby, heretofore known to you as Miss Natalie Willoughby. What think you? Has she played well her part?"

In the laughing conversation which followed, no one noticed Alan's silence. I dared not look up, but I felt his eyes burning into my very brain. If Rosa had not soon moved away, I should have screamed, or done some mad thing; but I got safely out of the room, and as the women rustled down the hall to the drawing-room, I clasped my aching throat with both hands, and darted out of the house, and down one terrace after another, until I stood, breathless, on the shore of the river.

"My God!" I cried at last, finding my voice, "why do I suffer so? Does love always bring such misery along with it? I cannot, cannot bear it—I shall die—I want to die——"

Somebody took my hand down from my throat, with a firm and gentle touch, and a tender voice whispered:

"My little Natalie: it is, then, as I feared, and this comes hard on both of us! It is not worth our while to blame Marian Fay, or anybody else, for *all* are culpable; but, my God! how we are to suffer all our days for an idle jest! For if I had known, dear, that you were bound by such a tie, my heart should never have swerved from its allegiance. Oh, Natalie, how could you stoop to such a thing?"

His voice trembled and faltered, and I clung to his arm.

"Oh, Alan," I said, "I did not dream of winning even admiration, much less love. Please believe me—I simply did not think at all of anything but the fun it would be when we told you the truth!"

He still held me by the hand, and we stood together there by the river-bank, feeling that the bitterness of death was passed, since we two, who loved each other better than all else beside, were separated by a gulf which was impassable.

The truth was so borne in upon our souls that night that we felt as if we were indeed dead to each other, and we stood there and talked, long and sorrowfully and without passion.

Everything was explained. He told me how the love had come upon him like an "armed man," mastering him completely before he even knew his danger—how he had gone away, in order to look his position fairly in the face, and had returned, determined to tell Jean all, and ask her to marry him at once, if she would trust him with herself after his involuntary treachery—how the sight of me in the old library, where his love had blossomed and grown so beautiful, had been too much for his strength of purpose, and he had spoken, feeling that, after all, truth to all parties was best.

And I, in turn, told him how I never dreamed for a single instant of the possibility of my caring for him in that way, and how I had struggled and fought with it, since I had known it was in my heart. Oh, that talk! If that had only been the *last*, all would have been well; but when were people madly in love with each other ever prudent? We parted at last, with a solemn grasp of the hand, and it was to be a parting for ever.

He was to go to Denham, on the morrow, and I to Surrey, to my husband's people.

How slight are the events, seemingly, that, in reality, have most influence over our lives! Had Alan not sprained his ankle that morning as he sprang on his horse, after bidding us all farewell, how different would have been my retrospect to-night! For a letter had reached me from "my lord," ordering me to remain with my consins indefinitely, as he was off for Paris, having grown weary of the respectability of his father's house in Surrey.

How my guilty heart leapt with joy at this reprieve, for what had been indifference was now become absolute loathing!

As Alan's eyes met mine, when they lifted him to the sofa in the library, I saw in them an answering gleam of rapture. We had a little respite. Our bitter parting was postponed, and we were blameless as to its being so. I don't believe he thought even of the pain he endured physically. We were still together, and that was enough.

I cannot write of the days that followed. We were constantly together, for the other guests had left, and Rosa took advantage of my willingness to help to cheer Alan, who often moped most unaccountably, she said.

She had her little ones to occupy her—Arthur his out-of-door business employments, and I had Alan. If I never have another ray of gladness in my life, I have the memory of those hours when it was rapture to me

to be in the same room with him, even. We never said a word that the whole world might not have heard; but each knew the other's thoughts, and our eyes spoke, though our lips were mute.

And the days went by, and I thought "if only I could die now!—if only I could die!" Oh, would I had died before that last fateful hour which has left its unfading mark upon memory!

At last the day came that should see us parted on its morrow. This time, surely, no Fate would interfere. Will I ever forget that night?

I had never trusted myself to speak to Alan of my husband, much as I longed for his sympathy; but that night, somehow, he began to talk of my home, and how she should picture me to himself when he was far away. *I did not speak at first, but as he went on, I said, in a harsh voice, that I did not know for my own:*

"For God's sake, hush! I cannot bear it! Don't you know?—have you never heard that I am no more to my husband than any other woman? And not as much as *one other*; so we will not desecrate the lovely name of home by bringing it in question. I have no home."

Was I mad? If not, then, I was in another minute, when poor Alan took me in his arms, and I felt his big hot tears on my face. I felt that I must keep those arms around me at any cost!

Alan held me as though he would never lose his hold.

"My little sweetheart," he whispered, "my poor, pretty sweetheart! and I who love you better than my own soul, am powerless to help you. Natalie, think what it is to me to know that another man—curse him—neglects and ill-treats what I would give heaven itself to possess! Kiss me this once, my own, and let me go away where the

sight of your loveliness will not madden me hourly, as it does here at Stukeley. My own dear sweetest heart, good-by."

And then I threw my arms about his neck and went raving mad; for I told him that I loved him, and never could cease to do so—that I hated my husband, and would sooner die than go to him again; and I besought him not to leave me behind in my misery, but to take me away, too!

The very thought of all I said in my agony that night fills me with burning

shame! Could I but forget! But memory, which is the only solace we have in grief, is sometimes a very bitter friend. I must remember and regret that night until I die.

Alan drew a long, panting breath between his closed teeth. I looked up in his face; it was pale as ashes, and his lovely eyes were dark with passion and pain.

"Natalie," he said, and his voice sounded miles away—"darling, don't tempt me beyond what I can bear. Could I take the little sweetheart—so dear to me that I would die for her gladly—and, for the sake of our love and happiness on earth, lay on her pure soul a burden of sin and remorse that would sink her to perdition? God forbid! and make me strong to bear and to suffer every pang that rends my very soul! Dear one, look at me. If ever there comes a time when you are in some trouble, and there is no one nearer to you on whom to call for help,



A MARCH THROUGH AN ENEMY'S COUNTRY.—"ON THE OPPOSITE BANK A HUGE ROYAL TIGER STRETCHED HIMSELF."—SEE PAGE 151.



INDIANS SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE RED RIVER.

will you promise to let me be your friend? I shall love you till I die, and life can give me no higher joy now than being a comfort and help to you, if you need comfort and help. I will have to go away now. I could not bear seeing you, for I am only human and weak; and then, I must think of what is best for you. God bless you for the rich treasure of love you have given me. Oh, darling, if I could only take it for my life's best gift, and with it you, to have and to hold for ever, my dear, dear sweetheart!"

How I remember every word he said, and every tone of his voice! I slowly withdrew from his embrace, as he ceased to speak, and sank down in the old "sleepy hollow," feeling dazed. I knew that he bent over me, and kissed my forehead, my eyelids, my lips, and then he was gone.

I did not die—people never do die of misery—and I was not even ill. I used to wonder, in a stupid kind of way, what was the reason that I felt so. I fairly ached with my pain, but I slept and ate and drove about the country with Rosa, and no one knew of the double life I led, and of the hours I passed in living over again each moment of those short weeks of my dead happiness.

One day Rosa told me that for some unknown reason the engagement between Alan Fotheringham and Jean Montrose was at an end.

"The county" was disposed to think Alan in the fault, but that Jean would not hear one word of blame, spoke of him most affectionately, and wrote constantly to him as he wandered over the face of the earth, "like a trifling boy, instead of staying at home, marrying Jean, and settling down into a respectable member of society." And so he drifted out of my life, and in a few weeks' time I joined my husband, and roamed Europe with him, "seeking rest, and finding none." And then he died.

I dared not return to England. I felt the shame of that night at Stukeley as vividly as at first, and I shrank from seeming to seek to renew my intercourse with Alan through his cousins, who were my dearest friends; and as I could not return to my own home without having them seek me out and claim me, I determined to bear my exile for years, if need be.

I never heard his name. He might be dead, for aught I knew to the contrary; but night and day he lived in my heart and memory, as he will ever do while life lasts.

At last, one day, Rosa spoke of him in a letter. He had gone to the far southwest of America, and, it was said, had married a fair and well-to-do Californian, and would make his home in that distant land.

And then I came home, for my soul longed to dwell once more, like the Shunamite woman, "amongst mine own people."

I came home, and I am here, and the past is mightier than my will, and it overwhelms me with its memories, and once again I say, "Fate and I are at odds."

* * * * *
Next morning when Mrs. Willoughby entered the breakfast-room at Stukeley, she was greeted with the announcement from her host—a handsome, gay fellow, almost as nice as his wife—that she had a fine budget of letters, and he felt quite curious to know how many of them were love-letters.

"For you know, Natalie," he cried, "that it is not at all worth while to put on that air of high dignity with us. We know that in spite of your widow's weeds, which I acknowledge are most becoming, you are nothing but a girl in years, as in heart; and girls will have lovers."

"*Maybe a girl in years, Arthur, but surely not in heart. My heart has been old for many centuries, it seems to*

me. But give me the letters, and I will gratify your curiosity."

She took them carelessly enough, and glanced at their covers; but in an instant she was white to her lips, and her fingers trembled so that one or two of the letters fell from her hands. As Arthur stooped to pick them up, she made a mighty effort for self-control, and thrust one letter into her pocket.

Just then Rosa entered, and with her a rush of sunny looks and words, and all was movement and gayety, and Natalie's strange looks were not noticed. It seemed to her years before she could be free from these dear people, who were so good and kind, and wanted to do so much for her pleasure; but at last she escaped, and ran down the terraces to the side of the river, as she had done once before in her misery, she remembered, and as she held the letter tight in her hand, she found herself wondering what was coming to her now, whether further pain, or happiness so overpoweringly sweet that her brain reeled at the thought of it, even.

She threw herself down on the grassy bank, and tore open the letter; and this was what she read:

* SAN FRANCISCO, September 20th, 18—.

"This moment I have heard that for years you have been free. My God! The happiness that might have been! My common sense tells me to stay here and write to you, but my heart tells me to go, with all the speed that can be made, and clasp my little sweetheart in my arms, if so be she is my little sweetheart still. There must be some joy in store for me, I have been in sorrow so long. It cannot be that you have forgotten—no, I won't believe that you can ever forget, any more than I can, those precious minutes when I held you in my arms and knew your whole heart and soul was mine as mine was yours. I will not tell you here of all I have endured in your parting, for I know your tender woman's heart would grieve for the wretched wanderer on the face of the earth that I have been. I will tell you nothing but that I love you to-day as I have loved you in the old days at Stukeley, and as I have never ceased to love you, although I tried to conquer the love when it was a crime for me to feel it. My little sweetheart! I thank a good God that he has sent this lovely ray of light into the dark chambers of my soul. I have not been a good man, Natalie, since we were parted. Many and many a time have I fought desperately against the almost insane desire to follow you to the ends of the earth and tear you from that man's grasp. Once I started—God forgive me!—but was struck down by fever and barely nursed back to life by a good Indian woman. But now my life stretches before me all bright and beautiful, and I am the happiest fellow on all God's earth this day! I sail in the morning, and will have you in my arms almost as soon as you receive this, for, except for a day or two, necessarily, in New York, I shall stop nowhere until I reach your home in Surrey. Oh, my Natalie, will you be glad to see me when I come? Your own ALAN."

It was a pretty sight to see—that beautiful, flowerlike face, as the full meaning of the letter came to Natalie. At last he was coming—he loved her still—he was her "own Alan."

Could there be in the world any more happiness? Her heart leaped up in a wild, glad thanksgiving, and then she fell to upbraiding herself with her hard, desperate thoughts the night before. And the whole earth was lovely, and everything was good, for Alan loved her! Poor little sweetheart! dream on your happy dreams, for 'tis all of happiness that you will ever know.

* * * * *
A week went by, and Natalie grew very restless. She did not know the name of the vessel which was to bring Alan home, and she had kept her knowledge of his coming hidden from his cousins, feeling that it would be best for them to learn the history of the past from his lips rather than hers, and so she dared not ask any questions about shipping intelligence.

She waited, and bore her suspense as she could, but her

poor heart often failed her, and some bitter tears were shed when she was fortunate enough to be alone.

Then, one day, there came a sickening recital of a terrible accident at sea—a large vessel from New York lost in midocean, with its living freight of women and children, and some gallant men who would not desert them.

The few who had escaped were common sailors, who had endured such hardships that it would almost have been better, they said, that they had perished with the rest. All that day Natalie wandered like a possessed spirit, up and down, up and down—only striving to deaden thought with bodily fatigue, and to escape Arthur's constant remarks on the horrors of the disaster.

She felt that she would go mad if some tidings did not reach her, and her brain seemed to her to be a million times more capable of agonizing thought than ever in her whole previous life. Her friends noticed her strange abstraction, but, being thoughtless young folks, with no cares or troubles in life, save what all the world could see and know, they never dreamed of any secret grief which could have befallen Natalie. For was she not young, beautiful and rich? What more, in heaven's name, could she want to make her happy?

And so it goes, and this is as much as one-half the world knows of what concerns the other half.

* * * * *

When Natalie crept into the breakfast-room next morning, the ghost of the pretty Natalie who had read her love-letter on the river-bank one little week ago, her heart gave one wild throb of agony and then stood still. She stood rooted to the spot, and heard and saw as one in a cataleptic state, what was transpiring.

Rosa was bitterly weeping and wringing her hands, while Arthur, white as death, read from an open letter which he held in his shaking fingers.

"My God! Natalie," he cried, "Alan Fotheringham is dead! Lost at sea in that horrible affair we read of only yesterday! The sailors brought the news to London. They saw him on the deck as they pulled away, and the ship went down!"

Natalie did not answer, and there was something so strange in her silence that Arthur and Rosa both looked up. There was a sweet, beaming look in her eyes, and a lovely smile dimpling her exquisite lips, and as they gazed in horror and dread of they knew not what, she said, with her hands stretched out lovingly to something they could not see:

"Yes, darling, I am coming! Nothing can part you now from your happy little sweetheart!"

And they knew in that terrible moment that she was hopelessly mad.

A MARCH THROUGH AN ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

It was during the height of the Bheel troubles in India that the incident I am about to relate occurred. My regiment—the Light Cavalry—had been ordered up into Goojerat, and we had not long been stationed at Kasara, up the Gulf of Cambay, when we got the line of march again, and started in pursuit of some gangs of those Bheel rascals, who had been committing the greatest atrocities amongst the inhabitants in the Goojerat district. Things went on pretty much as usual; we never could get sight of those fellows, or scent of their whereabouts, and the monotony was getting wearisome, when one fine day it was changed for an excitement the nature of which was to me, at least, far from what I had been looking out for, and, certainly, anything but of an agreeable kind.

You must know that I was on the staff, and had charge of all the commissariat stores, etc.; all the camels and other beasts of burden were under my charge, and it was my duty to see that they were properly cared for, and to superintend the loading and unloading part of the business. The head camel-driver—the Bara Makem—was, as it were, my aide-de-camp, and all the rest, including camp-followers, etc., constituted the force I commanded—a queer-looking lot, I can tell you, and not a very valiant one, either, although there were some very fine fellows amongst them, chiefest of whom was the head camel-driver. I believe that man would have never deserted me under any circumstances of danger; but I am inclined to think that all the rest would have given me what is termed leg-bail.

On the line of march it was our duty to strike tents and load and be off some few hours before the main body of the troops, so as to reach the camping-ground before the regiment did, and get the tents pitched and everything ready against the arrival of the wornout men and officers. The slow pace of the camels necessitated this arrangement, although I can assure you it was no pleasant thing to have to turn out at two o'clock of a pitch-dark night, after barely a wink of sleep, owing to heat and mosquitoes, and then, by torchlight, to set to work striking the tents, and so forth; to then start away into a dense blackness, so intense sometimes that you could scarcely see your horse's ears distinctly, much less the track you had to pursue. My only solace used to be a good strong cup of coffee and a bundle of Trichinopoly cheroots. I knew that our guides could go the way blindfold. There was, moreover, no fear of being attacked by Bheels, for we had reliable scouts out in every direction, and those brought us information nightly that the coast was quite clear. So we started away on our march somewhere about a quarter to three, A.M., the first of the four consecutive days of adventure.

The first day's march was very long and wearisome. The heat was almost intolerable, and not a drop of water was to be found during the whole distance, until we reached the little stream where we were to encamp for the night. The small supply we had carried with us was insufficient to slake our thirst, and had been exhausted for hours and hours before we reached our journey's end. Never before or afterward in my whole life—and I have seen much in many parts of the world—did I suffer such agonies as I endured that day.

My tongue was shriveled up and dry as a cinder, and the roof of my mouth felt like frizzled-up parchment. My eyes seemed, positively, to be starting from their sockets; and sometimes I felt as though my reason was deserting me. Oh! how I urged on my wearied charger when I first caught sight of the delicious little purling, cool stream, as it glittered in the evening sunlight, down in a little verdant plain, surrounded by a dense jungle, and what in India is called tiger-grass—tall rushes, sometimes growing higher than a tall man.

We had no sooner arrived than I dismounted, and seized upon my tin water-bottle, and rushed with all the desperation of maddening thirst to the river-side. I was just in the very act of stooping to fill the tin pot, when my eyes, as if by magnetic influence, lighted on an object exactly on the opposite side of the river—a sight which curdled the blood in my veins, and made me start up again, with electric agility, and fly toward the camp again as fast as my legs would carry me. Fear lends wings; and I scarcely think my feet could have touched the ground as I scoured back again to the camel-drivers.

On the opposite bank, just in the act of awakening from



CATHERINE TREADS A MEASURE WITH THE COUNT DE SOISSONS.

a profound sleep, a huge royal tiger, his claws distended as he stretched himself, and his fearful fangs visible in his capacious jaws as he yawned lazily and half unclosed his cruel, glaring eyes.

I am pretty sure that he must have caught sight of me, short as was the interval; but I had a fair start, even though he had pursued me, although I am assured that in the terror of that moment my fevered imagination pictured the brute close upon my trail, and I could almost fancy that I felt his warm and loathsome breath, and his sharp, un-pitying fangs and claws in the very act of seizing me.

There had been, however, another object to divert the tiger's attention from myself. A hapless native woodcutter, returning from his day's labor in the jungle, with a bundle of fagots upon his head, unwarily emerged from the jungle on the same side of the river as the tiger, at the same moment, apparently, that I plunged into the thicket on the opposite side. I had barely reached my party when we heard the poor creature's dreadful yells and shrieks for assistance, which, however, were rapidly stifled.

In another minute we had armed ourselves, and were running toward the spot whence these heart-rending screams proceeded. But before we were half way there they had ceased entirely; and as we got nearer the spot we could distinctly hear the hungry monster crunching the dead man's bones.

Our appearance caused the tiger to decamp into the densest part of the jungle, carrying away with him what remained of the unhappy woodcutter, which he flung over his back with the same facility with which a strong man would an empty sack.

When the regiment came up, despite fatigue, hunger

and thirst, we determined upon getting up a chasse-battue to revenge the poor woodcutter's death. The night happened to be a fine moonlight one, and we went out a strong, well-armed body in every respect.

It was many long hours, however, before we came upon the track; but at last we did, and a volley soon gave the murderous brute his quietus.

It proved to be a full-grown royal tiger, and as I gazed upon its prostrate carcass my heart throbbed with gratitude for so providential an escape from so cruel a death.

THE LOVES OF CATHERINE DE BOURBON.

BY N. ROBINSON.

THE Count de Soissons beheld Catherine de Bourbon for the first time on the 16th of May, 1586, at Angers, on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince de Condé with Mademoiselle de la Tremoille. He had heard a good deal of her as a lady whose personal charms were as piquant as her mind was cultivated. She was in truth a very accomplished Princess, embodying all the brilliant qualities of her godmother, Marguerite de Valois, and all the virtue of Jeanne d'Albret, her mother. This will explain the Count's falling so fiercely and rapidly into love at first sight.

The King of Navarre had no children. He regarded his sister as the person who was to give an heir to the throne in the shape of a nephew to whom he could transmit the crown. The Count de Soissons, being privy to



CATHERINE DE BOURBON.

the King's thoughts, and knowing his hopes, augured that his cousin the King would not regard him with particular favor should he demand the hand of his sister, or was he quite sure of the Princess, whom he regarded as proud and ambitious, dazzled by the éclat of her name and the grandeur of her birth. He knew that already for divers reasons she had refused her hand to the greatest princes in Europe; that she had not accepted the King of Spain, Philip II.; the King of France, Henry III., who had offered her his crown; the King of Scotland, James Stuart; the Prince of Condé; the Dukes of Alençon and Lorraine. He knew that each and all of them had sighed for her favor, and that she had not deigned to choose amongst these noble aspirants.

The Count scarcely dared to hope that she would lower her standard to him, a cadet, it is true, of an illustrious family, but without portion, the eldest representative being compelled to sustain the grandeur of the name through the chances of war, profiting by state difficulties in order to retain some of the prestige of former days.

The Count believed himself to be face to face with insurmountable obstacles, and was almost prepared to let hope die out, being utterly ignorant of the impression he had made upon Catherine, and of the agitation which he had raised in her heart.

At the ball given on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince de Condé, Charles Count de Soissons went through

*Monsieur le Comte,
J'ai l'honneur de vous adresser ce que l'on
appelle, j'en suis sûr, un petit livre qui vous
fera plaisir. Il est rempli de faits intéressants, et
vous y trouverez tout ce que vous désirez.
Je vous prie d'agréer, Monsieur le Comte,
l'assurance de ma haute et dévouée estime.*

Charles de Bourbon

FAC-SIMILE, REDUCED, OF A LETTER FROM THE
COUNT DE SOISSONS.

loved, declaring to her that he came from the uttermost part of China, attracted by reason of her loveliness; that the Celestial Empire possessed no beauty so accomplished as she; that he did not hesitate to declare her the most exquisite Princess, not only in Europe, but in



THE COUNT DE SOISSONS.

all the East, and becoming bolder, he avowed his love—a love that recognized no limit, and that he could not live save in her presence.

This declaration caused Catherine to blush; she even affected to be angry with the Count, who became silent and retired. At the same moment the Prince de Condé came to seek the Princess, in order to tread a measure with her in the ballroom.

Returned to his apartments, the Count de Soissons passed through his mind all the details of the interview with Catherine, repeating her words and reflecting that possibly the severities of her replies were but feints to dissemble her true sentiments. Desirous of ascertaining how the land lay, he, on the following day, wrote the following letter to the Princess:

MADAME—"One cannot see you without loving you, without telling you so—to tell you so is to displease you. What is one to do? For pity's sake, let me admire the most divine creature that the world has ever seen, a work which heaven nor earth has never possessed.

CHARLES DE BOURBON."

The Princess, on her side, was a victim to a veritable heart flutter; a thousand conflicting ideas struggled for mastery, leaving her plunged in painful perplexity. She was profoundly affected by the merits of the Count, his birth, and the ardor of his passion; but her native pride caused her to hesitate in receiving the homage of her new adorer. She knew that he was a member of the League, and that he belonged to another religion than her own.

Such were the conflicting thoughts that assailed her mind when she received the Count's short but sweet letter. It came upon her with ecstatic surprise. She no longer hesitated, but resolved upon

*Ne me parlez point de l'af-
faire, mon cher comte. Cette seule idée
gênant ma raison, et vous avez donné
grandes témoignages de ma tendresse, ainsi
que vous m'avez engagé encore à vous en donner
de nouvelles instances. Tout me pousse à le
faire et vous y pourriez plus souvent à mes
yeux que quand vous y étiez autrefois. Je vous
trouve dans le sentiment de votre force
et de qui doit être beaucoup plus pour vous.
Je vous remercie tendrement dans mon
cœur, vous y êtes si profondément
gravi que je ne crains point les
chagrins de l'absence tant que
cette idée de vous m'aura dirigée.*

Catherine

FAC-SIMILE, REDUCED, OF A LETTER FROM
CATHERINE DE BOURBON.

following the guidance of her heart. But the King of Navarre calmed his sister by telling her that the Count de Soissons was sent as envoy of the Duke de Guise and Catherine de Medicis; that his arrival was a blind for a plot of which he, the King, might prove the victim, and that it became absolutely necessary for her to act with the greatest circumspection, and never for an instant to relax vigilance in regard to the advances of their cousin. Catherine gave credence to the words of her brother, and no longer saw in her adorer but an agent of the party of the League and of the religion which he represented. To her eyes he now appeared almost in the light of a traitor.

The Count de Soissons, receiving no reply to his letter, repaired to the residence of M. de Condé, where he knew that he would encounter the Princess. He made her a profound bow the moment that she entered, to which she responded by a cold and glacial inclination of the head. This did not discourage him; he essayed a few agreeable words, risking even compliments, but Catherine did not appear to hear them, and manifested the most complete indifference. The poor Count retired quite disconcerted, and without saying a word.

A few days afterward there were tournaments—games. Catherine presided and distributed the prizes. The Count de Soissons was the happy victor, and as such was destined to receive from the fair hands of the Princess the reward of his triumph. The latter, in the agitation which she exhibited, dissimulated but poorly, reading, as she did, in the eyes of the Count, his ardent love for her, and this meeting, instead of extinguishing her flame, but redoubled it, since she realized that the Count was likely to press his suit in some new and enterprising way. She felt herself so unnerved that she had not strength to refuse an interview which the Count demanded of her. She resolved to turn this meeting to account by reproaching De Soissons for his perfidy and treason, and to make him blush for his conduct toward her.

The interview took place, and to the angry words of the Princess, Charles replied by the most lively and indignant protestations. He affirmed the purity of his sincerity and his love in terms so ardent and convincing, that Catherine brusquely terminated the interview, and retired, a prey to the liveliest emotion. She also absented herself that evening from the supper which the King of Navarre gave in honor of the Prince de Condé. The Count, however, was present, but he was sad and abstracted.

On awaking in the morning, after a night of agitation, Catherine found a letter from her cousin on the table, which reproached her with her injustice and inhumanity. This letter was brought to her by La Tignonville, one of the Princess's ladies, in whom Catherine had the most implicit confidence. She was a Huguenot, and was called Baroness, a title inherited from an only brother, a few months dead. Catherine opened the letter and closely questioned the lady, with a view to ascertaining if the suspicions under which the Count labored were well founded or otherwise. Catherine also requested La Tignonville to make herself thoroughly acquainted with the objects and motives of M. de Soissons.

La Tignonville informed the Count of the mission with which the Princess had intrusted her, adding that he had been represented as an ambitious man, who would sacrifice heart to fortune, and a traitor, on account of his relations with Duke de Guise. She concluded by informing the Count that she, La Tignonville, would receive his explanations that same evening in the private gardens, *where he would find her at six of the clock.*

The Count repaired at the appointed hour to the gar-

dens, and protested his innocence, declaring that his intentions were pure and above suspicion; that it was love, and love alone, that guided him in the business. To exonerate himself completely, he wrote a letter to Catherine, in which he asserted his loyalty, and protesting indignantly against the calumnies heaped upon him, he gave her renewed assurance of sincere and inviolable love.

La Tignonville received the letter, and in handing it to the Princess related all the details of the interview, recounting the indignant words of the Count, and his numerous protestations against the impeachment of his good name. She was so faithful in her interpretation, she spoke with so much fervor and conviction, that, aided by the letter, the Princess found herself disarmed, and offered no opposition to La Tignonville's having a second interview with the Count.

The Count resolved upon forcing an interview, and knowing that Catherine was sojourning with the Governor of Angers, at the country residence of the latter, about two leagues from the town, rode out, and watching his opportunity while Catherine was alone in one of the avenues of the park, demanded the favor of an interview.

The Princess, considerably startled by the unexpected apparition of the Count, continued, however, to conceal her emotion. Being mistress of herself, she received him glacially. He did not pretend to notice this, but told her that he had been odiously calumniated; that he could not endure the idea of appearing, even for one single second, in the eyes of her whom he worshiped, as a traitor; that he came himself to offer an explanation of his conduct; that he desired that his innocence should appear without a cloud.

Catherine declared that she was desirous of believing him, but that it would require time before the unhappy impression which had been made would be entirely wiped out, and that as for anything else concerning his acts, he was not to trouble himself, as it was a matter of total indifference to her.

At these words, which fell like drops of cold water on the heart of the unhappy lover, he could no longer contain himself. He flung himself on his knees before his cousin, declaring that he could not live without her love; that he could better support her hate than her indifference, and that he preferred death to such indifference.

The Princess, a prey to violent emotion, no longer possessed sufficient mastery to dissemble her sentiments. She told the Count to hope, and, above all, to commit no despairing act, adding, that if any misfortune happened to him it would grieve her to the soul.

Crazy with joy, he kissed her robe, thanking her for such sweet and tender words, and not knowing how to display his gratitude, renewed his pledges of eternal love. The Princess, violently agitated, withdrew without adding another word, leaving her cousin in a very whirlwind of happiness. After this interview the Count de Soissons returned to Angers, took instant leave of the King of Navarre, of the Prince of Condé and his wife, and then posted direct to Paris.

After the departure of the Count de Soissons, Henry of Navarre questioned his sister as to what had taken place at her last interview with her cousin. She replied that he had simply come to take leave of her and to say adieu. The King, who did not believe one word of this, charged the Marquis de Rosny with the penetration of the mystery.

De Rosny was the friend of La Tignonville, and he was also *au courant* with all the details of the love affairs between Charles and Catherine. He told the King all that he knew. It was then resolved to sever the Count

from the Guise party by playing with his hopes in regard to Catherine. However, the League was too powerful for the Court of France. The Duke de Guise had forced the King to place the principal chief offices in the kingdom at his disposal. Rome sustained the League. The Duke de Guise overran Champagne, and the Duke de Mayenne ravaged Saintonge. In spite of this the Catholic cause did not ameliorate. The Prince de Condé returned from England with ten stout ships and 500,000 crowns, a loan from Queen Elizabeth.

The German Prince sent a powerful army to the aid of the Protestants, and the King of Navarre beat a section of the forces of Duke de Jorgense. It seemed impossible for the Catholic party to sustain the campaign any longer that year.

It was at this crisis that Henry of Navarre considered it high time to grapple with M. de Soissons, but as it was necessary above everything to have the Princess on his side, he resolved to deal with her before arriving at the Count. Catherine made no mystery of her love for her cousin. She corresponded with him, and to his protestations of love, replied by thinly veiled avowals. Charles wrote to her.

"I was still ignorant, madame, as to the nature of love, until this absence made me acquainted with it. The torture, misery and anguish—in a word, the most unendurable wretchedness that I have hitherto imagined, are as nothing compared with the pains I endure in being far from you. That my torture is fearful, divine Princess, speaks for itself, and it would become more unendurable if I did not flatter myself that you in part share its pangs with me. This sole hope alone pours oil upon my wounds and conceals my anguish from the eyes of a Court, where my sighs would be regarded as so many crimes against the state, were it but known to whom they were addressed. How could the Court, however, imagine that I could see you without adoring you? Oh, how violent my passion is, dear cousin! Oh, how tender it is! It will last all my life—oh, how delicious you become! But why do I thus flatter myself? My love consecrates my life; will continue to consecrate it until the rapturous moment arises when I can cry aloud that it is for you alone that I sigh.

CHARLES DE BOURBON."

And Catherine replied:

"I do not know what one feels when one is afar from what they love, and so I cannot compassionate you as much, perhaps, as you merit compassion, but I well know that if you suffer all that I endure since your absence, there are very few unhappinesses equal to yours and those of

CATHERINE."

Assured beforehand of the good disposition of his sister, the King of Navarre chose the Abbé d'Elbenne to bring the negotiation to a favorable termination.

The abbé had friends in both parties. A Roman Catholic, and at the same time an adroit politician, he did not hate the Calvinists. The abbé played upon the Count, and after disparaging the party to which De Soissons belonged, spoke of marriage with Catherine. Charles, transported by the hope of such a union, declared there was no sacrifice that he was not ready to make, in order to obtain the hand of the Princess. The abbé answered that he was charged to make his overtures on this subject, but on the condition that he, the Count, would renounce all alliance with the house of Guise. Crazy with joy, the Count consented to anything, and the abbé informed the King. De Soissons wrote Catherine a passionate letter, in which he declared himself the happiest of mortals:

"MY DEAR COUSIN: I am about to set out to hear from your beautiful mouth the charming avowal, provided joy and impatience will allow life to the amorous

CHARLES DE BOURBON."

The Count de Soissons performed prodigies of valor on the memorable day of Coutras, and having traversed Saunoy, came to Pau, where Catherine awaited for him. It

was in a state of the most tumultuous happiness that the Princess and Charles found themselves together. At first all was timidity, and words scarce dared to cross the threshold of their lips, but by degrees their hearts found language; they exchanged the sweetest vows, swearing that they were now as one, and that nothing could ever separate them. Several days then passed—days that were filled up with the most tender confidences by the two lovers, and all they now tarried for, in order to render their happiness complete, was the arrival of the Prince and Princess de Condé.

The King received the Count de Soissons with extreme coldness, treating him almost with contempt. This so irritated and mortified De Soissons that he informed his majesty that he would retire altogether from the Court of France and take up his former position. He left the King's presence without even waiting for his majesty's reply.

The Count returned to his apartments in a violent agitation. Little did he imagine that his wily enemies had been trying to poison him in the estimation of Catherine, from whom he found the following little note:

"My brother has just left me; he came to tell me things which it is necessary that you should be aware of.

CATHERINE."

The Count dashed off to the Princess, where he found the King, who had just arrived. Catherine did her best to reconcile the two men, but the interview ended in a total rupture between them.

In the Council, the matter was openly discussed, and the Marquis de Rosny advocated the marriage, but the King and other of the councilors opposed it. De Rosny was thrown out of favor for urging it. He went straight to De Soissons and informed him of what had transpired.

"I will go to Paris," said the Count. At the moment of departure De Soissons had a final interview with the Princess, who expressed her regrets at being unable to reconcile him with her brother. She did not, however, despair, and looked forward to the day that would reunite them, for that day would be the joyous one of marriage.

In the meantime Catherine arranged with her cousin the mode of correspondence, and it was determined that the letters of the Princess should be addressed to the Marquis de Rosny, and those of the Count to La Tignonville.

Charles set out next day for Paris with M. de Rosny, and on arriving, his first act was to write to Catherine.

It was the Marquis de Rosny who presented the Count's letter to Catherine. Before quitting Pau the Marquis had a secret interview with La Tignonville, in which they arranged the following scheme: La Tignonville was to counterfeit the handwriting of the Princess, and to suppress all the most tender expressions, substituting cold ones in their stead. De Rosny, on his part, was to do the same thing by the letters of the Count. By this means they hoped to prepare the minds of the lovers for the impressions that would be presented to them, and which would of a certainty cause the much-desired breach.

When De Soissons returned to Paris he presented himself to King Henry III., and expressed contrition for his past conduct. The King received him favorably, believed in his repentance, and pardoned him. The Duke de Guise alone was cold to him.

It was now that the scheme of La Tignonville and De Rosny came into play. The letters grew cold, colder, and from being written three times a week dwindled down to once a month.

Catherine now believed that the Count's passion was but a pretense, while he no longer doubted that the Princess was the accomplice of her brother. He resolved upon

thinking no longer of love, but rather of vengeance upon the King of Navarre, and with a view to achieving this, determined upon regaining the affections of the Catholics—no easy step, since he had been excommunicated for having fought in the ranks of the Protestants. The Pope, Sixtus V., refused to allow De Soissons to re-enter the Church, but Henry III., resolving upon retaining the Count's adhesion, demanded for him in marriage the hand of the Pope's niece, the Princess de Montalte. This alliance flattered the Pontiff, who immediately sent his absolution to the Count de Soissons.

At first, Catherine refused to credit the rumor, and when the hideous truth impressed itself upon her she was plunged in so mighty a despair, into such an abyss of grief, that nothing could distract her, while she refused any attempt at consolation.

The King of Navarre now determined on marrying Catherine to the Prince de Dombes, son of the Duke de Montpensier, and persuaded the King of France to send the young Prince into Brittany, as Governor of that province, in the room of the Count de Soissons. The latter quickly divined the move, and swore that his rival should not be rewarded with success in regard to the Princess, whom he, Charles, still madly loved.

Some time afterward Henry III. was assassinated at St. Cloud by Jacques Clément, on the 2d of August, 1589. The last of the Valois, he left the throne to the Bourbons.



DE SOISSONS AND THE KING.



DE SOISSONS DISGUISED AS A TURK.

The King of Navarre was now King of France, under the title of Henry IV. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was a period of complications. All the Parliaments except those of Rennes and Bordeaux were in favor of the League. The great majority of the clergy, the King of Spain and the Pope continued to sustain it by the aid of men and money. All the chances were in favor of the League, and not one in favor of Henry of Navarre.

While Henry IV. contemplated marrying his sister to the son of the Duke de Montpensier, Catherine became reconciled to the Count de Soissons, and their love burned with a fiercer ardor than before. The Countess de Guiche, jealous of Henry's attentions to Gabrielle d'Estrees, broke her relations with that monarch, and enthusiastically espoused the cause of his sister. She unveiled Henry's plans, and pictured the Count's innocence in the most vivid and glowing terms.

Catherine, in turn, opened her heart to the Countess, and avowed that she still dearly loved the Count. The Countess advised Catherine to follow the dictates of her heart and to marry Charles.

"What! I marry a traitor?"

"No, madame, he is not a traitor," replied Corisande.

"He loves you no less than you love him. He has never been false to you. You have both been duped. I can give you the most convincing proofs of the Count's innocence."

The veil was falling from Catherine's eyes.

"If you consent to a renewal of sentiments, I am ready to aid you. Fear nothing. I charge

myself with everything. You need not distract yourself about anything. The Count will return to you. One word of counsel, though. Beware of La Tignonville!"

The Countess de Guiche had an agent named Beaudenau whom she charged with a letter for M. de Soissons, a letter which informed him of all that had been told Catherine, and of the tender sentiments of that Princess



THE DUKE DE BAR.



CATHERINE DE BOURBON'S CARRIAGE BREAKS DOWN.

toward him. Beaudeau found the Count at Chartres, on the point of allying himself with Cardinal de Bourbon for the purpose of embarrassing Henry IV. The receipt of the letter arrested him. His love burned with new and brilliant fire, and without delaying an instant, Charles indicted the following letter to the Princess:

"TO MADAME, THE PRINCESS DE BOURBON: No, madame, nobody dies of grief since I have not succumbed to all the cruelty which my fate has compelled me to endure. Good God! what bitter agony since the terrible moment when I was constrained to abandon you. This horror was as nothing to the thought that you were faithless. A dastardly scheme was set on foot to separate us for ever, and would have succeeded, had not love, the protector of such passion, interfered in our behalf. I was about to lose you, dearest goddess, and my heart which only burned for you, felt its flame increase in proportion as it imagined that yours diminished; my despair has fled, while your innocence, like a rosy beam of sunlight, pierces the gloom of jealousy, and I taste with great ecstasy the delight of loving you. Do you feel the same sentiment, my beautiful girl, or am I to apprehend that the impressions made by my enemies have mastered your tenderness? This would be the most hideous of all my misfortunes, and though up to this I have fought against all that has fallen upon me, my endurance, utterly worn out, could never sustain the last disgrace.

"CHARLES DE BOURBON."

Here is Catherine's reply:

"TO THE COUNT DE SOISSONS: Nothing tells me more truly that you have been faithful to me than my own constancy. This has been so perfect, my dear Count, that I have never even for a second desired to hate you. If your felicity depends upon it, then never was there a happier lover. I shall learn by your conduct if your assurances are sincere. Setting aside the King, your jealousy now dissipated, enables you to see nothing in your rival but the bitterness of his position. Is not this the advantage which my love gives you? Content yourself with this victory, and remember that a lover truly in love, knows nothing but that which he obtains from the heart that loves him.

CATHERINE."

Cardinal de Bourbon, who had not the same strong reasons as the Count for staying his hand, set himself to intrigue with the Pope for no less a prize than the crown of France. The King, who was apprised as to what was

going on at Rome, sent for De Soissons, and reproached him for having mixed up in the conspiracy. The Count, who had just received Catherine's letter, listened to the King with the calmest respect, and accepted most gracefully the counsel that Henry gave him in regard to disengaging the Cardinal from his insidious and dangerous intrigues. The Count immediately set out for Tours, where the Cardinal presided over the Parliament of Pau, which had been transferred by order of the late King, and he possessed so much influence over His Eminence as to induce him to renounce the scheme of checkmating the authority of the King of France.

The Count de Soissons, after rendering so signal a service to King Henry IV., now entertained no doubt of His Majesty's consent to the marriage with Catherine; but when the Count broached the subject, he was treated with such reserve, that his solid hopes resolved themselves into thin air.

It was at this moment that the Count received the letter from the Countess de Guiche urging him to return to Bearn. The letter also contained a few sweet words from Catherine. This determined the Count to set out. The King was then besieging Rouen.

Charles being well aware that his arrival would cause a veritable sensation, left his attendants at a little village three miles from Pau and entered the town, followed only by six cavaliers. He rode straight to the palace, where the Princess awaited him, and Madame de Guiche, who had been appointed to meet him, led him into Catherine's presence. The rapture of the lovers can be better imagined than described. The marriage was at once brought on the *tapis*. Corisande introduced a notary, who drew up the formal engagement between Catherine and Charles. This deed was signed by the Countess de Guiche and by Monsieur du Perron as witnesses.

However, Henry IV., who was informed of the arrival of the Count at Pau, immediately dispatched Pangeas to



THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER ENCOUNTERS CATHERINE AND DE SOISSONS.

Bearn, who bore a formal order to the President of the Parliament of Pau to oppose the marriage of Catherine de Bourbon with the Count de Soissons. Pangeas was so quick in his movements that he arrived on the eve of the ceremony, and proceeding to the President of the Parliament, handed him the King's letter. The president instantly caused the King's order to be made known to the Princess. He placed a strong guard round the apartments of the latter, which permitted no suspected person to enter or to leave. The Count was also informed that he must leave the town.

The agony, anger and astonishment of Catherine and the Count recognized no limits. De Soissons went before the Parliament and asked for the order of the King. The Parliament ordered him to leave. Catherine's attendants were for the most part removed, and she had the greatest difficulty in retaining the Countess de Guiche, who, however, was so closely watched as to render her almost powerless as a help.

Pau Castle, wherein Catherine was staying, was closely guarded and watched. The Count, in order to reach Catherine by letter, was compelled to resort to stratagem. He confided the mission to Perron, who knew the purveyor to madame intimately. This man introduced the Count's letter in a wax lemon, which he placed in the middle of a number of real ones, having previously informed Madame de Guiche. This lady, when dessert was served, took the lemon, and praising its beauty and its size, offered it to madame as a fruit well worthy of admiration. Catherine took the hint, and saying she would reserve it for the morrow, brought it to her cabinet, where she read the Count's letter.

Catherine replied, informing her lover that she would endeavor to see him in the Castle in spite of all the guards, and suggested that he should come in the guise of a cabinet courier with a message direct from the King.

The plan thus conceived was executed to the letter by the Count, and it succeeded. He remained for a few minutes only in his true love's presence, when mutual vows were again and yet again exchanged, and withdrew to set out for Tours.

Catherine was ordered to Saumur. She was several days on the road, and halted at a little village within three leagues of the town. The King arrived, and with him the Count, who resolved upon again seeing Catherine alone. He took Du Perron into his confidence, and under his advice, left Saumur under the pretext of going to a country castle of the Governor of Saumur. He disguised himself as a Turk, also disguising Du Perron in the same garb, and hastened at once to the hostelry where the Princess lay. Pretending that they were merchants selling jewelry and rich stuffs, they were admitted to the presence of Catherine and her suite. At first the Princess would not look at the wares, but when Charles flung off his disguise her delight was equal to her astonishment. While yet conversing with her, the Duke de Montpensier was announced.

Charles was seized with a perfect paroxysm of jealousy, and ordered Catherine to refuse to receive the Duke. This, the Princess told him, was impossible, and she had but time to thrust the Count into a closet when the Duke entered.

After the conventional compliments, the Count next declared how enchanted he was at being chosen by the King as the husband of the Princess, adding that his brightest dreams and highest aspirations were more than fully realized.

Catherine replied: "I am aware that the King's choice *destines you to be his brother-in-law*; I also know that

you possess a deal of merit, and that I could obey him without blushing, but I am at the same time persuaded that we ought not to enter into so weighty an affair without the long acquaintanceship of those concerned in it. For pity's sake, then, sir, do not press to conclusion a marriage which, all advantageous though it be, would reduce me to despair, were I not in a condition to profit by your generosity."

"What, madame!" retorted the Duke, "You wish to prolong a period that only causes my love to become more impatient, without, perhaps, your being enabled to obtain that which you are desirous of?"

"What, sir!" interrupted Catherine. "You would wed a princess to whom you would permit no time to enable her to love you?"

"Be it so, madame. I shall wait. I will obey you, in the hope that you will soon deign to smile on me."

Night came on, and an attendant hastened to inform madame that a broken flue had set fire to the adjoining apartment; that the furniture was already burned, and it was feared that the entire house would be consumed.

Catherine, who was at her wits' ends to know what to do, allowed herself to be conducted to another chamber by the Duke de Montpensier. The Count de Soissons and Du Perron remained shut up in the Princess's cabinet, but the latter, under protest of seeking some object forgotten in the cabinet, quitted the Duke for a moment, and released her prisoners.

Unfortunately, the hotel-keeper perceived them, and beholding them in the act of running away, caused them to be arrested. He was for bringing them before the judge, but the Princess intervened on their behalf. The people, however, would listen to nothing. The Duke, in order to appease them, joined his efforts to those of Catherine, and asked that they be delivered up to him, charging himself with their punishment. He then caused the pair to be placed in a vehicle and driven off to Saumur.

The Princess fainted. Her first words on recovering consciousness were for the safety of De Soissons, whereupon the Duke marched out of the apartment.

"What imprudence," cried Madame de Guiche, "to speak thus before the Duke! He has evidently gone to discover the Count."

"What have I done," said Catherine. "I have lost my head."

It was at this epoch that the King of Navarre entered the Catholic Church, and on the 25th of July, 1593, he abjured his past errors at the door of the Church of St. Denis.

At Fontainebleau, whither the Court repaired, the Countess de Guiche arranged for the secret meetings of De Soissons.

The Count, disguising his features by the aid of pigments and false hair, came every evening to the rendezvous. The joy of the lovers was now without a cloud. They passed each day in writing to one another, each evening in delicious conversation, the Countess de Guiche being always present.

One evening the King, who was about to pay a late visit to his sister, was surprised at hearing a knocking at a small door which he imagined had been rendered useless, while the voice of Du Perron asked:

"Is that you, Varenne?"

"Yes," replied the King, in a disguised voice, as a letter was slipped into his hands. This was a love-letter from De Soissons to Catherine, breathing the most intense devotion. The King now set spies to watch the Count, ordering them never to lose sight of him. These spies were handed keys to open every door in the castle.

A stormy scene ensued between Henry and his sister, in which Catherine held her own, causing the King to cry on leaving:

"You are strong, madame, in recrimination, and you would have been mortified to have spared me the chagrin of a reproach."

De Rosny now sought Catherine, and advised her and the Count to appear to yield to the King's wishes; even to sending his majesty the paper upon which the engagement was signed and sealed. This wily and deceptive counsel was taken, and then the King sent De Rosny to the Duke de Montpensier to renew the question of marriage with Catherine, while he also brought forward another suitor to her hand. A treaty was now signed between Charles III., Duke de Lorraine, and the King, one of the principal articles in which was the marriage of Catherine with Henri, Duke de Bar, eldest son of the Duke de Lorraine.

De Soissons had yet another and still more formidable rival in the Duke de Guise, who was the handsomest man that had ever appeared at Court. This cavalier's aspirations were ably and energetically seconded by his sister, for whom Catherine held a strong friendship. At a *fête* given by Sebastian Zamet, Mademoiselle de Guise arranged matters in such a way as to cause Catherine's carriage to break down, whereupon the Duke de Guise stepped forward and offered his, obtaining a seat in the vehicle with the beautiful sister of the King. It was three o'clock A.M. when they reached Paris. The Duke wished to speak to Catherine of love, but she refused to listen to him, naively telling him that her heart was not disengaged.

"You love Monsieur de Soissons," cried the Duke, "happy, thrice happy man that he is; nevertheless, the triumph of my rival will not prevent my loving you."

Henri refused the offer of the Duke de Guise, on the plea that the alliance would but raise the hopes of the League. He, however, made him Governor of Provence, by way of a salve.

The King also declared that he would not listen to the Duke de Montpensier, either, and that the spouse selected for his sister was the Duke de Bar.

In order to disembarass herself from continual persecution and annoyance, Catherine retired to the country residence of M. du Plessis-Mornay, about a dozen leagues from Paris, snatching a brief interview with her lover ere departing.

Encouraged by the King, the Duke de Lorraine sent an ambassador to Paris, to demand Catherine's hand for his son. Catherine returned an evasive answer, but the report went abroad that the ambassador had succeeded in his embassy.

Both the Duke de Montpensier and the Duke de Guise sought interviews with Catherine on the borders of the Seine. Madame was walking with De Soissons when Montpensier unexpectedly came upon them. The latter bowed coldly and turned upon his heel.

With the Duke de Guise it was different. This amorous nobleman lay in wait for Catherine. De Soissons discovered him, and both drew their swords. The Count was wounded in the arm, the Duke was run through the body, but the wound was not dangerous. Montpensier now renounced the hand of Catherine, and De Soissons was madly jealous of De Guise.

Henry treated his sister with the uttermost coldness, and informed her that she must marry the Duke de Bar. Catherine, in deepest affliction, was now compelled, in order to consult Madame de Pangeas at the residence of M. du Plessis, to adopt masculine attire, wearing a blue ribbon on her shoulder as a sign. Madame de Pangeas

was too staunch a supporter of the King to favor his sister's lover, and the latter was compelled to return to her palace prison, a prey to the deepest despair. As she entered, the Count de Soissons beheld her, and imagining that she had donned male attire for the purpose of visiting the wounded Duke de Guise, he gave himself up to the wildest jealousy, accusing Catherine of faithlessness.

On the morrow he sought M. de Conti, and informed him that he had recovered his liberty, and that he was ready to espouse Mademoiselle de Montafé. He signed the contract that very day, leaving Catherine in a dead swoon in the arms of Madame de Pangeas.

The Princess remained in a dead faint for two hours; then tears came to her aid, then pride.

A few days rolled by, and Catherine, desperate, formed the resolution of marrying the Duke de Bar. The day of the announcement the marriage contract was signed, and the same evening the marriage was celebrated in the King's cabinet by the Archbishop of Rouen.

De Soissons had already married Mademoiselle de Montafé. Pride and jealousy had done what the prayers and menaces of a monarch had failed to effect.

The Duchess de Bar and the Count de Soissons soon discovered that they had strangely abused their reciprocal sentiments. Mademoiselle de Guise explained to the Count why Catherine had assumed male attire. The innocence of the Princess now stood out in dazzling purity, and De Soissons became desperate, committing a thousand extravagances. He fell into a brain-fever, and lay for weeks within the shadow of the valley of death. The King issued orders that the Count's illness should be kept from Catherine.

Having recovered from this fever, the Count went to Plombieres, in order to be near Catherine, and having won over one of her ladies-in-waiting, caused himself to be smuggled into her chamber while her husband was engaged in the chase.

When he found himself alone with Catherine, De Soissons fell on his knees, and out of the depths of his despair accused himself of being the cause of her marriage with the Duke de Bar; that he never loved her so much as at that moment, and implored of her to take compassion on him.

"If I had two hearts," said Catherine, "I might have the disposal of one, and give the other to him whom heaven has granted me for my husband. But as I have but one, I am compelled to keep it for him who has the right to possess it. . . . Adieu, Count—go, and for Heaven's sake never see me again."

Such was the last interview between the Duchess de Bar and her cousin. Some years afterward she died of a lingering malady, the nature of which was never arrived at. She expired at the Castle of Sans-Souci, near Nancy, on the 13th of February, 1604, deeply regretted by all who knew her, on account of her virtues and the charming qualities of both her mind and her heart.

LARGE SHEETS OF IVORY.

We cannot easily suggest any way in which the very large slabs or plaques of ivory used by the early and mediæval artists were obtained. The leaves of a diptych of the seventh century, in the public library at Paris, are fifteen inches in length by nearly six inches wide. In the British Museum is a single piece which measures in length sixteen inches and a quarter by five inches and a half in width, and in depth more than half an inch.

By some it is thought that the ancients knew a method, which has been lost, of bending, softening, and flatt.

solid pieces of ivory; others suppose that they were then able to procure larger tusks than can be got from the degenerate animal of our own day. Mr. McCulloch, in his dictionary of commerce, tells us that sixty pounds is the average weight of an elephant's tusk; but Holtzapffel, a

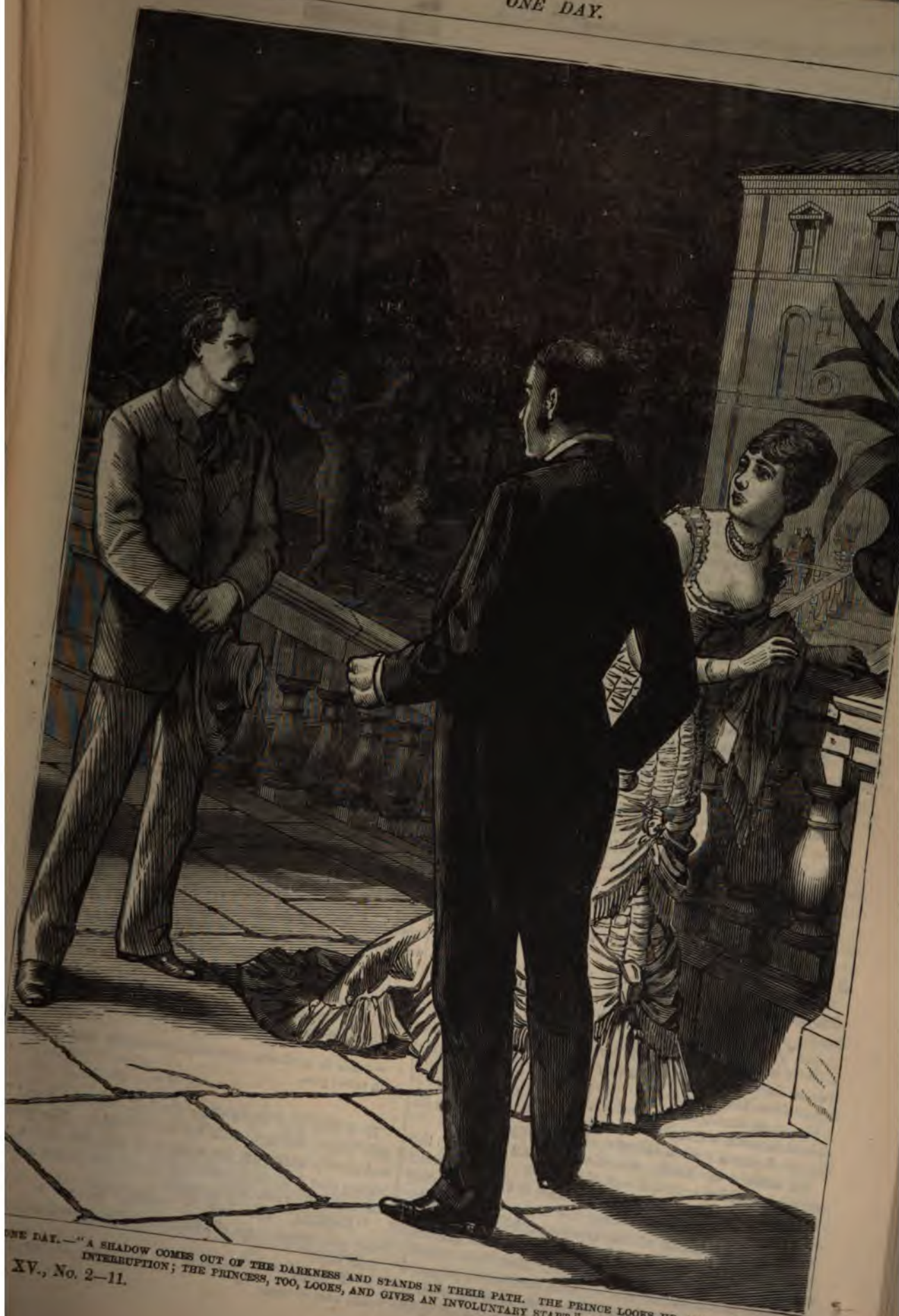
is eight feet eleven inches long, and sixteen inches and a half in circumference at the centre. This tusk is the largest of five which were presented to the Queen by the King of Shoa about the year 1856, and given by Her Majesty to the museum. The other four weigh, respectively, seventy-six



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practical authority, declares this to be far too high, and that fifteen or sixteen pounds would be nearer the average. Be this as it may, pieces of the size above mentioned—and larger specimens probably exist—could not be cut from the biggest of the tusks preserved in the South Kensington Museum; although it weighs ninety pounds,

pounds, eighty-six pounds, seventy-two pounds, and fifty-two pounds. An enormous pair of tusks, weighing together 325 pounds, was shown in the Great Exhibition of 1851; but these, heavy as they were, measured only eight feet six inches in length, and did not exceed twenty-two inches in circumference at the base.



ONE DAY.—"A SHADOW COMES OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND STANDS IN THEIR PATH. THE PRINCE LOOKS UP, ANGRY AT THE INTERRUPTION; THE PRINCESS, TOO, LOOKS, AND GIVES AN INVOLUNTARY START."—SEE NEXT PAGE.
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ONE DAY.

BY SYDNEY HERBERT.

THE carriages were coming back from the Pincian Hill and the Borghese Gardens. The sun was setting, and the crowds of people on foot and riding, who had been listening to the music and looking at each other, came down through the Piazza del Popolo, bound homeward before the darkness set in.

It was a gay crowd that the old obelisk, with its spouting lions, saw surging around its base, separating into two human streams, and pouring down the two streets that branch off from the Piazza—the Corso and the Via del Babuino. Carriages of every kind, filled with gayly-dressed women, dashed through the city gate, and made their way through the dense mass of pleasure-seekers.

A dog-cart, with magnificent horses, comes quickly down from the direction of the Borghese Gardens; a tall, aristocratic-looking man is driving, and is apparently trying to catch up with a victoria just ahead of him, in which a woman is seated—a woman dressed in the height of fashion, and of a strange, tiger-like beauty; slender she is, with a mass of hair of that peculiar color of reddish gold, firm set lips, and a proud, defiant look in her clear, magnificent eyes. The people on foot give way before the carriages until they are almost abreast. One person only—a young man, covered with dust, with a knapsack on his back—apparently does not hear the approaching horses, but stands looking at the woman in the victoria, oblivious to anything else. Only when the horses of the dog-cart are almost upon him and the driver cries out to him, does he hear; then he moves aside a little.

As the carriage dashes past, the gentleman driving reaches down, and, with a muttered curse, cuts the young traveler across the face with his whip. It leaves a crimson line. The young man does not cry out; he only says quietly to a bystander:

"Who is that man?"

"The Prince Borghese."

"And the lady in the other carriage?"

"The Princess Vera, his future wife."

"Ah, thanks!" he says, and walks to one of the four fountains at the base of the great obelisk, and bathes his face in the water.

There are fewer people about now. The Piazza is almost deserted. The sun sinks down out of sight. Darkness comes, and all is silent; not a soul to be seen; all the piazzas are deserted.

Only the travel-stained pilgrim sits by the fountains with the mark of the cruel lash on his handsome, boyish face.

There is a ball that night at the Russian Embassy; the rooms, decorated with fabulous extravagance, are like scenes from fairy lands.

Masses of rarest flowers and plants are placed around; richest tapestries and statues make the old palace look as though it was a garden called up by a magician.

All nations are there; beauties from all parts of the civilized world are at the ball that night; it is the event of the season, and the last for some time, as Lent is coming on; so the guests are making the most of their time dancing to the music of the musicians, hidden behind a bank of flowers and palm-branches. Women in gorgeous raiment, blazing with jewels, smile, their eyes sparkle with enjoyment, and all is one grand carnival of pleasure.

Off the ballroom are doors leading out on to the terrace; the night is warm; several persons, finding the air inside

oppressive, walk out into the moonlight, and stroll leisurely up and down, or sit in the shade of the orange-trees.

The Prince Borghese and the Princess Vera come out and walk; she is magnificent in her ball-dress of white satin and lace, with a necklace of diamonds, and diamonds sparkling in her hair; the prince is talking to her in low tones, holding his head close to hers.

A shadow comes out of the darkness and stands in their path. The prince looks up, angry at the interruption; the princess, too, looks and gives an involuntary start.

"Well, sir, what can we do for you?" says the prince, impatiently.

The stranger turns his face in the moonlight, and the prince sees a red line across it, as he answers:

"The prince was kind enough to give me this," pointing to his face, "as he passed me this afternoon. I have come to return it or demand a meeting."

"Sir," he answers, "do you imagine the Prince Borghese would soil his hands with fighting with any adventurer that may present himself?"

"Do I understand you to refuse?" says the stranger, quietly.

"I do; and let me tell you that if you do not leave us immediately, I will call the lackeys to kick you into the street."

"Beware, sir," says the young man, excitedly, "how you keep on adding your insults. You refuse! You will not spare the princess the pain of seeing me strike you before all those people. You refuse to meet me, so be it. Am I unknown? Ask the princess if she knows me. I think she did once, if she has not forgotten."

The prince, livid and furious, turns to the latter, who has drawn a little to one side, and is leaning against the balustrade, a calm witness to the scene.

"Is this true?" says the prince—"do you know this man, Vera?"

"Yes, once," she answers, in a low voice.

"Ah, that alters it!" he says, turning to the stranger.

"I am entirely at your service when you will."

"To-morrow, then, by sunrise, at the Borghese Gardens."

"Very well; as you have many things to set in order, I beg you to excuse me; *au revoir*." Saying this, he turns on his heel. "I think the night air is rather cool. Had we not better go in, Vera?" She takes his arm, but gives a quick glance over her shoulder from the stranger to a white speck on the ground; he takes her meaning, goes to the spot, and picks up a small piece of the order of dancing; he takes it to the light and reads.

He gives a start of joy as he sees the following words:

"Come to my house after the ball to-night. Corso, No. 123. I wish to see you."
V."

It is late that night when the ball breaks up and Princess Vera's carriage rolls up to her door. She gets out and slowly walks up the steps and into the parlor. The young man who is to fight a duel in a few hours is waiting for her. He rises as she enters.

"Raphael," she says, in musical tones, "is this the way you forget your old friends in Rome, and never come near me?"

"Friends?" he answers. "Ah, yes. Is the princess still one of them?"

"Can you ask?" she murmurs.

"When we last met——"

"Yes, yes, I know. I could not tell my own mind then. You told me you loved me. I smiled then—I found out differently since."

"What do you mean?" he says, with a joyful look on his melancholy face.

"When I wanted you more than anything—any one—you had gone, none knew whither."

"What! do you mean that you love me? Oh, I am dreaming!"

"Yes, Raphael, I do. Can you doubt me? Do not repel my love—do not spurn me because, when you told me before, I did not know that you alone possessed my heart. Forgive me," she says, imploringly.

"Forgive you?" he repeats, in a dazed way. "Oh, the joy of this moment would repay a lifetime of suffering. Oh, Vera, my queen!" he says, and takes her in his arms, and in each other's embrace they sit together in the mellow light of the lamps, and forget everything.

"Vera," says Raphael, suddenly, "what is the prince to you?"

"Nothing," she answers.

"Then it is not true that you are to marry him?"

"Can you ask me, after what I have told you?"

"I believe you," he says, trustingly.

"And to think that in a few hours you are to fight him—the best shot in Rome! To think that you may be killed! Oh, I cannot bear the thought!"

"Do not think of it, darling. To-day I wished to die; now I feel I am invulnerable, and will be victorious. I am protected by happiness and love."

"May heaven grant it! Now that I have found you, I could not bear your loss, my darling; it would kill me."

"My happiness is too great! I can scarcely believe it," he says. "It seems like a dream! Too much as I wished—too improbable to realize!"

"Does this seem unreal?" she says, throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him passionately again and again.

Daylight has come. The sun has risen, and the Romans are taking their morning walk, or sitting lazily in the sun.

The foreigners are out doing the sights, armed with their guidebooks, and the beggars and artists' models are as thick as usual in the Piazza di Spagna.

A young man hurries along, almost on a run, and turns down the Via Condotti to the Corso. People look after him in wonder, such activity is so unusual among the Romans.

"A lunatic or an eccentric Englishman," they mutter, and pass on.

On he goes along the Corso to 123, where he rushes through the courtyard and rings the bell.

A footman answers the summons.

"The Princess Vera?"

"Madame is not up yet."

"Well, I will wait. Tell her a gentleman wishes to see her on business of great importance, and will not leave until he has seen her."

He walks into the *salon* that he knows so well.

"Truly love has protected me. I have nothing but joy ahead now. How happy she will be when she finds it is I!"

He is interrupted in his meditation by the *frou-frou* of a woman's dress, and Vera enters. She looks at her visitor, and says, in surprise:

"What, you! And alive!"

"Yes, Vera. I shot the prince!"

"What! You shot the Prince Borghese?"

"Yes. He is dangerously wounded. I am safe. I have your love. We have nothing but happiness now—no shadow."

"What do you mean?" she says, coldly.

"What! Have you forgotten? Do not trifle with me, Vera. I know you do not mean it, but it pains me. Come, sit here, where we sat last night, and tell me that you love me again."

She turns from him.

"Love you! You are mistaken. I never loved you an instant."

"Ah, Vera! stop, I beg!" he exclaims, as each word cuts him like a knife.

"Would you like to know the truth?" she says.

"Yes," he answers, a vague feeling of future grief coming over him.

"Last night I told you I loved you. I knew you were to meet the prince this morning. I was sure that you would be killed. So, as they make the last hours on earth as pleasant as possible to a condemned man, I decided to make yours. It would do me no harm, as you would soon die, and die happy. I regarded you as already dead—a *souvenir*. That is the reason of what I told you last night. I am sorry I was mistaken, and I am forced to undeceive you."

Raphael trembles as she proceeds, and turns ghastly pale.

"Oh! that I had been shot this morning. It would have been far more merciful than this! Have you nothing more to say, Vera?" he gasps.

"Very little, except go! This interview is extremely disagreeable. Go, and never let me see you again. You have, perhaps, killed the man who was more to me than you ever were or ever could be. Go! You have wronged me. But for you I should have been the Princess Borghese in a short time, rich and courted. You, perhaps, have destroyed it all! The mere sight of you is repulsive to me!"

His features show his agony.

"Thanks, Vera," he says, his voice scarcely audible—"thanks for the truth. I thought it was too unreal, too little like you to love me, poor and unknown. Your love is only for the highest bidder. May that man find your true value. Adieu!"

And he leaves the room.

ST. GRAAL, Sangreal or Holy Grail, so often mentioned by Tennyson, is the name of a vessel made of a single precious stone (usually said to be an emerald) from which our Saviour was supposed to have drunk at the last supper, and which was afterward filled with the blood which flowed from the wounds with which He was pierced at the crucifixion; or, according to some accounts, it was the platter on which the Paschal lamb was served at the last passover which Jesus celebrated with His disciples. It is fabled to have been preserved and carried to England by Joseph of Arimathea. It remained there many years, an object of pilgrimage and devotion; but at length it disappeared, one of its keepers having violated the condition of strict virtue in thought, word and deed, which was imposed upon those who had charge of it. Thenceforth many knights-errant, especially those of the Round Table, spent their lives in searching for it, and Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it. Various miraculous properties are by the old romancers attributed to this dish, such as the power of prolonging life, and the like.

THE STAFF AND SCRIP.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

"Who owns these lands?" the Pilgrim said.
 "Stranger, Queen Blanchelys."
 "And who has thus harried them?" he said,
 "It was Duke Luke did this:
 God's ban be his."

Her women, standing two and two,
 In silence combed the fleece.
 The pilgrim said: "Peace be with you,
 Lady," and bent his knees.
 She answered, "Peace."



"THE PILGRIM SAID, 'PEACE BE WITH YOU, LADY,' AND BENT HIS KNEES."

The Pilgrim said: "Where is your house?
 I'll rest there, with your will."
 "You've but to climb these blackened boughs,
 And you'll see it over the hill,
 For it burns still."

"Which road to seek your Queen?" said he.
 "Nay, nay, but with some wound
 You'll fly back hither, it may be,
 And by your blood f' the ground
 My place may be found."

"Friend, stay in peace, God keep your head,
 And mine, where I will go,
 For He is here and there," he said.
 He passed the hillside slow,
 And stood below.

The Queen sat idle by her loom:
 She heard the arras stir,
 And looked up sadly; through the room
 The sweetness sickened her
 Of musk and myrrh.

Her eyes were like the wave within;
 Like water-reeds the poise
 Of her soft body, dainty, thin;
 And like the water's noise
 Her plaintive voice.

For him, the stream had never welled
 In desert tracts malign
 So sweet; nor had he ever felt
 So faint in the sunshine
 Of Palestine.

Right so, he knew that he saw weep
 Each night through every dream
 The Queen's own face, confused in sleep
 With visages supreme
 Not known to him.

"Lady," he said, "your lands lie burnt
 And waste: To meet your foe
 All fear; this I have seen and learnt.
 Say that it shall be so,
 And I will go.

She gazed at him. "Your cause is just,
For I have heard the same:"
He said, "God's strength shall be my trust,
Fall it to good or grame,
'Tis in His name."

"Sir, you are thanked. My cause is dead.
Why should you toil to break
A grave, and fall therein?" she said,
He did not pause but spake:
"For my vow's sake."

"Can such vows be, sir—to God's ear,
"Not to God's will?" "My vow
Remains; God heard me there as here,"
He said with reverent brow,
"Both then and now."

They gazed together, he and she,
The minute while he spoke;
And when he ceased, she suddenly
Looked round upon her folk
As though she woke.

She sent him a white shield, whereon
She bade that he should trace
His will. He blent fair hues that shone,
And in a golden space
He kissed her face.

Right so, the sunset skies unsealed,
Like lands he never knew,
Beyond to-morrow's battle-field
Lay open out of view
To ride into.

Next day till dark the women prayed:
Nor any might know there
How the fight went: the Queen has bade
That there do come to her
No messenger.

Weak now to them the voice o' the priest
As any trance affords;
And when each anthem failed and ceased,
It seemed that the last chords
Still sang the words.



"SHE CRIED, 'O PALE THAT WAS SO RED!
O GOD, O GOD OF GRACE!
COVER HIS FACE.'"

"Fight, sir," she said; "my prayers in pain
Shall be your fellowship."
He whispered one among her train—
"To-morrow bid her keep
This staff and scrip."

She sent him a sharp sword, whose belt
About his body there
As sweet as her own arms he felt.
He kissed its blade, all bare,
Instead of her.

She sent him a green banner wrought
With one white lily stem,
To bind his lance with when he fought.
He writ upon the same
And kissed her name.

"Oh, what is the light that shines so red?
'Tis long since the sun set,"
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid:
"Twas but dim now, and yet
The light is great."

Quoth the other, "'Tis our sight is dazed
That we see flame i' the air."
But the Queen held her brows and gazed,
And said, "It is the glare
Of torches there."

"Oh, what are the sounds that rise and spread?
All day it was so still,"
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid;
"Unto the furthest hill
The air they fill."

Quoth the other, "Tis our sense is blurred
With all the chants gone by."
But the Queen held her breath and heard—
And said, "It is the cry
Of victory."

The first of all the rout was sound,
The next were dust and flame,
And then the horses shook the ground;
And in the thick of them
A still band came.

"Oh, what do ye bring out of the fight,
Thus hid beneath these boughs?"
"One that shall be thy guest to-night,
And yet shall not carouse,
Queen, in thy house."

"Uncover ye his face," she said.
"O changed in little space!"
She cried, "O pale that was so red!
O God, O God of Grace!
Cover his face."

His sword was broken in his hand
Where he had kissed the blade.
"O soft steel that could not withstand!
O my hard heart unstayed,
That prayed and prayed."

His bloodied banner crossed his mouth
Where he had kissed her name.
"O east and west and north and south,
Fair flew my web, for shame,
To guide Death's aim!"

The tints were shredded from his shield
Where he had kissed her face.
"Oh, of all gifts that I could yield,
Death only keeps its place,
My gift and grace!"

Then stepped a damsel to her side,
And spoke, and needs must weep:
"For his sake, lady, if he died,
He prayed of thee to keep
This staff and scrip."

That night they hung above her head,
Till morning wet with tears.
Year after year above her head,
Her bed his token wears,
Five years—ten years.

That night the passion of her grief
Shook them as there they hung.
Each year the wind that shed the leaf
Shook them, and in its tongue
A message flung.

And once she woke with a clear mind
That letters writ to calm
Her soul lay in the scrip; to find
Only a torpid balm
And dust of palm.

They shook far off with palace sport
When joust and dance were rife;
And the hunt shook them from the court;
For hers, in peace or strife,
Was a Queen's life.

A Queen's death now; as now they shake
To gusts in chapel dim—
Hung where she sleeps, not seen to wake
(Carved lovely white and slim),
With them by him.

Stand up to-day, still armed, with her,
Good knight, before His brow
Who then as now was here and there,
Who had in mind thy vow
Then even as now.

The lists are set in heaven to-day,
The bright pavilions shine;
Fair hangs thy shield and none gainsay;
The trumpets sound in sign
That she is thine.

Not tithed with days' and years' decease
He pays thy wage He owed,
But with imperishable peace
Here in his own abode,
Thy jealous God.

MELBOURNE AND THE PROVINCE OF VICTORIA.

JOHN PASCO FAWKNER died at Melbourne on September 4th, 1869, the undisputed oldest inhabitant in a vast city that had no existence when he sailed up the Yarra-yarra in the schooner *Enterprise*, in the Summer of 1835. Where in the midst of the wilderness he had plowed his land and grown his first crop of wheat, a city had arisen which with its suburban townships numbered nearly 170,000 souls. Long lines of carriages followed the pioneer to his grave, and the people in their thousands lined the spacious streets as the procession passed.

Cook, Flinders and Grant did little more than name the prominent headlands along the southern shores of Australia. Lieutenant Murray, R.N., 1802 discovered Port Philip Bay, and in the following year Colonel Collins, with soldiers and convicts to the number of 402, attempted to form a settlement on its shores. A bad site was chosen; the expedition was a failure, and in 1804 the settlement was transferred to Van Diemen's Land. One man named Buckley ran away into the bush and lived for thirty years among the natives. In 1824, two cattle-owners in New South Wales came in search of new pasture-grounds along the Murray River and across the Australian Alps to the present site of Geelong, but returned without accomplishing any result beyond exploring the district. *The first attempt to colonize the territory now known as Victoria was in 1834, when Mr. Thomas Henty, with a few*

free settlers, located themselves at Portland Bay, 234 miles from where Melbourne now stands. In the following year John Batman led a party to Port Philip Bay and made a remarkable treaty with the blacks, by which they ceded to him 600,000 acres for a quantity of blankets and tomahawks, or, as one account states, for "three sacks of glass beads, ten pounds of nails, and five pounds of flour." The English Government subsequently annulled this contract, but the representatives of Batman received £7,000 in compensation. Three months after Batman and his helpers had got to work, John Fawkner's schooner sailed past their settlement and up the Yarra-yarra, and was made fast to a eucalyptus-tree on the bank, opposite to where the Melbourne Custom House, an ornament to the city, now stands.

The news of the discovery of rich pastures in the neighborhood of Port Philip Bay soon spread far and wide. In spite of some opposition from the British Government, emigrants flocked thither from New South Wales and Tasmania, taking with them their sheep and cattle. At the end of a few months the settlement contained a population of 224, of whom 38 were women; the possessions of the colonists included 75 horses, 555 head of cattle, and 41,332 sheep. It was at this period that William Buckley, the convict, who had escaped from the disastrous expedition of Collins in 1803, returned to his compatriots.

He had been thirty-three years among the blacks, and quite forgotten his own language.

There was little in "The Settlement," as infant Melbourne was for some time called, to suggest its future wealth and vastness. In January, 1838, there were a couple of wooden houses serving as hotels for the country settlers when they brought up their wool to send off by ship, or for new arrivals on their way to the "bush." "A small square wooden building" (says Mr. George Arden, an eye-witness), "with an old ship's bell suspended from a most defamatory-looking, gallows-like structure, fulfilled the duty of church or chapel to the various religious denominations, whence, however, the solemn voice of prayer and praise sounding over the yet wild country had an effect the most interesting and impressive." There were two or three shops, each selling anything useful, and a branch of a Tasmanian bank. Six months later numerous brick houses of two or three stories had risen; the inns had become handsome and convenient; streets were marked out and macadamized; the population had quadrupled, and a multitude of dealers had opened various kinds of shops.

Fawcner opened the first inn, and on January 1st, 1838, started the first newspaper, *The Melbourne Advertiser*. The first nine numbers were in manuscript, and limited to a circulation of one copy, which was kept at Fawcner's bar for public use. Near Fawcner's Inn his rival, Batman, opened his first general store. At the first land sales in Melbourne, in June, 1837, the half-acre lots sold at an average price of £35. At a recent auction in Melbourne the highest bid of £46,500, for sixty-six feet frontage in Collins Street East, was refused as insufficient.

With the exception of a disastrous financial crash in 1842, the result of over-speculation and land-jobbing, the history of Melbourne till the gold discoveries in 1851 was a history of steady progress and success. Scarcely was the Port Philip settlement five years old when it began to clamor for separation from New South Wales. In 1842 its local institutions were improved, and it was allowed to send six delegates to the Legislative Council at Sydney. But Melbourne continued agitating till, in 1850, its prayer was granted, and the British Parliament passed an Act by which, on July 1st, 1851, Fort Philip became a separate colony, under the new name of Victoria, said to have been chosen by the Queen herself.

But it was in this year, ever memorable in the history of Melbourne, that a rich gold-field was discovered within a hundred miles of the city, at Ballarat. The discovery of gold changed, as by the wave of the magician's wand, the entire feature of life in Australia. The pulse of the community, which erewhile beat quietly and steadily, at once mounted to fever-heat. There was but one theme on every lip, and that theme was "gold." It intoxicated the whole body of the people. They rushed pell-mell to the various spots where the dazzling metal was supposed to be obtainable. The laborer left his implements of toil and toil. The mechanic quitted his bench. The clerk abruptly threw up his situation. The merchant left his counting-room. The barrister left his case unfinished. Melbourne was all but deserted. In the course of a few months about one-half of the entire male population of the colony had left their wonted avocations and gone on the popular adventure. Then, too, the people came "in hot haste" from the neighboring colonies, crowd following crowd as fast as ships by sea and conveyances by land would bring them—men of every shade of character, and thousands with no character at all, each and every one attracted by the bewildering glare of virgin gold. Little wonder that business came to a standstill, that the old landmarks were torn up, that the foundations of society

were out of course, and that social disorganization, rapine, dissipation, and even murder, speedily prevailed.

Not less than 10,000 persons landed at Melbourne in one week in 1851. Successful diggers came down to the city, squandered their gold like madmen, and went to search for more. It became possible to realize vast fortunes by supplying the wants of the gold-seekers, when men were willing to give an ounce of gold for a bottle of champagne. Lodgings of any kind were at a high premium; to be allowed to stretch on the floor of a hotel coffee-room was the utmost favor many could obtain. The boilers of a steamer lying on the wharf were used as a sleeping-place by people who would have paid well for beds if money could have obtained them. To meet the exigencies of the case, a town of tents, known as Canvas Town, rose on the St. Kilda Road. Several thousand inhabitants lived in this temporary settlement, which was regularly laid out in streets, and existed for several months.

The Government service had a great difficulty in keeping up its staff of officials. An eminent lawyer from Sydney, appointed to a seat on the Bench of the Supreme Court of Victoria, could find nowhere to lay his head, and after spending one night in an armchair at the Melbourne Club, resigned the appointment and went back. At one period the police force sank far below the required strength. A mounted force known as the Cadets was enrolled, in which many young men who found the labor of gold-digging did not suit them were glad to earn good wages. These guardians of the peace had for a time a prospect of plenty of work before them. The convicts from Tasmania had rushed over in swarms. But notwithstanding the disorganization produced by the gold-fever, order was on the whole remarkably well maintained. For a while bushrangers made the roads to the diggings unsafe. During 1852-3-4 there were frequent robberies, but with the excitement of those years all disorderly symptoms passed away, and the colony of Victoria settled down into a law-abiding community. With the exception of the Ballarat riots in December, 1854, no serious disturbance is recorded in its history. Gold brought together a teeming population, developed all the resources of the country, constructed railways, and made Melbourne.

The approach to Melbourne is, of course, by the broad bay of Port Philip, about forty miles long and forty broad. The entrance, known as Port Philip Heads, is between a high bluff surmounted by a lighthouse on the left-hand side and a long, low promontory on the right. Here the waters are always in violent agitation—a phenomenon locally known as "the rip at the heads," and productive of much discomfort to strangers. Beyond it lies the smooth expanse of waters. At its northern end are William's Town and Sandridge, each acting as ports to Melbourne, with which they are connected by railway. But Melbourne is itself a port, for steamers pass up the serpentine windings of the Yarra to Flinders Street, in the very heart of the city.

Melbourne and its sixteen suburban municipalities, forming one immense metropolis, occupy an undulating tract of ground, across which the Yarra-yarra flows. Of suburbs we shall speak presently; the city itself—the all-important, central source of wealth, so busy all the day and so deserted after six in the evening—is laid out in the form of an oblong square, having eighteen principal streets crossing each other at right angles. Overlooking the wharves and steamers in the widest part of the Yarra is Flinders Street, with its sombre warehouses of dark bluestone. Flinders Street and the four streets parallel to it, running east and west, and named respectively Collins Street, Bourke Street, Lonsdale Street and Latrobe Street,



THE YARRA-YARRA.

are each ninety-nine feet in width and nearly a mile long, and are the principal thoroughfares of the town. Between these grand streets run four narrow lanes, equally long but only thirty-three feet wide, the "back slums" of Melbourne, named respectively Little Lonsdale Street, Little Bourke Street, Little Collins Street, and Flinders Lane. Here are situated the workshops and the homes of the industrial classes; also, in some parts, the rookeries of the lazy and disreputable—the "residuum" to be met with in every great city. All these thoroughfares above named are crossed by nine other streets running north and south, half a mile long and ninety-nine feet broad, macadamized throughout, and provided with side pavements twelve feet in width. Of these north and south streets the central one

is Elizabeth Street, lying along the bottom of a valley, so that all the east and west streets slope down to Elizabeth Street in the centre, and then rise again. In rainy weather Elizabeth Street receives the surface-water of the whole city, and in fact becomes an impassable river rushing down the Yarra-yarra. Bourke Street, which is the central street of those running the length of the city, is crowded on any fine afternoon; it has splendid hotels, luxurious restaurants, theatres, concert-rooms, and so

forth. The western part of the street has plenty of good shops. In Collins Street are the emporiums of fashion, also the great banking and mercantile houses; in Collins Street West the medical gentlemen form a little colony. These broad streets, and the solid stone buildings that line them, give a decided



RECEPTION OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

appearance of magnificence to the city. The public buildings, of which we shall speak presently, are many of them really grand. But it must be acknowledged that some of the streets are certainly very unequal; none are splendid throughout; open spaces or mean-looking houses intervene between palatial-looking edifices. The foot-pavements are in many cases sheltered by verandas, a very agreeable arrangement in the intense heat of a Melbourne Summer. The streets are well watered, but occasional "dust-storms," which fortunately are brief in their duration, are very annoying, and defy all attempts to lay them.

The outdoor life of Melbourne is very interesting to observe. A varied crowd of rich and poor are always seen out-of-doors—shopping, promenading, sight-seeing, or engaged in the duties of their callings. "In Collins, Bourke, Swanston and Elizabeth Streets, on a fine afternoon may be seen, regardless of a heat up to 80°, hosts of ladies flitting about in the most airy and fascinating style—fluttering like so many butterflies in the sunshine—some very pretty, but all interesting to look at, though generally having pale complexions. As

to the dresses, I am at a loss to describe them, so great is the variety of tint and texture. . . All these diversities, however, harmonize very well together, and produce a picture of outdoor life very agreeable to the spectator, very airy, very gay and lively. . . All this may possibly indicate a tendency to extravagance and a love of display; but it indicates at the same time a large mine of wealth in the background—a certain amount of affluence and luxury, which proclaim the rapid strides that civilization has made; and the large and rapid fortunes which settlers are enabled to accumulate in the colony of Victoria."

At the intersection of Collins Street and Russell Street stands a monument commemorating the tragic fate of Burke and Wills, who perished in an attempt to cross the Australian Continent. Upon a granite block, of which the lower part is adorned with bas-reliefs in bronze embedded in the stone, is placed a group in bronze, larger than life-size, representing the ill-fated explorers. Burke is standing erect, as if in the attitude of surveying the distant horizon; Wills is seated beside him on the trunk of a tree, and, note-book in hand, seems waiting to take

down the observations of his chief. The first bas-relief at the base represents the triumphal departure of the expedition from Melbourne in the midst of a great concourse of people. The second represents Burke on his return from the Gulf of Carpentaria, finding no one at the tree agreed upon as a rendezvous, and which his friends have quitted only a few hours before. Here he is seen burying his documents. In the third, King is discovered, nursed by the blacks. In the fourth the emaciated body of Burke is found by Howitt, led by his native guides.

The expedition commemorated by this



THE MONUMENT TO BURKE AND WILLS.

monument was one of several undertaken by the Australians for the purpose of unvailing the secrets so hidden in the interior of their great continent.

In 1859 twenty-four fleet camels were procured from India for an expedition. The command was given to Robert O'Hara Burke, a superintendent of Victoria Police, and previously connected with the Irish constabulary and Australian cavalry. One of his colleagues was William John Wills, of the Melbourne Observatory, a young hero with a passionate love for exploration. In August, 1860, the party, consisting of fifteen men with

their camels and provisions for twelve months, set forth, amidst the acclamations of the Melbourne citizens. A depôt was established at the Barcoo River, and on December 16th, Burke and Wills, with two men named Gray and King, pushed forward with a horse and six camels northward, and at length reached the Flinders River, where they met the tidal waters of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

On February 23d, 1861, they commenced the return journey, having accomplished the feat of crossing the Australian Continent. On April 21st, Burke, Wills and King reached the Barcoo rendezvous to find it deserted. The expedition had abandoned the depôt that day, giving their companions up for lost. The three adventurers wandered about in the wilderness till near the end of June, subsisting miserably on the bounty of the natives, and partly by feeding on the seeds of the *nardoo* plant. At length both Burke and Wills died of starvation.

Turning now to the public buildings of Melbourne, the local opinion is that the city abounds in edifices as substantial and enduring as are those of any place in the world; the material, bluestone, of which most of the warehouses and many of the public buildings are in whole or in part constructed, being, so to speak, of an imperishable nature. The House of Parliament, situated on an elevated site at the top of Bourke Street, with its grand façade and tower, 270 feet in height, is a magnificent structure. The richly-decorated hall in which the two Chambers meet have each a measurement of 76 feet by 40 feet, and 36 feet in height. There are splendidly appointed reading and other rooms for senatorial comfort and convenience, and a well-stocked library.

The Government of Victoria consists of a Governor (representing the Crown), a Legislative Council and a Legislative Assembly. The various Ministers form an Executive Council (or Cabinet). The Legislative Council consists of thirty members—five from each of the six provinces of the colony. They are elected for ten years, and during their membership are entitled to the prefix "Honorable." The Legislative Assembly consists of seventy-eight members, returned by forty-nine electoral districts, and serving for three years. To vote for a member of the Legislative Council, certain educational, professional, or property qualifications are necessary, but the election of the Assembly is practically by manhood suffrage. All voting is by ballot. The Constitutional Government is now firmly established, and their political rights are valued by the more intelligent of the working classes. There is frequently considerable excitement at election times, and no little energy of battle amongst the rival parties.

The Government House, with its square tower, 145 feet in height, is a palatial building, conspicuous from many parts of the city. Here the representative of Queen Victoria is magnificently lodged. From the summit of the tower there is a splendid panorama of sea and land. The Treasury is a fine pile of buildings; the base is of bluestone, and it is faced with a warm-toned freestone above. The Law Courts are a complete palace of justice—a splendid edifice in the Italian style.

Of the public buildings of Melbourne, some assign the palm to the Post Office, the claims of art and utility having been remarkably harmonized. It is on a low site at the corner of Bourke and Elizabeth Streets, which somewhat detracts from the general effect. Upon a base of bluestone stand the two façades, faced with beautiful white freestone. At the angle rises an elegant clock-tower, with clustered columns and pilasters, first Doric, then Ionic, then Corinthian supporting the clock. The

Government Printing-office and the Mint, substantial buildings with every modern appliance, we must only mention in passing.

The above edifices belong to the Colony, but the City of Melbourne has not been behindhand with respect to its municipal institutions. Of the Town Hall, a beautiful and commanding edifice, the citizens are justly proud. It is of the Renaissance architecture, with pavilions and columns and pilasters, and an elegant tower rising to the height of 140 feet. There are innumerable rooms and offices for civic purposes, and a great hall 175 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 65 feet high. This lavishly-adorned hall accommodates 4,000 persons, exclusive of the orchestra, where 500 persons can be comfortably placed. The organ is said to be one of the largest and finest in the world. The foundation-stone of this edifice was laid in November, 1867, by the Duke of Edinburgh. It was inaugurated in August, 1872, with grand ceremonials and festivities. The expense of the opening ceremonies was defrayed by the Mayor of Melbourne, from his own private purse. The total cost of the building was nearly £100,000.

Melbourne has a University, but before speaking of it, a few words as to education in Victoria may be desirable. An Act establishing a free, secular, and compulsory system of education came into force on January 1st, 1873. All children between six and fourteen years of age are compelled to attend school. The only excuses for non-attendance are—efficient education elsewhere; sickness, fear of infection, or any unavoidable cause; distance of over two miles from a State School. There are "truant officers" to enforce the provisions of the Act. Of course many of the denominations support their own schools in addition. In 1879 there were 231,169 children attending the 1,456 State Schools in the colony, and there were 37,582 scholars at the private and denominational schools.

The Melbourne University was incorporated in 1853, and was opened in 1855. It is endowed by Government to the extent of £9,000 a year, the professors having liberal salaries and residence. It is under the government and control of a chancellor and vice-chancellor, and of a senate and warden. The building stands on a commanding site in its own park of about a hundred acres, with fine views of the city and bay. In the park are some affiliated colleges and halls belonging to different denominations, intended to afford residence, domestic superintendence, and tutorial aid to students attending the University, and also to serve as theological seminaries.

In connection with the University there is a Museum—a large hall with galleries running round it—in which are displayed stuffed specimens of Australian birds, beasts and reptiles. The immense variety of Marsupialia, for which Australia is so remarkable, is here fully exemplified. Upon the walls are displayed the bones of the Diprotodon—an awful kangaroo of the Tertiary epoch, whose pouch rivaled the capacity of a modern omnibus. In this museum also, the chief industries of the colony are technically illustrated. There is a very complete exhibition of models of mines and mining implements and machinery. Everything connected with the gold diggings, from the tin basins and rough appliances of the first digger up to the most complicated steam-engines now used in crushing quartz, has a place here, and also everything to do with local architecture, agriculture, weaving and trades of all sorts. Among the curiosities of the Museum is a model of the famous "Welcome Nugget" found at Ballarat in June, 1858. It weighed 184 lbs. 9 oz. 16 dwts., and was considered the largest in the world. But in February, 1869, it was beaten by the "Welcome Stranger" nugget, which yielded when melted,

180 lbs, 10 oz 14 dwts., exclusive of about a pound of chips which the finders had knocked off and given to their friends. By this nugget the two poor men who were the lucky finders of it realized nearly \$50,000.

Another institution in which Melbourne takes a justifiable pride is its excellent Public Library. The building itself is a massive and imposing structure. The lower story is a Museum of Painting and Sculpture. There are halls filled with busts and sculptures, including casts from the most celebrated specimens of ancient and modern art. One hall contains an interesting collection of portraits of Australian and New Zealand Governors, and a collection of Chinese curiosities, for Melbourne has an important Chinese quarter, of which we shall presently say a word. On the same floor also is a large picture-gallery containing many good works. A grand flight of stairs leads to the upper story, occupied by the magnificent free library of Melbourne. This spacious reading-room is 280 feet long by 50 feet wide and 34 feet high. The library contains nearly 109,000 books, admirably arranged according to their subjects. During the year 1879 the number of readers was 266,839. Readers help themselves to any book they wish for. Any man or woman who is decently attired and can behave respectably can have books, shelter, warmth, chair, table and light up to ten at night, day after day, night after night, year after year—and all for nothing. There are one or two side rooms specially reserved for the use of ladies.

The first public religious service took place in Melbourne in April, 1836, when the Rev. Mr. Orton, a Wesleyan minister, read the service of the Church of England, sitting beneath the trees on the eastern slope of Batman's Hill, an eminence which has for the most part been leveled to form the site of the railway station. For some time afterward Captain Lonsdale, the police magistrate, used to read the service every Sunday in the primitive court-house. In October, 1838, the first Church of England clergyman arrived and preached. For a time a wooden building served both as church and schoolhouse, adjoining to which, on November 9th, 1839, was laid the foundation of St. James's Church, the first built in the city.

The churches and chapels of Melbourne are numerous, and much money has been freely spent in erecting them. A cathedral for the Church of England stands at the corner of Swanston and Flinders Streets. Its external length is 273 feet, the width 126 feet; the central tower and spire 156 feet, and the building will accommodate upward of 1,700 persons. The Roman Catholic Cathedral (St. Patrick's), which was many years in the course of erection, is a fine building. The Scots Church, built of brown freestone and the celebrated white Kakanni stone, is in the Early English style of architecture; its elegant and graceful steeple rises to a height of 211 feet. The Wesleyan Chapel, with its lofty spire, in Lonsdale Street, is said to be the finest edifice which that denomination possesses in the world. The Independent Church is a Saracenic edifice of brick and freestone, with a massive, square campanile. The Baptists and numerous other denominations have their chapels and meeting-houses, needing no special comment.

Akin to religion is the work of charity. There are in the colony seventy-three hospitals, refuges, asylums and similar institutions. The capacious Melbourne Hospital, with its 400 beds, treats 20,000 patients annually. In the Benevolent Asylum are comfortably lodged unfortunates, who, from age and infirmity, are incapable of taking care of themselves. The deaf-and-dumb, the blind, orphans, emigrants, servants and others, all have their special interests cared for.

Of barracks and jails and cemeteries, of literary institutions, club-houses, hotels and banks, of arrangements for gas and drainage, and so forth, we need not speak; neither need we of railway stations and street vehicles. In all these and many other respects the wants of a great city are well cared for. Docks and wharves also are plentifully provided.

Just below the basaltic rock known as the "Falls" there is about a mile of wharfage along the north bank of the Yarra, and a dry dock that will admit ships of 1,190 tons. On the opposite shore are shipyards, foundries, factories and so forth, with their huge cranes and varied appliances. The river at this point widens out into what is called the Pool. The shipping part of the river is separated from the more sylvan portion by Prince's Bridge, a fine stone arch of 150 feet span. Above the bridge gayly painted skiffs and pleasure-boats of every size and variety may be seen skimming to and fro. There are several other bridges, one an iron bridge of three arches, with two dry arches at each end.

Our readers must not suppose that the Yarra is a conspicuous feature of Melbourne. It is pretty, tortuous and rapid, with varied banks; but, as Mr. Trollope remarks, "it seems to have little to do with the city. It furnishes the means of rowing to young men, and waters the Botanical Gardens. But it is not a 'joy for ever' to the Melbournites as the Seine is to the people of Paris, or as the Inn is to the people of Innsbruck. You might live in Melbourne all your life and not know that the Yarra-yarra was running by your door."

Yet the scenery of the Yarra-yarra is very pleasant just outside the city. Studley Park is one of the best places to view its picturesque and intricate windings. Studley Park is a large, hilly recreation-ground of over 200 acres, by which the Yarra flows in loops, and curves sometimes between steep banks clad with vines and fruit-trees. There are some rapids here locally called the "Falls," close by the spot where the little Meri-meri brings down all tributary waters. The walk along the Studley Park banks, 100 feet above the little river below, is a very pleasing one. The stream, generally so peaceful, has swelled at times to a great river. In 1863 it rose forty feet, and overflowed the lower parts of Melbourne and the lowlands between it and Sandridge.

There are several markets in Melbourne. One of the principal, and perhaps the most interesting, is the Eastern, familiarly known as "Paddy's Market." Early in the morning on Wednesdays and Saturdays this market presents an animated scene. The abundant stores of potatoes, cabbages, pineapples, peaches, apricots, plums, and a variety of other fruits and vegetables, attract a goodly concourse of buyers. But it is on Saturday night that this market bursts forth in its full glory, when the stalls are lit up with gaslight.

Along the passages an immense crowd of men and women and boys and girls passes continuously, gazing, buying, talking, laughing, whilst the dealers shout the merits of their wares. Everything that can be eaten or drunk, or worn, or worked with or played with seems on sale here. Oysters, stockings, crockery, chisels, Bibles, songbooks, old clothes, opossums, tinware, black swans, and innumerable other things are all near at hand; fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables of every sort are cheap and plentiful. "Cheap Jack" shouts his bargains, and Punch and Judy and Dog Toby attract their crowd as in the old country.

Mutton is a very abundant article. "I was attracted by a loud voice," says an eye-witness, "calling out, 'This way for cheap mutton!' A red-faced man in butcher's



AN IMMIGRANT'S HOME, MELBOURNE.

garb was standing on a barrow in the midst of the crowd. Around him were piled a number of half-carasses of sheep, ready dressed for cooking. The mutton was sweet, and of fair average quality. The salesman was holding up his half-sheep (cut lengthways through the middle), while he waved the other hand with animated gestures toward his audience. "Cheap mutton here! Come along! Now's your time! Who'll buy cheap mutton?" A pause ensues; the mutton is lowered for a moment to ease the arm; up it goes once more, and then I hear him sing out, 'Sold again and got the sugar!' (colonial

slang for ready money). "Half a sheep for a shilling!"

The purchaser was a little girl, who tottered along with her load as if she held a little brother upside down. A young man took another at the same price. But there were few bidders; the supply was evidently greater than the demand; and it was certain that the salesman would have several half-carasses unsold. . . . What, I thought, would the starving poor, the employed and the unemployed classes of other great towns and cities think of this—half a sheep for a shilling, and scarcely any bidders!"

In Little Bourke Street there is a Chinese quarter. In the dull, dark, and not very



A KURI DANCE BY AUSTRALIAN NATIVES.



BOTANICAL GARDENS, MELBOURNE.

clean shops, tea, rice, opium, and various articles specially required by the Chinese are the chief commodities sold. The adjacent houses are tenanted by swarms of Celestials. Of these Chinese immigrants, numbers are hawkers in the streets of Melbourne, carrying about various fancy wares in baskets suspended from the ends of stout bamboo-canes laid across their shoulders. At Emerald Hill there is a Chinese joss-house, or place of worship, with all appurtenances for the due celebration of religious rites.

The City of Melbourne proper has no open spaces, but in the contiguous



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, MELBOURNE.

municipalities which unite in forming Melbourne—as Finsbury, Chelsea, and other places unite to form London—there are numerous parks, gardens, and reserves. The most extensive are the Botanical Gardens, on the south of the Yarra, excellent as specimens of landscape gardening, and stocked with a valuable collection of choice plants and trees. They rise in a succession of

terraces from a bend in the river, and inclose what was once a swamp, but is now a lake, with its mimic islands—the haunts of water-fowl innumerable. Upon the banks the tall Indian bamboo and the Nile papyrus are seen flourishing.

About the gardens are plots of olive, teapland, tobacco, cotton, and so forth; terraces of aloes, hedge-rows of the



THE TREASURY BUILDING.

beautiful cypresses, and, in short, collections of trees and plants and flowers from almost every clime. The various walks make up an aggregate of twenty-two and a half miles. The conservatories for delicate plants, the aviary, the playground, the shrubberies, the secluded bowers, the museum, with its 350,000 specimens—all these and other attractions combine to render the gardens a spot of great interest to the naturalist and tourist, and a very favorite resort of the citizens of Melbourne.

Surrounding the city proper are several townships, each with its own Mayor, Town Council, and prominent Town Hall. These suburbs, though only helping to form the great aggregate generally known as Melbourne, would be very respectable towns by themselves. Thus, Collingwood has over 18,000 inhabitants, Emerald Hill 17,000, Richmond 16,000, Fitzroy 15,000, and so on. Three of these suburbs—North Melbourne, East Melbourne, and Collingwood—are contiguous to the city proper. Collingwood, with abundant taverns and pleasure-gardens, and long rows of dwelling-houses, is the popular quarter, forming a striking contrast with the elegantly built adjacent suburb of Fitzroy, where the tranquil streets and houses and inhabitants seem ever to wear the aspect of aristocratic calmness.

At Richmond, beyond Fitzroy, one is already in the country; the streets ascend and descend the hilly slopes, forming umbrageous avenues, and bordered by gardens, and elegant cottage residences scattered here and there in picturesque confusion. St. Kilda may not inaptly be termed the garden of Melbourne. Its beautiful villas are tenanted by the most affluent of the merchants, lawyers, and public officials of Melbourne. It is a seaside resort, as are also Brighton and Queenscliffe.

To all the outlying suburbs a good service of railways conveys the citizens from their places of business to their semi-rural homes. On the south and east, outside the suburbs named, the metropolis of Victoria is surrounded for miles with scattered villa residences.

Melbourne is supplied with water from the celebrated Yan Yean Reservoir, an artificial lake nine miles in circumference, situated twenty miles from the city. The site is at the base of the Plenty Ranges, and looks as if formed by nature for its present purpose, being hemmed in by sloping elevations on the north, east and west, so that it only required to be inclosed on the south to form one of the finest reservoirs in the world. The artificial barrier is a magnificent embankment, 3,159 feet in length, and thirty-one feet high, 170 feet wide at the base, and twenty feet at the top. But in the centre of this embankment is a solid wall of puddle, with foundations ten feet below the natural surface of the ground. This wall is thirty feet thick at the base, and ten feet at the top. By thus damming up the accumulation of water flowing down from the adjacent hills, the valley has been transformed into a lake holding 6,500,000,000 gallons of water, and consequently able to supply unfaillingly the 10,000,000 gallons required by Melbourne daily. A million of money has been spent on this great work, on which Melbourne people look with no little pride.

THE CASTLE OF CANOSSA.

"We will not go to Canossa," was an exclamation of Prince Bismarck, when he began his series of laws against the Catholic Church in Germany. The meaning of the expression will be seen by recalling an episode of mediæval history, an incident in the long struggles between the Popes and the German Emperors. Canossa itself is a castle now in ruins, as we show, about twelve miles south-

west of Reggio, in Italy. How it looked in its palmy days can be seen in the picture we give from an ancient manuscript. Then it bristled defiance to a foe, and was gay with banner and pennon, the armored knight and princely damosel. Now it stands deserted, with nothing left but some fragments of its walls and a church dedicated to St. Biaggio or Blaise, a few cottages clustering around the foot of the hill alone giving life to a place which won a famous place in history.

Henry IV. of Germany had a turbulent reign, and put down opposition with a strong and merciless hand. The nobles appealed to the Pope, then the recognized judge of Christendom. Gregory VII. summoned Henry to Rome, to answer the charge against him, but Henry convened his German bishops at Worms, and they, at the imperial order, deposed Gregory from the Papacy. The Pope at once excommunicated Henry, and as Europe sustained him, the Emperor, deserted by his own subjects, soon learned the necessity of submission. He proceeded to Italy, attended by his wife and a single servant, and humbled himself before the Pope, at Canossa, in the most penitential manner. Clad in a hair shirt and barefooted, he was compelled—though the story is exaggerated, probably—to pass three days in an outer court of this castle of Canossa, in midwinter, awaiting Gregory's permission to appear before him. On the fourth day he was admitted, and received absolution in the Church of St. Nicholas, of which not a trace now remains.

This terrible humiliation was never forgotten in Germany, and Bismarck's expression was a boast that in his contest with the Catholic Church he would never yield or recall the acts which he was about to pass.

PAID IN HER OWN COIN.

By Mrs. M. A. DENISON.

ISS THORNTON, you have given me every reason to believe that you loved me."

"What right, sir, have you to speak in that lordly, masterful way? Have I not a right to give my favor where I choose, and to withdraw it when I choose?"

"No!" was the low, stern reply.

"You are insolent!" and the beautiful girl turned away, frowning.

"I repeat, you have given me every reason to believe that you loved me," in a deeper tone than before.

One would scarcely look for the manner and the voice in this slender, delicately featured man. Grecian in every line and curve.

The fire that burned in his blue eyes now was terrible—so was the unquiet tension of his brow. Only the lips, tremulous with passion, showed how tender of nature he was.

"Why do you turn from me? In your soul you know my words are true." He drew back a little, with an anguished glance upward. "I cannot act as I suppose other men do act in such a case as this. I should, no doubt, give you a statelier bow than usual, accept my fate with humility, and—leave you to triumph over the wreck you have made—but I cannot."

His voice had in its depth a tragic fierceness, which, spite of herself, made the girl shudder. "She had been amusing her leisure with the study of character," she



said, lightly to her friends, when they chaffed or congratulated her. Was she to pay dearly for her studies? She lifted her head to speak, but the imperative movement of his hand staid the words on her lip. What! had he the power to awe her, this boy, as she had called him, for he was a year younger than herself.

"I have known you for two years, Constance Thornton," he went rapidly on, his eyes gleaming, and his cheeks, even his brow, flushing. "I don't know how other men love—I have never troubled myself to imagine. Only this I *do* know, that from the first I have been absorbed in you—in no other way can I express it. You have been light, purity, heaven, almost everything to me. I have conquered weakness and folly for your sake. Constance! Constance! has been the talismanic word in every temptation. Never have you met me with less than a warm welcome. Your eyes have hung on mine—your lips have echoed to all I said—your wishes have been like the foot-falls to the echo of my own. Always you have accepted my gifts—you need not start so proudly and flash upon me the disdain of your glance. I acknowledge that they have been but trifles—costly trifles, though—for they are paid for in heart's blood. You have accepted me before others—deferred to my judgment, blushed and looked down at my foolishly sweet words. Oh, yes, I acknowledge, also, that they were foolish, but I said them, and you, by your manner, at least, indorsed them. Constance Thornton, do you know what men would have called me if I had thrown you off—suppose the case reversed—as you have discarded me? Why, knowing you to suffer, as I suffer at this moment—and I am not ashamed to say it—your brother Dan would have killed me, and I—I should have deserved it."

"Mr. Langley, I will listen to this language no longer!" and the girl swept on to the door; but before she could reach it he was by her side, had caught her wrist, and held her powerless.

"You *shall* hear the whole truth," he whispered, and his voice had grown changed and hoarse. "It is not often such women as you hear the truth. Men are afraid of you. They are cowards before the power of your beauty; but I have told you that I am not like other men. Other men bow to many shrines—I never bent to but one. Other men calculate their chances, and hold their reason in reserve for fear of deception—I worship blindly and believe as devotedly. Other men sneer at women; by the heaven above me, I have ever held the loveliest woman in reverence!" His voice shook by breaking, as he added: "And this is my reward. I cannot bear it—oh! I cannot—"

He dashed his hand over his eyes, his hair, moved staggeringly, like one blinded and fainting, and the girl, frightened, ran for the bell; but suddenly he stood erect, with blanched face.

"I am better," he said, in a voice as calm, as low, as gentle as the Summer wind. "Good-by. God forgive me for loving you so madly. Hot words came to me, up-braidings, cursings, for I come of a race that loves vengeance too well. You shall not be troubled by my presence again. Some day, perhaps, I shall say it is better so. I will not judge other women by you. There are true hearts somewhere. There is one at home waiting for me—my mother!"

He was gone at last, and Constance Thornton sank back in her seat, not only frightened and angry, but sorely punished. She had never, indeed, had the truth so spoken—nay, hurled at her.

If she had only seen him in this guise before, who can tell what might have happened? Like most of her sex,

she liked power and some slight show of it, in the masterful race. Hugh Langley had been too submissive, too much her slave. And she was willing to admit that she did like him; and, alas! conscience, reawakened by his terrible words, stung like an adder. She had encouraged him, and she knew it, in every possible way. Proud of winning him, she had tried, at first, with all her soul, to keep him, until at last it needed no art, no coaxing glances and graces to bind him to her chariot wheels. So she had gone on trifling with fire daintily, venturing playfully to the very edge of an abyss of whose dizzy depths below she knew nothing until the romance was done—the story at an end.

Hugh Langley had been advanced in his business, and that very day had called to know his fate—had spoken in a manly, straightforward way, quite sure of his chances, light-hearted as a victorious general. Had he not more than once read love in her coy glances? Surely no living being could so descend to the depths of infamy as deliberately, and with malice aforethought, to lure on the human heart to love, to worship, and then throw it away with light speech and marble heart, careless of what suffering, even anguish, might ensue.

She knew that he was the Benjamin of home, the bright particular star of an atmosphere of love and beauty; that his mental gifts were more than fair; that mother, sister and brothers idolized him, and her triumph consisted in the consciousness that she was more than all these to him; that she had drawn him away from them all by the magic of her smile.

"If I could only have loved him! I believe I did love him a little," she murmured; "but then, it must have been years before he could give me what I want at once in the way of wealth and distinction. Both are offered me from others; and, ah me! I didn't love him enough to wait."

But this consciousness did not take away the sting of self-reproach. He had humbled her. He had spoken the truth, and she tried to hate him.

Strangely enough, she kept her own room that evening, declining to see visitors on the plea of a headache. Indeed, not only head, but heart, ached. It was the first genuine sorrow she had ever known, and it had been a trial to dismiss the honest, earnest, worshiping devotee, the burden of which was hard to bear.

The next morning there were pale and anxious faces at the breakfast-table. Conny did not come down till after her usual time. Entering languidly, her rich cashmere of pale-blue sweeping the carpet, moving noiselessly on like a spirit, she was a little startled to observe the other members of the family suspend their meal to stare at her.

"Well, do I look like a ghost," she asked of her fourteen-year-old sister, "that you watch me so? I passed a dismal night—and my head ached so badly this morning I didn't know as I could get up at all."

"Oh, Con!" cried Charley Thornton, eagerly—and then desisted at a glance from Dan, the elder brother.

"Why! What is it? Why do you all look so strange?" demanded Constance, pausing, her hand on the back of a chair.

"In ze paper!" shouted the youngest of the troop, not yet promoted to plain English.

"What's in the paper?" cried the girl, an undefined fear making her heart sink suddenly.

"Conny must know it by-and-by," said Mr. Thornton, slowly rising, and looking at her in a strange, sad, rebuking way. "They tell me poor Langley was here yesterday. Did he—was he like himself?"



THE CASTLE OF CANOSSA.—FROM A MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPT.

"Oh, papa!" cried Constance, suddenly leaning heavily upon the chair. "You said, 'Poor Langley'!"—her lips refused to stay more.

"Con, he shot himself last night," said Dan, brusquely.

"Blowed his brains out," supplemented Charley, with a gesture of horror.

"How could you!" cried Mrs. Thornton, wildly, as Constance sank down helplessly and fainted away.

"Ah! I see how it is," muttered Mrs. Thornton, almost savagely. "God help her! His death lays at her door, I fear."

Alas! there were others who repeated that bitter sentence. The mother, broken-hearted, and raving in delirium; the sisters, delicate girls, who had almost adored Conny Thornton, for their brother's sake—the younger son, who had been sent for from college; the father, who had long been an invalid.

Within three months three funerals wound their slow way from that stricken homestead, the man who, in madness, had taken his own life; the father, killed by this blow, and the

mother, whose reason had never returned. As for Constance Thornton, people said she was gayer than ever. There had been the usual nine days' wonder; some pitied, some blamed, while many a foolish girl looked upon her as something nearly sacred—had not a man killed himself for love of her? It became more than ever the fashion to follow her. She herself, in order to deaden the stings of conscience, plunged about wildly into society.

A year had passed.

The Thorntons had given up housekeeping, and had taken a suite of rooms in an up-town hotel. Mr. Thornton, through fortunate speculation, had grown very rich, and few families in New York lived in better style, or spent money more freely.

Constance was now twenty-three, and more beautiful than ever. Perfect taste, and the ability to import the best of Worth's toilets, made her pre-eminently the attraction of the season.

It was reported that two millionaires were in the wake of this high-priestess of the mode and of loveliness, and were only waiting her fiat to see which should be the favored elect.

It was at this time that a name rang through the land, compelling the admiration of the world.

"Paul Delray? Oh, yes; he has been studying in Europe and on the Continent," said Lady Blanche Percival, a transient boarder, worshiped by all Snobdom because of her undoubted pedigree. "I heard him at the old Drury two or three weeks before I came away. He is royal by the right of genius, there's no doubt of that."

"First-wate," lisped Lord Percival, a fine specimen of



THE CASTLE OF CANOSSA, NOW IN RUINS.—SEE PAGE 174.



PAID IN HER OWN COIN.—"HOW PERFECT YOU ARE, THOUGH," SHE SAID, NAIVELY, HER EYE FALLING UNDER HIS GAZE."
SEE PAGE 174.

the red, or blonde, Briton, whiskered from ears to shoulders, waisted like an hour-glass, and fastened to a perfectly spherical eye-glass, which he used like a watch-maker, and which helped to give expression to his languid, *ennuied* glances; "one of the best of our modern Hamlets, and makes love like a gentleman. Nothing *outwa*, nothing brusque; no wanting or waving. Weally quite a pweasure to wook at—a—weally."

"And so handsome! So distinguished-looking?"

"Aw—yes."

"He walks like a prince of the blood. No one would take him for an"—she was about to say an American, but recollected herself in time—"an average man, with tastes and passions like the common herd, you know."

"You raise my expectations far above the ordinary level," said Constance, though with languid interest.

She was never prepared to be captivated with strangers, and that day she had asked herself, with a strange, dull pain in her bosom, whether she really had a heart, since all men failed to answer the ideal she still persisted in recalling—the true, earnest, fervent soul that had once looked at her out of the eyes of the man she had done to destruction.

Strange fatuity, born of memory and of death! If he had lived on, she would, perhaps, never have bestowed a thought upon him.

"You may be quite sure, my dear Miss Thornton, that, whatever you imagine, the reality will eclipse. They say there has not been such a transcendent star since Garrick. He fairly turned the heads of half of London."

"You pique my curiosity. I shall get papa to engage seats for the first night. Let me see. He will play at — on Tuesday."

"And be sure he can say with perfect impunity, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'"

"Aw—see the conqworing hewo comes," lisped Lord Percival. "He captures hearts by the dozen, Miss Thornton. Be on your guard."

Constance tossed her lovely head contemptuously.

"We may be very much pleased with fine acting, but as to making friends of gentlemen in *that* profession, I, for one, beg to be excused."

"Aw—um—vewy corwect. Vewy pwoper, I'm sure."

But Constance noticed that Lady Blanche turned quickly away, her color heightened, and that Lord Percival, humming an air from an opera, walked out of the room with, as it seemed to her, a somewhat disturbed countenance.

She learned later that Lord Percival was the grandson of a celebrated actress, whose beauty and genius secured her a title for a husband.

The star came, and the night. Constance Thornton acknowledged his power in her secret heart, but affected to criticise him by the ordinary rules, whereby she involved herself in much and warm controversy the next morning.

They were seated at a table of their own in the common dining-room, and Lady Blanche had just defended his manner of reading, or reciting, a favorite passage, when Lord Percival lifted his eye-glass, for at that moment there seemed to be a commotion at the long table.

"Weally—extwaordinary—there he is now. He has probably taken rooms here. Well, I'm monstrous glad!"

Constance saw him as he entered; saw the admiring glances—the sudden smiles, the whispered *tête-à-tête*.

"Disgusting!" she muttered, under her breath; "I *late hero-worship*."

And yet what was it that attracted her glances that way, in spite of herself, although she could not see the object

they sought? Something she saw in him awakened old regrets, and sad, though tender recollections.

Perhaps because the part he had played had come home to her, as these mimic pictures of life and manners do to the conscience that is burdened.

And yet Paul Delray's face was one that delighted the eyes of both men and women. Unmarred by excesses, lofty and idealized by constant companionship with great thoughts and exalted minds, it had the power to attract in an unusual degree.

His form was symmetry itself, and he dressed with that nameless elegance that characterizes the toilets of the very few who clothe the body, as great poets clothe their thoughts, with a divine distinction.

Singularly enough, Constance kept out of his way. If she had been inclined to see him, her mother, being an invalid, claimed much of her leisure. Yet had she reason to remember for a lifetime the first hour that she was brought into sudden contact with him.

It was a rainy evening, and Mrs. Thornton, being unusually restless, had claimed the time of her daughter since early morning, but was now asleep.

Calling one of the family servants, Constance brightened her languid face a trifle, put on one or two becoming ribbons to light up the dead-white of her dress, and, with a strange sense of coming pleasure, went softly down the broad staircase, where she discovered two or three of the domestics leaning over the balustrade in the lower hall, and listening to a voice that was melody itself.

Instinctively she paused to enjoy the rich, reed-like tones, as they repeated the refrain—

"Go, lovely rose!

Tell her that wastes her time and me,

That now she knows

When I resemble her to thee

How sweet and fair she seems to be."

Conny's heart beat quickly.

Was there another voice like that—like *his*? She moved along more softly still, and looked into the great parlor, all bathed in the light of a silvery moon that filled that part of the room, giving a starlike brilliancy to the rich, and—in the sunlight—rather gairish frescoes, and costly surroundings.

Seated at the piano was Paul Delray, his glorious head thrown back, his face, on which the moonlight rested, bringing out all the peculiar, delicately-sharp outlines of brow and profile, looking like that of one inspired, while grouped near him were Lord and Lady Percival, and two or three of the *habitués* of the hotel. Conny did not know how strangely exalted her whole countenance and bearing seemed, as she came slowly forward. It seemed to her as if some unseen spirit were leading her on to her fate. The last musical tones were thrilling her heart, when Delray turned from the piano, and his eye caught hers. At that instant somebody turned up the gas; at that moment Lady Blanche, determined to grasp the opportunity, said in a quick, almost brusque voice:

"Mr. Delray, allow me the pleasure of introducing my friend, Miss Constance Thornton. Miss Thornton, Mr. Delray."

Had some venomous reptile stung him, he could not have made a more tragic movement, or turned a ghastlier white, as he grasped the back of the music-chair. Every body noticed it, and the smile that went round was in compliment to Conny's supposed triumph.

"An actor, even in private life," she said to herself, with a suppressed smile, but nevertheless went through the ceremony of introduction with her usual grace of manner, while her beauty was heightened by a rose glow—for how

could she conceal from herself the conviction that she had startled and impressed him?

From that hour he seemed drawn toward her, and her love of conquest, that had for some time slumbered, awoke in its full force. Before she knew it, she dressed for him, sang for him, watched for him, but only, as she said, again and again, because he was the favorite of the day.

Sometimes he would give her an hour out of his numerous engagements, but his talk was generally all of his stage experience, which was not quite *en règle*. But he had so seldom been allowed a choice of subjects that it had perhaps become a habit.

"I like to see men suffer—on the stage, I mean," she added, with a light laugh; and among her many perfections her musical laugh was the rarest.

They were seated in a small conservatory, near midnight. Delray had come from the theatre in the dress in which he had performed "Romeo," the occasion being a fancy ball, as he had been so lionized that he escaped into this brilliant bit of tropical country, where he saw Miss Constance inhaling the fragrance of a cluster of roses. She did not see the strange, concentrated gaze with which he regarded her before she knew he was there, though some subtle imagination caused her to look round, and with a thrill of pleasure she said to herself:

"He has been looking for me."

They had touched upon the play, which was a favorite with Miss Conny, and something had led her to make the singular remark.

"I fear you like to *make* them suffer, off," he responded, his rich voice vibrant with some scarcely suppressed emotion.

"Oh, no! oh, no!" at first lightly, and then with a little touch of terror, for suddenly she saw with her mind's eye the sensitive, beautiful face of poor Hugh Langley, as he stood before her that last time, the victim of her caprices, her wiles, her coquetry.

"Ah! but confess now the love of conquest is strong in the human heart," he said, gravely.

"I am glad you make no distinction," was her quiet reply, "for men are sometimes quite as unscrupulous as women in their triumphs."

"I beg your pardon. Men rarely lead the way. It is the thousand and one nameless fascinations in which we have no skill that lure on the too confiding nature of men inexperienced in society. Few men can practice with success the arts of an ordinary woman who wishes to captivate. They cannot wile with the face and the lips when the heart beneath is as cold as ice."

"But you do that, night after night," she responded, smiling brightly.

"That is my profession—and let me add that it required years of study and practice."

"How perfect you are, though!" she said, naively, her eye falling under his gaze.

"Yes," he said, slowly, and with a singular shortening of the words—"so perfect, that if I attempted to repeat in private what I say on the stage, the women to whom I offered my heart would not believe me."

Conny picked one of the roses, her face all one blush. A kind of terror assailed her. She was angry with herself besides, that she had given his words so much importance. She was angry with him because he had deprived her of her usual self-possession. And what means this wild throbbing of her pulses, this desire to fly from him, and yet a singular inclination to sound yet deeper the soul that had stirred the strongest natures to womanish tears? Even now she detected herself listening for his voice

through a singular perversion that he was on the point of declaring his love for her, and yet she dreaded the test.

Was this tormenting influx of doubt and delight what Hugh Langley had suffered while she coolly led him on? For the first time her proud heart felt pity, as for the first time it experienced love. Yes, there was no disguising the strange truth from herself—she felt toward this actor as she had never felt before—as she had never dreamed she could feel toward mortal man. She confessed herself conquered, and was at once humiliated, for he had not given her any proof as yet that he thought more of her than of any of the thousand and one brilliant and beautiful girls that paid him homage.

"Did you find a Juliet in the ballroom?" she asked, suddenly, tearing herself away from her thoughts, and meeting in his eye something that seemed so like pity that it chilled her, and did much toward restoring her self-possession.

"I did not look; I was weary, and came directly here, not expecting the pleasure of meeting you. I am glad I found you among the flowers. It is a sweet and innocent feeling, this love for the beautiful children of the soil. They are just what God made them—lovely tabernacles for pure souls."

"Dear me—you don't believe flowers have souls, do you?"

"Why not?"

"It's—it's such a heathenish idea, isn't it?"

"They have a better right to them than many a beautiful woman," he said, with a touch of strange bitterness.

"Ah!" thought Conny, a new pang at her heart—"he has suffered some disappointment," and she became suddenly jealous of the myth her own fancy had created.

"I have met with many such," he went on, his voice thrillingly low—"women who could beguile with the tongues of angels and the smiles of seraphs—who used the power which God gave only for high and noble purposes to drag men after them, as nations of old dragged their fettered slaves, humiliated and besotted, and when the poor wretches asked for some return for their mad devotion, they were coldly told that they were to be sold in the shambles. Miss Thornton, you are not well. The room is too close for you; let me lead you into the air. I cannot stay long myself in the atmosphere of these overpowering sweet odors."

Murmuring something about a vertigo, Miss Conny allowed him to place her arm in his, and, silent and white, went out beside him into another room. From that time till her brother took her home, the girl was in a state of feverish unrest, suffering mentally and physically. She felt utterly helpless and humiliated at the revelation of her own feelings.

Once home, she passionately tore the ornaments from wrists, neck and bosom, and threw herself down in all the abandonment of a first and overwhelming self-condemnation.

What was there in the presence of this man to be bringing for ever before her mind's eye, either by manner or words, the image of Hugh Langley? What was the meaning of his speech? What bitter irony, what lurking contempt, what a passion of horror it held!

Oh, that she could undo what she had done—could live over again the last two miserable years! Was she to be thus haunted to the death? Could she bear it, and with it the knowledge that she had given away her own heart unasked?

And Delray?

He, too, went to his room, unnerved and unhappy, placed his Romeo hat and feather inside a wardrobe,



IN THE FIRELIGHT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 182.

gleaming with flashes of gold and jewels, substituted a dressing-gown for the upper habiliments of his stage costume, and flung himself down, with knit brows, and lips shut close against his teeth, until he gave voice to his reflections.

"She is lovely—very lovely—and has the smile of an enchantress; but, were she a thousand times more beautiful, her touch would still be hateful. I should see blood upon her hand."

Then he went to a table near by, upon which stood writing materials, and dashed off the following lines:

"DEAR L—: You doubtless remember the contents of my last, particularly my unexpected meeting with Miss Thornton. If a man had stabbed me at that moment, I don't think I could have felt a more palpable shock. She came forward through the moonlight, and I was prepared to be something more than pleased at the beautiful vision. But at the mention of that name—God forgive me!—I felt for a moment like a murderer. The face of that dead boy, ghastly and blood-stained, held her fresh, bright face close

company. I saw it, or seemed to see it, and it froze me with horror!

"You know, L—, how I have felt—that I have prayed I might never meet her, for fear this hot blood of mine might prompt some deadly retaliation, but I mastered my nerves. There my profession held me in good stead. But oh! the terrible tension of body and soul! Perhaps that poor boy, who knew how I loved him—and I have never loved man or woman since as I did him—exerted some sort of soothing influence upon me. Perhaps the resolve that there came to me the deadly, persistent determination to bow her proud head, to make her suffer to the utmost all that he suffered—and I know I have the power to do that—staid my quick pulses and calmed my throbbing brain.

"Well, my friend, since then I have schooled myself to meet her often—to have social *tête-à-têtes*—to seek her out at our fashionable reunions, to mark her box at the theatre—and so, with a calm, fixed, remorseless purpose, I am going on to the bitter end. I make no pretensions—I do not try to win her love—fate is doing all that for me, and I can see that she is slowly waking to the fact that I am far from indifferent to her.

"Do you tell me this is cowardly, ungenerous, unmanly? My dear L—, think for one moment. You know what he was—the

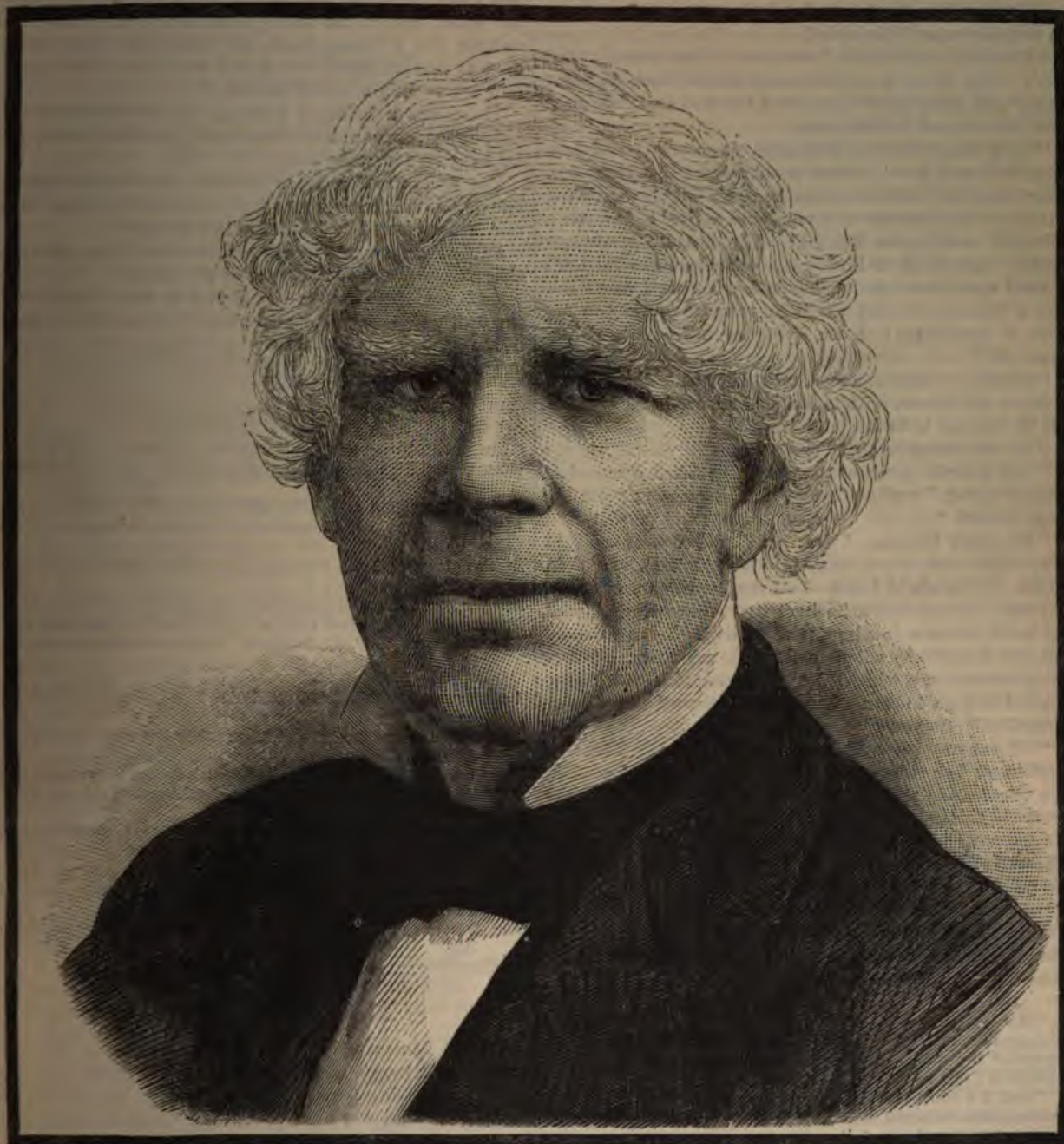
pride of his father, the darling of a mother who had known but little besides sorrow through the same causes, the blessing and hope of us all. Think of that proud soul driven to madness, deliberately led on, made love to, cajoled, thrown aside like a spoiled toy, by that beautiful fiend. Think of the young life with all its aspirations, its noble triumphs, its unfolded genius, its capacity for making the most exalted friendships, put out in one moment by such ignoble means. L—, I will punish her; I have sworn it. She shall suffer as he did; she shall know and feel that the blood of that dear boy calls from the ground for vengeance.

or I should crush these women who win hearts for their pastime, as I would grind a serpent under my heel.

"Good-night, dear L—. Yes, I still like my quarters—they are airy and comfortable, and hold myself and wardrobe, though not much more."

* * * * *

"Well!" said Lady Blanche Percival, merrily, to Conny, the day after the fancy ball, "'I came, I saw, I conquered'—might be the motto of our hero."



THURLOW WEED.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

At this moment I know no pity. I have parted from her but an hour ago. I probed the haughty soul with but a dozen words, and she had the grace to tremble and grow pale.

"Three lives she has needlessly wrecked. Do you think I can forget that, or forgive? Every time her hand touches mine, I see the face I worshiped, and I have had hard work not to betray my disgust, not to say hatred. You will call some of this raving, no doubt, but you know my nature. I am in a fever as I write, for every mention of my wrongs fires my blood with a fierce heat. Fortunately, I have no power, save that of our general humanity,

"Aw, my dear Bwanche—aw—pway distingwish between the pawties—pway do. Aw—reverse the carwacters—it was Miss Thornton who conquered, I am vewy sure. Miss Thornton, are we to congwatulate you?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Constance, with sublime emphasis, for she heartily disliked Lord Percival, and called him a fool, which he was far from being, in spite of his enormous self-conceit.

"Why, my dear, everybody is saying that you have

brought the lion to your feet. Do you suppose we are blind, my beauty?" and she passed an arm about her waist, while the proud girl turned her blushing face away.

"Oh, please tell me all about it; I am a splendid *confidante*. I won't even whisper it to my husband."

"There's nothing to tell, Lady Blanche, I assure you," said Conny, still with an averted face.

"Don't call me Lady Blanche—I won't have it. Call me Blanche, as you promised. I am sure, my dear, he is no ordinary man," she added.

"I believe not, indeed," murmured Constance. "But don't think there is any engagement, for there is not—quite," she added, softly, as Lord Percival took his glass from his eye and left the room.

"Then there will be; I am sure there will. And how many will envy you! There is not a flaw in his character. Heretofore, his profession has been his only love. What a triumph to dethrone so formidable a rival! He has a splendid income, too, I'm told. The death of a younger brother gave it all to him—quite a heritage—so he don't depend upon the stage, which is fortunate. I won't ask you if you love him—I see it in your face—and you are both so handsome! I am dying to have the wedding come off!"

"Blanche! How can you talk of such a thing!" exclaimed Constance, with a startled glance. "Pray wait till he asks me to be his wife."

"He has not done that yet?"

"Not in strict parliamentary style, as Lord Percival is fond of saying," replied Conny, blushing again; "only in stage fashion."

"Oh, Lady Blanche, I fear not!" said Constance, in a low, frightened voice, turning violently red, and then white. "I'm afraid I said—I—I don't quite know what I did say. I only know he bent over, respectfully kissed my hand, made a low bow, and retired. I can scarcely tell how I made my adieus and got to my room. Everything seemed in a whirl. Mamma being sick, you know, I could not go to her. You don't believe I was silly or unmaidenly, do you?"

"Of course you could not be," said Lady Blanche, startled at her vehemence. "It's all right and settled, I'm sure, and I'm glad you told me. I do so like these pretty little love-stories. And everybody sees how it is. He has eyes only for you, and talks to few besides you. Oh, we shall have a wedding here, I'm sure, and a splendid one!"

"At that moment a servant came in, bearing a letter on a silver salver. Constance took it, her face radiant, and, excusing herself, went to her own room to read it. These lines were its contents:

"MISS CONSTANCE THORNTON: I fear you were under a slight misapprehension last night, and hasten to correct it. Perhaps you remember my quotations, which, it appears, I did not make as marked as I had intended?"

"And if I had been in earnest—what then? Would there not have come between you and me a pale ghost, with mold upon his grave-bands, and blood upon his fair young visage?"

"Miss Thornton, Hugh Langley, whom you so ruthlessly ruined, you best know why and how, was my brother—the child of my blessed mother.

"I, the son by a previous marriage, worshiped that boy from the hour of his birth. I had something to do with the formation of his character; and I know what a lovely spirit he was. How thoroughly honest, how good, how pure, how trusting! You were the first and only woman he ever loved. For you—my hand trembles as I pen these lines—for you, but for the mercy of an all-merciful God, to whom even now I pray for him, he lost his soul!"

"I am trying to be calm but it is useless. When I first met you my darling had been dead more than a year. I had not for-

gotten you, but my anguish had been softened a little by time. It did not occur to me that, you being a woman of society, I should ever meet you, for I had been abroad some time when the news, first of Hugh's death, then that of his father and our mother, reached me. How bitter that grief was I leave you to imagine. Subsequently came to my hand a letter from my darling boy, written on that fatal night, and which barbed the arrow of my grief with a fatal poison, for in it he told me all."

Constance Thornton read no further. Hours later, she was found senseless, the letter crumpled and clinched in her hand, and in the agony that ensued that made her waking like a living death, she knew that punishment, even at this late hour, was meted out to her—as it is to how few!—for the sin of her life.

There was a brilliant wedding, as Lady Blanche had prophesied, some months afterward; but Paul Delray was far away on a starring tour.

The bride was Constance Thornton, and the bridegroom one of the millionaires who had persistently offered himself, been rejected twice, but at last accepted.

Paul Delray's name was never mentioned, but there was shrewd guesses as to the truth of the matter.

And men and women shuddered as they remembered the death-white face, the glittering eyes, and the icy smile of the bride of a millionaire.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

COME and sit by my side, my daughter, for memory stirs to-night
(How the wind on the wold is sighing, though our heart is warm
and bright),
And I feel sunk in a slumber, with the past for a vivid dream;
Less real than the lost and vanished, do the living and present seem.

In the gloaming I see the spire that keeps guard where your
mother lies,
But the very ghost of her girlhood looks out in your wistful eyes—
And your brother is just such a lad as I was in years gone past;
Life is a dream, they say, daughter. But the morning must come
at last.

I am weary, you think, and wandering? I know I am frail and
weak,
And old folks are like little children; they cry when they cannot
speak.
There's a new life beginning in both, with longings they cannot say;
But the mothers lull the babies, and death hushes the old away.

Are you weeping, my daughter? Nay, nay, what is there to make
you weep?

An angel, see, on the other side, is sharing the watch you keep:
And she does not grieve, daughter Mary. And yet, let your tears
have way,

For all save the bride and bridegroom are sad on the marriage-
day.

THURLOW WEED.

DEATH has recently called away an American of peculiar type, a born political manager, whose influence was felt for years in all parts of the country, but who never sought or held any high office with which his name will hereafter be associated in history.

Thurlow Weed, one of the most remarkable men that the country has ever produced, was born in Cairo, Greene County, New York, on the 15th of November, 1797. His parents could give him no start in life.

One of his earliest recollections was Fulton's successful trip in the *Clermont*.

The year 1807 was an eventful one, both in the history of the beautiful Hudson River and in the career of this remarkable man. For several days previous to the one in question rumors had been circulated amongst the towns-

on and near the river that an apparatus called a steamboat was going to attempt to steam up the river. Thurlow noted the exact day, and, gathering a few boys about him, made the announcement in quite a serious manner.

"Boys, folks say there's a vessel down the river that can go against wind and tide, and that without any sails, either. They can run her in the night as well as daytime, and can stop her whenever they want to. She's coming up this way, and I'm bound to find out all about her. Nobody here seems to know anything, or if they do they won't tell me. But I'm going to know. Who wants to see this funny vessel with me?"

The curiosity of the lads was pretty thoroughly excited, and each one was ready to do any extraordinary thing to see the wonderful craft.

"But how are you going to get to her?" inquired one of his companions. "How are you going to find out anything but what the big fellows will tell you?"

"See here," responded young Weed, pointing toward the river. "You know the little island off there? Well, if this boat goes further than Catskill, it's got to go past that island. Now, we can all go over there and have a fine view of the monster."

"Oh, yes; that's very good. But how are we going to get there when we've got no boat? The men at the landing will think we'd steal it if we asked them to let us have one of theirs."

"Well," said Thurlow, "my mind is made up. All of you that want to see the sight come here to-morrow, and I'll show you what to do."

On the following day the banks of the river were crowded with people just as anxious to see the steamboat as the boys were.

"Now," said young Weed, as he mustered his little party, "take off your clothes and put them on these planks. Then each swim over to the island with the plank that's got his clothes on, and we'll dress in time to see her."

Setting the example himself, Thurlow Weed plunged into the river, and with his clothing on a plank, he pushed it with one hand, swimming with the other and his feet, followed by five or six other lads in the same manner. Then they dressed and awaited the approach of the *Clermont*.

This craft was built jointly by Fulton and Livingston, and left New York City on Monday, August 7th, 1807, and after stopping over several hours at Livingstone Manor, Clermont, reached Albany on Wednesday afternoon. In the following year the vessel was lengthened, and making regular trips to Albany, is now regarded as the first steamboat ever made successful commercially.

After waiting some hours the boys saw the strange craft approaching, emitting such a vast amount of smoke, fire and sparks, that they became frightened, and tried to hide themselves among the trees on the island.

Young Weed was the first to regain courage, and returning to the water's edge, intently watched the progress of the *Clermont*, finding his curiosity much excited by the revolution of the paddlewheels, which were not boxed over.

So straitened were the circumstances of his family at this time that at the age of ten young Weed was obliged to seek employment as a cabin boy on boats running upon the Hudson River. In this employment he remained for two years, when he forsook it to enter a printing office in the village of Catskill, owned by a Mr. Crowell. On the removal of his father's family to Cincinnati, in Cortland County, New York, he accompanied them, and until he had completed his fourteenth year

occupied himself with hard backwoods labor. He then returned to the printing business, and found employment in several newspaper offices. During the war of 1812 with Great Britain, he abandoned the case to enter the national service as a volunteer, and as quartermaster, sergeant and private soldier saw hard service on the Northern frontier.

Two or three years after the close of the war he forsook the mechanical branch of the newspaper business to enter upon that long, successful and influential career as a journalist, in which he continued for more than forty years. He began in a determined way by establishing a paper of his own, without, however, securing a very firm foothold for it; and for ten years he drifted about from one publication to another.

The first journal edited by him which brought him into general notice was the *Anti-Masonic Enquirer*, which he published in the town of Rochester. It was during the height of the anti-Masonic excitement, in 1826 and 1827, that he was twice elected a member of the lower branch of the General Assembly, as an open and uncompromising antagonist of Masonic influences in public affairs. While a member of the Assembly he failed to make his mark as an effective or attractive debater. It is doubtful, indeed, if he ever seriously contemplated rising to distinction in that line.

In the great contest between Mason and Anti-Mason he was a prominent figure, and since his death there has been published an affidavit made by him which embodies the confession of John Whitney, of Rochester, that he with Colonel William King, Howard, of Buffalo, Chubbuck, of Lewiston, and Garside, of Canada, were the men who took Morgan from Fort Niagara and threw him from a boat into the river, with a weighted rope tied around his body.

Thurlow Weed's eminent abilities as a party manager, his remarkable skill at political intrigue, his forcible style as a writer, and the services which he had rendered to the party which carried De Witt Clinton into the Gubernatorial chair in 1826, all pointed him out as the one man in the State who was best fitted to assume the editorship of the central organ of the opponents of the "Albany Regency." Accordingly, he was invited to take up his permanent abode in Albany, as the editor of the *Evening Journal*, and in 1830, at the close of his second term in the Assembly, he assumed the management of that paper, only to relinquish it when oppressed by the weight of years and bodily infirmity.

On assuming control of the *Evening Journal*, he announced his purpose to devote his life and energies entirely to journalism, and never to seek or accept any public office—a purpose from which he never deviated thereafter. Under his management, the *Albany Evening Journal* soon became a recognized power in the State and nation.

After Seward's defeat in 1836 Weed sought out in New York city Horace Greeley, then editor of a literary journal, in order to put him at the head of a cheap campaign paper at Albany. The future editor of the *Tribune* there evinced his wonderful political power, and the coalition of Seward, Weed and Greeley became a power in American politics. During the administration of Seward as Governor of New York, Weed was regarded as the power behind the throne. He retained his hold on the party and its leaders till the defeat of General Scott, in 1852, gave a deathblow to the Whig party.

During this period of his career, Thurlow Weed was the most active political worker in the country. He invariably attended the sessions of the State Legislature, to dictate the measures to be favored and opposed by his party.

and to make or unmake men as suited his notion of the political exigencies of the times. It is possible that his influence in this direction has been overrated, but it certainly was very great, and was the direct result of his consistency and fair dealing with every one whom he admitted into the magic circle of which he was the centre. He was as firm and inflexible as steel, alike to enemy and friend, never abandoning the one nor relenting toward the other.

Thurlow Weed was active and influential in securing the nomination of General Harrison for the Presidency in 1836, and again in 1840, as well as intrusting the leadership of the Whig party to General Taylor in 1848, and to General Scott in 1852. He attended the National Conventions of the party always in the capacity of an independent and voluntary adviser, and never as a regular delegate. On the defeat of Scott in 1852 Thurlow Weed joined heartily in the earlier movements for the organization of a new party with opposition to the slave oligarchy as its grand and fundamental principle.

When the first National Republican Convention assembled in Philadelphia, he was present to advocate the nomination of Seward. His efforts in this direction failed, but the disappointment was not a very bitter one, either for Seward or himself, for the reason that success before the people was

extremely doubtful at the start, and the prestige of defeat might have endangered the chances of Seward's nomination in 1860. So he heartily supported General Fremont in the campaign of 1856, and quietly bided his time. In 1860 he was again the earnest advocate of Seward's nomination, but finally brought all his influence to bear toward securing the triumphant election of Abraham Lincoln.

On the 24th of March, 1880, Mr. Weed celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his induction into the office of the *Albany Evening Journal*, visiting the editorial rooms and occupying the chair of the editor-in-chief for the day. This was a most interesting occasion, and greatly enjoyed by the old chieftain. Surrounded by friends, he related many reminiscences of his early days, and gave a graphic account of his later daily life. "In my early life," he said, "I drank sparingly of champagne at dinners now

and then, but only occasionally and socially; and when, in 1845, I went to the West Indies, for my daughter's health, I acquired a taste for the fine old Santa Cruz rum that the planters brewed for home use. It is not sold over the bars. I have some of it on hand, and every night before going to bed I drink a little of it mixed with vichy. I think it does me good. I drink no intoxicating liquor at any other time, although I have a cellar full of wine. I used to go out a great deal, but since I had a sunstroke, about twelve years ago, I have declined all dinners and evening receptions. I smoked tobacco—the best mild Havana cigars—for more than fifty years, but I used the weed in no other form. Thirteen years ago my physician warned me that tobacco was affecting my nervous system, and thereupon I burned my cigar-boxes. I used no substitute, and a fortnight later I forgot my smoking. From

that time I wrote with greater facility."

The well-preserved old gentleman readily complied when requested to recite the routine of a man who, having lived to be eighty-two, knows how to live. "Before my morning meal at eight o'clock," he said, "I eat either one-half of a large apple or an orange from my daughter's orange-grove in Florida, rejecting the pulp. At breakfast I have oatmeal, the yolk of hard-boiled eggs, a piece of toast, the

best kind of English breakfast tea, and certain kinds of fish in season, such as Spanish mackerel, which I esteem a delicacy, and porgies. Sometimes I have cold roast beef or a saddle of mutton, and at least once a week—for breakfast on Sunday usually—corned-beef hash. A light luncheon is served at one o'clock, and sometimes I eat a slice of cold corned beef or of cold mutton, but always bread, about the equivalent of corn bread—we call them buttered gems—and sometimes at this luncheon we have sardines. Cold water is the only liquid on the table at that hour. At six o'clock I always have fish, of whatever kind may be in season. For fifteen years I have eaten no dessert of any kind except a little fruit."

In person Mr. Weed was decidedly American—perhaps one should say Yankee. He was tall and large-boned, with light-blue eyes, gray hair, in later years; clean-shaven, stoop-shouldered from age, deliberate and careful



THURLOW WEED SWIMMING THE HUDSON RIVER TO SEE THE FIRST STEAMBOAT NAVIGATE IT.



IN THE WINE-CELLAR. FROM A PAINTING BY VINET.

in his movements, though a rapid walker, and rather slow of speech. His power to perform constant and active labor was almost marvelous. It was his custom for many years to work all day, and then, when traveling, to depend upon the sleeping-car for rest. His movements between Albany and New York and Washington were so rapid that before the papers could print his arrival in one place he was hard at work in another. He could, like Napoleon, sleep soundly in any place when sleep was necessary, and up to 1868, when he had a partial sunstroke, he could sleep at any hour and in almost any place.

Over his own country he traveled very much, and was one of the most widely known of public men. He seldom forgot a man to whom he had once spoken, no matter how slight and unimportant the first interview may have been. He never made any formal profession of religious belief. While he was in Albany, however, he was for many years a regular attendant at the Church of the Rev. Dr. B. T. Welch, a Baptist preacher. Later on he listened regularly to the sermons of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, a Presbyterian minister, and a warm personal friendship existed between the two men. In New York he was a member of Dr. William M. Paxton's congregation. Though a decided Protestant, he was never proscriptive, and no prominent man was more decidedly opposed to the so-called Native American and other forms of sectarian or non-sectarian bigotry.

Mr. Weed was married in April, 1816, to Miss Catherine Ostrander, of Otsego County. Their children were three daughters and one son. James, the son, learned typesetting in the office of the *Albany Evening Journal*, his father's paper, and became interested in the firm, he being the Weed of Weed, Parsons & Co., who carried on a large job-printing business in connection with the paper. James died a bachelor in 1851. The youngest daughter, Emily, married William Barnes, of Albany, who was for some time a State Superintendent of Insurance. The second daughter, Maria, married Ogden M. Alden, a well-known farmer and real estate dealer in Dutchess County. These two daughters gladdened the latter days of the veteran editor with five or six grandchildren. The other and eldest daughter, Harriet, remained unmarried, becoming the companion, secretary and nurse of her father.

After the death of Mrs. Weed, in 1856—a loss that fell heavily upon the husband, inasmuch as it closed an unbroken period of domestic enjoyment of nearly forty years' duration, Harriet, with the tenderest filial devotion, and the most unwearying assiduity, undertook the brightening of her father's pathway, the care of his declining health, the lightening of the labors in which he was always engaged, the whole order and management of a house that was almost as public as a hotel, and the entertainment of a never-ending procession of friends and acquaintances, including Presidents, Senators, Governors, party leaders and private citizens without number. Her devotion to her father was above and beyond all praise. Several years ago she took charge of his expensive correspondence, filing away and indexing letters and documents, and writing at his dictation his most confidential communications.

Much of his time of late years was occupied in the compilation of his personal memoirs. In this he was greatly assisted by his devoted daughter and by Frederick W. Seward, once an editor on the *Evening Journal*. Mr. Weed occupied a very large house in West Twelfth Street, near Fifth Avenue. At the left of the entrance was his study and reception-room, his writing materials and books. Above are the spacious parlors, furnished

with elegance and especially for comfort. The walls are covered with pictures, a large portion of which are the gifts of friends; indeed, the house is full of tokens of regard of every imaginable description.

The remarkable success of Mr. Weed as a party manager was due to several causes. He was always cool and self-possessed, and seldom, even in the most critical periods, displayed any marked excitement. He was a ready talker, but his own plans were kept back until he was sure of their propriety. He had a remarkable knowledge of men and the keenest insight into phases of character. His memory was wonderful and crowded his mind with personal histories. Above all, he knew just how to use men; just where this one or that one would be most useful. With all these advantages Mr. Weed had a pleasant and familiar manner that made the most perfect stranger feel at home on the instant. He was notably faithful to his friends and watchful to their interests.

A pathetic incident of Mr. Weed's last illness has been the separation of his pet pigeon from him. It was found necessary after Mr. Weed became so very weak to keep the bird out of the room entirely, as its affectionate attentions to its master were annoying. The pigeon grieved sorely, and manifested its displeasure at being kept out of its master's room by scolding, fretting and denying itself food. At last, by the consent of the physicians, the pigeon was taken into the sick room and placed on Mr. Weed's bed for a while. The feeble invalid showed his pleasure by tenderly caressing his pet, which cooed in unaffected delight.

TO KEEP OUT MOTHS.

Buy the tar paper in sheets from the drug-store. Have the woolen articles well brushed, and wipe off with a little diluted ammonia any grease spots, as they are the places where it is most likely the moth will have laid its eggs. That is the reason that moth-holes are frequently found on the front of the waistcoat or front breadths of the dress. If you see any suspicious looking white films upon the cloth, secure against these by pressing them with a hot iron over a damp cloth. It is claimed by some that the tar paper will not only keep out moths, but that it will destroy the grub. But this is not sure, so take care that there are no moth-films or white specks upon the garments you put away, and you may safely trust the tar paper to keep them out. The most delicate white woollens and furs can be laid away in this paper without any protection, as the tar does not rub off. The leading tailors put away their Winter goods in tar paper. For the large fur-lined garments, if you send these to a trusty furrier he will insure them. If you do not care to do this, envelope the cloak at its full length with tar paper, and then sew it up in a coarse linen bag, hanging it up as if it were a canvas-covered ham. The coarse, glossy, gray linen that comes so cheap for Summer coats, is the right thing, as it is slippery enough to repel the moths; moths like soft nests, and do not like linen fibre. The tar paper alone is sufficient if you put the cloak away in a chest. If you hang it up it is best to have a bag for it.

"GENERAL" BOOTH, OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

"AFTER a long experience of the National Church," says *Vanity Fair*, "Mr. Booth decided that he wanted his religion raised in temperature. So he joined the Wesleyans. In 1861 it occurred to him that the trammels of a

sect are apt to impede the free movement of the soul. So he left the Wesleyans and set up on his own account. He was so successful in the slums of East London that many philanthropists offered him help, and he was thus able to organize the Salvation Army. The coins of the faithful have poured in with such freedom that the 'Army' now has 740 paid officers, and the rent of the rooms hired by the 'General' amounts to £18,000 per year.

"Being a man of strong will, Mr. Booth has managed to make himself an absolute ruler. His directions to his subordinates may be roughly summarized thus: 'Excite your audience, and look after the collections.' This simple and beautiful principle has had good results on the whole. The British costermonger who is used to jump on his wife's ribs now indulges in purely abstract gambols, in order to emphasize his devotions, and, therefore, the women in the low places of our great towns are enthusiastic for the 'Army.' When Mr. Booth has attained his heart's desire and a large subscription-list, the British workman of the future will engage in manly toil all day, and will divide his evenings between outdoor pedestrianism and in-door convulsions. This mode of living will sweeten the national manners and injure the race of brewers. Mr. Booth interprets the gospels in an airy and gamesome way. He is proud of being a very poor man."

HOW JAPANESE BABIES ARE WELCOMED.

ONE curious custom in vogue is the exhibition of a fish on every house where a boy has been born to the family during the year. This showing is made in the month of May, and on the fifth of that month there is a high festival held; the relatives and friends of the family making it the occasion of presenting gifts and toys suitable for boys, as well as clothing fitting for the little chap.

All sorts of child's gear is to be seen on exhibition at this time, and no boy is neglected. The boy is the pride of the household, the parents testifying their joy in feasting all comers who honor them by their remembrances.

The girl babies are not forgotten, but they are accorded another day and a separate festival time, this being the third day of the third month—the 3d of March. Then instead of a fish floating as a symbol, the doll is to be seen in abundance, and all the toys known to the girl world are lavishly displayed.

There is very much of pride exhibited on both of these child festivals, as the gifts presented are ostentatiously displayed by the fond parents for the admiration of their friends. Diminutive suits of armor, tiny swords and bows and arrows, toy horses, with full suits of trappings—in fact, every imaginable thing that goes into the make-up of the Japanese warrior of the olden time are on parade on the 5th of May; while the 3d of March brings forth all that is representative of the life and fancies of the feminine gender.

There are many who are not content to await the full advent of the time for the display of the fish emblem, so that during the latter part of April it is no uncommon thing to see an immense fish, sometimes two, so constructed that it is filled by the breeze, floating from a bamboo pole, heralding the glory that has its lodgment in the house from which it is exhibited.

As BENEVOLENCE is the most social of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not any man either so great or so little but he is yet capable of giving and receiving benefits.

THE LEGEND OF ST. URSULA AND THE ELEVEN THOUSAND VIRGINS.

AS YET we have no circumstances relating to these ladies. Sigebert of Gemblours is the first author to narrate them. Under the date 453, he reports the glorious victory of the Virgin Ursula. She was the only daughter of Nothus, an illustrious and wealthy British Prince, and was sought in marriage by the son of a "certain most ferocious tyrant." Ursula had, however, dedicated herself to celibacy, and her father was in great fear of offending God by consenting to the union, and of exasperating the King by refusing it. However, the damsel solved the difficulty: by Divine inspiration, she persuaded her father to agree to the proposal of the tyrant, but only subject to the condition that her father and the King should choose ten virgins of beauty and proper age, and should give them to her, and that she and they should each have a thousand damsels under them, and that on eleven triremes they should be suffered to cruise about for three years in the sanctity of unsullied virginity. Ursula made this condition in the hopes that the difficulty of fulfilling it would prove insurmountable, or that she might be able, should it be overcome, to persuade a vast host of maidens to devote themselves to the Almighty.

The tyrant succeeded in mustering the desired number, and then presented them to Ursula, together with eleven elegantly furnished galleys. For three years these damsels sailed the blue seas. One day the wind drove them into the port of Tiela, in Gaul, and thence up the Rhine to Cologne. Thence they pursued their course to Basle, where they left their ships, and crossed the Alps on foot, descended into Italy, and visited the tombs of the Apostles at Rome. In like manner they returned, but, falling in with the Huns at Cologne, they were every one martyred by the barbarians.

COUSINS.

WHITE lilies that have swayed so long beside
A brake of roses that there comes an hour
When the chill sculpture of the pallid flower
With the warm passion of the rose is dyed—
Such are these girls; the lily's grace allied
Unto the charm breathed from the red rose bower
Lives in their beauty, who with Nature's dower
Of golden-knotted hair are glorified.

In soul a lily, but in heart a rose,
Each waits for Time's best gift. Of all deeds done
Within this world of travail they know none—
Nothing of Hate's strange joys or Love's strange woes.
For girls like these men die; but I suppose
Most would, with me, prefer to live for one.

ARABIA PETRÆA AT HOME.

I AM a bit of a naturalist; and yet I care little about botany, geology is an occult science to me, and zoology, like Parisian French to Madame Eglentyne, is to me "unknown." And here the parallel holds good; for just as that excellent prioress knew some kind of French, so I know some kind of zoology—her French and my zoology both, perhaps, better fitted to the comprehension of that strange animal, the average Englishman, than the "genuine articles" would be. Yes, I rather suspect that Buffon and the rest would laugh me to scorn; and that even the pockmarked, compiling Irishman would look down on my zoological attainments. Because, though I study living creatures, I know nothing intimately about



ALL THE WORLD'S A PLAYGROUND—HOOPS.

beasts. It is a matter of indifference to me whether a mollusc have vertebrae or not. I have adopted the suggestion of little Mr. Pope, and have chosen for my quiet and humble study, man. Not that I cut him up and look at him through a microscope. I leave him in untrembling possession of all his bones; and the hidden things of human physiology remain in thick darkness so far as I am concerned. I should never have bartered a groat for the late Mr. Burke's very finest corpse. Nor am I what is called a metaphysician. I leave the "facts of consciousness" alone; and though I *cogito*, and therefore, on M. Descartes's authority, *sum*, I do not on that account wear my beard long and subscribe to *Mind*. What I do is simply this—I watch the habits of classes of human beings, just as Swammerdam might have watched the habits of classes of insects.

It has always seemed arrogant to me, or at best peculiar, on the part of *naturalists* (I speak as a dictionary), that they should call themselves so, when they, for the most



RAPID PROGRESS IN TOPTIME.

part, pass by nature's greatest triumph the most important effort. Naturalists! and yet neglect human nature! I don't neglect human nature, and therefore I am a bit of a naturalist—which brings us to where I started from.

And so Pliny the Elder, and Beton, and Gesner, and Salviani, and Rondelet, and Aldrovandi, and Jonston, and Gödert, and Redi, and Swammerdam, and Linnaeus, and Buffon, and Cuvier, not to mention all the modern men, must "vail their bonnettoes"; not because I am I (though perhaps I might have been somebody worse), but because human nature is human nature.

I have collected here a few results of my study of that variety of the human species or genus which is known as the Gutter-Child. The habitat in which I have specially studied this interesting animal is an old street in one of our older cities; which street is destitute neither of historic interest nor antiquarian beauty. Regarded from a house-agent's point of view, the street is not a good street—not "respectable," not even shabby-genteel. But



PEOPLE WILL INTERFERE WITH KITE-FLYING.



THE SKIPPING-ROPE IS A TRAP.



THE BALL AND ITS RIGHTS.

at different points in its length it is cut by the avenues leading from the better parts of the city to various fashionable suburbs ; and thus it has glimpses of highly genteel life, besides, O Via Felix, sustaining the wheels of numerous fashionable chariots. The houses that line our street look as though they were ashamed of themselves. It is in history that they have seen better days ; and in default of hands to hold before their faces, they keep their windows very dirty, so that no glance can penetrate very far their sad fate—except, and this is not rare, when a pane has been broken. Nor is much attention paid to the feelings of the



PEDESTRIANS AS INTRUDERS IN ARABIA PETRÆA.

houses by those who live in them ; for in fine weather the sashes are almost all thrown open to permit the protrusion of the heads and busts of shrill-voiced matrons, who converse with each other on the most interesting topics with complete *abandon* ; only stopping now and again to scream high-pitched direction, warning, or threat to their ragged progeny in the street below. And here we have arrived at our animals !

Poor little wretches, they are dirty but happy, or perhaps I should rather say dirty, therefore happy, for there seems to be a connection between dirtiness and happiness



A QUADRILLE IN ARABIA PETRÆA.

that cannot be satisfactory to the vaunters of humanity. Yet man was made of dust, and there may be some dim, far-away hankering after its kind on the part of the flesh and blood of the less advanced of our race. Thus the dirty children, being nearer to unsophisticated man, are happy. And these grimy little street Arabs, playing on the pavement, defy all geography, and make their Arabia Petræa a veritable Arabia Felix.

There the children swarm from morn till dewy eve; and they are as a species ubiquitous within the limits of street. But the individuals are not generally migratory. The same specimens are to be found just about the same spot, the same flagstone, to-day as they were yesterday. Probably the reason of this is to be found in the feuds that rage between the juvenile inhabitants of the various sections of the street. On occasion, however, they are tempted to wander a little afield—to use a metaphor that few of the urban little wretches would understand. An empty sugar-barrel before a grocer's door finds them wasps, with the far-scenting properties of vultures and blue-bottles. A street musician is a perennial justification of the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, for he is always followed by a string of children. Of whom, however, none permanently disappear, into mountains or otherwise; a fact which speaks volumes either for the integrity of the civic authorities or for the immunity of the community from rats. Anything grotesque, anything novel, attracts these little Athenians pining for new things. Failing any such special centre of interest, one may confidently reckon on seeing most simultaneous children in whatever part of the road there seems to be the best chance of being in the way. They rarely or never get out of the way of foot-passengers; and often do horses owe them a wrenched mouth. These children evidently regard themselves as facts; and for those who frequent the street it is better to hold the same opinion—for facts are stubborn things. Nor must the passer-by be surprised if he find himself utilized as a moving sort of post whereabout the sportive denizens of the locality may "dodge" each other; or as a stalking-horse, behind which some astute *gamin* may steal upon an unsuspecting victim. The calm refusal to get out of your way (and why, indeed, should they?) has been much fostered by the tacit acquiescence of their adult relatives. Even when drunk, and that I regret to say is not seldom, these last manage to stagger clear of the infants tottering unsteadily across their sinuous path.

I am afraid my friends the children cannot be called polished in their manners or refined in their language. They animadvert upon each other's conduct in a forcible way, that has to them lost much of its vigor from familiarity. Many, even of the very young, betray an intimacy with strong language to be equaled only by that of a sailor's gray parrot. But I verily believe (and gladly) that the use of oaths is as innocent in the one case as in the other.

They generally "keep themselves to themselves," as their mothers would express it. The passer-by is unmolested unless he be peculiar; say, for example, in dress. That has an evil odor in the nostrils of the Arabs; it is an offense, and must be hooted at. Yet these little sumptuary creatures have their own fashions in dress, too. About two years ago an enterprising dealer in London introduced to the notice of the street Arabs of that city a species of broad-brimmed, coarse straw hat, at the moderate price of one penny each. Immediately every child in the street who could raise the necessary sum was provided with one of these hats; and throughout the Summer one's eyes were everywhere met by curious straw-mush-

rooms, with edges turned up in half a hundred different ingenious modes. In the following Summer the speculative hatter again exposed a bale of those hats for sale. But the fashion had changed; not one was bought. My friends required some novelty to stimulate their jaded palates, greater even than was offered by the ingenious device of the hatter, who transformed the goods one morning from penny hats to three-halfpenny hats.

Were any one to pass along this street of ours in the solitary hours of moonlight, he would, or at least might, observe on the pavement curious cabalistic patterns and diagrams in white chalk, marked with uncouth figures. Seen in the weird light of the moon, these might seem uncanny and suggest dabbling in the Black Art. But if the same person were to repass in broad daylight, his timorous surprise would be dissipated; for he would then see that these diagrams form a prominent portion of the paraphernalia required for a game indulged in by the little girls, and answering to the name of hopscotch. The rest of the apparatus is found in a flat stone or potsherd, and, of course, a young lady. This last disports herself upon one foot, wherewith she projects the stone into the various compartments of the fantastic device in a prescribed order. This is not, however, peculiarly an urban pastime, for it is not so very long ago that I was initiated into the mysteries of the sport by a diminutive maiden with whom I fell in on one of my holiday rambles into the country. And I do not mind confessing that, emboldened partly by my own obscurity, partly by that of the village in which I received my lesson, I endeavored, under the active supervision of the aforesaid little maid, personally to engage in the game. My efforts were, however, inauspicious; and I had a regretful feeling that I had acquired a useless body of knowledge till I found here in the city that I could make use of it, and once was in a position to understand critically the whole operation as it so often fell under my observation.

More objectionable than this game is the use of skipping-ropes, often of primitive character, and generally stretching across the entire sidewalk. Although the rope will probably be lowered to permit your passing, I should recommend you to place your foot firmly on the rope, lest the *demoiselles* in their eagerness should begin to oscillate it again too soon.

Another game (this time of both sexes) seems to be in season only in late Spring and early Summer. It is known as *Tip-cat*, or *Cat-and-Bat*; and it is at once engrossing to the players and interesting—painfully so—to the nervous passer-by. For the cat, a rectangular piece of wood, has an uncomfortable knack of flying about one's ears. Hitherto I have been content to pass this game—if in ignorance, still in safety.

The boys have nothing very distinctive about their games. When they are too old to play with the girls, they are generally old enough to embark as shoeblacks, or set sail with newspapers, and commerce claims them for her own.

But even when they are young, their lives are far from being all play. Both boys and girls have their duties to perform. These consist chiefly in "doing the messages." And here, as in other departments of life, "the sex" manifest their superiority. I admire the little girls who do the messages! They are always marked by a preoccupied, resolute look, quite different and distinct from their air when free of household cares. They are far too conscientious to have thoughts of play; hopscotch and tip-cat have no attractions for them. They seem to form no exception to the rule that binds women in higher ranks; the passion for spending money is dominant over

every other. Oh, woman, dressed in such little brief authority as is given by the possession of threepence-worth of warm coppers and the intention of spending them, how you love to have shopmen obedient to your call ! to show your little caprices ! to take little objections to the goods offered—just for all the world like your sisters in carriages and silk. Conscientious little matrons ! cautious, grimy little *matresfamilias*, long before the daughters of wealth, born on the same day as you, have left the nursery ! Oh, worthy of respect, and having it from at least one observer, in spite of your shrill voices and soiled faces ! Poor little apprentices to the trade of making a little go a long way, early you take up the burden of life, and bravely, albeit sometimes shrewishly, you bear it.

What a contrast to the boys when sent on messages ! I blush for my sex. They see no honor in the commission ; no appeal to their integrity in the trust of money. No, they take as much liberty as they venture ; and would spend the pence in illicit taffee if they dared. Writhing under a sense of freedom curtailed, they seek alleviation at every street corner. Leap-frog, pitch-and-toss with the parental pence, and even baseball, are too often indulged in, too long woo the careless messenger from his path, until perchance the rude hail from an upper chamber warns the culprit that he is still in sight of the impatient sender.

And, alas ! when either boy or girl loses his or her money ; and alas ! when, worst of all, one or other stumbles and breaks the jug with the family milk, or the less innocent bottle with the paternal whisky ! The utter prostration (mentally) of the ill-starred one is appalling, be he boy or be she girl. Seated on an opportune doorstep (there always is an opportune doorstep), they give themselves up to the full passion of grief, and raise their doleful voices in ineffectual wailings. There is a difference between the mode of manifesting woe usually adopted by the young ladies and that more common among the young gentlemen. The former, as if unable to realize their calamity just at once, turn away from the besprinkled pavement with a slow, heartsick movement, hide their eyes in their skirt, while their sobs take some little time to vent themselves in sound. But the boys howl at once. Raising their streaky faces with a sort of canine action to the skies, they pour forth their grief in long, loud howls. It is all prepaid. They know well, from sad experience, at what number of blows their father values a noggin of gin—they weep beforehand ; then, confessing their crime, bear with what fortitude they may their chastisement.

One of my most repented acts, for which remorse has not ceased to visit me, is having carelessly passed in succession a thin, blue, milky stream, flowing slowly across the pavement and dripping into the gutter, and a small, weeping maiden on a doorstep. Heedlessly I had failed to connect the two till I had walked a little away ; and when I hastened back to tender a consolatory sixpence, the maiden had vanished, and the slow, trickling stream alone remained to reproach me.

But the grief of the gutter-children is soon over. Transitory as an April shower, it only serves to brighten their grimy faces ; the sunshine breaks through the clouds, and again they are descried reveling in the society of dust, both raw and manufactured into street Arabs.

I have already hinted that my small friends would afford a considerable field for the operations of Dr. Watts and his hymns, in the way of improving their manners. But, although they often manifest an unholy desire to tear each other's eyes, they have, on the other hand, a

certain chivalrous fellow-feeling in the face of common danger that covers a multitude of faults.

First of all, the entire juvenile population stand shoulder to shoulder against the great arch-enemy, the policeman. They have a system of telegraphy which throws heliography into the shade, and puts the Morse code to shame. I have spent some time in silent endeavors to decipher this code, and have partially succeeded. But, oh ! curious if gentle reader, I feel that I should be a treacherous revealer of secrets were I to divulge what my pacific appearance has enabled me to acquire. Uneasy would lie my head were I to commit it to writing, when it is within the bounds of possibility that this account may fall into the hands of the majesty of the law. No, reader ; if you would learn what I have learned, go and do likewise.

There are numerous cries and signs that indicate the approach of the myrmidon ; and when such are heard or seen there is an immediate cessation of illicit sport, or of sport in illicit places. Even I, when assisting (in the French sense only, I would have you observe) at some illegal high-jinks, have felt a sort of guilty thrill on hearing the warning sound ; even I, although I always bear in my hand that emblem of respectability—the umbrella. It is a maxim with the police force that a man with a good umbrella is respectable. Thus the umbrella-thief has, in the very stolen goods, a free pass. Were I the police force, I should suspect every man with a good umbrella—I should throw upon each the burden of proving his right to it—while I should politely request every man with a bad umbrella to pour into my official, but at the same time not unsympathetic, ear, the tale of where he lost his own good one. As it is, however, umbrellas are supposed to denote respectability.

But, having got to respectability, I have wandered far enough, in all conscience, from my subject. The fear of the policeman is not without respect, and even liking. The august personage has been known playfully to flick with his white Berlin gloves the head of some highly favored ragamuffin, and even to smile with grace and condescension on more than one occasion. And withal, there is a tacit recognition that he is but doing his duty when he interferes with them, and that they must lay it to their own charge if they be taken in a fault. They have learned to discern the policeman from the man.

Within this primary and universal association there are narrower confederacies. Such is that which exists between the inhabitants of the same tenement or court. Rival courts are frequently pitted against each other, and exciting combats are by no means uncommon. Loud abuse is the favorite preliminary ; indeed, it is usually the *terribilis causa*. The warriors cling to the Homeric custom of making long speeches before rushing to the fray. But they differ from the heroes of the "Iliad" in that they oftener indulge in tirades of depreciation against the rival warriors and their whole family connections than in encomiums of their own valor or details as to their own genealogy. When human nature is stung beyond endurance, the combatants rush headlong to fisticuffs, and are separated only by the grown-up inmates of the courts or the policeman.

Within the court, again, are still narrower confederacies. The chief is that between the members of the same family. Although a family may live in tolerably active discord within itself, the entire strength of the whole is united to repel the interference of any outsider.

It seems to be considered a family insult when a small brother is cuffed by one who is no blood relation ; and to avenge it is the duty of each brother and sister. Sometimes, in the event of a close friendship, a youth will

confer upon and endow his chum with the privilege, honor and advantage of chastising his (the granter's) smaller brethren; but this privilege must be carefully and judiciously used, and it carries along with it the duty of defending those over whom the right extends.

sent; friends I may surely call those who afford me such unfailing interest and amusement. They are the most comical of human beings, the most hilarious, the most unutterably "jolly" in circumstances that would have tried even Mark Tapley's abilities. But all through there is an



A NATIVE OF ARABIA PETRÆA.

Besides these ordinary and standing unions, there are countless temporary and shifting associations, which might often be best described as conspiracies. But they have such different aims and objects that their classification is impossible.

But I must bid farewell to my small friends for the pre-

undercurrent of sadness that softens many of their ruder and rougher aspects. Their lot is hard, and they feel it; this really underlies all the jacqueries and communisms of history, and their gayety and fun seem never to cover completely the bitter reality beneath. Gray tragedy is seen shining through the frequent rents of the tattered comedy.



A HALT AT THE OASIS.

A WHITED SEPULCHRE.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER XVII.

For Malcolm Trente those three days dragged their moments as if every sand particle in the hour-glass had been weighted to hold it back.

On the outside they had made up the same courteous, well-bred, carelessly happy group. But the dulllest individual among them was secretly aware of some hidden excitement seething beneath, and vaguely impressed that it might burst forth, like a volcano's flame, at any moment, and in the most unexpected quarter. Algernon Thornton was absent every day until dinner-time, when he appeared in the dining-room dignified, gracious and apparently in the best of spirits. Once he had been sent for from London, and a high official source, and the papers the next day hinted that Hon. Algernon Thornton was shortly to be honored by a distinguished mark of royal favor. But he had postponed his return to London for another week, and whatever the affair might be, it was still unexplained to the public.

Perhaps he, also, was waiting for the developments of this momentous day.

And it came at last, and dawned upon them with a cloudless sky and a balmy air.

Roger came early to the master's room, and glanced anxiously at his pale face.

"You did not sleep well, sir," he said.

"I shall be thankful to have this all over, Roger. The visitors will leave the first of the week, and we can go back to our accustomed quiet, I hope. Of course, you will be in the library to-day—in the alcove, perhaps. But I wish you there."

Mr. Warde seemed to manifest the most restlessness. He was wandering over the house in all directions. Presently he found Violet, and she readily assented to a few moments' conversation.

"The fact is, my dear young lady, I have been thinking Vol. XV., No. 2—13.

over all these strange circumstances, and I cannot believe that Horace Henchman left no explanation for you, in case of his sudden death. It seems an incredible cruelty to all parties," he began, promptly. "I wish to ask you if you are sure you have not overlooked something. Was there nothing he gave you with charges about keeping it safely until after his death?"

"Nothing except the medallion. He told me never to part with that," answered Violet.

"The medallion! Pray let me see it."

Violet had worn it lately. She drew out the ribbon which held it, and showed the mosaic.

He examined it even more closely than Miss Van Benthuysen had done.

"Will you wear it to the library this afternoon?" he said, eagerly. "I will take care to have a powerful magnifying-glass on hand, and a delicate chisel or two. Put it on the table beside me when you come in, please."

And he went away with a new sparkle in his eye.

Violet wondered at the calm which possessed her own spirit in the face of the promised revelations for which she had longed and yearned.

She could not make herself perturbed or anxious. A strange peace and content filled her heart.

"It will make no difference with Philip, whatever may be told. I cannot be proved more friendless and desolate than I was when he found me. He loved me then—he loves me now. I am not afraid; he will always love me as I shall love him," she said to herself, with a tender smile brightening all her face.

"Of course, Markham, it is your right to be present at this afternoon's conference," said the host to Philip. "You seem to be the business agent of our client, if not her natural protector. What is said there will be your concern as well as hers."

Philip was just folding a letter which had come to him by a direct messenger instead of through the post.

"I am requested to meet that unknown advertiser this afternoon, but the hour is earlier than that you appointed. At all events, it would not be Violet's cause which would be postponed by me. I will bring her to the library myself, sir."

"No, that is my place. If all goes well, and you wish it, you may take her out. You have been a generous and chivalrous lover. Philip, I must admit that you deserve a very noble bride."

He held out his hand to the young man as he said it, with a frank, approving smile.

"Ah, you will be our friend," exclaimed Philip, joyously. "You will approve our beginning life in a modest way, with our love. I cannot tell you how you relieve my heart of its chief anxiety."

Mrs. Thornton had managed to convey to Colonel Trente during these three days a very graphic account of the ill favor which that poor neglected child Violet had obtained in this decorous, well-bred circle, although she flattered herself that she had brought it about in the most diplomatic manner. She was rather disappointed that he made no comment which suggested which way his own impressions turned.

"Ah, well," he said, "we are to have an investigation which bears upon the case. After that we shall know better what to say."

Therefore she believed that she understood perfectly well what it meant when the gathering in the drawing-room after dinner was broken up by Colonel Trente's rising and saying, while he offered an arm to Violet:

"We have a little business calling our attention in the library for an hour or so, if the rest of the company will excuse us. Let me take you there, Miss Violet. Markham, will you hand out Miss Van Benthuyzen, or will you, Thornton? Come Warde. Pray excuse us, good people; we shall soon return to announce to you the result of our conference."

And before the rest of his guests fairly realized what had been done, the door had closed behind them, and Colonel Trente and Violet, Miss Van Benthuyzen and Algernon Thornton, Philip and Warde, were on their way to their library.

"Well, to be sure!" ejaculated Belle Chilson, bursting into a laugh.

"I knew something startling was coming. It has seemed like a brewing thunderstorm all day," said her mother.

"That girl will be called to account now!" observed Mrs. Thornton, looking around sagaciously upon the curious faces.

"What has my father to do with it?" murmured Maude. "Poor child! I hope they won't be too hard upon her."

"Did any of you notice Miss Van Benthuyzen?" asked another. "Was she dressed for the occasion? If ever tragedy was written on a costume, I am sure hers must be the one."

"I don't see why that Markham is taken into their private affairs," sneered Geoffrey.

"Why, man, if one fact has been made more palpable to us than another, it is that he is the girl's lover," rejoined Major Chilson.

"Let me be the soothing Siren to all this curiosity and impatience," said Maude Thornton. "What can it matter to us what is taking place there? Come, I will play for you, and if the others will lend assistance, I will even sing—not your cares away, but your curiosity."

She moved languidly, but with inimitable grace, toward the piano.

"A rare treat, indeed! It ought to banish every irrelevant emotion, certainly," said Major Chilson, gallantly.

Geoffrey was hunting over the music, but Maude was aware that his face kept its clouded look, even after she had sung.

"What!" she said, softly, as she yielded her place to Belle Chilson and a lively waltz. "Are the bells so easily jangled with you? What slightest influence can it have upon our lives, the scene now transpiring in the library?"

"I do not know, indeed. I cannot tell at all, but I feel—a premonitory chill!" he answered. "Sing again, fair Circe, and I may forget it."

She laughed softly, and shook her head.

But in the grand old room of the Trentes—the library—there was no sound of laughter. Nor was there a careless or indifferent face there. And every countenance was pale with suppressed emotion or involuntary awe. Even the soft bloom had fled from Violet's young cheeks, though her eyes kept their steady serenity.

As she took the seat to which Colonel Trente led her, she slipped the ribbon from her neck, and laid the medalion on the table.

Warde saw the movement, and coming to the other side of the table, stretched out his hand and took the trinket, and put it under a magnifying glass mounted there. A case of delicate instruments was lying beside the glass. While he listened with keen ears to everything going on, his supple fingers were toying with the rim of the trinket, and now and then he took a steel point from the case, and slipped it around the raised work of the edge.

Miss Van Benthuyzen selected a straight backed, richly carved chair set almost in the centre of the room. Now they saw her there under the solemn gloom of the great stained window, one and all realized impressively what the idle observation of the drawing-room guest had carelessly detected.

She was dressed for the occasion, and there was an impression left by the dress that brought with it a chill and gloom.

The material was of some soft, clinging material of a grayish-white—a peculiar tint which suggested the dust of years, or the ashes of a sudden catastrophe falling upon a dead-white groundwork. It fell in long unbroken folds without a break of glimmering silk, or satin, or velvet. Around her neck was a wide necklace, but it was grim in color and stern in texture, though exquisitely fine. It was a portion of the set of Berlin iron jewelry which she had praised to Kitty Anderson. A girdle of heavy medallions circled her waist. Wide bracelets were on her arms, but all of the same grim material. Over her head she had thrown a veil, neither black nor white in color, but which looked as if it might have yellowed and begrimed to such a tint from long years of exposure, out of snowy white, or have bleached through heavy rains from jetty black. A veil, which was neither the one nor the other but which might have been, if there are such things, the ghost of a bride's or a widow's veil.

No one there but, after a second look, took in the meaning and shivered.

Her face was always pallid and frozen-looking. Now her eyes glittered so wildly that they seemed to lend a ghastly gleam to the complexion.

Violet met her glance, and put her hands before her face, as if to shield herself from some baleful blight. She glanced around for Philip, and saw him gazing anxiously from the window by which he sat. He held a handkerchief in his hand. The momentary thought came to her that he held it as if it were to be used as a signal.

And she was a little pained that he had taken a seat so far away from her. But there was little opportunity for rambling thoughts after Colonel Trente spoke, which he did promptly the moment all were seated.

"We have all, I trust, solemnly promised ourselves and each other to speak the truth, only the truth, and all of the truth to-day," he said, in a grave voice. "I do not know who should be the first, or if there is any special order to be maintained."

"But I do," interposed Valeria Van Benthuyssen's shrill voice. "It is my place to speak first, and my right. The story begins with me, if it ends with another. I am to be the first to tell what I know of Horace Henchman's story."

Colonel Trente bowed his acquiescence.

Miss Van Benthuyssen rose from her chair, and looked as if she were addressing, not that small group, but the wide audience of the world, as she drew up her thin, tall figure, and locked those gaunt hands fiercely together.

"I knew Horace Henchman first as my lover. He was gay of heart, generous and brave in spirit, kind and affectionate in disposition then, whatever he afterward became. Else I should not have loved him, I should not have given him my vows of betrothal. I, who was the envied possessor of a fine fortune, while he was the penniless survivor of a broken-down, though honest and honorable, family. There were many remonstrances made to me upon the folly of such an engagement, for a girl possessing my expectations. But I gave them no heed. I was my own mistress. My father could not have hindered me had he lived, for my fortune came into my hands from my mother's brother, and was entirely in my own control. But he followed his second wife to her grave, leaving me the care of their child, my half-sister, who was dependent upon me for even the clothes she wore and the food she ate. I defy you, any of you, to say that I was unkind to that girl, until I learned how she was betraying me."

She looked over defiantly to Malcolm Trente as she said it. "I was happy with my lover until she came home from school. She who was younger and fairer, with the fatal graces that had won my father to her mother. I did not hate her because she was an interloper, and held my father's heart as I had never done. I bore with her until she came home, and I could see that Horace watched every movement of the graceful figure, listened to every cadence of the musical voice. Then I hardened to her, still blindly refusing to credit what was coming, but vaguely angry that she had power to distract his thoughts from me. I sent her away to Scotland."

"Ay," murmured Malcolm Trente, hoarsely, and with the look of one unconscious that he spoke at all, "you sent her away to Scotland."

She gave him a piercing look, then went on still more fiercely:

"Horace was changed to me, but yet he said nothing. The preparations for our marriage went on. Perhaps I, myself, hurried them. But I thought everything would be well if we were once married. And I kept her away, that no more mischief might be done. He was away occasionally, but I knew he was needed to look after Annette's interests, and I did not dream—no, I never once dreamed, of the treachery going on. What vile plotter meddled and led him on to his ruin and my desolation?" she exclaimed suddenly, wheeling about and looking full into Algernon Thornton's face. Then she laughed wildly and silently.

"But there are other confessions to come, other stories to be told. We are to learn everything to-day. Let me be brief, to give way to more interesting recitals. I was in my wedding-dress, with the women arranging its dra-

peries. The guests were all invited to the wedding-breakfast in just another week, when word came to me that my bridegroom had eloped to the Continent with my sister. I shut myself up from all sympathy; I refused to see any one. But when persons thought me immured there in that house, half trimmed with its bridal mockeries, I was secretly away searching France and Germany over, to find the recreant pair. Perhaps you, none of you, know that I found him; that I met him, Horace Henchman, once more, and emptied upon his head all the vials of my wrath, and appalled him with my threats of vengeance upon them both. I swore to hunt him down from every means of livelihood, to bring misery upon them both in every way possible for wealth and hatred to control. I said—well, no matter—it was all impotent wrath, for he evaded me ever after. I must have made a profound impression upon him, for from that time he has spent his life in skulking and hiding. Well, that was vengeance. All these years I have searched and searched in vain for another look, until I found him—dead—in Heidelberg."

"My father! oh, my poor father!" burst in a low wail from Violet, who had dropped her face into her hands.

"Is that all?" asked Warde, seeing that Malcolm Trente's dry lips refused to articulate. "What knowledge have you of your sister, Miss Van Benthuyssen?"

"Of that girl, Eveline!" answered she, in supreme scorn. "Nothing. She was not with him when I found him. She wrote me a wild letter from an obscure Italian village, saying that she had never wronged me in word, or thought, or deed. That she was an innocent victim, betrayed to her death, and all that sort of trash, which those sort of women dare to write or speak. I flung it into the fire, in my horror of even the paper her pen had touched. I have not given her a thought since—if I could help it," and she glanced toward Violet with angry eyes.

Malcolm Trente rose, and waved his hand with an authoritative gesture.

"Hush!" he said. "The fires of anger should have long ago burned out. We are here to right this unoffending girl. Algernon, I think your place is next." He paused, and his voice trembled. "I pray you, in heaven's name, speak the whole truth."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Hon. Algernon Thornton rose rather slowly and stiffly, and faced, not his friend and kinsman, not the white anger of Miss Van Benthuyssen's face, much less those wet blue eyes of Violet's, but he looked straight into Warde's grave countenance, as if there alone were judge and jury to be found. He was very pale, but except for this, and that and now and then he put up his handkerchief, and wiped away drops of cold dew that gathered on his forehead, he had full command of himself, and seemed quite at ease.

"It does not strike me that the testimony I can give will be of any special importance," he began, bluntly. "But I will endeavor to give it as concisely as I can. I have always known Horace Henchman—at least, ever since I came to visit my aunt, Colonel Trente's mother, here at Trente Towers. Then we were in the same London office, after we became young men. I do not think that he was ever much a favorite of mine. My impression of his character was that of extreme weakness—a lack of backbone, as we are apt to phrase it."

"Still you were very intimate with him?" interposed Miss Van Benthuyssen's sarcastic voice.

"Yes, perhaps so. Circumstances forced me to have a good deal to do with him, first and last."

"What circumstances?" questioned she again, sharply.

"Well, because he was Malcolm Trente's friend, for one thing; and that he was Annette's brother, for another. I was once very much in love with Annette Henschman." He said it with a sort of scornful smile, as at something far away from his present self and surroundings. "Then he was in the office with me, and I discovered an awful thing about him. He had forged our firm's indorsement on a note he gave to a Jew. And to cover this wrongdoing up, he went deeper and further from honesty. I tried to help him."

"Ha!" exclaimed Miss Van Benthuyzen; "the sort of help Lucifer might give. Now I understand the hold you had upon him."

The honorable member never moved his calm eyes from Warde's face.

"I was with him, I admit, more than I liked during all that unfortunate business," he went on, serenely. "But for Miss Annette's sake I tried to help him. I was as startled as the others when I learned the rash step he had taken, though I had long suspected that the younger sister held his heart."

"Did he never come to you for advice?" asked Warde, suddenly.

"I do not remember any case where he did, aside from that unfortunate forgery matter. I managed that for him in the best way I could. He must have fled from England had he not eloped with Evelyn."

There was a moment's silence. All to be heard was Malcolm Trente's deep-drawn breath, and the low sobbing of Violet.

"Go on," said Warde; "please go on, Mr. Thornton."

"I don't clearly see what more I can tell. The man fled from England; I am quite sure he has never returned. Miss Van Benthuyzen testifies that she has seen him dead. Of this daughter's existence I have never known until lately. There is a likeness, certainly, which might well startle one who knew Evelyn."

"And is that all you can tell?" suddenly broke in Malcolm Trente. "You have thrown no light upon Evelyn's fate. You know how I have caused ceaseless search for her, or for Horace Henschman, and all in vain. Do you mean to tell us here that you have never been able to communicate with him, nor to find him?"

Algernon Thornton swept his handkerchief again across his forehead, and wiped away a thick dew which gathered suddenly there.

"What should I have been who knew of your fruitless search, if I had known this and kept silence?" he asked, in a reproachful voice.

"A villain, a doubly dyed scoundrel," ejaculated Malcolm Trente. "Were you that, Algernon Thornton? I ask you that now here in the sight of Heaven and before these witnesses?"

"You are wild with grief, dear Malcolm; this hateful subject is a cruel ordeal for us all. Let us have done with it," said the other, hastily.

"When we have received your answer, not before. Did you communicate with Horace Henschman in all those years? Have you written to him or heard from him lately?"

Still deadlier in tint grew the man's face, yet the voice never faltered.

"I did not," was the firm reply.

"God forgive you, Algernon Thornton!" cried out Colonel Trente. "Behold, what gives you the lie! Who wrote that letter? Answer!"

He flung down upon the table a crumpled page with a few lines written in a bold, clear handwriting.

It was the letter which Philip had brought from Heidelberg. The fatal paper which, as every one believed, had taken away the life of the hapless outcast.

Algernon Thornton glared at it savagely, but he kept his head erect.

"How can I tell what forgeries may have been made, what ridiculous stories concocted?" he asked, haughtily. "I have given my testimony. Show me the living witness who can confute it."

"You give us to understand that you knew nothing of Evelyn's movements, nor of the motives which impelled her to that disastrous elopement?" asked Warde, but even his matter-of-fact voice was hoarse.

"I do most emphatically. What should I know of a silly girl's whims, a vile woman's—"

"Take care!" thundered Malcolm Trente, fiercely: "not even now, nor here, shall that epithet be bestowed upon the woman I loved—the wife I married. Evelyn was pure and sweet and innocent as an unspotted lily when I knew her—when I left her! What demon's wiles changed her so I cannot tell. I have vainly sought to discover. Even now I cannot believe that she was so false and misguided. She was not with him when Valeria found him. She wrote that she was innocent. Oh, I believe it! I believe it!"

"Yet, her child and his is here before you to-day. What better testimony do you ask than this?" demanded Algernon Thornton, fiercely.

Violet's head dropped lower still.

Malcolm Trente covered his face with his hands.

"You married Evelyn. Do you mean that she was your lawful wife?" exclaimed Warde, now for the first time starting up from his chair, and staring at his patron in blank amazement.

"Ay, I married her," answered Colonel Trente. "It is my story that remains to be told. I have kept it from every one for her sake, her good name's sake, and perhaps even for her safety. If she really had married Horace Henschman, she would have been criminally liable to our law's punishment. I loved her always, and my father was bitterly opposed to so disadvantageous a match for his only son. But I had faith in his love for me, and in my mother's powers of persuasion. When Evelyn was sent away to Scotland I followed, and we were secretly married there, and enjoyed a brief month of ecstatic happiness. I left her to go home, and watch for my best opportunity to break the truth to my mother. To Algernon Thornton there, as my bosom friend, I confided my love and my hope. I kept nothing back except the fact of the marriage. Since, I have suspected that he discovered even that. He promised to help me. Judge of my horror and consternation which, without one single word from Evelyn, I heard of her elopement with Horace Henschman. And flying to Scotland, I received the terrible proof of his frequent visits there, and of her agitated leaving for Dover in his company. And since then there has been no word, no sign, only this dreary blank of seventeen years."

As he said this, there was a sudden stir in one of the library alcoves where the damask curtains were lowered.

Colonel Trente turned his head, languidly, while the others glanced thither, apprehensively.

"It is Roger," said the master. "I stationed him there. Come out, Roger. You have heard nothing new. You have been my one real, true friend."

Roger swept the curtains back and showed himself a moment. His face was fairly transfigured by some great emotion. He held a book, and he came forward now, and laid it by his beloved master's hand—open—with a letter between its leaves.



THE TEA ROSE.—FROM A PAINTING BY G. LESLIE.

I have found it, Mr. Malcolm. Heaven be praised, I have found it—only a moment ago. As I stood there listening, my eye fell upon the name of this book, and I remembered."

Colonel Trente seized the letter.

"My mother's letter—the long-sought letter!" he exclaimed.

A livid look crept upon the honorable member's face. A moment's relaxed hold upon his muscles, and his lips twitched convulsively. He put up his handkerchief again and covered them.

"Ah," said Malcolm Trente, "this day is indeed to reveal all things. We have heard the testimony of the living, be it false or true. Now, even the dead shall speak to us."

"Yes," said Warde, rising with Violet's parted medallion in one hand, and a folded, closely-written paper in the other. "We will hear the testimony of the dead. This is what Horace Henchman tells to us. I have found it in Violet's medallion. Listen:

"Violet, I am going to write to you what I dare not tell. My fainting fit yesterday frightened me. What if I should die, and you should never know? I must write, and I will hide the paper behind the mosaic you promised should never leave your possession. Child, I am a weak, wretched failure, but I am also a victim, a poor, snared wretch like the fluttering fly in the web there at the window. *And I am not your father.* Be thankful to me for this, at least."

"Not my father," cried out a girl's anguished voice. "Oh, Philip, am I still a nameless waif?"

Philip sprang up, but Colonel Trente waved him back, and himself took the little trembling hand flung out in passionate gesture.

"Be still, dear child—a little longer," he whispered.

And Violet hushed her wail.

"If you open this, and are alone without friends in Europe, go straight to England. The mosaic will sell for enough to give your passage money. Miss Annette Henchman, my sister, will help you, will take you to Malcolm Trente, of Trente Hall. Say to him, 'Horace Henchman sends me to you; he says that I am Evelyn's daughter, that he stole me from her. Say to him that Evelyn was, like myself, the hapless victim of an arch villain's wiles and plots, but that she was as innocent and pure as the dewdrop in the lily's cup. She left England on the same steamer with me, but she never saw me to speak to me except in another's presence, and she overwhelmed me with her scorn and detestation. She loved but one—the father of her child whom she believes to have basely deceived her, and to have repudiated their Scotch marriage. I followed her—I saw her with her little child, and I loved her more fiercely than ever, but she would not look at me. I stole the child, thinking to bribe her thus to my craven arms, but she answers me nothing. I cannot find her; she has been lost to me for years. Go, Violet, and show him this I have written, Malcolm Trente will know what is right to do. Tell him not to curse me, but to turn upon the author of all our misery, the man who persuaded me that Evelyn loved me, who planned the elopement, who has held his threats over me for so many bitter years. Tell him to curse, not the wretched dupe, but the prosperous plotter—Algernon Thornton.'"

As he read the last words Warde's voice sounded fierce and high.

Algernon Thornton quailed for a moment, then he said, more fiercely than ever:

"A concocted lie! What does such testimony avail? What motive had I, I pray you, for such a dastardly course?"

"Another voice from the grave answers that," declared Malcolm Trente, solemnly. "Here is my mother's letter. She deplores the bitter punishment of her own willful pride. Year by year she saw me wretched and desolate, refusing all her entreaties that I should take a wife and give the old home an heir; and here she confesses that she was rightly punished for her audacious meddling in

heaven-appointed affairs. She confesses that my father paid her nephew, Algernon Thornton, a little fortune to break up my infatuation over Evelyn Van Benthuyzen. What motive do you ask, Algernon? By heaven, the most dastardly and craven of all—a mercenary one."

A little line of foam showed now between the livid lips as Algernon Thornton made one last stand.

"This may be all a trumped-up scheme. Who can trust such written testimony, which might be forged by any enemy?" he cried. "Hear me, Malcolm!"

"No!" cried out Philip, now for the first time speaking, though he had started to his feet more than once; "hear some one else, Colonel Trente!"

He darted to the alcove, whose curtains were vibrating as tremulously as if stirred by the outside air, and he swept them aside.

A tall, gray-robed figure, with a black veil over head and face, tottered forth, and with wild haste, but faltering steps, reached Malcolm Trente's side, and seized upon the hand which held Violet's.

"My husband! my child! Now may Heaven make me grateful for its infinite mercy!" sighed a low, thrilling voice.

Philip flung back the veil, and showed the pale, sweet face, the faded golden hair, the blue eyes, luminous now with tenderest love and joy, a matured and grief-worn counterpart of Violet.

Malcolm Trente stared one moment like a man taking leave of his senses, the next he caught her in his arms.

"Evelyn, my wife!"

"Evelyn, your wife—your true and loyal wife, Malcolm. And Violet, our recovered daughter."

Violet's cry of joyful amazement blended with their sobs of transport.

The others turned away.

The scene was too sacred for even friendly interference, while those three re-united ones clung fondly to each other.

Warde, however, laid a restraining hand upon Algernon Thornton's shoulder when he saw him turn to flee from the sight, as he suspected.

The latter flung him off with a haughty gesture, and walked forward, slowly and stiffly, till he reached the master of Trente Towers.

"Malcolm," he said, in a hoarse, thick voice, "I give up the lie at last. It is all true, what she will tell you; how I deceived her, even with the very words she heard you speak, the very actions she saw you perform. The letter from you—which was the most powerful agent to induce her to believe that you repudiated the marriage, and wished her to fly with Horace—was a forgery of mine. I could always write like you, and I managed to exchange it for the genuine letter you sent by Roger. She received the letter in your writing, by Roger's hand. Why should she not believe it? Blame her not. She fought desperately against the belief, but my diabolical cunning was too powerful for her."

"Algernon Thornton," demanded Malcolm Trente, sternly, "what demon possessed you to pursue this infamous course?—you who stand before the world a bright and shining mark, the reputed possessor of every virtue and gift that goodness can bestow. Whited Sepulchre, what have you to say to us?"

"That I am in the dust at your feet, a worm crawling there, begging for one only mercy—that you will keep silence about this before my wife and daughter, Malcolm, I was on the verge of an exposure which would have blasted all my prospects in life, when your parents made me that dazzling offer. I lost heavily at the gaming table,

and the note which Horace Henchman forged came into my hands to be negotiated with the Jew. In an evil hour I was tempted to seize the opportunity. I altered the figures, and kept the balance myself, and yet held the forgery over him, as my weapon to compel him to execute my will. If there is an evil spirit, he certainly played into my hands all the cards in that awful time. Horace Henchman loved Evelyn, from the first moment he saw her, with a desperate devotion, which left him as wax in my hands. What need to recapitulate? You can say nothing so withering, so cruel as I have said to myself, over and over again, in the very midst of my proudest worldly triumphs. I have been scrupulously exact in the discharge of other duties, but this foul spot of leprosy within has poisoned every joy of my life. This hateful hypocrisy has been a deadly miasma, strangling my purest hopes, mocking at me behind my highest aspirations. Oh, if you knew all you would say I have suffered enough in punishment! But I do not ask it for myself. I ask it for Maude's sake. Oh, my beautiful daughter! She believes in her father's truth and nobility so thoroughly, that it will crush her to the earth to be confronted with this black testimony. Spare her, for the sake of this sweet young daughter you have newly found, I beseech you."

Malcolm Trente stood gazing upon the wretched speaker with fierce eyes and working features.

What had he not done to bring sorrow, and misery, and disgrace upon them all? How hard and cruel and treacherous, until the last moment of possible hypocrisy, he had been!

Forgive him? Spare him? Never!

But a soft hand elung to his.

"Malcolm, because Heaven has been so good to us; because I was led to Genoa, and from Genoa to Naples; from Heidelberg hither in pursuit of my child, and thus given again to joy and life and love, for Violet's sake and mine, my husband, let there be no innocent ones to suffer anywhere in the wide world, if we can help it," pleaded the voice which still held all the sweetest music in the world for him.

And Malcolm Trente's forehead cleared away its angry frown beneath the tender smile which broke over his lips.

"For your sake, then," he said.

Algernon Thornton's eyes were on his face, searching it over eagerly.

"You will keep the promise, I think," he said, slowly, and afterward it will be sacred."

And with this he turned, and walked falteringly toward the door. They remembered, afterward, how he turned on the threshold, and let his eyes wander slowly over the room, and the figures in it, as if taking a last farewell.

Then he went out, penciled a card in the corridor, and gave it to the servant there to take in to Miss Thornton.

What he wrote was simply this:

"MAUDE, MY DARLING—I have business that may keep me to-night at Thornley Wood. Tell your mother not to be surprised if I do not come. Shall be back before bedtime if I am coming at all. If I do not come save my good-night kiss for me until I come for it. Ever my darling's loving father. A. THORNTON."

This little word sent to his daughter, he strolled leisurely toward the stable. The men who met him told afterward that he spoke to them as pleasantly as ever. His horse was saddled for him, and he rode away quietly, lifting his hat in answer to the lodgekeeper's respectful salutation as he passed through the gates. He went through the village, spoke to several people in his usual manner. No one noticed any change, except that he was very pale and seemed somewhat slower and more deliber-

ate in all his movements. Then he went to Thornley and occupied himself in destroying a quantity of papers which he took from a locked desk there. The servant reported that he ate his lunch and talked with him about the improvements going on at the kennels. That he gave him an errand to do which would require his absence through the night, leaving only the old woman in the little house beside himself.

The woman testified that she happened to mention a sister's sick child to her master during the evening, after her son had gone off, and that he insisted upon her going to spend the night with her.

Nothing more was known. There was no one to tell of the vial of laudanum brought forth from its hiding-place, of the carpet drenched with every inflammable material at hand, of the light material gathered about an armchair in the centre of the room; nor of the wild, desperate, white face which, long before midnight, looked its last wild gaze out into the night, and then came back to the armchair and the deadly draught waiting on the table, and the lighted candle in the midst of all.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEANWHILE the company in the drawing-room of Trente Towers waited for the re-appearance of the group who sat in judgment in the library.

The music occupied them for an hour, then their eager questions and mutual surmisings helped out another. But after that all attempts at entertainment fell flat and empty.

"It is really of more importance than I expected," said Mrs. Thornton. "Perhaps Colonel Trente is sending the girl away. Or Miss Van Benthuyzen is lecturing her."

"It will be a thorough scourging, then. I pity the poor child if she falls under Valeria Van Benthuyzen's wrath," quoth Major Chilson.

"I don't see why my father should stay," observed Maude, rather indignantly.

"It seems to be an intricate affair. Perhaps they have sent for a priest, and have had a marriage," sneered offrey.

"Hark! I do believe I hear a stir. Some one is passing through the corridor."

"It sounds like my father's step. Now we shall know what it means," said Maude.

But the step passed on, and another half-hour dragged as slow length along. The servant came in to light the candles in the candelabra. Every one drew a long breath of expectancy when certainty of an approaching entrance was established.

The door was flung wide open, and the step which advanced was quick and firm. Lighter tread accompanied it. Even Maude Thornton half rose in her seat to see and hear.

Malcolm Trente entered with a lady on either arm.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I come to introduce to you my wife and daughter," he said, concisely and firmly. "I need not, I think, assure you how thankful and proud I am to bring them to their rightful places."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in their midst it could not have created more consternation. One and another looked askance at his neighbor, and stared most unpolitely at the sweet, pale face, which was but the matured counterfeit of the girlish countenance of her whom they had known and tacitly condemned but an hour ago.

It was an awkward position. But the conventionalities of society help amazingly at such a time. And Mrs. Thornton led the way, and was the next moment sweetly

offering her congratulations. A very meagre explanation followed. It was scarcely through when Valeria Van Benthuysen appeared at the doorway.

"Malcolm Trente," she said, in her high, ringing voice, "I have not spoken yet with the sister I have so bitterly misjudged. Can you spare her to me for a few moments?"

"Valeria," cried Evelyn Trente, eagerly, springing, with outstretched hands, toward her.

The two ladies disappeared.

Violet held fast to her new-found father's hand.

"I dare not let it go," she whispered to him. "I am afraid I shall wake and find I have been dreaming. Oh, the desolate girl I was! And the rich and happy one I am! But—where is Philip?"

Malcolm Trente looked down at her archly.

"So the new ties are not quite enough, my darling. And it is a faithful heart, that of yours, as becomes one of your name and lineage. Come, let us find this Philip. He is recreant to his duty if he does not share our happiness."

They found Philip standing at a window in the library, while Roger was tramping to and fro along the apartment in such a state of beatific exaltation that his master ordered him promptly to bed.

"We are not going to spoil our great happiness by your illness, my faithful Roger," he said. "Take a glass of wine and go to rest. Please Heaven, our joy will keep, and Trente Towers shall be a home of peace and love thenceforward."

Philip did not look remarkably hilarious, although he turned and offered his warm congratulations.

"What is the matter, lad?" said Malcolm Trente. "If you cannot be glad with me, you ought at least to be very happy for Violet."

"Indeed, sir, I am. Only——"

"Only what, Philip—speak frankly."

"I am thinking of the rash words I spoke to you. Of course you know that I never dreamed of her real name or rank. I—I—see how audacious it is for me to think of her," stammered poor Philip.

"Is that what is troubling you? My lad, do you not know that it is my keenest satisfaction over the whole affair to know how true and noble you have been? To feel sure that I give my child to one who values her for herself alone? Besides, can I begin my new life with this dear child by breaking her heart? No, no, Philip, you have no cause for despondency. Violet, my daughter Violet, tell this incredulous young man whatever you think is right. I will leave you here. When he is reassured come back to us."

And Malcolm Trente left them together, flinging behind him a benignant smile as he crossed the threshold. Philip certainly wore a radiant face when Violet brought him back to the drawing-room. Miss Van Benthuysen caught her hand as they passed her chair.

"Violet, your searching is ended. You have found more than you have sought, among the rest, your aunt. What will you do with her?"

"Love her," answered Violet, promptly.

The tears were in those pale eyes as the other returned:

"Ah, my child, forgive me! I tried to hate, but you compelled me to love you in spite of myself."

Maude Thornton withdrew a little from the excited company. She had a clear judgment, and a quick wit. Something was lacking in Colonel Trente's explanation—something was wrong somewhere. And where was her father, that he did not share in this joyful change in his *old friend's* life? A vague uneasiness haunted her. She *did not sleep at all that night, though much of it may*

have been due to her discovery of a great and not an agreeable change in Geoffrey Carlingford. She puzzled herself into an inextricable snarl of thought trying to find some clew to its explanation.

She was wide awake, therefore, and heard the stir in the yard just before midnight, when some of the men came from the stable and called to the butler that there was a fire somewhere beyond the village.

Drawing away the curtains of her window she glanced out in languid indifference, and saw the spot of bright light beyond the trees, making a ruddy arc of the sky.

She gave a heedless glance, not even with a pitiful thought, as she recalled afterward in conscience-stricken remorse for the grief which might be caused to some one ill able to afford a loss who might be standing watching his burning home.

Then she dropped back upon her pillow and returned in perplexity to the puzzle of Geoffrey Carlingford's sudden coolness in gallantry.

The gray morning brought her a sterner problem, before which the other fell away as an insignificant thing.

The house was roused at daybreak by a deputation from the village.

"Was Mr. Algernon Thornton at The Towers? People were a little anxious, though of course so dreadful a thing could not be. But the shooting-box at Thornley Woods was burnt to the ground last night, and the old woman who kept the house for Mr. Thornton declared that she had left him there. And—some charred bones had been found. People would like to be assured that it was all right, that was all. If Mr. Thornton would show himself—they were all so proud and fond of him—they would take it very kind."

And here the spokesman broke down, for such a ghastly horror came to old Roger's face, that the words were fairly frozen on his lips.

"Mr. Thornton was not at Trente Towers. He had not slept there last night," Roger explained, and went for his master.

A terrible scene ensued. Mrs. Thornton and Maude were called. Investigation was rapidly pushed forward. Two hours afterward all London was ringing with the telegraphed news of an appalling disaster.

The Hon. Algernon Thornton had been burned alive in his shooting-box at Thornley Woods. The melted sealing with its peculiar stone cut with his initials found beneath the bones made assurance doubly sure.

What a wail of sorrow went through the whole kingdom! What eulogies were written! And finally a grand memorial statue was set up in a public place, in honor of his distinguished worth and service.

Colonel Trente and Warde and Roger looked at each other, and shuddered. No one of them said a single word of the awful suspicion in their thoughts.

No one could have been kinder or more tender than Colonel Trente to the bereaved widow and daughter.

To Geoffrey Carlingford Colonel Trente said, briefly:

"You know what you said to me, Carlingford, in reference to Maude Thornton. Now, if ever, she needs the assurance of a sustaining love."

"Which I told you then I could not afford to offer," said Geoffrey, sullenly. "I am thinking of going back to Oxford to-morrow. I thank you for your hospitality."

Malcolm Trente flung him a contemptuous gesture, which Geoffrey understood. He took his leave that very day, and at the lodge gateway, turning to look back with one long glance of baffled chagrin, he muttered:

"Checkmated alike in fortune and love! But I trust the capricious goddess will not always frown."

Perhaps she did not. Geoffrey married, two years afterward, the wealthy heiress of a German brewer, and had no more need to be anxious about the luxuries which were necessities to his indolent nature. To be sure, he moved in a lower sphere of life than his ambition had asked for.

Never, by any possibility, was he likely to meet in society a single member of the circle he had enjoyed so much at Trente Towers. He had very little sympathy with his plebeian wife's tastes or habits. But he could enjoy himself in his own fashion, and he was like the lilies, who



THE SPY, IN DISGUISE, BUT NOT UNDETECTED.

M. CASUM

neither toil nor spin; he aired his graces, and fancied that his duties were all done when he allowed himself to be admired and wondered over. One good thing he had the grace to accomplish—the best thing we have to record of him—he took his mother to the home provided by his wife's money.

Maude Thornton hid herself from the world's espionage for two years. Then a cold, proud, passionless woman emerged again into society, and became eventually an earl's stately lady.

Her mother's highest hopes were satisfied by this match, and she lived with her daughter. But there was less congeniality than ever between such opposite natures.

Privately Mrs. Thornton querulously reproached her daughter with a strange lack of feeling. "Not even your dear father's memory seems to touch your hardness," she said to her, more than once, but without stinging the stately woman into any response. "You will not speak his name. You avoid all his old friends. Maude, you have a heart of stone."

Others may have shared this opinion. Malcolm Trente seldom saw her, but when he did a look of intense sorrow and compassion came into his face. The memories her presence invoked were too horrible and ghostly to be desirable, and he avoided them, if it was possible.

His own life, as it approached its Autumn, was, indeed, glorified by all the joys which had been denied its youth.

Philip's marriage with Violet was not solemnized until his one secret annoyance was quite removed. His new-made wife was not the heiress of The Towers. The joy bells had rung nearly two months before, and old Roger's cup quite overflowed at the birth of a son and heir, for the old Trente name was not yet to die out from the shire.

The pleasantest event about the marriage of Philip and Violet, according to Miss Van Benthuyzen, was the arrival in the neighborhood and the presence of the Andersons. Kitty went into raptures over the bride, as might be expected, but she whispered to her mother, privately, that the most wonderful thing of all was Miss Van Benthuyzen's joy and pride in her niece, whom she announced to be the sole heiress of all her love and possessions.

"Violet conquered me from the first, only I would not allow it to be seen, nor acknowledge it to myself," she said. "I was as hard as a stone; I was cruel, I was bitter, I was revengeful. But, thank heaven, I was never 'A WHITED SEPULCHRE.'"

THE END.

DAMON and Pythias were two Pythagorean philosophers. Damon was condemned to death about 387 B.C., by Dionysius of Syracuse, but obtained leave to go and settle some of his domestic affairs, promising to return at the time appointed for his execution, Pythias becoming his surety. Damon was delayed on his return; and as he did not appear at the appointed time, Pythias surrendered and was led to execution. At this critical moment Damon returned. Dionysius remitted the sentence, and desired to share their friendship. The names Damon and Pythias are often applied to any two intimate friends.

A LADY who resides at Whitby, in England, boasts of a famous rose-tree of the description known as the *Maréchal Niel*, which was planted eighteen years ago, and now has an extreme growth horizontally of forty-eight feet to the left and fifty-four feet to the right of the parent stem. The average depth of the tree is five or six feet, and last year 2,500 roses were plucked from it, and this season 3,500 distinct buds in formation have been counted already.

A HOLIDAY.

By G. A. DAVIS.

"Es hat nicht sollen sein!"

"ONE little day—no more—but *this*."

We said, "may surely be our own!"
In all the long week's dusty toil,
One little sunny space alone,
For rest, and sweet forgetfulness
Of wants that gnaw and cares that press—
A pause for peace and silence!

One little day to breathe apart
From all the cares that men have piled,
A burden upon brain and heart,
And, aimless as an idle child,
To wander with the wandering wind,
To leave the world of men behind,
To stray and seek—to rest and find!

And fairest of all days that shine,
Shall be this blessed holiday!
No fog shall hasten from the sea—
No storm roll up its ranks of gray;
The winds shall sleep; the mellow air
Be warmed with sunshine everywhere,
And heaven's blue field glow broad and fair!

All the long, drowsy afternoon,
Deep in the drift of rustling leaves,
We two shall tread old memories down—
All that has hurt us—all that grieves!
There in the chestnut's golden rain,
The maple's flashes of fiery stain,
Be buried all our days of pain!

When shall it be—our holiday?
Ah! sweet as dreams and sad as fate,
It lies far off, and mocks us still!
Is it too early—or too late?
Day after day we count, until
The maples fade upon the hill,
The waning suns grow sad and chill,
And leave us waiting—waiting still!

If it should come—that chance that lies
Far off, among the days to be—
Would it be half so sweet, O friend,
As the dream is to you and me?
Methinks that where the dead leaves lie,
We should walk sadly, with a sigh,
Children no longer—you and I!

When shall it be? and where? We wait,
While the slow Autumn wastes away,
Our "holy day" of rest and peace—
Our painless, perfect sunshine day!
The leaves are old, the year grows cold,
The hillsides burn to ashy gray,
While still we dream of hours of gold,
And paths where tired feet may stray—
Somewhere—God knows! when He shall spread
A new blue heaven overhead,
And under foot the old days—dead!

PSYCHE'S SEARCH FOR LOVE.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

MORNING.

"Love is come with a song and a smile,
Welcome Love with a smile and a song."

THERE is a certain quaint, old-fashioned house set down at the base of a low promontory, in a sunny, sheltered nook, lying just out of Mobile city.

The promontory juts a little distance into Mobile Bay as if it had started in frolic, and, turning back in confusion, covered its face with leafy vines and flowers. All the landscape round about, this day of May, has a bewildering pristine freshness, as if the world had just been

born—it was so bright, bathed in early dew. Beauty everywhere!

Blue sky above, blue sea below—blue about the land; but in the distance silver light and painfully dazzling, the blue-green beauty of pine-woods and over all this, broad belts of yellow sunshine, clasping sea and land like marriage-rings, as though to make the old eternal covenant still more sure.

A lovely scene, on which no scar lies yet, that we can see.

The house, built of stone, stands squarely in the sunshine. A wide veranda, hanging heavily with blue-flowered vines of to-day, runs across the side facing the water. Long, low glass windows swing open on it. And, just now, listen! The sound of laughter and gay girl-voices float musically out on the blossom-scented air.

"A ball—dancing? Oh, yes, dear Mrs. Fitzjames, I should like *that*!"

(He who is listening in the shadow of the blue-flowered vines knows this to be Madge Pelton's ringing voice.)

"Not in this warm weather, surely!" says proud Laurie Knight's cold, scornful tones, hearing which, the listener smiles.

"But it's not so very warm now, surely!" cries out shy, sweet Aileen Bell. "Not so very warm, now, girls, do you think? Not so warm as it will be by-and-by, surely."

At this eager appeal from the usually so silent, shrinking pet of the circle, all about her smile.

Proud Laura draws her to her stately side and drops a little kiss—no matter be it chilly—on the golden head.

"And you want the dance so much? Why, for *your* sake only, Mrs. Fitzjames ought to let us have it. You'll cry the sweet light out of these blue eyes, else."

"Eyes blue as Scottish bluebells are," sings out brown-cheeked Nellie Preston. "We can't spare those, be sure. So we'll have—say a masquerade, shall we not, Mrs. Fitzjames? We'll plan some fancy dresses that will be charming; they'll make the rooms—oh, so bright!"

She looked about her and saw approval in all the faces.

But Mrs. Fitzjames, nominal mistress of this splendid house, blonde and indolent, smiled doubtfully.

"Do you think we can *quite* manage it? There are so few resources, so little time—and then what will Lenore say?"

A little pause; then:

"Oh-h! Lenore!—we hadn't thought of *her*!"

Doubting glances are stealthily exchanged; the bright looks fall a little, a Winter frost has fallen on this just budding, fragile flower of June.

"Oh, but I'm sure Lenore won't mind it. She'll like it! She likes all pretty things—they fit her, she's so beautiful herself, you know."

Yes; but then we must let her know of it," ventures shy Aileen, who always flushes into the sweetest, wild, pink rose that ever grew along a meadow side, at sound of her own voice. She flushes just so sweetly now; then rosier still as she hears wild Madge Pelton's mocking laugh."

"Of course, you goosie, we must tell her, else she'll not be able to get a dress suitable. I wonder what she'll be—some grand Venetian dame, most likely—something like Catharine Cornaro, or an Empress Julia out of an Italian picture."

"It would be better not to discuss the subject so freely till she herself knows," interrupts Laurie Knight, haughtily. Then swiftly dropping the iced edge off her voice: "Our golden-tressed Aileen here shall be Psyche—Psyche in search of Love!"

Aileen shrank back with a little shuddering gesture.

"No; oh, no! not that. I could be anything but that." The tears in her voice were felt like the echo of some lost strain of music in the large, still room.

Lawrie's proud eyes watched her keenly.

"You wouldn't search in vain, my little one."

"Of course, light costumes will be more fitting, seeing it's May time," Mrs. Fitzjames's voice, like a purling brook, streams monotonously on the air. "The grounds are so beautiful now, we can light them up. I adore Chinese lanterns, and then there are all the terraces, the summer-house,—they are ready adorned—and, ah! here comes Lenore!"

A sudden, quick rustle now amid the thick-clustered balcony flowers.

The listener who had, unseen, loitered there, turned eagerly, showing a proud, dark face and melancholy eyes. What vision was it those dusky eyes saw coming slowly, trailing clouds of rosy glory betwixt them and the soft blue sky beyond—coming slowly as the goddess comes? A young, fresh figure, tall and willowy and slim, swaying lightly as a flower—Hebe, bathed in dew, newcome from the meadows of morn.

This was Lenore! The rosy blossoms of the meadow-paths had bent to kiss her as she passed, and all their pearly tints had clung in love to the round beauty of her cheeks; the sunlight caught and braided all her tangled hair with yellowish gold; soft violets by the brookside, looking up into her down-bent eyes, left all their beauty of blue color there, remaining white and wan when she had passed away; and then the light wind, passing, pressed fair dimples in her cheek and chin—the lily's perfume found them out and made haste to nestle there.

Why, all sweet things of earth and heaven—flowers and light and fragrance—had come to make Lenore!

She paused a moment without the window, and, lifting one white arm, pulled down the dangling vine above her.

"I should like to paint her," thought the artist, watching, himself unseen, from the far end of the veranda. "But how? As the 'miller's daughter,' leaning from the ledge above 'a long green box of mignonette'? No, that would scarce be a fitting character. She's no rustic lady, even of a ballad. I'd paint her rather as Maude—proud, patrician Maude—wearing her jewels at the Hall. A 'million emeralds' should glitter on the red-and-gold skirts of her velvet dress, and rare, rose-diamonds should gleam, like Hebe's morning kisses, in her glorious hair."

He stopped his wild reverie, and, looking keenly at the lady, laughed softly to himself.

Lenore herself, standing there, her hat fallen off, the vine-leaves on her arm and flowing hair, the strong May sun burning bright about her, glanced down suddenly and met Ralph Maclise's gaze.

She smiled a little, with those blue eyes of hers—divinely beautiful. Then turning, she passed through the open window, trailing vine and blossom after her.

* * * * *

"Oh, Lenore, we've been so impatient for you! You don't know what we've planned in your absence. It's to be just twelve days from now—St. John's day, you know. And you're to be Catherine Cornaro—no, not Catherine Cornaro, but Julia—Julia. *Who* was it you said, Nellie? I never can remember these old names."

"The Empress Julia, you mean," somebody's disdainful voice answers.

"And we're to have Chinese lanterns. Mrs. Fitzjames says the grounds will light up beautifully."

"And we will plan our costumes. I think *that* such fun always. Aileen, here, is to be Psyche."

"No—oh, no! I said not," again Aileen protests.

"Well, you said you would be, anyway. I don't know why you should draw back at this late hour and spoil it all."

"It was not I. It was——"

"Well, what will you be, Lenore? Just choose."

"Why, you have not yet told me what is to happen!"

Lenore speaks for the first time. Her voice is like a brook's song, heard in leafy June, Ralph thinks—a thread of tender tune, rippling through the soft, still air.

"Why, we told you when you first came in, I'm sure. It's to be a masquerade."

"Oh-h, a masquerade!" doubtfully.

A brief, dismal silence.

"You don't object, do you, dear?" saintly from two or three voices. "It will be such fun. Besides (brightening), you look so beautiful—so *very* beautiful always—in a costume. You won't be so cruel as to object, will you?" coaxingly.

"No," answers Lenore, laughing merrily. "Not if you think there is time enough to get up the dresses."

"Oh, there's plenty of time," all the voices now joyously together. "There's an ocean of time, isn't there?"

A short, suggestive silence, full of little sounds and stirs.

"Suppose we go to the library and look over the colored photographs there?"

A sound of rustling dresses, of vanishing footsteps and voices. Then Ralph Maclise, his occupation gone, rises lazily and saunters slowly down into the garden.

"Lenore! Lenore!"

He says the name softly. The birds seem to sing it over and over in their love-songs.

Standing there in the brave sunshine, he pulls a great pink-and-golden rose.

"This is Lenore," he says, dreamily.

He looked down into its fresh-opened heart. A dew-drop nestled there in the perfume.

"I wish I could look so into her heart."

He shook the dewdrop out into his hand.

"It is Love's tear," he thought.

Then he carried the rose away with him to his morning's work.

AFTERNOON.

THE sunset shadows were lengthening, thin and dusky, along the land. From the low sun waves of color streamed inland across the silvery water, and, rosy as the light of other days, flowed over the old, dark stone walls of Sea Nook Villa.

Ralph Maclise, in his finest artist mood, hard at work in the picture-gallery above, impatiently flung the windows wide open in order to get what lingering rays he might to finish his task.

He stood for a moment looking out on the sky, the land, the water; then with a kindled look he turned back to his easel. He was making a sketch in water-colors of a portrait on the wall. A lady—beautiful.

"Shall I finish it?" he muttered.

He stood before it, gazing long and intently upon the perfect face, unheeding how time flew.

That perfect face! A ray of light struck brightly across it, bringing out the faded tints into life-like freshness and loveliness. The voluptuous eyes glanced westward over her shoulder to where a setting sun shone golden, with a golden sky above it, through a trellis of red roses. Her golden hair was brought in curled masses around the round cheeks and throat, falling thence in massive coils below her waist. A wreath of small blue lilies crowned this golden hair.

The white, large arms were bare to the shoulder.

The white, lovely hands were idly clasped in her lap, their downy beauty outlined on the rose-colored velvet of her costly dress.

"Yes, you are beautiful," muttered Ralph—"you are very beautiful; but you are not Lenore—you are not *my* Lenore."

He went back to his painting.

In that golden and rosy light his dark, sad face looked drawn and pale.

Suddenly he started and made a gesture of impatience. The door swung open, and a bevy of young girls entered unceremoniously. With low laughter and many exclamations, they grouped about the artist like nymphs about a shepherd in a pastoral scene.

"Give you good-morrow, fair artist!" cried Madge Pelton, gayly. "Have you finished the sketch?—because Lenore's dreadfully impatient."

Ralph made no answer.

"Why, yes! Can't you see it's almost quite done?" Nellie Preston peeped round Ralph's elbow. "And how like it! how like the painting! how like Lenore!"

"And what a dress!" sighed Laura Knight. "Superb! If only she can get it copied."

"Oh, Dufreese pledges his honor as a tradesman that the dress shall be here, perfect, on the day before the ball. He will send the photograph to New York tomorrow, and, unless the boat which brings the dress sinks or blows up, there is nothing to fear but the costume will come all right."

Madge shrugged her shoulders with a comical sigh.

"Well, it will be nice. She will look nice; it is her prerogative. But then the rest of us! Upon my word, I shall be jealous! It's not pleasant to be so entirely eclipsed, as I foresee we shall be." Then suddenly: "Mr. Maclise, what are you to be? What character are you to take? Something nice, I hope."

Ralph smiled bitterly. The gay talk jarred him in his present mood.

"What *should* I be? What character should I take, save that of a penniless artist, laying his pencils and colors meekly at the feet of youth and beauty?"

"Why, you speak like a legend!" laughed Madge. "Don't you know the story of the portrait?"

"Legend! What story? What portrait?" all voices together now; but Ralph is silent. The others cover him.

"Why, the story of this lady, Lenore, Duchess of Fitzjames"—Madge makes the portrait a sweeping courtesy. "Don't you know it? It is a love story, *pur et simple*."

Madge is easily persuaded to tell the story.

"It happened when she was quite young. She was only Miss Lenore Beverley then, but her beauty was the boast of the South. It was on St. John's Night, and she was dressed as painted here. She was going to a masked ball, and, while waiting for her carriage she seated herself on the veranda to see the revelers pass on their way to the carnival.

"Can you not guess how beautiful she looked?" asked Madge, pausing and gazing up at the picture. "More than one suitor had she; but she laughed and played in a wild, willful way with all. None were high enough for her fierce maiden hopes.

"Well, a young artist, a stranger, who had chanced to stray into the place, saw her sitting there, under the red roses, under the soft, yellow sky. Could he, being an artist, do else than fall down and worship her? He made a sketch of her, and then he followed her to the masquerade. The next day he presented himself at the house,



TWO GOOD FRIENDS.—FROM A PAINTING BY DELOBBES.

showed his sketch, and asked permission to paint her portrait. He must have brought suitable credentials, for old Lloyd Beverly, who was as proud as kings in their palaces, not only permitted the artist to paint his daughter, but he gave him the run of the house.

"So he came and went at his will. He followed Lenore like a dog after his master. He finished this portrait, and all those wonderful crayon heads and figures of her in the library are his work. She was everything, as you may see, if you look over the crayons. She was Psyche. She was Venus. She was Hebe—she was a lovely, high-bred Southern maiden.

"She was his Lenore!

"She was the light of his eyes and the love of his heart.

"Then, one day it was announced to her friends, to the household, that Miss Beverly was engaged to the old Duke of Fitzjames.

"The painter said nothing; he gave his congratulations as the others did; then, a little after, he left the house. None noticed, unless, indeed, Lenore did, which way he went or how. She never spoke, if she knew. But he was never seen among them again—his pencils, his brushes, his colors, all his crayon sketches of her were thrown at the foot of the portrait, together with some dead roses and two or three notes Lenore had written him in the brief and all too tender St. Martin's Summer of their love.

"That was the end. Only a few weeks after Miss Beverly was made the proud and beautiful Duchess of Fitzjames, and her husband bore her abroad to shine in foreign courts."

* * * * *

Madge, with her hands locked behind her, now made a little rocking movement on her feet. She looked roguishly at the artist, whose dark face was so low over his work she could not catch its expression.

"Mr. MacLise, are you listening to my story? It's a poor compliment to my powers as a narrator if you're not."

"Oh, I hear. I am profoundly interested, too. I will even ask what is the end?"

"Yes; what became of the poor artist? I pity him," said shy Aileen.

"The end? Oh, it is told by some who believe it, that, after many years, a bowed and white-headed man suddenly came among the people here. None knew whence he came. He took lodgings, and spent most of his harmless time in wandering among the tangled nooks and woods about here. People liked him for his simple, kindly ways.

"When he died, suddenly, a portrait of Lenore Beverly, as she was in that beautiful Summer he had known her, was found on his person.

"Some older ones, before this, had fancied they recognized him, and so the story ran current that the dead, aged stranger, was none other than that mad artist lover who disappeared so mysteriously, and left no trace of his steps, long years before."

"What a tame conclusion!" Ralph sneered. "What a pity that, after such an effective exit, he should have put in an appearance again in that stagey manner!"

"For all the world like an Enoch Arden," laughed Nellie Preston. "I wish he hadn't come back again. I don't see why he should, either."

"You are heartless creatures," pouted Madge. "My eloquence was wasted on you. Ah, Lenore," she started around, "are you here? Did you, too, hear my story? I apologize, if I said anything I ought not to."

"Apologize—apologize," echoed Lenore, vaguely.

"For what? The story is an old one, and not pleasant is it!"

Ralph MacLise glanced keenly into her calm, unstirred face.

She smiled a little.

"I, myself, heard it first from my old nurse at Berwick Hall, in England. She used to take me, while I was but a little girl, into the great picture-gallery, and tell me how like I was to this dead, beautiful ancestor of mine. I used to gaze and think how lovely she was, the dead Duchess Lenore, whom I was to grow up to be like. She was a great favorite of the old Duchess of Kent, and she is painted there in a court-dress, in stately manner, as was fitting in those days, the

"Teacup times of hood and hoop,
And when the patch was worn."

Lenore moved away to the window, and stood there silent a little while, while her arms dropped listlessly their full length, her hands lightly clasped.

A light wind sweeping from the water blew her light drapery back in rosy folds. The open sleeves of her dress fell back, and the sunlight, catching at the sapphire jewels on her white hands and arms, stirred them to depths of wonderful clear, dazzling light.

"She's vexed," whispered the incorrigible Nellie. "You oughtn't have told the story here. She's proud, and doesn't like it gossiped off. She'd tell the tale of our bad manners like when she's back again in England."

"Why, is she going back?" asked Madge, amazed but not daunted.

"For sure, she is. You know it's only a freak, her coming over here a season or two with her aunt. She's to close the house after our masquerade, and we'll see no more of her this side the water."

Ralph MacLise dropped a pencil just then. When he rose from stooping to gather it up, Laurie Knight noticed that he was ghastly pale.

Lenore, roused out of her reverie, came back and stood at his elbow.

"Ah!" she murmured; "you have finished it. It is quite done."

Ralph shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, it is finished—but in what way? Look at it. Compare it with *that*. Why, I have twenty minds, every minute, to draw my brush across it, and so put an end to my doubts and dislike."

"You are not satisfied with it?" asked Lenore, after a moment's silence.

"No!" fiercely. "Look at it, and then look at—at *yourself*, for instance. I tell you I hate it, it is so unsatisfactory."

"I am satisfied with it," Lenore says, haughtily.

"Are you? Take it, then! You are welcome." Ralph laughed out aloud. "After all, it is like you."

"Yes, it is like me."

Lenore looked up at the picture on the wall. The two beauties—the dead Lenore of a century gone by, and the living, breathing beauty of to-day—crossed glances, looking into each other's eyes.

What did that long look tell? what speak of?

Tales of love, of tender conquest, of beauty's pride of power; stories of love and homage proffered, of whispered vows and pleading, of the wild delirium of shattered hopes. Oh, what memories of lovers come from north and south, from east and west, from all distant, knightly lands, brought by the fame of beauty, sung everywhere throughout a chivalrous world.

What wonder that they smiled into each other's eyes?

Suddenly, with a shiver, Lenore turned away.

"Will you bring me the sketch to the library when you are ready?" she asked. "I will wait for you there."

Ralph bowed.

"Am I not always at your service?"

He turned back to his work, and Lenore left the room.

"I shall go help Aunt Fitzjames with the notes; those who will help also may."

Two or three of the girls followed her, but Laura Knight, feeling wistful Aileen's arm tighten in hers, loitered, looking at the painting.

"I have been planning a character for our Aileen, here," murmured Laurie—"a pet idea of mine. By-the-way, Mr. MacLise, what character are you to take? You assist all the others, and no one thinks of you."

"I? Oh, 'I'll be a friar of Orders gray,'" quoted Ralph, in a *distracted* manner. "I'll be Fra Lippo, the old Italian painter-monk. An anachronism will give variety to the scene."

"Oh, you think your idea an anachronism. What will you say of mine for little Aileen, here—'Psyche in search of Love'?"

"Do not," whispered Aileen—"do not speak of it again! The thought of it—of all that sad story—brings tears."

"Your fancy is a pretty one," now said Ralph, still in that absent way; "the character is both delicate and fair. It just suits Aileen."

"Yes—but the trouble of it! I can't persuade her to take it. I have worn out all my eloquence, and still she refuses."

"If you really think it best," interrupts Aileen, her cheeks now like the wild red poppies, bathed in sunlight—"if you think it really a *fitting* character, I might—might—"

"You will accept!" cries Laurie. "Come, then, let us go in search of a lamp, my Psyche. You ought to have a star to seek love by."

TWILIGHT.

SUCH a night! such star and tender moonlight, filling with dew and nectar the opened hearts of flowers.

On such a night—oh, on such a night as this all sweet and tender things in song and story have been acted over and over again, and ever will be so long as the years whirl round.

Why, on such a night as this, Lady of Comus wandered through the wilde-woode green, in the milk-white light, and Uns tamed her lion; and Marie Stuart fled across the lake from cold Lochleven; and Elaine—fair Elaine—her pretty dress changed for a shroud, her ceaseless plaint, "I have gone mad—I love you—let me die!" for ever silent now, floats down the stream, the letter in her hand, to Camelot Towers, where her love loiters at the feet of Guinevere.

On such a night as this Francisca in her garden,

"In fair Ravenna by its leafy bay,"

waits for Paolo's coming, that they may read from the same page, that world-known story of Lancelot's love—story for ever ending and for ever begun again on such a night as this!

On such a night as this in old Verona, young Juliet, from her vine-hung balcony, watched for sweet Romeo's coming, and mourned in the rosy dew of dawn that the lark sang all too soon.

May, can you not imagine all sweet and tender things happening on such a night as this? The bright, flower-hill rooms of Sea Nook Villa are thronged with joyous

guests. Fair damsels in bright, fantastic costumes, banter, jest and laugh with proud, plumed cavaliers. Mrs. Fitzjames, as Marie Antoinette, moves in stately guise, with Laurie Knight, as *dame d'honneur*; Madge Pelton, as Sophie Primrose, in her demure English dress, flirts daintily with a Spanish muleteer, while shy Aileen, holding her crystal lamp burning a perfumed oil, her sad eyes wistfully shining under the red poppy-leaves on her forehead, seems for ever seeking that truant, Love, who for ever eludes her search.

All is light and mirth and merriment. No shadow there to dim poor Psyche's faint light.

Late on in the evening Fra Lippo, who has been seen always in the train of one beautiful masker, misses and goes in search of her. In the great bower-window, opening out of Lenore's boudoir, he finds her whom he seeks. She is sitting under her favorite blue flowers; her hands are clasping loosely some musk roses in her lap.

"So I find you, at last!" began Fra Lippo, abruptly. "I want a fair word with you. It is a fair night, is it not, to utter one's farewell in? A fair night to be out at sea!"

"Do you go soon?" asks the queenly mask, slowly.

It is Lenore's voice, cool and sweet. She has breathed the perfume of the roses into those lute-like tones.

"Soon, soon!—and be sure I shall not return like that poor devil of a painter of whom they so glibly spoke to-day. Once gone—gone for ever!"

"You did not like the story?" asks Lenore, searching his face with shining eyes.

Fra Lippo shrugs his monkish shoulders.

"I did not like the ending of it. Why, after all those years, did he come back? He should have drowned himself out yonder in the water. What more fitting than that Love should die in the sea from which his mother rose?"

"You speak heartlessly!" cries Lenore, hotly. "I do not like you better for it!"

"Like—like!" Ralph laughs aloud, as a monk should not.

A faint, hushed sound, something like a sob or a sigh, comes from the dark, leaf-hung nook beyond them, but neither heed it. A dim, small spot of light flickers steadily through the leaves. Perhaps it is a glow-worm prisoned there—only it burns so steadily.

"Tell me," says Ralph, now, in a deep, stern voice. "To-day I have told you that I love you. I lay myself, my hand and heart and fortune at your feet." Does his voice sound just a little mocking here? "Do you reject me?"

Lenore is silent. She looks out on the fair scene, on the lights, the shadows, the flowers, the blue sky, golden stars above, the leaf and bloom below.

What warning or pleading whispers in her ear—what, proud, ambitious memories thrill her maiden pulses?

She has heard that cry, "I love you! I have gone mad! I love you! Let me die!" so often—so often.

And this poor painter?

Her face quivers.

"I wish I knew," she whispers, loudly.

"Knew what?—what is it?—what more can I tell you?"

The shaken eagerness of Ralph's voice reveals how keen and fierce hope and despair are in him.

"Many things." Lenore turns to him with a quick-risen smile. "I do not even know who you are."

"That—is that all? Why, it's easily told. On my father's side I am a Fitzjames, like yourself; on my mother's, I come from a race of men who were Princes

and Kings of Borva in times ere even this rude Western land was known of. Ay, I have even a castle up there in those gray, misty Hebrides, where you shall be princess, if you will."

"I do not understand," cried Lenore, in amazement. "I thought—we all thought——"

She stopped, confused.

"I know you thought me a beggar. You do not know

—few have known

—that the old Duke of Fitzjames, who married your beautiful ancestor, had a wife before. They were illy mated. He loved the gay London life—its wild Comus rout; her heart was in the sullen North, with the people that he hated. He gave her *Hamlet's* advice to *Ophelia*, 'Get thee to a nunnery.' She went. They were divorced; but she left a son, from whom, in direct line, I inherit title and fortune, together with that stormy, Viking nature that makes me the rover I am."

Silence. The scent of flowers all fills the air about them so heavily—so heavily. In the other rooms the mirth and laughter rise and fall—rise and fall—and the music floats out, and the sea shines, and the eternal stars look down unwearied.

"This is a very strange thing to tell *now*," said Lenore, at last, in a low voice. "Why did you let us be so deceived? We never once dreamed that—that— It was not right for you to do so."

"What could I say?" pleaded Ralph. "How could I tell you? You knew that I followed you from London here. You did not hear of me there, for I never liked your gay world; but here—here. Does it make a difference with you?" he asked, somewhat scornfully. "Lenore, I love *you*! I love you for yourself alone. Does it make a difference for me, now that you know I can make you a Princess of Borva?"

"You know better!" flashed out Lenore.

Ralph knelt and took her hand. He kissed it, but would not speak.

"I leave for England in a few days," she began, musingly.

"And you go alone?" interrupted Ralph, keen as a flash of light.

"No"—with a heavenly smile, Lenore lays her other hand in Ralph's—"you will go with me."

They stoop and kiss each other.

Again the story is told "on such a night as this."

NIGHT.

"PSYCHE! where are you?"

Fra Lippo and his ladylove have left the bower-window, but still through the leaves the same faint light gleams, the little soft sound of a hushed sobbing thrills the air.

"Aileen!" calls Laurie again.

Another moment, and the weeping girl is in her arms. She whispers something in Laurie's ear, amid the thick-coming gusts of sad weeping which shake her.

"I know it," says Laurie, softly. "They have just come in. Mrs. Fitzjames is telling everybody of it."

"I loved him!" sobs the poor pale Psyche.

"He's another's now," says Laurie, gravely. "He's not yours to love—be brave."

Psyche blows out her light. Laurie leads her away.

A few hours later, the company all gone, the house well-nigh deserted,

Mrs. Fitzjames finds Lenore and Ralph in the old bower-window. "It is late, good people," she says, remonstratingly. "There are other days to come." Then, with an exclamation, she takes up from the seat a pretty crystal lamp. "Why, it's Psyche's lamp! Poor little Psyche! The light is out."

"Our light shall burn for ever."

So the story is told; two stories—one sad as death, if sweet as love, "On such a night as this."



"THE ORPHANS."



PSYCHE'S SEARCH FOR LOVE. — "MRS. FITZJAMES FINDS LENORE AND RALPH IN THE OLD BOWER-WINDOW. SHE TAKES UP FROM THE SEAT A PRETTY CRISTAL LAMP. 'WHY, IT'S PSYCHE'S LAMP! POOR LITTLE PSYCHE!'" — SEE PAGE 202.

MILTON.

BY MARK PATTISON.

A FAMILY of Miltons, deriving the name, in all probability, from the parish of Great Milton near Thame, is found in various branches spread over Oxfordshire and the adjoining counties in the reign of Elizabeth. The poet's grandfather was a substantial yeoman, living at Stanton St. John, about five miles from Oxford, within the forest of Shotover, of which he was also an under-ranger. The ranger's son John was at school in Oxford, possibly as a chorister, conformed to the Established Church, and was in consequence cast off by his father, who adhered to the old faith. The disinherited son went up to London, and by the assistance of a friend was set up in business as a scrivener. A scrivener discharged some of the functions which, at the present day, are undertaken for us in a solicitor's office.

John Milton, the father, being a man of probity and force of character, was soon on the way to acquire "a plentiful fortune." But he continued to live over his shop, which was in Bread Street, Cheapside, and which bore the sign of the Spread Eagle, the family crest.

It was at the Spread Eagle that his eldest son, John Milton, was born, 9th December, 1608, being thus exactly contemporary with Lord Clarendon, who also died in the same year as the poet. Milton must be added to the long roll of English poets who have been natives of the city which now never sees sunlight or blue sky, along with Chaucer, Spenser, Herrick, Cowley, Shirley, Ben-Jonson, Pope, Gray, Keats.

Besides attending as a day-scholar at St. Paul's School, which was close at hand, his father engaged for him a private tutor at home. The household of the Spread Eagle not only enjoyed civic prosperity, but some share of that liberal cultivation, which, if not imbibed in the home, neither school nor college ever confers. The scrivener was not only an amateur in music, but a composer, whose tunes, songs and airs found their way into the best collections of music. Both schoolmaster and tutor were men of mark.

Of Milton's boyish exercises two have been preserved. They are English paraphrases of two of the Davidic Psalms, and were done at the age of fifteen. That they were thought by himself worth printing in the same volume with "Comus" is the most noteworthy thing about them. No words are so commonplace but that they can be made to yield inference by a biographer. And even in these school exercises we think we can discern that the future poet was already a diligent reader of Sylvester's "Du Bartas," (1605), the patriarch of Protestant poetry, and of Fairfax's "Tasso" (1600). There are other indications that, from very early years, poetry had assumed a place in Milton's mind, not merely as a juvenile pastime, but as an occupation of serious import.

If Milton's genius did not announce itself in his paraphrases of Psalms, it did in his impetuosity in learning, "which I seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of my age I scarce ever went to bed before midnight." Such is his own account. And it is worth notice that we have here an incidental test of the trustworthiness of Aubrey's reminiscences. Aubrey's words are: "When he was very young he studied very hard, and sate up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock at night; and his father ordered the maid to sit up for him."

He was ready for college at sixteen, not earlier than the usual age at that period.

As his schoolmasters—both the Gills—were Oxford men it might have been expected that the young scholar would have been placed at Oxford. However, it was determined that he should go to Cambridge, where he was admitted a pensioner of Christ's, 12th of February, 1625, and commenced residence in the Easter term ensuing. Perhaps his father feared the growing High Church, or, as it was then called, Arminianism, of his own university. It so happened, however, that the tutor to whom the young Milton was consigned was specially noted for Arminian proclivities. This was William Chappell, then Fellow of Christ's, who so recommended himself to Laud by his party zeal, that he was advanced to be Provost of Dublin and Bishop of Cork.

Milton was one of those pupils who are more likely to react against a tutor than to take a ply from him. A preaching divine—Chappell composed a treatise on the art of preaching—a narrow ecclesiastic of the type loved by Laud, was exactly the man who would drive Milton into opposition. But the tutor of the seventeenth century was not able, like the easy-going tutor of the eighteenth, to leave the young rebel to pursue the reading of his choice in his own chamber. Chappell endeavored to drive his pupil along the scholastic highway of exercises.

Milton, returning to Cambridge after his Summer vacation, eager for the acquisition of wisdom, complains that he "was dragged from his studies, and compelled to employ himself in composing some frivolous declamation!" Indocile, as he confesses himself (*indocilisque metas prava magistra fuit*), he kicked against either the discipline or the exercises exacted by college rules. He was punished. Aubrey had heard that he was flogged—a thing not impossible in itself, as the "Admonition Book" of Emanuel gives an instance of corporal chastisement as late as 1667. Aubrey's statement, however, is a dubitative interlineation in his MS., and Milton's age, seventeen, as well as the silence of his later detractors, who raked up everything which could be told to his disadvantage, concur to make us hesitate to accept a fact on so slender evidence. Anyhow, Milton was sent away from college for a time, in the year 1627, in consequence of something unpleasant which had occurred. That it was something of which he was not ashamed is clear, from his alluding to it himself in the lines written at the time.

*"Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo."*

And that the tutor was not considered to have been wholly free from blame is evident from the fact that the master transferred Milton from Chappell to another tutor, a very unusual proceeding. Whatever the nature of the punishment, it was not what is known as rustication; for Milton did not lose a term, taking his two degrees of B.A. and M.A. in regular course, at the earliest date from his matriculation permitted by the statutes. The one outbreak of juvenile petulance and indiscipline over, Milton's force of character and unusual attainments acquired him the esteem of his seniors. The nickname of "the lady of Christ's," given him in derision by his fellow-students, is an attestation of virtuous conduct. Ten years later, in 1642, Milton takes an opportunity to "acknowledge publicly, with all grateful mind, that more than ordinary respect which I found, above many of my equals, at the hands of those courteous and learned men, the Fellows of that college wherein I spent some years; who, at my

parting after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many ways how much better it would content them that I would stay; as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection toward me."

Milton had been sent to college to qualify for a profession. The Church, the first intended, he had gradually discovered to be incompatible. Of the law, either his father's branch, or some other, he seems to have entertained a thought, but to have speedily dismissed it. So at the age of twenty-four he returned to his father's house, bringing nothing with him but his education and a silent purpose.

The elder Milton now retired from business, with sufficient means but not with wealth. Though John was the eldest son, there were two other children—a brother, Christopher, and a sister, Anne. To have no profession, even a nominal one, to be above trade and below the status of squire or yeoman, and to come home with the avowed object of leading an idle life, was conduct which required justification. Milton felt it to be so. In a letter addressed, in 1632, to some senior friend at Cambridge, name unknown, he thanks him for being "a good watchman to admonish that the hours of the night pass on, for so I call my life, as yet obscure and unserviceable to mankind, and that the day with me is at hand wherein Christ commands all to labor."

Milton has no misgivings. He knows that what he is doing with himself is the best he can do. His aim is far above bread-winning, and, therefore, his probation must be long. He destines for himself no indolent tarrying in the garden of Armida. His is a "mind made and set wholly on the accomplishment of greatest things." He knows that the looker-on will scarcely accept his apology for "being late," that it is in order to being "more fit." Yet it is the only apology he can offer. And he is dissatisfied with his own progress. "I am something suspicious of myself, and do take notice of a certain belatedness in me."

Of this frame of mind the record is the second sonnet, lines which are an inseparable part of Milton's biography:

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late Spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even,
To that same lot, whatever mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

With aspirations thus vast, though unformed, with "amplitude of mind to greatest deeds," Milton retired to his father's house in the country. Five more years of self-education, added to the seven years of academical residence, were not too much for the meditation of projects such as Milton was already conceiving. Years many more than twelve, filled with great events and distracting interests, were to pass over before the body and shape of "Paradise Lost" was given to these imaginings.

The country retirement in which the elder Milton had fixed himself was the little village of Horton, situated in that southernmost angle of the County of Buckingham, which insinuates itself between Berks and Middlesex. Though London was only about seventeen miles distant,

it was the London of Charles I., with its population of some 300,000 only; before coaches and macadamized roads; while the Colne, which flows through the village, was still a river, and not the kennel of a paper-mill. There was no lack of water and wood, meadow and pasture, closes and open field, with the regal towers of Windsor "bosom'd high in tufted trees," to crown the landscape. Unbroken leisure, solitude, tranquillity of mind, surrounded by the thickets and woods, which Pliny thought indispensable to poetical meditation (Epist. 9, 10), no poet's career was ever commenced under more favorable auspices. The youth of Milton stands in strong contrast with the misery, turmoil, chance medley, struggle with poverty, or abandonment to dissipation, which blighted the early years of so many of our men of letters.

From a very early period Milton had taken poetry to be his vocation, in the most solemn and earnest mood. The idea of this devotion was the shaping idea of his life. It was, indeed, a bent of nature, with roots drawing from deeper strata of character than any act of reasoned will, which kept him out of the profession, and now fixed him, a seeming idler, but really hard at work, in his father's house at Horton. The intimation which he had given of his purpose in the sonnet above quoted had become, in 1641, "an inward prompting which grows daily upon me, that by labor and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might, perhaps, leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die."

What the ultimate form of his poetic utterance shall be, he is in no hurry to decide. He will be "long choosing," and quite content to be "beginning late." All his care at present is to qualify himself for the lofty function to which he aspires. No lawyer, physician, statesman, ever labored to fit himself for his profession harder than Milton strove to qualify himself for his vocation of poet. Verse-making is, to the wits, a game of ingenuity; to Milton it is a prophetic office, toward which the will of heaven leads him. The creation he contemplates will not flow from him as the stanzas of the "Jerusalem" did from Tasso at twenty-one. Before he can make a poem, Milton will make himself. "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem. . . . not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

I have called this period, 1632-39, one of preparation, and not of production. But though the first volume of poems printed by Milton did not appear till 1645, the most considerable part of its contents was written during the period included in the present chapter.

The fame of the author of "Paradise Lost" has overshadowed that of the author of "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas." Yet had "Paradise Lost" never been written, these three poems, with "Comus," would have sufficed to place their author in a class apart, and above all those who had used the English language for poetical purposes before him.

It is incumbent on Milton's biographer to relate the circumstances of the composition of "Comus," as it is an incident in the life of the poet.

Milton's musical tastes had brought him the acquaintance of Henry Lawes, at that time the most celebrated composer in England. When the Earl of Bridgewater would give an entertainment at Ludlow Castle to celebrate his entry upon his office as President of Wales and the Marches, it was to Lawes that application was made to

furnish the music. Lawes, as naturally, applied to his young poetical acquaintance Milton to write the words. The entertainment was to be of that sort which was fashionable at court, and was called a Mask.

In that brilliant period of court life which was inaugurated by Elizabeth and put an end to by the Civil War, a Mask was a frequent and favorite amusement. It was an exhibition in which pageantry and music predominated, but in which dialogue was introduced as accompaniment or explanation.

It was a strange caprice of fortune that made the future poet of the Puritan epic the last composer of a cavalier mask. The slight plot, or story, of "Comus" was probably suggested to Milton by his recollection of George Peele's "Old Wives' Tale," which he may have seen on the stage.

The personage of "Comus" was borrowed from a Latin extravaganza by a Dutch professor, whose "Comus" was reprinted at Oxford in 1634, the very year in which Milton wrote his "Mask."

The so-called tradition collected by Oldys, of the young Egertons, who acted in "Comus," having lost themselves in Haywood Forest on their way to Ludlow, obviously grew out of Milton's poem.

However casual the suggestion, or unpromising the occasion, Milton worked out of it a strain of poetry such as had never been heard in England before. If any reader wishes to realize the immense step upon what had gone before him, which was now made by a young man of twenty-seven, it would be worth his while to turn over some of the most celebrated of the masks of the Jacobean period.

We have no information how "Comus" was received when represented at Ludlow, but it found a public of readers. For Lawes, who had the MS. in his hands, was so importuned for copies that, in 1637, he caused an edition to be printed off. Not surreptitiously, for though Lawes does not say, in the dedication to Lord Brackley, that he had the author's leave to print, we are sure that

he had it, only from the motto. On the title-page of this edition (1637) is the line:

"Eheu! quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum
Perditus——"

The words are Virgil's, but the appropriation of them, and their application in this "second intention," is too exquisite to have been made by any but Milton.

To the poems of the Horton period belong also the two pieces "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas." He was probably in the early stage of acquiring the language, when he superscribed the two first poems with their Italian titles. For there is no such word as "Penseroso," the adjective formed from "Pensiers" being "penseroso."

Even had the word been written correctly, its signification is not that which Milton intended—viz., thoughtful, or contemplative, but anxious, full of cares, carking.

The rapid purification of Milton's taste will be best perceived by comparing "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" of uncertain date, but written after 1632, with the "Ode on the Nativity," written 1629. The Ode, notwithstanding its foretaste of Milton's grandeur, abounds in frigid con-



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ceits, from which the two later pieces are free. The Ode is frosty, as written in Winter, within the four walls of a college chamber. The two idyls breathe the free air of Spring and Summer, and of the fields round Horton. They are thoroughly naturalistic; the choicest expression our language has yet found of the fresh charm of country life, not as that life is lived by the peasant, but as it is felt by a young and lettered student, issuing at early dawn, or at sunset, into the fields from his chamber and his books. All rural sights and sounds and smells are here blended in that ineffable combination, which once or twice, perhaps, in our lives has saluted our young senses before their perceptions were blunted by alcohol, by lust, or ambition, or diluted by the social distractions of great cities.

These two short idyls are marked by a glad some



MILTON PLAYING FOR CHORWELL AND HIS FAMILY.

spontaneity which never came to Milton again. The delicate fancy and feeling which play about "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" never reappear, and form a strong contrast to the austere imaginings of his later poetical period. These two poems have the freedom and frolic, the natural grace of movement, the improvisation, of the best Elizabethan examples, while both thoughts and words are under a strict economy unknown to the diffuse exuberance of the Spenserians.

In "Lycidas" (1637) we have reached the high-water mark of English Poesy and of Milton's own production.

Like the "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," "Lycidas" is laid out on the lines of the accepted pastoral fiction; like them it offers exquisite touches of idealized rural life. But "Lycidas" opens up a deeper vein of feeling, a patriot passion so vehement and dangerous, that, like that which stirred the Hebrew prophet, it is compelled to veil itself from power, or from sympathy, in utterance made purposely enigmatical. The passage which begins "Last came and last did go," raises in us a thrill of awe-struck expectation which I can only compare with that excited by the Cassandra of Æschylus's "Agamemnon." For the reader to feel this, he must have present in memory the circumstances of England in 1637. He must place himself as far as possible in the situation of a contemporary.

The study of Milton's poetry compels the study of his time; and Professor Masson's six volumes are not too much to enable us to understand that there were real causes for the intense passion which glows underneath the poets words—a passion which unexplained would be thought to be intrusive.

The fanaticism of the covenanters and the sad grace of Petrarch seem to meet in Milton's monody. Yet these opposites, instead of neutralizing each other, are blended into one harmonious whole by the presiding, but invisible, genius of the poet.

"For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill."

Here is the sweet mournfulness of the Spenserian time, upon whose joys death is the only intruder. Pass onward a little, and you are in presence of the tremendous

"Two-handed engine at the door,"

the terror of which is enhanced by its obscurity. We are very sure that the avenger is there, though we know not who he is. In these thirty lines we have the preluding mutterings of the storm which was to sweep away mask and revel and song, to inhibit the drama, and suppress poetry. In the earlier poems Milton's muse has sung in the tones of the age that is passing away; the poet is, except in his austere chastity, a cavalier. Though even in "L'Allegro" Dr. Johnson truly detects "some melancholy in his mirth." "In "Lycidas," for a moment, the tones of both ages, the past and the coming, are combined, and then Milton leaves behind him for ever the golden age, and one-half of his poetic genius. He never fulfilled the promise with which "Lycidas" concludes: "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

Before 1632 Milton had begun to learn Italian. His mind, just then open on all sides to impressions from books, was peculiarly attracted by Italian poetry. The language grew to be loved for its own sake. Saturated as he was with Dante and Petrarch, Tasso and Ariosto, the desire arose to let the ear drink in the music of Tuscan speech.

In April, 1637, Milton's mother had died; but his younger brother, Christopher, had come to live, with his wife, in the paternal home at Horton. Milton, the father,

was not unwilling that his son should have his foreign tour, as a part of that elaborate education by which he was qualifying himself for his doubtful vocation. The cost was not to stand in the way, considerable as it must have been. Howell's estimate, in his "Instructions for Forreine Travel," 1642, was £300 a year for the tourist himself, and £50 for his man, a sum equal to about £1,000 at present.

Milton arrived in Paris April or May, 1638. It was August before he reached Florence, by way of Nice and Genoa, and in Florence he spent the two months which we now consider the most impossible there, the months of August and September. Nor did he find, as he would find now, the city deserted by the natives. We hear nothing of Milton's impressions of the place, but of the men whom he met there he retained always a lively and affectionate remembrance. The learned and polite Florentines had not fled to the hills from the stifling heat and blinding glare of the Lung' Arno, but seem to have carried on their literary meetings in defiance of climate. This was the age of academies—an institution, Milton says, "of most praiseworthy effect, both for the cultivation of polite letters and the keeping up of friendships." Florence had five or six such societies, the Florentine, the Della Crusca, the Svogliati, the Apotisti, etc.

Milton was introduced at the meetings of the academies; his presence is recorded on two occasions, of which the latest is the 16th of September at the Svogliati. He paid his scot by reciting from memory some of his youthful Latin verses, hexameters, "molto erudite," says the minute-book of the sitting, and others, which "I shifted, in the scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up." He obtained much credit by those exercises, which, indeed, deserved it by comparison. He ventured upon the perilous experiment of offering some compositions in Italian, which the fastidious Tuscan ear at least professed to include in those "encomiums which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps."

As soon as the season allowed of it, Milton set forward to Rome, taking what was then the usual way by Siena. At Rome he spent two months, occupying himself partly with seeing the antiquities, and partly with cultivating the acquaintance of natives, and some of the many foreigners resident in the Eternal City. But though he received much civility, we do not find that he met with the sympathy which endeared to him his Tuscan friends.

It was at a concert at the Barberini palace that Milton heard Leonora Baroni sing. His three Latin epigrams addressed to this lady, the first singer of Italy, or of the world at that time, testify to the enthusiasm she excited in the musical soul of Milton.

Nor are these three epigrams the only homage which Milton paid to Italian beauty. The susceptible poet, who in the sunless north would fain have "sporting with the tangles of Neera's hair," could not behold Neera herself and the flashing splendor of her eye, unmoved. Milton proclaims (*Defensio Secunda*) that in all his foreign tour he had lived clear from all that is disgraceful. But the pudicity of his behavior and language covers a soul tremulous with emotion, whose passion was intensified by the discipline of a chaste intention. Five Italian pieces among his poems are to the address of another lady, whose "majestic movements and love-darting dark brow" had subdued him. The charm lay in the novelty of this style of beauty to one who came from the land of the "vermeiltinctur'd cheek" ("Comus") and the "golden nets of hair" (*El. i. 66*). No clew has been discovered to the name of this divinity, or to the occasion on which Milton saw her.

At the end of November he went on to Naples.

The time was now at hand when the latter passion, the noble rage of freedom, was to suppress the more delicate flower of poetic imagination. Milton's original scheme had included Sicily and Greece. The serious aspect of affairs at home compelled him to renounce his project. "I consider it dishonorable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom." He retraced his steps leisurely enough, however, making a halt of two months in Rome, and again one of two months in Florence.

The most noteworthy incident of his second Florentine residence is his interview with Galileo. He had been unable to see the veteran martyr of science on his first visit. For though Galileo was at that time living within the walls, he was not allowed either to set foot outside or to receive visits from non-Catholics. In the Spring of 1639, however, he was allowed to go back to his villa at Gioiello, near Arcetri, and Milton obtained admission to him, old, frail and blind, but in full possession of his mental faculty. There is observable in Milton, as Mr. Masson suggests, a prophetic fascination of the fancy on the subject of blindness. And the deep impression left by this sight of "the Tuscan artist" is evidenced by the feeling with which Galileo's name and achievements are imbedded in "Paradise Lost."

From Florence, Milton crossed the Apennines by Bologna and Ferrara to Venice. From this port he shipped for England the books he had collected during his tour, books curious and rare as they seemed to Phillips, and among them a chest or two of choice music-books. The month of April was spent at Venice, and bidding farewell to the beloved land he would never visit again, Milton passed the Alps to Geneva.

No Englishman's foreign pilgrimage was complete without touching at this marvelous capital of the Reformed faith, which, with almost no resources, had successfully braved the whole might of the Catholic reaction. The only record of Milton's stay at Geneva is the album of a Neapolitan refugee, to which Milton contributed his autograph, under date 10th June, 1639, with the following quotations—

"If virtue feeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

(From "Comus.")

"Coelum non animum muto, dum trans mare curro."
(From "Horace.")

Milton was back in England in August, 1639. He had been absent a year and three months, during which space of time the aspect of public affairs, which had been perplexed and gloomy when he left, had been growing still more ominous of a coming storm. The issues of the controversy were so pervasive, that it was almost impossible for any educated man who understood them not to range himself on a side. Yet Milton, though he had broken off his projected tour in consequence, did not rush into the fray on his return. He resumed his retired and studious life, "with no small delight, cheerfully leaving," as he says, "the event of public affairs first to God, and then to those in whom the people had committed that task."

He did not return to Horton, but took lodgings in London, in the house of Russel, a tailor, in St. Bride's Churchyard, at the city end of Fleet Street, on the site of what is now Farringdon Street. There is no attempt on the part of Milton to take up a profession, not even for the sake of appearances. The elder Milton was content to see his son, of whom he was proud, with the

executing his eccentric scheme of life, to con-

Milton had taken in hand the education of his two nephews, John and Edward Phillips, sons of his only sister Anne. Anne was a few years older than her brother John. Her first husband, Edward Phillips, had died in 1631, and the widow had given her two sons a stepfather in one Thomas Agar, who was in the Clerk of the Crown's office. Milton, on settling in London, in 1639, had at once taken his younger nephew John to live with him. When, in 1640, he removed to Aldersgate, the elder, Edward, also came under his roof.

If it was affection for his sister which first moved Milton to undertake the tuition of her sons, he soon developed a taste for the occupation. In 1643 he began to receive into his house other pupils, but only, says Phillips (who is solicitous that his uncle should not be thought to have kept a school), "the sons of some gentlemen that were his intimate friends." He threw into his lessons the same energy which he carried into everything else. In his eagerness to find a place for everything that could be learnt, there could have been few hours in the day which were not invaded by teaching. He had exchanged the contemplative leisure of Horton for a busy life, in which no hour but had its calls. Even on Sundays there were lessons in the Greek Testament and dictations of a system of Divinity in Latin. His pamphlets of this period betray, in their want of measure and equilibrium, even in their heated style and passion-flushed language, the life at high pressure which their author was leading.

In the early part of the Summer of 1643, Milton took a sudden journey into the country, "nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was any more than a journey of recreation." He was absent about a month, and when he returned he brought back a wife with him. Nor was the bride alone. She was attended "by some few of her nearest relations," and there was feasting and celebration of the nuptials in the house in Aldersgate Street.

The bride's name was Mary, eldest daughter of Richard Powell, Esq., of Forest Hill, J. P. for the County of Oxford. Forest Hill is a village and parish about five miles from Oxford, on the Thame road, where Mr. Powell had a house.

There had been many transactions between the Milton and the Powell families as far back as 1627. In paying a visit to that neighborhood, Milton was both returning to the district which had been the home of all the Miltons, and renewing an old acquaintance with the Powell family. Mr. Powell, though in receipt of a fair income for a country gentleman—£300 a year of that day may be roughly valued at £1,000 of our day—and his wife had brought him £3,000, could not live within his means. His children were numerous, and belonging as he did to the cavalier party, his house was conducted with the careless hospitality of a royalist gentleman.

Twenty years before he had begun borrowing, and among other persons had had recourse to the prosperous and saving scrivener of Bread Street. He was already mortgaged to the Miltons, father and sons, more deeply than his estate had any prospect of paying, which was perhaps the reason why he found no difficulty in promising a portion of £1,000 with his daughter. Milton, with a poet's want of caution, or indifference to money, and with a lofty masculine disregard of the temper and character of the girl he asked to share his life, came home with his bride in triumph, and held feasting in celebration of his hasty and ill-considered choice. It was a beginning of sorrows to him.

Hitherto, up to his thirty-fifth year, independent master of leisure and the delights of literature, his years had passed without a check or a shadow. From this day

forward domestic misery, the importunities of business, the clamor of controversy, crowned by the crushing calamity of blindness, were to be his portion for more than thirty years. Singular among poets in the serene fortune of the



MILTON'S HOUSE, YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON.

first half of life, in the second half his piteous fate was to take rank in wretchedness with that of his masters, Dante or Tasso.

The biographer, acquainted with the event, has no difficulty in predicting it, and in saying at this point in his story that Milton might have known better than, with his Puritanical con-

nections, to have taken to wife a daughter of a cavalier house, to have brought her from a roystering home, frequented by the dissolute officers of the Oxford garrison, to the spare diet and philosophical retirement of a recluse student, and to have looked for sympathy and response for his speculations from an uneducated and frivolous girl.

Love has blinded, and will continue to blind, the wisest men to calculations as easy and as certain as these. And Milton, in whose soul Puritan austerity was as yet only contending with the more genial currents of humanity, had a far greater than average susceptibility to the charm of woman. Even at the later date of "Paradise Lost," voluptuous thoughts, as Mr. Hallam has observed, are not uncongenial to him. And at an earlier age his poems, candidly pure from the lascivious innuendoes of his contemporaries, have preserved the record of the rapid impression of the momentary passage of beauty upon his susceptible mind.

Once, at twenty, he was set all on flame by the casual meeting, in one of his walks in the suburbs of London, with a damsel whom he never saw again. Again, sonnets III. to V. tell how he fell before the new type of foreign beauty which crossed his path at Bologna. A similar surprise of his fancy at the expense of his judgment seems to have happened on the present occasion of his visit to Shot-

over.

There is no evidence that Mary Powell was handsome, and we may be sure that it would have been mentioned if she had been. But she had youth, and country freshness; her "unliveliness and natural sloth unfit for conversation" passed as "the bashful muteness of a virgin"; and if a doubt intruded that he was being too hasty, Milton may have thought that a girl of seventeen could be molded at pleasure. He was too soon undeceived. His dream of married happiness barely lasted out the honeymoon. He found that he had mated himself to a clod of earth, who not only was not now, but had not the capacity of becoming a helpmeet for him.

But however keenly he felt and regretted the precipitancy which had yoked him for life to "a mute and spiritless mate," the breach did not come from his side. The girl herself conceived an equal repugnance to the husband she had thoughtlessly accepted, probably on the strength of his good looks, which was all of Milton that she was capable of appreciating.

A young bride, taken suddenly from the freedom of a jovial and an undisciplined home, rendered more lax by civil confusion and easy intercourse with the officers of the royalist garrison, and committed to the sole society of a stranger, and that stranger possessing the rights of a husband, and expecting much from all who lived with him, may not naturally have been seized with panic terror, and wished herself home again. The young Mrs. Milton not only wished it, but incited her family to write and beg that she might be allowed to go home to stay the remainder of the Summer. The request to quit her husband at the end of the first month was so unreasonable that the parents would scarcely have made it if they had not suspected some profound cause of estrangement. Nor could Milton have consented, as he did, to so extreme a remedy, unless he had felt that the case required no less, and that her mother's advice and influence were the most available means of awakening his wife to a sense of her duty. Milton's consent was therefore given.

Mary Milton went to Forest Hill in July, but on the understanding that she was to come back at Michaelmas. When the appointed time came, she did not appear. Milton wrote for her to come. No answer. Several other letters met the same fate. At last he dispatched a foot messenger to Forest Hill desiring her return. The messenger came back only to report that he had been "dismissed with some sort of contempt." It was evident that Mary Milton's family had espoused her cause as against her husband.

Milton, living at a time when controversy turned away from details, and sought to dig down to the roots of every question, instead of urging the hardships of his own case, set to consider the institution of marriage in itself. He published a pamphlet with the title, "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," at first anonymously, but putting his name to a second edition, much enlarged. He further reinforced this argument in chief with three supplementary pamphlets, partly in answer to opponents and objectors; for there was no lack of opposition, indeed of outcry loud and fierce.

But though all mention of his own case is studiously avoided by Milton, his pamphlet, when read by the light



ST. GILES'S CHURCH, CRIPPLEGATE, WHERE MILTON IS BURIED.

of Phillips's brief narrative, does seem to give some assistance in apprehending the circumstances of this obscure passage of the poet's life. According to Phillips's narra-

Other explanations are not wanting, and the pamphlet suggests several grounds of a personal nature, and though he gives directly no intimation of any individual interest,

MILTON EXCITING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTER.



tive, the pamphlet was engendered by Milton's indignation at his wife's contemptuous treatment of him, in refusing to keep the engagement to return at Michaelmas. But this does not seem sufficient to account for the depth of feeling evinced.

yet his argument throughout glows with a white heat of concealed emotion, such as could only be stirred by the sting of some personal and present misery.

Milton was not very well pleased to find that the Parliament had no ear for the bitter cry of distress wrong

from their ardent admirer and staunch adherent. Accordingly, in 1645, in dedicating the last of the divorce pamphlets, which he entitled "Tetrachordon," to the Parliament, he concluded with a threat, "If the law make not a timely provision, let the law, as reason is, bear the censure of the consequences."

This threat he was prepared to put in execution, and did, in 1645, as Phillips tell us, contemplate a union, which could not have been a marriage, with another woman. He was able at this time to find some part of that solace of conversation which his wife failed to give him, among his female acquaintance. Especially we find him at home in the house of one of the Parliamentary women, the Lady Margaret Ley, a lady "of great wit and ingenuity," the "honored Margaret" of Sonnet X. But the Lady Margaret was a married woman, being the wife of a Captain Hobson, a "very accomplished gentleman," of the Isle of Wight. The young lady who was the object of his attentions, and who, if she were the "virtuous young lady" of Sonnet IX., was "in the prime of earliest youth," was a daughter of a Dr. Davis, of whom nothing else is now known. She is described by Phillips, who may have seen her, as a very handsome and witty gentlewoman. Though Milton was ready to brave public opinion, Miss Davis was not. And so the suit hung, when all schemes of the kind were put an end to by the unexpected submission of Mary Powell.

Since October, 1643, when Milton's messenger had been dismissed from Forest Hill, the face of the civil struggle was changed. The Presbyterian army had been replaced by that of the Independents, and the immediate consequence had been the decline of the royal cause, consummated by its total ruin on the day of Naseby, in June, 1645. Oxford was closely invested, Forest Hill occupied by the besiegers, and the Powell family compelled to take refuge within the lines of the city. Financial bankruptcy, too, had overtaken the Powells. These influences, rather than any rumors which may have reached them of Milton's designs in regard to Miss Davis, wrought a change in the views of the Powell family.

By the triumph of the Independents, Mr. Milton was become a man of consideration, and might be useful as a protector. They concluded that the best thing they could do was to seek a reconciliation. There were not wanting friends of Milton's, also, some perhaps divining his secret discontent, who thought that such reconciliation would be better for him, too, than periling his happiness upon the experiment of an illegal connection. A conspiracy of the friends of both parties contrived to introduce Mary Powell into a house where Milton often visited in St. Martin's-le-Grand. She was secreted in an adjoining room, on an occasion when Milton was known to be coming, and he was surprised by seeing her suddenly brought in, throw herself on her knees, and ask to be forgiven.

The poor young thing, now two years older and wiser, but still only nineteen, pleaded, truly or falsely, that her mother "had been all along the chief promoter of her frowardness." Milton, with a "noble leonine clemency" which became him, cared not for excuses for the past. It was enough that she was come back, and was willing to live with him as his wife. He received her at once, and not only her, but on the surrender of Oxford, in June, 1646, and the sequestration of Forest Hill, took in the whole family of Powells, including the mother-in-law, whose influence with her daughter might even again trouble his peace.

The garden-house in Aldersgate Street had before been found too small for the pupils who were being now pressed

upon Milton. It was to a larger house in Barbican, a side street leading out of Aldersgate, that he brought the Powells and Mary Milton. Milton probably abated his exactions on the point of companionship, and learned to be content with her acquiescence in the duties of a wife. In July, 1646, she became a mother, and bore in all four children; of these, three, all daughters, lived to grow up. Mary Milton herself died in giving birth to the fourth child in the Summer of 1652. She was only twenty-six, and had been married to Milton nine years.

We have now seen Milton engaged in teaching and writing on education, involved in domestic unhappiness, and speculating on the obligations of marriage. But neither of these topics formed the principal occupation of his mind during these years. He had renounced a cherished scheme of travel because his countrymen were engaged at home in contending for their liberties, and it could not be that the gradually intensified stages of that struggle engrossed his interest and claimed his participation.

His twenty years pamphlet warfare may be presented by his biographer as the expression of the Puritanic Milton, who shall have been driven back upon his suppressed instincts as a poet by the ruin of his political hopes. A study of the pamphlets will show that the poet is all there, indeed, only too openly for influence on opinion, and that the blighted hope of the patriot lends a secret pathos to "Paradise Lost" and "Samson Agonistes."

Putting Bacon aside, the condensed force and poignant brevity of whose aphoristic wisdom has no parallel in English, there is no other prosaist who possesses anything like Milton's command over the resources of our language. Milton cannot match the musical harmony and exactly balanced periods of his predecessor, Hooker. He is without the power of varied illustration, and accumulation of ornamental circumstance, possessed by his contemporary, Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667). But neither of these great writers impresses the reader with a sense of unlimited power such as we feel to reside in Milton. Vast as is the wealth of magnificent words which he flings with both hands carelessly upon the page, we feel that there is still much more in reserve.

The words in Milton's poems have been counted, and it appears that he employs 8,000, while Shakespeare's plays and poems yield about 15,000. From this it might be inferred that the Miltonic vocabulary is only half as rich as that of Shakespeare. But no inference can be founded upon the absolute number of words used by any writer. We must know, not the total of different words, but the *proportion* of different words to the whole of any writer's words. Now to furnish a list of 100 different words the English Bible requires 531 common words, Shakespeare 164, Milton 135 only. This computation is founded on the poems; it would be curious to have the same test tried upon the prose writings, though no such test can be as trustworthy as the educated ear of a listener to a continued reading.

It is no part of a succinct biography, such as the present, to furnish an account in detail of the various controversies of the time, as Milton engaged in them. The reader will doubtless be content with the bare indication of the subjects on which he wrote. The whole number of Milton's political pamphlets is twenty-five. Of these, twenty-one are written in English, and four in Latin. Of the "Tractate of Education" and the four divorce pamphlets something has been already said. Of the remaining twenty, nine, or nearly half, relate to church government, or ecclesiastical affairs; eight treat of the various crises of

the civil strife; and two are personal vindications of himself against one of his antagonists. There remains one tract of which the subject is of a more general and permanent nature, the best known of all the series "Areopagitica: A Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England." The whole series of twenty-five extends over a period of somewhat less than twenty years; the earliest, viz., "Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England, and the Causes that hitherto have hindered it," having been published in 1641; the latest, entitled "A ready and easy way to Establish a free Commonwealth," coming out in March, 1660, after the torrent of royalism had set in, which was to sweep away the men and the cause to which Milton had devoted himself. Milton's pen thus accompanied the whole of the Puritan revolution from the modest constitutional opposition in which it commenced, through its unexpected triumph, to its crushing overthrow by the royalist and clerical reaction.

In September, 1645, Milton left the garden-house in Aldersgate, for a larger house in Barbican, in the same neighborhood, but a little further from the city gate, *i. e.*, more in the country. The larger house was, perhaps, required for the accommodation of his pupils, but it served to shelter his wife's family, when they were thrown upon the world by the surrender of Oxford, in June, 1646. In this Barbican house Mr. Powell died at the end of that year. Milton had been promised with his wife a portion of £1,000; but Mr. Powell's affairs had long been in a very embarrassed condition, and now, by the consequences of delinquency, that condition had become one of absolute ruin.

The upshot of the whole transaction is that, in satisfaction of his claim of £1,500 (£1,000 his wife's dower, £500 an old loan of 1627), Milton came into possession of some property at Wheatley. This property, consisting of the tithes of Wheatley, certain cottages, and three and a half yard lands, had in the time of the disturbances produced only £40 a year. But as the value of all property improved when the civil war came to an end, Milton found the whole could now be let for £80. But then out of this he had to pay Mr. Powell's composition, reduced to £130 on Milton's petition, and the widow's jointure, computed at £26 13s. 4d. per annum. What of income remained after these disbursements he might apply toward repaying himself the old loan of 1627. This was all Milton ever saw of the £1,000 which Mr. Powell, with the high-flying magnificence of a cavalier who knew he was ruined, had promised as his daughter's portion.

After the death of his father, being now more at ease in his circumstances, Milton gave up taking pupils, and quitted the large house in Barbican for a smaller in High Holborn, opening backward into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. This removal was about Michaelmas, 1647.

During this period, 1639-1649, while his interests were engaged by the all-absorbing events of the civil strife, he wrote no poetry, or none deserving the name. All artists have intervals of non-productiveness, usually caused by exhaustion. This was not Milton's case. His genius was not his master, nor could it pass, like that of Leonardo da Vinci, unmoved through the most tragic scenes. He deliberately suspended it at the call of what he believed to be duty to his country.

Yet all the while that he was thus unfaithful in practice to his art, it was poetry that possessed his real affections, and the reputation of a poet which formed his ambition. It was a temporary separation, and not a divorce, which he designed. In each successive pamphlet he reiterates his undertaking to redeem his pledge of a great work, as

soon as liberty shall be consolidated in the realm. Meanwhile, as an earnest of what should be hereafter, he permitted the publication of a collection of his early poems.

This little volume of some 200 pages, rude in execution as it is, ranks among the highest prizes of the book-collector, very few copies being extant, and those mostly in public libraries.

The Crown having fallen on January 30th, 1649, and the House of Lords, by the vote of February 6th, following, the sovereign power of England was for the moment in the hands of that fragment of the Long Parliament which remained after the various purges and expulsions to which it had been subjected.

The real centre of power was the Council of State, a body of forty-one members, nominated for a period of twelve months, according to a plan of constitution devised by the army leaders. In the hands of this republican Council was concentrated a combination of power such as had never been wielded by any English monarch.

The Council of State contained most of the notable statesmen of the Parliamentary party, and had before it a vast task in reorganizing the administration of England, in the conduct of an actual war in Ireland, a possible war in Scotland, and in the maintenance of the honor of the republic in its relations with foreign princes.

The Council of State prepared the business for its consideration through special committees for special departments of the public service. The Committee for Foreign Affairs consisted of Whitelocke, Vane, Lord Lile, Lord Denbig, Mr. Martin, Mr. Lisle. A secretary was required to translate dispatches, both those which were sent out and those which were received. Nothing seems more natural than that the author of the "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," who was at once a staunch Parliamentarian, an accomplished Latin scholar, and conversant with more than one of the spoken languages of the Continent, should be thought of for the office. Yet so little was Milton personally known, living as he did the life of a retired student, that it was the accident of his having the acquaintance of one of the new Council to which he owed the appointment.

The post was offered him, but would he accept it? He had never ceased to revolve in his mind subjects capable of poetical treatment, and to cherish his own vocation as the classical poet of the English language. Peace had come, and leisure was within his reach. He was poor, but his wants were simple, and he had enough wherewith to meet them. Already, in 1649, unmistakable symptoms threatened his sight, and warned him of the necessity of the most rigid economy in the use of the eyes. The duties that he was now asked to undertake were indefinite already in amount, and would doubtless extend themselves if zealously discharged.

Milton accepted the post at once without hesitation. On March 13th, 1649, the Committee for Foreign Affairs was directed to make the offer to him; on March 15th he attended at Whitehall, to be admitted to office. Well would it have been both for his genius and his fame if he had declined it. His genius might have reverted to its proper course, while he was in the flower of age, with eyesight still available, and a spirit exalted by the triumph of the good cause. His fame would have been saved from the degrading incidents of the contention with Salmasius and Morus, and from being tarnished by the obloquy of the faction which he fought, and which conquered him. No man can, with impunity, insult and trample upon his fellow-man, even in the best of causes. Especially if he be an artist, he makes it impossible to obtain equitable appreciation of his work.



MILTON SELLING THE MANUSCRIPT OF "PARADISE LOST" TO SAMUEL SYMONS, PUBLISHER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ELIA GILI.

The office into which Milton was now inducted is called in the Council books that of "Secretary for Foreign Tongues." Its duties were chiefly the translation of dispatches from and to foreign governments. The degree of estimation in which the Latin secretary was held may be measured by the amount of salary assigned him. For while the English chief secretary had a salary of £730 (= £2,200 of our day), the Latin secretary was paid only £288 13s. 6d. (= £900). For this, not very liberal pay,

he was told that all his time was to be at the disposal of the Government. Lincoln's Inn Fields was too far off for a servant of the Council who might have to attend meetings at seven in the morning. He accordingly migrated to Charing Cross, now become again Charing without the cross, this work of art having been an early (1647) victim of religious barbarism. In November he was accommodated with chambers in Whitehall. But from these he was soon ousted by claimants more considerable or more importunate, and in 1651 he removed to "a pretty garden-house" in Petty France, in Westminster, next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park. The house was extant till the year 1877, when it disappeared, the last of Milton's many London residences. So well satisfied were the Council with their secretary, that they now imposed upon him a far more important labor, a reply to the "Eikon Basiliké."

The execution of Charles I. was not an act of vengeance but a measure of public safety. If, as Hallam affirms, there mingled in the motives of the managers any strain of personal ill-will, this was merged in the necessity of

securing themselves from the vengeance of the King, and what they had gained from being taken back. They were alarmed by the reaction which had set in, and had no choice but to strengthen themselves by a daring policy. But the first effect of the removal of the King by violence was to give a powerful stimulus to the reaction already in progress.

The groan which burst from the spectators before Whitehall on January 30th, 1649, was only representative

of the thrill of horror which ran through England and Scotland in the next ten days. This feeling found expression in a book entitled, "Eikon Basiliké, the portraiture of his sacred majesty in his solitude and sufferings." The book was, it should seem, composed by Dr. Gauden, but professed to be an authentic copy of papers written by the King.

Like the university-bred men of his day, Gauden was not a man of ideas, but of style. In the present instance the idea was supplied by events. The saint and martyr, the man of sorrows, praying for his murderers, the King, who renounced an earthly kingdom to gain a heavenly, and who

in return for his benefits received from an unthankful people a crown of thorns—this was the theme supplied to the royalist advocate. Poet's imagination had never invented one more calculated to touch the popular heart.

Milton's ready pen completed the answer, "Eikonoklastes," a quarto of 242 pages, before October, 1649. It is, like all answers, worthless as a book. Eikonoklastes, the image-breaker, takes the image, Eikon, paragraph by paragraph, turning it round, and asserting the negative.



MILTON'S FAVORITE SOLACE.

To the royalist view of the points in dispute Milton opposes the independent view. A refutation, which follows each step of an adverse book, is necessarily devoid of originality. But Milton is worse than tedious; his reply is in a tone of rude railing and insolent swagger, which would have been always unbecoming, but which at this moment was grossly indecent.

The mystery which long surrounded the authorship of "Eikon Basiliké" lends a literary interest to Milton's share in that controversy, which does not belong to his next appearance in print. His pamphlets against Salmasius and Morus are written in Latin, and to the general reader inaccessible in consequence.

Salmasius's "Defensio regio"—that was the title of his book—reached England before the end of 1649. The Council of State, in very unnecessary alarm, issued a prohibition. On January 8th, 1650, the Council ordered "that Mr. Milton do prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius." Early in March, 1651, Milton's answer, entitled, "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio," was out.

Salmasius, of course, put in a rejoinder. His rapid pen found no difficulty in turning off 300 pages of fluent Latin. It was his last occupation. He died at Spa, where he was taking the waters, in September, 1653, and his reply was not published till 1660, after the restoration, when all interest had died out of the controversy.

If any one thinks that classical studies of themselves cultivate the taste and the sentiments, let him look into Salmasius's "Responsio." There he will see the first scholar of his age not thinking it unbecoming to taunt Milton with his blindness, in such language as this, "A puppy, once my pretty little man, now blear-eyed, or, rather, a blinding: having never had any mental vision, he has now lost his bodily sight; a silly coxcomb, fancying himself a beauty; an unclean beast, with nothing more human about him than his guttering eyelids; the fittest doom for him would be to hang him on the highest gallows, and set his head on the Tower of London." These are some of the incivilities, not by any means the most revolting, but such as I dare reproduce, of this literary warfare.

Instead of receiving an honorarium for his "Defense of the English People," Milton had paid for it a sacrifice for which money could not compensate him. His eyesight, though quick, as he was proficient with the rapier, had never been strong. His constant headaches, his late study, and (thinks Phillips) his perpetual tampering with physic to preserve his sight, concurred to bring the calamity upon him. It had been steadily coming on for a dozen years before, and about 1650 the sight of the left eye was gone. He was warned by his doctor that if he persisted in using the remaining eye for book-work, he would lose that, too. "The choice lay before me," Milton writes in the "Second Defense," "between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight; in such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Æsculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary; I could not but obey that inward monitor, I know not what, that spoke to me from heaven. I considered with myself that many had purchased less good with worse ill, as they who give their lives to reap only glory, and I thereupon concluded to employ the little remaining eyesight I was to enjoy in doing this, the greatest service to the common weal it was in my power to render."

It was about the early part of the year 1652 that the calamity was consummated. At the age of forty-three he was in total darkness. Shut out at forty-three, when his great work was not even begun! He consoles himself

with the fancy that in his pamphlet, the "Defensio," he had done a great work (*quanta maxima quiveri*) for his country.

This poor delusion helped him, doubtless, to support his calamity. He could not foresee that, in less than ten years, the great work would be totally annihilated, his pamphlet would be merged in the obsolete mass of civil war tracts, and the "Defensio," on which he had expended his last year of eyesight, only mentioned because it had been written by the author of "Paradise Lost."

Before Salmasius's reply was ready, there was launched from the Hague, in March, 1652, a virulent royalist piece in Latin, under the title of "Regii sanguinis clamor ad cælum" (Cry of the King's blood to Heaven against the English paricides).

The author of the "Clamor" was Peter Du Moulin, a son of the celebrated French Calvinist preacher of the same name. The author not daring to entrust his pamphlet to an English press, had sent it over to Holland, where it was printed under the supervision of Alexander Morus.

The secret of the authorship was strictly kept, and Morus having been known to be concerned in the publication, was soon transformed in public belief into the author. So it was reported to Milton, and so Milton believed. He nursed his wrath, and took two years to mediate his blow.

Milton's "Defensio Secunda" came out in May, 1654. In this piece (written in Latin) Morus is throughout assumed to be the author of the "Clamor," and as such is pursued through many pages in a strain of invective, in which banter is mingled with ferocity.

It is no part of Milton's biography to relate the course of public events in these momentous years, merely because as Latin secretary he formulated the dispatches of the Protector or of his Council, and because these Latin letters are incorporated in Milton's works. On the course of affairs Milton's voice had no influence, as he had no part in their transaction. Milton was the last man of whom a practical politician would have sought advice. He knew nothing of the temper of the nation, and treated with supreme disdain all that opposed his own view. On the other hand, idealist though he was, he does not move in the sphere of speculative politics, or count among those philosophic names, a few in each century, who have influenced, not action but thought. Accordingly, his opinions have for us a purely personal interest. They are part of the character of the poet Milton, and do not belong to either world, of action or of mind.

The circle of Milton's intimates contains few, and those undistinguished names. One exception there was. In Andrew Marvel Milton found one congenial spirit, incorruptible amid poverty, unbowed by defeat.

The consequences of the Restoration to Milton's worldly fortunes were disastrous. A sum of £2,000 which he had placed in government securities was lost, the restored monarchy refusing to recognize the obligations of the protectorate. He lost another like sum by mismanagement, and for want of good advice, says Phillips, or according to his granddaughter's statement, by the dishonesty of a money-scrivener. He had also to give up, without compensation, some property, valued at £60 a year, which he had purchased when the estates of the Chapter of Westminster were sold. In the great fire, 1666, his house in Bread Street was destroyed. Thus, from easy circumstances, he was reduced, if not to destitution, at least to narrow means. He left at his death £1,500, which Phillips calls a considerable sum. And if he sold his books, one by one, during his lifetime, this was because, knowing

their value, he thought he could dispose of them to greater advantage than his wife would be able to do.

It was now in the moment of overthrow that Milton became truly great. He took the only course open to him, turned away his thoughts from the political disaster, and directed the fierce enthusiasm which burned within, upon an absorbing poetic task.

To a blind man, left with three little girls, of whom the youngest was only eight at the Restoration, marriage seemed equally necessary for their sake as for his own. Milton consulted his judicious friend and medical adviser, Dr. Paget, who recommended to him Elizabeth Minshull, of a family of respectable position near Nantwich, in Cheshire. She was some distant relation of Paget, who must have felt the terrible responsibility of undertaking to recommend. She justified his selection. The marriage took place in February, 1663, and during the remaining eleven years of his life, the poet was surrounded by the thoughtful attentions of an active and capable woman.

As casual visitors, or volunteer readers, were not always in the way, and a hired servant who could not spell Latin was of very restricted use, it was not unnatural that Milton should look to his daughters, as they grew up, to take a share in supplying his demand for intellectual food.

He did not allow his daughters to learn any language, saying with a gibe that one tongue was enough for a woman. They were not sent to any school, and had some sort of teaching at home from a mistress. But in order to make them useful in reading to him, their father was at the pains to train them to read aloud in five or six languages, of none of which they understood one word.

Milton's frequent change of abode has been thought indicative of a restless temperament, seeking escape from petty miseries by change of scene. On emerging from hiding, or escaping from the sergeant-at-arms in 1660, he lived for a short time in Holborn, near Red Lion Square. From this he removed to Jewin Street, and moved again, on his marriage, in 1662, to the house of Millington, the bookseller, who was now beginning business, but who, before his death in 1704, had accumulated the largest stock of second-hand books to be found in London. His last remove was to a house in a newly-created row facing the artillery ground, on the site of the west side of what is now called Bunhill Row. This was his abode from his marriage till his death, nearly twelve years, a longer stay than he had made in any other residence. This is the house which must be associated with the poet of "Paradise Lost," as it was here that the poem was in part written, and wholly revised and finished. But the Bunhill Row house is only producible by the imagination; every trace of it has long been swept away, though the name Milton Street, bestowed upon a neighboring street, preserves the remembrance of the poet's connection with the locality.

I have now to relate the external history of the composition of "Paradise Lost." When Milton had to skulk for a time in 1660, he was already in steady work upon the poem. Though a few lines of it were composed as early as 1642, it was not till 1658 that he took up the task of composition continuously. He finished it in 1663, about the time of his marriage. It is in 1665 that we first make acquaintance with "Paradise Lost" in a complete state. This was the year of the plague, known in English annals as the Great Plague, to distinguish its desolating ravages from former slighter visitations of the epidemic.

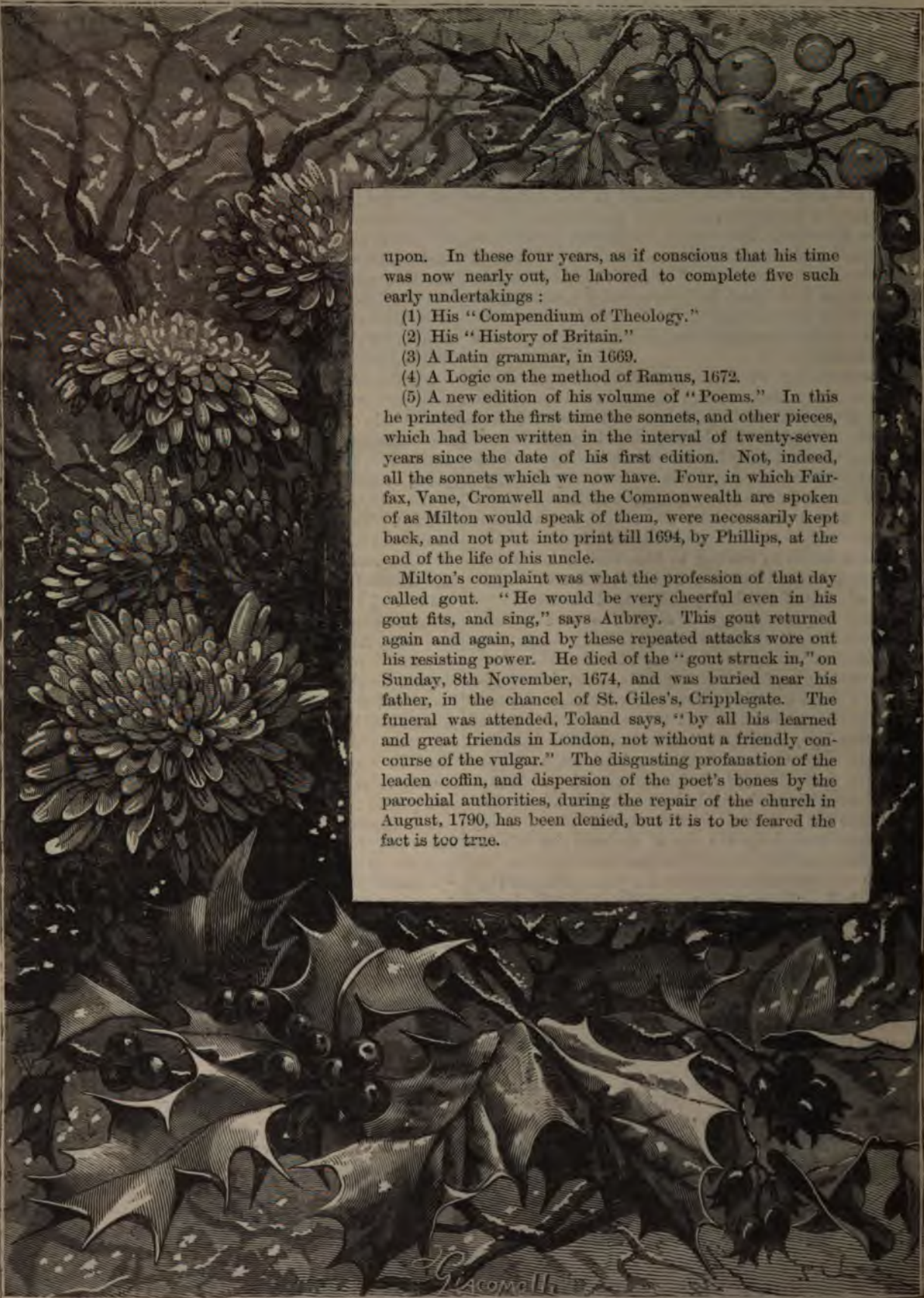
When the plague was abated, and the city had become safely habitable, Milton returned to Artillery Row. He

had not been long back when London was devastated by a fresh calamity, only less terrible than the plague, because it destroyed the home, and not the life. The Great Fire succeeded the Great Plague. Thirteen thousand houses, two-thirds of the city, were reduced to ashes, and the whole current of life and business entirely suspended. Through these two overwhelming disasters, Milton must have been supporting his solitary spirit by writing "Paradise Regained," "Samson Agonistes," and giving the final touches to "Paradise Lost." He was now so wholly unmoved by his environment, that we look in vain in the poems for any traces of this season of suffering and disaster. The past and his own meditations were now all in all to him; the horrors of the present were as nothing to a man who had outlived his hopes. Plague and fire, what were they, after the ruin of the noblest of causes? The stoical compression of "Paradise Regained" is in perfect keeping with the fact that it was in the middle of the ruins of London that Milton placed his finished poem in the hands of the licenser.

A publisher was found, notwithstanding that Paul's, or as it now was again, St. Paul's Churchyard, had ceased to exist, in Aldersgate, which lay outside the circuit of the conflagration. The agreement, still preserved in the national museum, between the author, "John Milton, gent., of the one parte, and Samuel Symons, printer, of the other parte," is among the curiosities of our literary history. The curiosity consists not so much in the illustrious name appended (not in autograph) to the deed, as in the contract between the present fame of the book and the waste paper price at which the copyright is being valued. The author received five pounds down, was to receive a second five pounds when the first edition should be sold, a third five pounds when the second edition, and a fourth five pounds when the third edition should be gone. Milton lived to receive the second five pounds, and no more, ten pounds in all, for "Paradise Lost." I cannot bring myself to join in the lamentations of the biographers over this bargain. Surely it is better so; better to know that the noblest monument of English letters had no money value, than to think of it as having been paid for at a pound the line.

The agreement with Symons is dated 27th April, 1667, the entry in the register of Stationers' Hall is 20th August. It was, therefore, in the Autumn of 1667 that "Paradise Lost" was in the hands of the public. We have no data for the time occupied in the composition of "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." The former poem was begun at Chalfont, in 1665, and it may be conjecturally stated that "Samson" was finished before September, 1667. At any rate, both the poems were published together in the Autumn of 1670.

Milton had four years more of life granted him after this publication. But he wrote no more poetry. It was as if he had exhausted his strength in a last effort, in the Promethean agony of Samson, and knew that his hour of inspiration was passed away. But, like all men who have once tasted the joys and pangs of composition, he could not now do without its excitement. The occupation, and the indispensable solace of the last ten sad years, had been his poems. He would not write more verse, when the æstrus was not on him, but he must write. He took up all the dropped threads of past years, ambitious plans formed in the fullness of vigor, and laid aside, but not abandoned. He was the very opposite of Shelley, who could never look at a piece of his own composition a second time, but when he had thrown it off at a heat, rushed into something else. Milton's adhesiveness was such that he could never give up a design once entered



upon. In these four years, as if conscious that his time was now nearly out, he labored to complete five such early undertakings :

(1) His "Compendium of Theology."

(2) His "History of Britain."

(3) A Latin grammar, in 1669.

(4) A Logic on the method of Ramus, 1672.

(5) A new edition of his volume of "Poems." In this he printed for the first time the sonnets, and other pieces, which had been written in the interval of twenty-seven years since the date of his first edition. Not, indeed, all the sonnets which we now have. Four, in which Fairfax, Vane, Cromwell and the Commonwealth are spoken of as Milton would speak of them, were necessarily kept back, and not put into print till 1694, by Phillips, at the end of the life of his uncle.

Milton's complaint was what the profession of that day called gout. "He would be very cheerful even in his gout fits, and sing," says Aubrey. This gout returned again and again, and by these repeated attacks wore out his resisting power. He died of the "gout struck in," on Sunday, 8th November, 1674, and was buried near his father, in the chancel of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. The funeral was attended, Toland says, "by all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly discourse of the vulgar." The disgusting profanation of the leaden coffin, and dispersion of the poet's bones by the parochial authorities, during the repair of the church in August, 1790, has been denied, but it is to be feared the fact is too true.



THE COBBLER'S STORY. — "THERE STOOD A SWEET, PRETTY GIRL, FOURTEEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS OLD, DRESSED FOR TRAVELING."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE COBBLER'S STORY.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

"He came running down the steps of my shop—this very basement—and sat down in that chair, all out of breath.

"I was hammering away, polishing off a new sole which I had just fitted to a customer's boot. I was in a great hurry, because I had promised the boots at two o'clock, and it was now a full quarter past. I should not have minded that, but the gentleman said he should certainly call for them at two. He was a good customer, and I did not wish to disappoint him.

"I had finished one, and was nearly through the other. I looked up, and was glad to see that it was not the owner of the boots, and I kept hammering all the harder.

"The young man—he was a young man, not more than one-and-twenty—sat about a minute, till he got his breath. Then he spoke up, in a savage, domineering way:

"Look here, old fellow, here's a little job I want you to attend to while I wait; I'm in a hurry."

"I did not like his tone, and raising my eyes to his face, did not like his looks, either. For all that, he was a handsome, well-built fellow—a regular dandy, I should say. What struck me particularly was that he was as pale as a ghost.

"Can't touch your job till I am through with this. I shall be done in a few minutes."

"Times were dull, you see, and I thought I would hold on to him if I could.

"He swore a big oath, which startled me so much that I dropped the boot—in fact, I may say it was as good as finished—and held out my hand for his. He had already pulled it off.

"How long?" he demanded, sharply.

"I examined the boot—a neat button gaiter, almost new, best French leather, first-class every way; in fact, one of Stiles's best—you know Stiles is first-class—should say the pair must have cost fourteen dollars, perhaps fifteen-fifty, with the leather buttons, which are extra. The strangest part of the whole was, that the heel had been torn off, and the sole ripped clear away to the centre—an odd sort of job; wasn't it?"

"Well," exclaimed the man, savagely, "what are you waiting for? Why don't you answer?"

"Where is the heel?" I asked.

"In h—," he muttered; "and I have half a mind to send you there after it."

"I was frightened. I had read so many murder cases in the newspapers, I was afraid I was to make one of them. He looked to me as if he would not think twice before putting one of my own knives through me.

"It will take a good hour," I said, "and I can't make a neat job at that."

"Will give you thirty minutes," he answered, taking out his watch. "Botch it any way you like, only make it strong. Thirty minutes, mind."

"I went to work with all my might, the young man eying me every instant. I felt all the time as if he was pointing a revolver at me.

"Do you object if I do this with pegwork?" I said, when I came to the heel; "It will save a good fifteen minutes."

"Peg away," he growled. "Time almost up."

"I managed to get the heel on some sort of fashion. It didn't look much like its mate—ha, ha, ha!—but he paid no attention to that.

"On went the boot. I looked up, as if expecting further orders.

"Now button it," the stranger said.

"I did so.

"He took a glance at the street, then he fumbled in his pocket, and pulling out a roll of bills, threw me a five.

"There you are!" he exclaimed. "Will be back one of these days for the change."

"So saying, he darted off double quick, and turning up the street, was out of sight before I could count three.

"My first thought was that he had given me a counterfeit note. But I discovered, on examining it, that it was genuine, and no mistake.

"I am in luck to-day," I thought. "Five dollars for thirty minutes' work!"

"On looking a little more carefully at the bill, I perceived on one corner a drop of something red, which did not appear to be exactly dry. No, I can't say it was red, like red paint or vermilion; yes, it was red, though—leastwise, more red than anything else. It looked so fresh that I put my finger on the spot, just as one might say, without thinking of anything particular; yet I was in a kind of puzzle, too, considering it did look, as I was telling you, quite fresh-like.

"When I put my finger on the spot, and took it off again, something stained it, something which—well, I never can forget that to my dying day. I did not know what to do, so I called to my wife—she was in the next room, and the door was open. Says I:

"Wife, come here."

"What's wanting?" says she, as she ran in.

"What's that on my finger?" says I, holding it up.

"Blood," says she. "How did you cut yourself?"

"It's somebody else that's cut, I'm thinking," and I told her all about it.

"Go right away to the police!" she exclaimed.

"And get myself locked up for life as a witness? That's the way they serve you in New York. I'll wait first, and see if the papers have anything about it."

"Strange, Mr. P— don't come for his boots," said my wife. "I wonder if you could be mistaken about his calling for them?"

"Perhaps he has forgotten it himself and is waiting at home for them, and here it is three o'clock."

"So saying, I took the boots and started for my customer's house. I had a good way to go, but hurried as fast as I could, thinking all the time of the spot on the greenback and the spot on my finger, for I never thought to wash it off.

"I mounted the steps and rang the bell.

"The door was opened so quick that it startled me, and there stood a sweet, pretty girl, fourteen or fifteen years old, dressed for traveling, hat and all on.

"Mr. P.'s boots," I said, putting them down.

"Papa is not home yet, and it is so strange!" she cried. "I was watching for him. We were to leave for Boston by the quarter-past three express train, and it is that now. Papa is always so punctual, I can't think what to make of it." She appeared to be more thinking aloud than talking to me.

"Probably business detains him, miss—something unexpected, no doubt."

"I could not help casting a glance at my fingers as I spoke—I mean the finger that had the spot on it. I looked from the finger to the young girl.

"Do you think anything has happened to him?" she demanded, earnestly.

"Happened to him? No, indeed. Sure to be home in a few minutes."

"The words nearly choked me. How I got them out I don't know. I left the house as quick as possible, holding the finger separate from the other fingers till I reached my shop."

"Something awful has been going on, wife. We will see it for certain in the papers."

"Peter," said she, "be sure you don't wash that finger."

"Why not," said I, my teeth chattering.

"I tell you you must not do it until we get the news."

"Good gracious, wife," says I, "have I got to be all night with my finger so? I shall not sleep a wink."

"Yes, you have," says she; "and I will do it up with a rag, so nothing can rub the stain out."

"Please don't do that wife; it makes me feel strange."

"But before I was done speaking she had the rag on. Then she got supper, but not a mouthful could I eat."

"It's of no use, I can't work; I may as well go to bed," I said.

"I did not light up the shop, but went into the other room and got in bed. I lay awake nearly all night, in a terrible state with my finger. At last I fell asleep, and dreamed it began to swell, and kept growing larger and larger, till it was bigger than my head. I was in great trouble. A doctor came to cut it off, and just as he was commencing, I heard a scream which woke me. There was my wife standing over me with a newspaper in her hand."

"The awfulest thing that ever happened!" she cried. "Mr. P—— was murdered yesterday afternoon, and it was his murderer you did that job for. Read!"

"The account was short. Mr. P—— had been discovered in the basement of his warehouse, near his vault, quite dead, stabbed ever so many times. The vault—it was where he kept his valuables—was open. Everything disposable was taken, of which was a large sum in bank-bills—a tremendous robbery. From the basement into the vault you crossed an area, covered with an iron grating, which let light into a cellar below. The murderer's heel must have caught between the bars during the scuffle. It was wrenched off, and was found stuck there. There was no clew whatever to the murderer except the heel. This was the whole story."

"I jumped out of bed."

"Now, Peter, what are you going to do?" asked my wife.

"I am going to see Lawyer E——" (he was one of my customers), "and tell him all I know."

"That's right," said she.

"I hurried off as soon as I was dressed. Lawyer E—— was not up. I waited for him. As soon as he came into the room I told him my story. He took it coolly enough, but that was because he was a lawyer, I reckon."

"Wait till I have my breakfast," he said, "and I will go with you to the police headquarters."

"To be looked up?" says I. "Won't that be the way of it?"

"He laughed."

"I will take care of you, Peter," says he; "will go bail for your appearance, if necessary."

"After he had his breakfast, we started off together. Lawyer E—— took me to the chief man; I forget what they call him. I told my story over again. Then I answered so many questions that I began to feel as if I had killed Mr. P—— myself."

"Before they got through, they showed me the heel of

the boot. I could have sworn to it on a stack of Bibles. Then I pulled off the rag and showed my finger,

"What's that for?" said the police officer.

"I told him."

"Never mind that. Let's see the bank-bill!" he exclaimed.

"I took it from my pocket, and gave it to him."

"He marked it carefully, and then made me mark it, so I should know it again, he said. Then he put the bill in an envelope, and wrote on it, and put it in his safe."

"They handed me a paper to go before the coroner's jury that afternoon, and Lawyer E—— gave his word I should be there. Then I went home."

"I told the story for the third time before the coroner's jury, and that was all the good it did."

"It was a nine days' wonder—the papers full of it. Folks came crowding to my shop to stare and ask questions. They only hindered my work; it didn't do me any good."

"The police kept arresting people, and would fetch me to look at them; but they never got the right man."

Here the cobbler paused. He remained so long silent that I began to think his story was concluded.

"Is that all?" I at length asked.

"All!" exclaimed the cobbler, with a start. "I wish it was all! I have but just begun."

So saying, he took from his pocket a large colored cotton handkerchief, wiped his face, and proceeded:

"Nothing more came to light for five years—five years. The whole affair went to sleep, forgotten—as things are in New York."

"Often, though, I used to think of that sweet, pretty girl who opened the door for me the day I took Mr. P——'s boots home, dressed for her trip to Boston, and of her eager anxiety when she asked me, 'Do you think anything has happened to him?' Oh, dear! oh, dear! I never could bear to recall it; and to think I had her father's blood on my finger the very time she asked me the question!"

"Well, as I was saying, nothing more for five years—five years, to a month. I was working hard as, usual—just as I expect to work all the days of my life. I don't know what made me cast my eyes up to the street—it is seldom I do it—but I did do it, and—may the Lord help me!—I saw going by at that moment Mr. P——'s murderer."

"He had a young woman on his arm, and she held by the hand a little tot of a child not more than three years old, who tripped along with her."

"The wretch cast a strange glance into my place—he could not see me—and then turned away."

"I threw down my work, and ran into the other room for my wife."

"I have seen him! I have seen him! seen the murderer!" I screamed in her ears. "Put on your hat and shawl, and follow him—follow him to the ends of the earth, and see where he goes—young woman and child with him—young woman and child. Do you hear?"

"Quick as thought almost my wife was on the sidewalk."

"Be careful," says I; "don't let him suspect."

"Before the words were fairly out of my mouth, she was out of sight."

"I sat like a petrification for more than a good long hour. Nobody can tell what I went through. Nobody can tell. First, I was so crazy glad to discover that wretch, I did not know what to do. Then I began to settle down more quiet, and when half an hour passed, and my wife did not get back, I fell into a great thinking, and so many things came crowding, crowding into my mind."

"That is his wife with him," I said to myself, "and



A GAME OF LIVING CHESS PLAYED BEFORE THE EMPEROR OF ANAM.—SEE PAGE 230.

that little tot trudging along is his child. God forgive me, what am I trying to do? To make that young woman a widow, and little tot an orphan?

"The perspiration stood in big drops on my face—I could scarcely breathe.

"Suddenly, the vision of the young girl waiting for her father to come home appeared to me. There she was, standing in the doorway.

"He shall hang!" I exclaimed, aloud. "He shall hang! What is his young wife to me, or the little child either?"

"After that I settled down, weak as a kitten, and remained in a tremble till my wife came back.

"When she did come, she did not look to me to be the same woman she was. She had taken off her hat, and was swinging it, crazy-like, in her hand. Her eyes were as big again as they were

before, and she looked neither to the right nor left, but plumped herself square in her seat, and said nothing.

"Well, where did he go to?" I asked, after waiting a little.

"Peter," said my wife, solemnly, "are you sure he is the one?"

"Sure as I am that we are now talking together."

"Then may the Lord have mercy on our souls!"

"I thought she had gone off in a fit, but she came to presently, and undertook to tell me.

"I followed them to Mr. P——'s house," she articulated. "As sure as I live, I followed them to Mr. P——'s house, where Mr. P——'s widow lives, and there they went in. Without delay I asked the servant, who stood on the stoop a minute, if the gentleman and his wife were staying there."



A GAME AT SAIGON, COCHIN CHINA, IN 1880.

"'What's that to you, impudence?' she said.

"'Nothing,' I answered; 'only I thought I knew the gentleman.'

"'Then you ought to know he stays here, without asking.' And with that the door was slammed in my face. Oh, Peter, Peter, it can't be the one.'

it was all given up, when slap came the arrest, and I was called on to be present at the examination.

"I never told the particulars of the awful tale but once since. I doubt if I ever can do it again." The cobbler stopped, took a long breath, and proceeded:

"What do you suppose? It was Mr. P——'s own



A GAME OF LIVING CHESS AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, IN 1879.—SEE PAGE 230.

"'It is the one,' I repeated, 'and that I'll prove in less than an hour.'

"I started for Lawyer E——. He went with me once more to the head police. The head police took me all to pieces again; then he charged me to say nothing myself, and not to let my wife breathe a word to any one.

"I heard not a word for three days, and began to think

nephew, who lived in Philadelphia, who murdered him. He confessed the whole before he came to trial. He had been on here for two days, and taken leave of his uncle the night before, expecting to start for home in the morning, but being detained, next day he walked to the counting-room and saw the uncle stepping down to his vault. The devil, he said, prompted him to follow. He entered

unperceived, and waited till the vault was opened, and then committed the murder and robbery. He escaped without notice, and in thirty minutes after he left my shop he was on the train, and, strange to say, was never suspected.

"Three years afterward he courted and married his cousin, Miss P—, whom on that fatal day I encountered at the door. She was his wife, and little tot their daughter. Oh, my God!

"He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The Governor commuted the sentence to the State Prison for life. There he is now.

"I sometimes feel sorry," continued the cobbler, after a pause, "that I ever saw the man. But," he added, thoughtfully, "I suppose it was best."

"What became of his wife and child?"

"I cannot tell—they left the country. Dead, for aught I know."

LIVING CHESS.

COWPER, who, like many another good man, would put under ban every recreation in which he did not himself delight, portrays the chess-player marching and counter-marching his host of wooden warriors:

"With an eye
As fixed as marble, with a forehead ridged
And furrowed into storms, and with a hand
Trembling, as if eternity were hung
In balance on his conduct of a pin."

Who, asks he—with a mind well tuned to contemplation—would waste attention on the checkered board? The poet would have indorsed Bishop Beveridge's argument: "Either chess is a lottery or not. If it be a lottery it is not lawful . . . if it be not a lottery, then it is not a pure recreation; for it depends upon man's wit and study, it exercises his brains and spirits, as much as if he were about other things. So that being on one side not lawful, and on the other side no recreation, it can on no side be a lawful recreation."

Neither bard nor bishop would have countenanced the good people of Darlington and Bishop Auckland in parting with their coin to see the vicar and schoolmaster of Heighington play chess in Redworth Park; not with wooden warriors, but with boys and girls, attired in canvas copies of fifteenth century costumes, figuring on the turfy board as kings and queens, rooks and bishops, knights and pawns. Apropos of this novel device for augmenting the Heighington school fund, a journalist recalled to recollection Adrien Robert's story of a like contest on the plains of Barrackpore, between the chief of the Thugs and a representative of John Company. Many attempts had been made on the latter's life, all of which proved ignominious failures; owing, as the adepts at assassination believed, to the protective powers of an old gray felt hat, the favorite headgear of their foe. To obtain possession of this talisman, and so put matters on a more equal footing, the Thug leader challenged the governor to a game at living chess, undertaking to supply him with men, at the charge of twenty-five pounds sterling per man, it being understood that every "man" taken on either side was to be put to death then and there. The governor promptly accepted the challenge, staking his old hat against the surrender of those concerned in the attempts upon his life. After playing for some hours, the Englishman captured his opponent's queen and actual wife, and then adjourned for luncheon, leaving the Thug chieftain in great perturbation of mind regarding his prospective loss—an anxiety relieved on his adversary's

return by the latter gallantly waiving his right of execution in the lady's case; an unlooked-for act of generosity utterly overcoming her lord, who, in consequence, lost the game, and handed over the stakes.

The imaginative Frenchman's game with living chessmen was not entirely evolved from his inner consciousness. An old traveler avows that the Kings of Burmah used to play chess in that grand fashion. Describing Akbar's palace at Delhi, in 1792, Hunter says the pavement of one of the courts was "marked out with squares in the manner of the cloth used by the Indians for playing the game called pachess. Here, it is said, Akbar used to play at the game, the pieces being represented by real persons. On one side of the court is a little square apart, in the centre of which stands a pillar supporting a circular chair of stone, at the height of one story. Here the Emperor used to sit to direct the moves." One of Austria's many Don Johns had a room in his palace paved with black and white marble after the pattern of a chess-board, and there played the game with living pieces. A duke of Weimar turned his soldiers to similar account, as did Frederick the Great and his marshal, Keith, when more serious evolutions were not in hand.

Some half-century ago a futile attempt to popularize living chess was made by opening the Lowther Rooms, in West Strand—now known as Toole's Theatre—for the purpose. The floor was marked out as a chessboard, and men and women, dressed in appropriate garb, were always in attendance to serve the use of those who chose to pay a crown for the pleasure of playing chess under such unusual conditions. The players sat in boxes overlooking the board, directing the movements of their pieces. The taking of a man was always preluded by a clashing of weapons in mimic combat, before the captured piece retired from the fray. One who tried his skill at the Lowther Rooms found the battling of the men, and their fidgeting about their squares, anything but conducive to the concoction or carrying out of artful combinations; while he was in constant expectation of seeing his forces weakened by some piece or pawn taking huff, and walking off the board, regardless of consequences. Neither players nor the public took kindly to the new way of playing the old game, and want of patronage brought the experiment to an end in three months' time.

In 1857 Count Platen gave a grand fancy ball in the Hanover Theatre; opening it with a procession of magnificently arrayed living chessmen, who, the parade over, put themselves in position on a gigantic chessboard, to enable two mock magicians to test their powers, and in so doing afford much amusement to the company, who watched the varying phases of the combat with great interest.

Only three years since Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Delmar played a game at living chess at the Academy of Music, New York. The stage was covered with alternate squares of black and white Canton cloth, forming a board thirty-two feet square, surrounded by a red border. The kings wore the costume of Charlemagne, their jewel-decked robes differing but in color, one donning red; the other, blue; their crowns being in one case gold, in the other, silver—or what passed for such. Rich dresses "of the historical period" draped the forms of the rival queens, and "jeweled coronets sat upon their graceful heads." The bishops wore highly decorated vestments, bore mitres and carried croziers. The knights, wielding heavy pikes, were clad in bright armor. The rooks were distinguished by bearing miniature castles on their heads; and the pawns were represented by pretty girls of uniform height, in amazonian dress, and armed with spears and shields. The players sat on raised platforms, with

their chessboards before them, a crier announcing each move, and pursuivants conducting the piece or pawn concerned to its proper square. Captain Mackenzie first called, "Pawn to king's fourth." A dainty miss of sixteen, whose long black hair hung loose over her helmet, was led to her square, and when Mr. Delmar's crier also made the same move, the two misses, standing face to face, suspended hostilities for the nonce, and exchanged smiles. The following move brought the captain's knight to the king's bishop's third square, and Delmar made a similar move with his knight to his queen's bishop's square. Delmar's fourth move was the capture of a red pawn by a bishop. Her rosy cheeks assumed a scarlet hue of mortification at being captured at such an early stage of the game, and as the pursuivant led her off she pouted petulantly. The pouting was repeated on the sixth move, when Delmar, who seemed to take a great fancy to the pretty pawns, pitted a blue-eyed pawn against a red, and she, too, had to retire. The next move was another match of maiden against miss, and the queen's bishop's pawn of the gallant captain was the third victim. Mackenzie's tenth move, after his fine strategic manoeuvre, was a capture of a blue pawn, and three moves later his bishop vanquished a stately knight. The panoplied descendant of Henry II., twirling his mustachio, sought consolation among the charming prisoners behind the wings. On the twenty-fifth move Delmar made a brilliant sacrifice of his bishop, which proved unfortunate, the captain's thirtieth move giving him checkmate. Doubtless the loser found consolation in the fact that "the game throughout brought out very happily the merits of the various costumes."

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A TALE OF AFGHAN WAR.

CHAPTER I.

AN ASIATIC BEAUTY.



VENING in Afghanistan, on a fine October day in 1841; the City of Cabul lying outspread in all the beauty of its countless gardens and many-colored towers beneath the sunset glory; the massive tomb of Baber, the Mogul, standing out like a giant sentinel against the crimson sky; the red light fading slowly over the wide green plain around, dotted with white villages, and framed in a ring of purple hills; the little river dancing and sparkling amid its clustering trees, and here and there, along the endless ranks of wooden houses, a few turbaned figures gliding forth to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the coming night.

But the peaceful scene harmonizes ill with the stalwart figures in white frocks that come tramping along the main street—showing the light hair and clear blue eye of the Englishman beside the lank, wiry frame and dark, lean visage of the Sepoy—heeding as little the fierce looks darted at them from either side as the gleam cast on their bayonets by the setting sun.

The conquerors of India, on whose empire the sun never sets, have stretched covetous hands toward the free plain beyond. Afghanistan has been invaded

The great Ameer, Dost Mohammed himself, is on his way to Peshawur as a prisoner, and sixteen thousand troops hold Cabul in the name of Shah Soojah, the new king, whom British bayonets have forced upon the "men of the mountain."

But the invaders, flushed with their easy victory, and ill restrained by their aged and incapable commander, are beginning to lose their discipline.

An experienced leader would augur mischief from the sounds of boisterous merriment echoing on every side, and the noisy groups swaggering to and fro, as unlike as possible to wary soldiers in the heart of an enemy's country.

At the corner of the principal streets three or four of the loudest brawlers had halted, and spread themselves out, as if to stop some one who wished to pass.

"Holloa, Bill!" cried a rough voice; "'ere's a prize. Who'll bid for a share?"

"Share and share alike, as good comrades ought!" shouted a second, with a coarse laugh. "Let's have a look at the little baggage."

And so speaking, he tore away the veil of the slight figure which his comrade had seized, revealing the face of a young native girl of sixteen.

The next moment the aggressor started back with a howl of pain, as the small knife, which is every Afghan woman's inseparable companion, gashed his extended hand from side to side. But the frail weapon was instantly wrested from her, while half a dozen strong hands seized the struggling form in their brutal grasp.

Just at that critical moment a blow, which the late Senator Morrissey himself might have applauded, sent the foremost assailant sprawling on his back, while the others recoiled right and left before the shock of a tall figure that came bursting in among them like a bombshell, scattering them in all directions.

"Now, then! who the deuce are *you*, shovin' in where you ain't wanted?" growled one of the soldiers, pugnaciously.

The new-comer deigned no reply, but silently threw back his cloak, displaying to the startled group the uniform of a line-officer, and the badge of their own regiment.

"By Jingo!" muttered the challenger, with a look of dismay, "here's a pretty job!"

"You call yourselves Englishmen?" cried the officer, in a voice almost inarticulate with passion. "Is this how you keep up the honor of the old flag? You shall hear of this to-morrow morning, be assured of that! Be off with you!"

The crestfallen brawlers slunk away without a word.

Then the rescued girl took her protector's hand in both her own, and pressed it lightly to her forehead, with an almost royal dignity, which, in one scarcely beyond the years of childhood, astonished even the unimaginative Englishman.

Though voted a model officer by his superiors, and an insensible brute by the ladies of Peshawur garrison, Captain St. Clair was not yet so thoroughly "pipeclayed" as to have lost his appreciation of feminine charms; and he could not but own that this young beauty of the wilderness, with the fire of her Afghan blood in her deep, lustrous eyes, and the supple grace of the Oriental in every line of her perfect figure, made such a picture as he had seldom seen.

In spite of himself his voice softened as he asked, in her own language:

"Have they hurt you, my poor child?"

"I would have hurt *them*, had they not snatched away



THE PRODIGAL SON.—FROM THE PAINTING BY EDOUARD DUBUFFE IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.

my knife," answered the Afghanee, proudly, as she pointed to the blood-drops that had fallen from her assailant's wound. "The daughter of Akbar Khan knows how to defend herself!"

"Akbar Khan!" echoed St. Clair, recalling, with a sense of vague uneasiness for which he could not himself account, the name of the terrible chief whose influence among the hill tribes was only second to that of the Ameer himself. "But how come you here, then, when your father is far away in the south?"

"I came—to visit—a friend of my father's," said the girl, with a momentary hesitation which did not escape her questioner.

"She's lying, the little fox!" thought he; "but it's no business of mine."

Had any one told Herbert St. Clair, at that moment, what was the real errand of that delicate, childlike creature, even he might have been startled into thinking it "some business of his."

"I was going back," she continued, "to the friends who are waiting for me in yonder village, but I found the city gates shut."

"If that's your only difficulty," said the captain, "it is soon mended. Come with me."

A few minutes brought them to the eastern gate, and two words to the sentry sufficed to open it.

As the girl passed through the deep, shadowy archway, she looked wistfully back at her preserver, and paused for a moment, as if about to speak.

But the words, whatever they were, died on her lips, and St. Clair strolled back to his quarters, with a half-smile upon his face at the thought of a romance which the sentimental subalterns would have rejoiced in falling to the lot of an "old stager" like himself.

Little did he dream that upon this seeming trivial occurrence hung not merely his own life, but that of every man in the English army.

CHAPTER II.

THE GATHERING OF THE VULTURES.

SIXTEEN days had passed since Captain St. Clair's adventure, and the night of the 5th of November found him slowly pacing the street where it had occurred, with a visible cloud on his handsome face.



THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—"THE NEW-COMER THREW BACK HIS CLOAK, DISPLAYING TO THE STARTLED GROUP THE UNIFORM OF A LINE OFFICER, AND THE BADGE OF THEIR REGIMENT."



THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—"A SUDDEN PANG SHOT THROUGH HIS LEFT SIDE. THERE WAS A RUSHING, ROARING SOUND IN HIS EARS, AND HE FELL HEAVILY."

Nothing, indeed, had yet happened to justify his anxiety. The city was still perfectly, almost unnaturally, quiet, and the few natives still left in it seemed to content themselves with avoiding the English as much as possible.

But our hero was too thorough a soldier not to appreciate both the insecure position of the army, and its commander's absolute want of skill, or even of common sense. No reconnoitring parties sent out, no care taken to maintain the lines of communication, the troops encamped in the open town instead of its impregnable citadel, discipline relaxed, and wanton insults daily offered to the native population. Such signs as these boded little good.

As the dying light faded slowly from tower and battlement, the gathering darkness seemed to Herbert St. Clair like the deepening shadow of the grave. And then suddenly there came back to him the thought of the woman he had rescued; and he shuddered as he asked himself whether *she*, too, were in league with his enemies, and had betrayed him even while he was saving her.

The answer to that question was closer at hand than he imagined.

As he stood musing, hidden by the shadow of a projecting corner, two Afghans came slowly up the deserted street.

Just as they passed him he heard one say to the other:

"All is well, then; for the hill tribes are with us to a man if Akbar Khan but lift his finger."

"It is said that the Khan would have held back," rejoined the other, "for he knew that the Feringhees (Europeans) are strong; but when he heard that these dogs (may Allah consume them!) had insulted his own daughter, Guleyaz, when she came hither in the last moon with his message to the chiefs of the city, he swore that not a man of the unbelievers should escape; and he will keep his oath!"

And the speaker's voice was lost in the distance.

St. Clair's heart grew chill within him as he listened. His worst suspicions were now fully confirmed, and the benumbing sense of secret treachery (of all things the most abhorrent to a brave man) oppressed him like a nightmare. Scarcely knowing what he did, he stepped forth, as if to follow the two conspirators, and found himself face to face with Guleyaz herself.

There she stood, in the ghostly twilight—calm and beautiful as ever, but with a sombre light in her large, dark eyes, such as one sees in those of the hungry tiger, when, after a long and weary circuit through the jungle, he sees the deer which he has been tracking, fairly within reach at last.

"Feringhee," said she, "taking his hand, "you showed me kindness once, and an Afghan never forgets either good or evil. Death is waiting for the English host, and I have come to save you ere it be too late."

"It is *you*, then, who have betrayed us?" said Herbert, with an intensity of scorn which no words can convey.

The taunt struck home. In an instant the tender, clinging woman sprang up into an offended queen.

"Betrayed!" echoed she, fiercely. "Is it treachery to aid my own race against its enemies? Why did the Feringhees come hither to waste our valleys and burn our homes? Why have they taken our own king from us, and set up in his stead a dog unworthy to tie an Afghan's sandals? But woe to them! Before the full moon shall have spent her light the dogs shall lick the blood of every Feringhee in Cabul!"

Herbert shrank back appalled, so hideously changed was that beautiful face by the sudden tempest of passion. But this movement of aversion checked her rage in mid-current, and the warm, womanly heart beneath asserted itself once more.

"Do not be angry with me," she whispered, pleadingly; "no one shall harm *you* while I live. Hear me—the English are many and mighty, but what avails the tiger's strength when he is once in the toils? Every leaf on yonder hill is an Afghan warrior, every twig a loaded rifle. Escape while you can; I will guide you out of the city, and bid my friends keep you safe till all is over. Why should you perish in vain?"

As she spoke there came over her hearer's noble face a smile of grand and commanding scorn, and he replied:

"Do you ask *me* to desert my comrades in their sorest need, just that I may save my own life? Thank you—such meanness does not run in *our* blood. If we are to die, we will die like brothers, shoulder to shoulder, striking hard and deep to the last, with the old English flag flying overhead?"

The girl looked at him—a look which, through all the horrors that were to come, he never forgot. Grief, anger, tenderness, wondering admiration, were all mingled in the momentary flash of those marvelous eyes. Then she pressed his hand passionately to her lips and was gone.

Ha! What was that sudden glare that broke out over the whole eastern side of the town? And what could be the meaning of that dull, distant roar, like a far-off sea, swelling ever louder and louder, till the ear could distinguish the sharp crackle of musketry, the crash of falling buildings, the clamor of countless voices, and high over all the terrible Afghan war-shout, "Allah Akbar!"—God is victorious.

Just at that moment four soldiers, torn and blood-stained, came marching past, carrying a helpless, ghastly, dust-begrimed figure, in which even St. Clair himself could scarcely recognize his once gay and dandified junior lieutenant.

"It's all up, old boy," said the lad, faintly. "The cursed niggers have fired our quarters and murdered poor Burnes, and ever so many more; and the whole town's up to help them. Nothing for it but to die game."

"Nothing, indeed," muttered Herbert. "God have mercy on us all!"

The next moment he was hastening at full speed toward the scene of action.

CHAPTER III.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

ALL great historical catastrophes—Armada wrecks, London pestilences, Saragossa sieges, Moscow retreats—are wont to prolong the agony which they inflict, and to let fall their vengeance drop by drop, instead of mercifully ending all with one crushing blow.

So it fared with the ill-fated invaders of Cabul. The murder of Sir Alexander Burnes, the noblest of the countless martyrs sacrificed by official blundering in that disastrous year, was only the first drop of the coming storm.

Then followed blow upon blow, the rising of the whole surrounding country, the destruction of the reconnoitring parties sent out too late by the incapable commander-in-chief; the capture of the British stores, which left the troops almost without food, and at length, on the fatal 1st of January, 1842, the crowning madness of the "convention of retreat," by which the whole army gave itself up to its destroyers, accepting the assurance of a safe passage homeward from the very men who had sworn the death of every British soldier in Cabul.

Foremost in every combat was Herbert St. Clair, recklessly exposing himself to all dangers; for, soldier as he was to his very finger-tips, the sight of the English flag dishonored, and an English army in retreat, bowed him down with a sense of personal disgrace, and made him careless of life after such a humiliation.

But, to the amazement of all who witnessed his reckless daring, he came out of every fight as scatheless as he had gone into it; and the conviction gradually forced itself upon him, with a thrill of mingled bitterness and delight, that the Afghans had purposely spared his life, and that they had done so because he was the man whom their great prince's daughter secretly loved.

Meanwhile the course of events went inexorably on. On the 5th of January, in the depth of the terrible Afghan Winter, the forlorn army—two-thirds of which were men reared amid the burning heat of India—filed through the gate of Cabul, wearied, dejected, half-starved, ill-supplied with ammunition—to commence its long march of death.

For a time, however, it seemed as if the assurance of safety were really to be kept. They passed the great plain without firing a shot or seeing the face of an enemy, and even the most experienced officers began to hope that, after all, their worst apprehensions might prove unfounded. But they little knew the man with whom they had to deal.

Akbar Khan was not one to let slip the prey which he had once ensnared, and the jaws of death were already gaping for every man of the ill-fated army.

In the gray of a gloomy Winter morning they came in sight of the Pass of Koord-Cabul, through which lay their shortest route to India.

At the first glimpse of the black, tomblike gorge, shut in by frowning precipices, over which brooded a weird, unearthly silence, the boldest felt their heart sink; but it was too late now to draw back. Rank on rank, with the ghostly mist closing around them like a shroud, the doomed host went down into the valley of death.

And then in one moment, the tragedy began.

Far and wide the air was rent with the Afghan war-shout, and each rock, each thicket, each hollow was one blaze and crackle of musketry, every bullet telling fatally upon the helpless mass below.

Surprised and outnumbered, the English still stood their ground manfully, and attempted to return the fire, but against ambushed marksmen hundreds of feet overhead, what could they do?

In a moment all was one whirl of fire and smoke and hideous uproar; yells of rage, shrieks of agony, savage curses, the shouts of officers, the neighing of frightened horses, the crashing of falling rocks, the groans of the wounded and dying, all mingling in dismal chorus with the thunder of the battle—blood flowing like water, and death coming blindly, no man knew whence or how!

What need to dwell on the multiplied horrors of that fatal day? how the entrapped men, famished, wounded, hopeless of escape, fought stubbornly to the last; how the worn-out officers, with their swords dropping from their frost-bitten hands, still cheered on their fainting men as gallantly as ever; how one handful of heroes fought their way out of the deadly valley only to be slaughtered to a man by fresh enemies beyond!

Of sixteen thousand who had left the capital only a single man reached Jellalabad alive; and one day avenged alike Rohilcund and Cabul.

Through the whole of the dreadful struggle Herbert St. Clair had fought among the foremost, reckless of life, and caring only to have his fill of Afghan blood before he died.

Man on man, the white-frocked murderers fell before his deadly aim; and the rocks above began to echo with the cry of "Kill the Ingles-Bashi!" (English captain), while bullets fell around him thick and fast.

But although his uniform was torn to rags, and his cap struck from his head, the death-hail still failed to reach his life; and the superstitious mountaineers looked with secret awe upon this man, whom no weapon could harm and no peril dismay.

But the end came at last. A sharp, sudden pang shot through his left side—a sick dizziness overpowered him—the black rocks and the rolling smoke, and the eddy of struggling figures, swam before him in a mist—there was a rushing, roaring sound in his ears—and he fell heavily to the earth.

CHAPTER IV.

TRUE TO THE LAST.

WHEN St. Clair regained consciousness, he was at first too weak and weary to take much note of his surroundings. His chief feeling was one of overpowering exhaustion, mixed with a vague sense of having lain insensible for weeks, or even months, since the fatal day of Koord-Cabul.

Little by little he began to notice that he was lying upon a cushioned couch in a large, high-roofed chamber, the walls of which were hung with the skins of wolves and tigers, mingled with pointed helmets, silver-hilted yataghans, and long mountain rifles.

Through a narrow loophole in the wall, which revealed its immense thickness, he caught a glimpse of a smooth green valley far below, dappled with clustering trees, among which a tiny stream sparkled in the sunlight—a sufficient proof how long a time must have elapsed since the gloomy Winter morning of the great battle.

At that moment a light step caught his ear, and looking round, he beheld once more the long dark hair and lustrous eyes of Guleyaz.

He was about to speak, but she signed to him to be silent.

"The Angel of Death still hovers over you, and you must beware. I will tell you all you wish to know. The Feringhees are slain, every man; and the coward whom they set up as our king has fled for his life. They who struck you down were men of another tribe, who knew nothing of my father's plea—our people recognized

you among the fallen, and brought you away—and here, in the halls of Kara-Dagh, you are safe as beneath the shadow of the Prophet's tomb!"

The word "*Kara-Dagh*" (Black Mountain) was a revelation to St. Clair.

There was no further room for doubt. He was a prisoner in the mountain stronghold of Akbar Khan himself!

* * * * *

Day succeeded day, and the wounded officer, thanks to his own native vigor as well as the untiring care of his charming nurse, began to shake off the fatal torpor which had held him down so long.

After a while he was able to leave his couch, and, supported by the arm of Guleyaz—who seldom left him—to venture forth upon the battlements, where he sat for hours drinking in the life-giving mountain breeze, and feasting his eye upon the glorious panorama below.

Although he had as yet seen no one but the young princess herself, the sounds which reached him from time to time showed that the garrison of the fortress was both numerous and well-armed.

From Guleyaz herself he had learned that her father was himself in the stronghold; and the reluctance with which she gave the information recurred to his memory more than once.

The reason of these precautions was at length explained by a piece of news which made his heart leap, when the careless talk of two sentinels brought it to his ears—viz., that a second English army was advancing into Afghanistan to avenge the destruction of its predecessor.

But these disturbing ideas were speedily banished by thoughts of a softer kind.

No living creature is more thoroughly accessible to female influence than a strong man suddenly made helpless; and Herbert, with the princess's soft arm supporting his weary head, and her musical voice repeating some stirring native war-song or romantic Eastern legend was happier than he had ever been amid the rush and carnage of the battle-field.

At times, it is true, the thought would suggest itself that Akbar Khan, the son of the deposed Ameer, and the deadliest enemy of England, could scarcely be disinterested in thus throwing his only daughter into the constant companionship of a foe and an unbeliever.

But he resolutely thrust from him the only possible explanation, and, like most men in a similar case, was content to enjoy the present without troubling himself about the future.

But this pleasing dream was destined to a sudden and awful awakening.

One morning, when St. Clair's strength was so completely restored that thoughts of escape had already begun to haunt him, Guleyaz rose to leave him much before her usual time, with a long, lingering, beseeching look, which her last words terribly explained:

"The Feringhee warriors are on their march hither, and my father is angry. This day he will send for you, and, oh! beware of offending him, for your own sake—and mine!"

An hour later the curtain that hid his door was lifted, and a deep voice said:

"Follow us, Ingles! The Khan calls for you."

Led by his guards, St. Clair traversed a seemingly endless passage, and entering a wide hall, around which stood a line of armed Afghans, motionless as statues.

In the centre sat the principal chiefs of the tribe, and hindmost of all the stately figure of Akbar himself, in all the splendor of his barbaric adornment, with the folds of



THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—"YOU COULD NEVER TEMPT AN ENGLISH SOLDIER TO BREAK HIS FAITH AND TAKE THE HAND OF A VILE TRAITOR AND MURDERER. DO YOUR WORST. I DEFY YOU!"

his jeweled turban overshadowing the fierce black eyes that had never known fear or mercy.

As the prisoner entered, Guleyaz (who was seated beside her father) shot one rapid glance at him, as if to bid him remember her warning, and then cast her eyes down as before.

There was a momentary pause, and then Akbar spoke :

"Feringhee, you are a brave warrior; and as chief speaks with chief, so will I speak with you. We have slain many of the Ingles, and their brethren are angry. War is at our gates, and we need every good sword that will fight for us. Hear me; we have fought with you as an enemy—we now embrace you as a friend. You have been valiant, and we respect your valor; you have been kind, and we are grateful for your kindness. Dwell among us, fight in our ranks, call yourself an Afghan instead of a Feringhee—and my wealth shall be your wealth, and I will be your father, and my daughter shall be your bride."

For one moment the brave man's pulse throbbed wildly, as the large, deep eyes that had so often looked love into his own rested on him imploringly. Few men could have met that glance unmoved; while on the other hand, he knew that to refuse such an offer from such a man would be rushing upon certain death, in the cruellest form that Afghan vengeance could devise. But in the face of the terrible temptation the English heart within him beat true as ever. He looked fearlessly into the merciless eyes that watched him, and his voice never wavered as he replied :

"Prince, you have spoken plainly, and I thank you. Your offers are great; but were you to offer me the Afghan crown itself, you could never tempt an English soldier to break his faith and take the hand of a traitor and a murderer. Do your worst—I defy you!"

Even the iron men around him shuddered to hear such words addressed to their terrible leader, and the daring speech was followed by a dead and awful silence.

A momentary spasm of rage shook the prince's granite-hewn face, succeeded by a look of stern and reluctant admiration—the savage's instinctive admiration of courage, *even in a mortal enemy*. He spoke at length, with a calmness more deadly than the loudest anger :

"It is enough—take him away!"

The guards led forth the captive, and mingling with their heavy tramp came the doomed man's last word's :
"God save Old England!"

The silence of midnight brooded over the ancient palace, when the gloom of the dungeon into which St. Clair had been cast was broken by a sudden light.

Before him, white and rigid as a corpse in a spectral glare of her lamp, stood Guleyaz, with her finger pressed warningly to her lips. In silence she held out to him the tunic and gaudy turban of an Afghan warrior, signifying to him to put them on.

He obeyed mechanically, like one in a dream, and the moment the disguise was complete she led him hastily to the door.

Outstretched on the floor outside lay the sentinel, evidently stupefied by some powerful narcotic, by whom administered Herbert could easily guess.

Pausing a moment to assure herself that all was still in the Castle, Guleyaz went straight to the end of the passage and opened a small iron door, locking it behind her as soon as they had entered.

What followed Herbert could never clearly recall. He had only a vague recollection of tracking the gloomy windings of a dismal cavern, from whose damp, oozy sides the water fell drop by drop, with a sullen splash, which was the only sound that broke the eternal silence.

One of these drops extinguished the lamp, but Guleyaz's burning hand seized his own in the darkness, and led him onward he knew not whither.

At length, after a seemingly endless interval, another door flew open before them, and St. Clair, with a delight which no words can convey, felt the cool night-air on his cheek, and saw the stars shining overhead.

"There lies your road," said his guide, pointing down the valley. "The armies of your people cannot be far off now. May Allah keep you safe till you reach them."

"And you?" asked Herbert, with a sudden impulse of tenderness, as the tremor of her voice told him she was weeping. "They will know that it is you who have saved me, and then——"

"Who cares what happens to me?" answered the girl, passionately. "When the dew that refreshed it is gone, what matter how soon the flower withers? I have saved your life—I care not how soon I lose my own."



THE VALLEY OF DEATH.—"THE GLOOM OF THE DUNGEON INTO WHICH ST. CLAIR HAD BEEN CAST WAS BROKEN BY A SUDDEN LIGHT. BEFORE HIM, WHITE AND RIGID, STOOD GULEYAZ."

"Never, by heaven!" said St. Clair, throwing his strong arm around her and kissing her as if his whole soul were poured into the caress. "I'm not such a cur as to sneak off in safety and leave my little ewe-lamb to these mountain-wolves. Come with me, darling; and may I be called coward before the whole regiment if anything but death part us two again!"

Years later, the story of that flight sorely tried the faith of the guests at Clairmount Park; but still harder did they find it to recognize the savage amazon of Cabul in the beautiful and highbred lady to whom Sir Herbert St. Clair was wont to say playfully:

"My dear, I've been telling these gentlemen about our Afghan adventures in 1842.

ROGER, THE PLOWMAN.

A SIMPLE FACT.

PLODDING behind a crawling team,
All day, through every kind of weather,
Is not, whate'er the poets deem,
Pure bliss, and take it altogether.

The long, stark furrow to turn o'er,
Whilst to the hobnails of the peasant
Adheres a dozen pounds or more
Of clay, is not exactly pleasant.

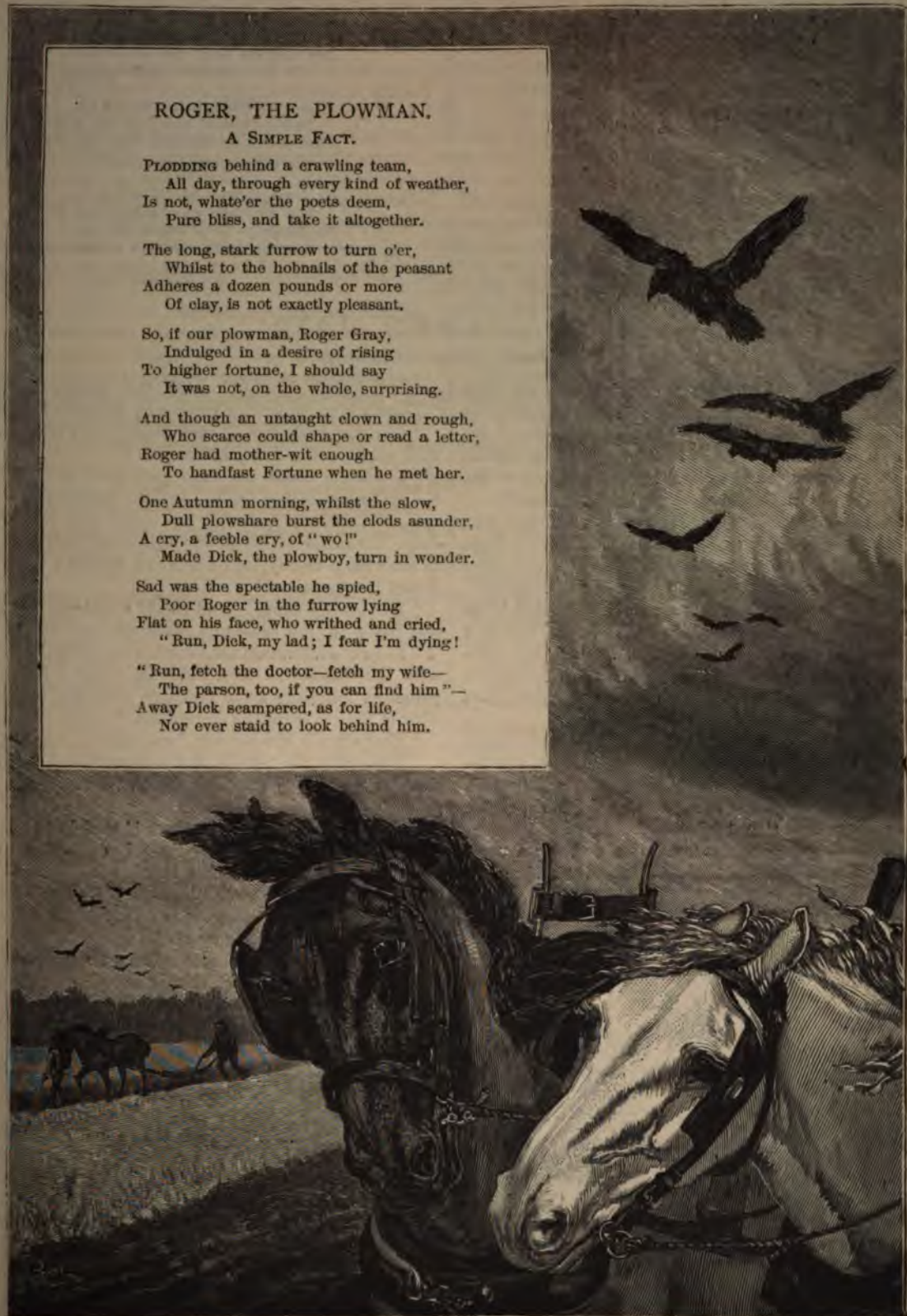
So, if our plowman, Roger Gray,
Indulged in a desire of rising
To higher fortune, I should say
It was not, on the whole, surprising.

And though an untaught clown and rough,
Who scarce could shape or read a letter,
Roger had mother-wit enough
To handfast Fortune when he met her.

One Autumn morning, whilst the slow,
Dull plowshare burst the clods asunder,
A cry, a feeble cry, of "wo!"
Made Dick, the plowboy, turn in wonder.

Sad was the spectacle he spied,
Poor Roger in the furrow lying
Flat on his face, who writhed and cried,
"Run, Dick, my lad; I fear I'm dying!"

"Run, fetch the doctor—fetch my wife—
The parson, too, if you can find him"—
Away Dick scampered, as for life,
Nor ever staid to look behind him.



Then, first with caution peering round
To see that nobody was prying,
Roger rose nimbly from the ground,
By no means like a person dying.

And in his hobnails, on the clay,
Proceeded to perform a mystic
Pas seul.—I honor Roger Gray,
But own his dancing not artistic.

Was Roger crazy? No, not he;
No man was saner in his dealings;
Those capers were meant to be
A needful outlet for his feelings.

Though so illiterate a clown,
Roger was *showed*, an artful fellow!
Just where he had been lying down
The ground was literally yellow.

His plowshare, striking somewhat deep,
Had smashed a pot of gold; and of it
Roger proposed the whole to keep
For his peculiar use and profit.

Dick, if he knew, would ruin all,
So Roger by his *tumble* hid it.
Many, before they rise, will fall;
He did—and very well he did it.

The coast now clear on every side,
Roger sees no more cause to tarry,
But in his wallet hastes to hide
The fair rose-nobles of King Harry.

This done, and seated on his plow.
He sees approach, with inward laughter,
His mistress first; the doctor now;
And now the vicar, panting after.

With a subdued and suffering air
Roger received them all, and stated
That, whilst he thanked them for their care,
His malady had much abated.

So much, indeed, he did not fear
But he might soon resume his tillage.
He bought a farm within the year,
And died churchwarden of his village.

HER GOLDEN HAIR

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

MADAME sat cozily in the shade of a jutting rock while her pupils sported in the surf; and dreamily watching the seagulls and sails, and smelling the healthy brine of the ocean, enjoyed holiday-time as keenly as her four orphan wards, who were screaming, laughing and dancing in the foamy fringes of old Neptune's spangled blue mantle.

No Long Branch or Newport for madame and her four pretty heiresses, but this quiet beach at the foot of a farm, and, instead of a princely hotel, with "hops" and insinuating fortune-hunters abounding, a square, delightful, jolly, old-time farmhouse, with a sugar-bush behind it, an orchard, pasture-lands and the sea before it, and within it rosy, good-hearted Widow Smilyman, Betsey, her dimpled daughter, and one male being, of no possible account in madame's decorous calculations, John Smilyman, part owner of house, farm, bush and orchard.

Not the attenuated ghost of a rail-whistle, a boat-whistle or a factory warwhoop reached this secluded spot, and the only mechanical sound which disturbed the ambient air was the tootling of Widow Smilyman on the horn, which musical performance meant fricassee chicken and cream, honey-pots and pancakes, tea and cake, and was a great deal more suggestive than a fashionable "recital" of classic music.

Madame looked at her watch, and perceived that the time for Widow Smilyman's evening *fugue* was approaching.

"Come in, my little ones!" she shrieked, in her clear, honest treble. "It is nearly supper-time, and truly you have been an hour in the ocean."

"We are coming!" called back Charlotte Brisby, between her little palms. "Is the coast clear, madame?"

Madame nodded brightly, and they came dancing and glittering out of the gentle surf, wild with spirits and ruddy as four roses.

The calm solitude was so completely their own that the shadow of the rock under which madame sat answered for a dressing-room, and they came tripping up, three in advance, chasing each other in the glancing sunlight, the fourth tripping demurely behind, in a quaint white flannel bathing-dress, over which fell, quite to the warm, red sand, a remarkable mass of luminous yellow hair, like a mantle, and which gave out peculiar rich lights as the sun struck it.

"Do hurry, Emily!" cried the others, in chorus. "There's Mrs. Smilyman beginning to tootle for supper."

"Oh, you barbarians," said Emily, "to talk of supper with such a sea and sky before you!"

"I wonder shall we have pancakes to-night?" said Nelly Canter, as they nimbly dressed themselves. "There was no saleratus yesterday to make any, but 'my son John, the image of his poor pa, Deacon Smilyman,' went to the village to-day, and I trust he brought some home. I pant for pancakes."

"You greedy thing!" said ruddy Charlotte. "You are just like a fat, fair little pig, black eyes and all!"

"I saw the saleratus in the cupboard," said Edith Merry, with the majesty of Mrs. Siddons, "and I do *smell* the pancakes mingling their perfume with the soul-bracing odor of the swells of the eternal sea!"

"That sounds like Ruskin," said Emily, laughing.

"Especially the 'swells of the eternal sea,'" said Nelly Canter; "but they are all gone to Saratoga for the regatta."

"How I should like to be there!" exclaimed Charlotte, who was a rosy, eighteen-year-old collection of large bones, cleverness, and young, manly good nature—"with sufficient freedom to wear bloomers if I wished—which I would not, madame deary—ride a bicycle, or toot a mail-coach with four prancing grays."

Madame had a very delicate rein for these young necks, and having succeeded in bringing up four God-fearing, intellectual and amiable specimens of young womanhood, could afford to let them caper and sparkle, mentally and physically, as all healthy young things should, so she laughed at this sally, gathering up her novel, her air-cushion, and her little telescope, with brisk, pretty brown hands.

"And what should my little white one like?" pinching Emily's cheek, as the latter laced her little kid boots.

"I can answer for her!" cried Charlotte. "She would like to sit on the edge of a rainbow, with her golden hair all about her, and look at sunsets while she made pinafores for poor babies."

"How could she look at sunsets and hem pinafores?" interposed Nelly.

Emily raised her little flower-like face, which had delicate freckles like "fairy favors" on it, and smiled, looking

dreamily up and down the golden beach, and then at madame.

"I should like a more active existence than that," she said; "oh, far more, and very different."

"Pray, girls, hurry!" cried Nelly Canter, hastily, snatching up her rose-wreathed hat; "flesh and blood cannot withstand the smell of those pancakes any longer."

They triumphantly surrounded little madame, and whirled her off in their midst with a flutter and rush unknown after seventeen.

The wind was coming up for an evening frolic with the surf, the sun gallantly complimented the last day of rosy June by hanging his tent with her gay color, which gloriously reflected itself even in the very blades of John Smilyman's patent mower, and on the face of John himself, as he sheepishly watched the pretty quartet hurrying home with madame under the orchard boughs, while he made a simple toilet at the pump in the chippyard, and wondered at Emily's hair, as the wind snatched it to and fro, and the sun twisted his mighty arrows daintily in it, like a warrior toying with his wife's tresses while she armed him for battle.

Before this eventful June, Summer boarders had simply meant to John Smilyman dyspeptic teachers of the masculine gender, or elderly ladies who came to the country principally in search of those fresh eggs demoralized urban hens apparently decline to furnish, and cream which the civilized "milky mothers" know naught of, and who merely took the landscape as an unimportant feature in their rustic experience.

Never before had he felt constrained to stand on the deerskin mat for ten minutes before entering the keeping-room, or to seek that peace of mind in the haymow which he was far from finding at the meals he took in the wonderful society of madame and her wards.

Madame sat erect in her wooden chair like some courtly little fairy in gray serge, with a wonderful ring or two flashing at him, and a faint odor of violets always about her, and the eight arch eyes of her four wards twinkled incessantly and mischievously.

This little madame was very kind to him in her stately way. She lent him books and admirable drawings from the Old Masters to pore over and copy, which enchanted him mightily, for he had a kind of rapture on him at the sight of a picture—*mais que voulez-vous?*

Of late he could not breathe comfortably to the bottom of his deep chest wherever the mystic gleams of little Emily's hair and eyes were to be found, and so spent most of his few leisure moments in the bland and innocent society of his frolicsome calves and bleating lambs, sketching those unconscious models in every variety of attitude their supple bodies were capable of assuming with a vigor of touch promising great things.

There is not the least doubt that it was a dangerous June for John Smilyman. Sometimes he was required to row the ladies out in that cunning combination of a raft and a tub, which was the only craft madame would trust herself or her charges in, which excursions generally took place in the sparkling of the moon, and accompanied by the sound of Edith's "zither"—a little instrument she had brought, with the art of playing it, from the East, where she had been born.

It was also his duty to take them on amateur berry-picking frolics into leafy thickets, to instruct them in the arcadian process of hay-tossing in the fields, and to stand on guard while they tried to feed his huge, heavy-limbed, satin-skinned farm-horses with chocolate creams, and watch eight little hands, like animated lily-leaves, patting the mighty necks of those happy quadrupeds.

"My little ones are very foolish, Monsieur Jean," madame would trill out on these occasions. "I much admire your so admirable good humor and patience. Charlotte, Charlotte, dost thou not comprehend that a young, small calf will devour thy handkerchief if thou dost conduct it about his neck in that so droll fashion?"

They got into the way of styling him Monsieur Jean almost at once, and amongst themselves "the Knight of the Plow," and much extolled his fine, natural chivalry, and greatly bewailed his coarse-skinned hands, which, yet, were finely formed, his sunburnt nose, his big mouth and his heavy shoulders.

John's best time was in the friendly dusk when they all sat on the veranda, Widow Smilyman knitting, madame fanning herself, and at her feet little Emily, sitting in a mantle of yellow hair, her mites of hands clasped on her knees, and her eyes fixed on the sea.

This night Edith, who had the passionate, artistic soul of an ancient Greek, after long looking at the mysterious, voiceless, silver swell of the sea, with a phantom, dark-sailed craft upon its glittering edge, began to repeat, in her rich young voice, the mournful, majestic lines of the "Morte d'Arthur," and, having arrived at the place where Sir Bedivere flings Excalibar into the mere, forgot the rest, and broke down, laughing.

"Who will pick up poor Excalibar?" she asked, when, to every one's amazement, John Smilyman took up the lines where Edith's memory failed her, and from his dusky corner rolled harmoniously:

"I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose."

"Oh, go on, please, Monsieur Jean!" they cried, in chorus. "That's magnificent!"

Emily looked shyly round at him. It was just light enough to see his undeniably handsome eyes sparkling in his shadowy ambuscade. They were shining straight at her.

"Do go on," said Charlotte. "A man's voice is fittest for such majestic verse. Do, pray, go on, Monsieur Jean."

But Monsieur Jean was stalking away, and presently a hubbub in the farmyard announced his presence amongst his flocks and herds.

"John's a real smart boy," said the Widow Smilyman to madame. "Ef the deacon hadn't left the place with a drefful heavy mortgage on it—which ain't nigh lifted yet—he'd have gone to learnin' pictur'-makin'; he's drefful set upon it, an' so was his pa, though he never got beyond colorin' the kitchen floor; but when John was just a real small mite he could draw anything you'd name on his slate."

"What a pity he cannot go to Rome and study!" said Emily, looking gravely out of her golden bower.

"Well, miss, when his pa lay dyin', John promised to take hold and clear the place, and I guess he kinder meant what he said. He's not one to take hold on to the plow and look back. God bless him! there never was a better boy than my son John."

Madame, whose French soul set great store by filial love, called him "a hero more great than Alexander," and kissed Widow Smilyman on both brown cheeks with effusion.

Emily was fond of little reveries—some in sad-colored doublets, like Oliver Cromwell, and some light as thistle-down and clad in smocks as cheerfully pink as daffodils, and when she had woven her hair into two great ropes of gold, and stood motionless by the window in her white night-dress, Charlotte left her undisturbed, and went to

bed, and thither Emily crept, after an hour's grave counsel with the moon and sage discourse with the stars, and fell asleep, thinking of John Smilyman manfully turning his eyes from the resplendent gates of art and trudging, with cheerful face and burning heart, after the plow. After that she called him "Sir Bedivere" in her dreams, and murmured to her pillow:

"I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose."

The next Summer found Edith married to a Greek merchant—one of the colossi of wealth—and gone to live amongst the olives of Crete. Little Nelly had gone to dwell under the palms of Paradise, and Charlotte was married to a medical man in New York, who toiled as hard, now he had a splendid brown-stone shelter for his clever head, and a rich wife, as when Charlotte had insisted on

For some reason, Emily lingered in the city along with the skim-milk (of which common commodity she managed to see a great deal), until her maid became hysterical, and her confidential attendant, who had served her father and her grandfather, waxed indignant, and almost entirely secluded himself in his pantry, fanning himself and drinking "cobblers" with a mighty zest.

Madame, who "knew more of Anne Page's mind than any other woman in Windsor," gave her a quick, delightful sympathy—as a pure bit of silver gives out a clear, satisfying note under a light touch.

They managed to make themselves tolerably comfortable with an ingeniously contrived *punkah*; masses of ice set on silver trays, in fern-shaded corners, a cooing fountain playing in a snow-white basin, with doves perched on its brim, and sea-green silk at the windows. A huge aquarium filled one side of the boudoir, which was a large, free-



SUCH FUN!

THIS IS AUNT MARTHA MENTALLY EXCLAIMING, "BLESS THEIR DEAR LITTLE HEARTS! WHAT FUN THEY ARE HAVING!"

THIS IS AUNT MARTHA AGAIN. JUST HAD A "COMPLIMENT" HERSELF.

marrying him from a third-rate boarding-house, and an office like a magnified pillbox.

Emily, with madame to chaperone her, had set up dainty housekeeping in a princely French flat, and nowadays the golden hair was braided decorously about the small, sweet head, and the bright eyes held a "clear, pointed flame," which turned too inquiringly and searchingly on the *partis* who came a-wooing to the French flat for their success with its owner.

It was toward the end of June, and the French flat had become hot and stifling. The *crème de la crème*, to prevent itself souring, had gone to the tops of mountains, the bottoms of valleys, and the white fringes of the purple sea, while the skim-milk seethed humbly in the glaring city, and even the cool shadows of teeming cellars, and the bracing atmosphere of high-lifted attics, quite failed in preventing it from fermenting unwholesomely.

The Summer in great cities is a glowing Moloch, whose red-hot hands are always full of little children who have "passed through the fire."

lunged room; and at one of the windows a bank of flowers basked in a tenderly tempered pool of light.

Emily's favorite seat was close to the aquarium, and this afternoon she sat beside it, swinging to and fro in a rocker, like a dove on a shady bough, and dreamily watching the goldfish gliding like gilded phantoms through the green weeds and moss, while madame dozed by the flowers. A little white stand, airily supported by gilded hop-poles, festooned with vines and tassels clambering from them round the snowy slab, stood beside her. A huge "Dante," in white velvet and gold, lay open on it. A gold thimble and a point lace butterfly, with a shining needle glittering like an elfin spear in his partially completed wing, lay beside the "Dante," in a basket made like a shell of mother-of-pearl and lined with blue satin. A child's book, rich with more than Tyrian hues, and intended for a small half-pint of very poor "skim-milk," kept the butterfly harmonious company, and had just been the subject of Emily's studies.

Emily's face was still delicately blossom-like, still



HER GOLDEN HAIR. — "EMILY SPRANG BACK WITH A SCREAM, AS A TALL FIGURE HURLED ITSELF ON HAROLD DISNEY FROM THE OPEN WINDOW." — SEE PAGE 238.

freckled faintly, but graver, and more oval than round. The decorous coronet above the transparent brow burst at the ends into a shining shower, half-wave, half-curl, falling below her waist; and, in her lustreless dove-colored silk, guiltless of flounce or fringe, but with a strange little cape of white lace on her shoulders, and an angry-hued bracelet on her snowy wrist, she made a quaint, delightful picture of high-bred beauty.

A clock struck four in a little crystal chirp, and tinkled off into a mere thread of melody, a mere cobweb of sound, by no means loud enough to drown the soft padding of elephantine feet on the carpet.

Emily looked up, blushing, as she had a trick of doing if a rose but nodded at her. "What is it, Griffin?" she asked, dreamily.

Griffin looked magnificently displeased, and bore an empty silver salver.

"There's a pusson in the aunty-room, miss, and he seems rather low *tong*. He says he does not use cards, but that you expect to see him. He looks like a rusticated young pusson, ma'am, and he gev his appellation orally—Mr. John Smilyman."

"Show Mr. Smilyman in at once, Griffin!" said Emily, so wide-awake immediately that showers of light flew from her eyes, and her cheeks blushed very prettily, indeed. "I expected him," she said, in her dulcet voice; "he is the gentleman with whose mother we boarded last Summer. Please, Griffin, don't keep him waiting!"

"He's low *tong*, Miss Em'ly, I must say," said Griffin, mollified by this confidence, but still with severity, and padded out again to bring Mr. John Smilyman into fairy-land.

Madame woke up, and ran to him as he came in, dressed in badly made country mourning, pathetically new and glossy, and shook his brown hands in both of hers, while Emily came tripping to meet him.

"I am glad you have come to bid us good-by," she said, her eyes very bright. "What is this we hear of your going to Rome?"

Something made her think of the words of Sir Bedivere, as John stood before her, stubbornly looking away from her small, radiant face to the carpet, and a little fine smile, like sunlight glancing on the edge of a jewel, danced into her eyes.

"Monsieur Jean," said madame, leading him to a chair, "you have our condolences most sympathetic on the decease of madame, your so good mother."

"Mine, surely," said Emily, soft as one whispers in a temple.

"Thank you, ladies," said John, after a pause, and looking, not at Emily, but at madame. "I have had a piece of great good fortune, and I wish she had lived to see it."

Emily turned the bracelet on her wrist, swaying to and fro in the gloom, and listening with interest.

"Let us hear of it," cried madame. "One loves to listen of good fortune."

"Some one has bought the old place for ten times its value," said John, brightening. "Not that I asked for such a sum, but he said it was worth more than that to the person who wanted it, and, after sharing with Betsy—she's married now—I shall have plenty to take me to Rome, and keep me there for four years, living poor enough," said John Smilyman, "but pushing on and up—please God."

"Thou wilt be famous and rich one day, my brave," cried madame.

"Who is the purchaser of your dear old place, Monsieur Jean?" asked Emily's voice, very clear and very sweet.

"A lawyer in the city, ma'am," said John, looking at the toes of Emily's little slippers, as they peeped from the folds of the dove-colored raiment. "And, as you told me to come and let you know if any change took place in my circumstances, I called in to tell you that I am going to get the—a desire of my heart, at last—four years of pictures and paint-brushes!"

"You will return to America, dear Monsieur Jean?" asked madame, anxiously.

"Yes, ma'am, if I meet with success," replied John, looking at his own boots this time.

"And when do you sail?"

"To-night."

There was profound silence for a moment.

Emily leant her cheek on her little finger-tips, and looked into the green, crystal depths of the aquarium.

"You will, at times, write to me?" asked madame.

"If I do any good over there," he said, simply, and, hearing a rustle of silk raiment in the ante-room, rose precipitately to go. Emily smiled at him brightly.

"Good speed to you!" she said, quaintly, and gave him both hands cheerfully.

Madame kissed him on both cheeks, whereat it was fine to see him blushing; and so he went out, closing the door between himself and them, to trudge—with scrip and staff and pilgrim's scanty fare—toward the bejeweled gates of France.

In a few minutes Emily rang for Griffin.

"You may tell Mary to pack up to-night," she said, turning from a very brown study of the gold-fish. "And we leave town to-morrow morning, Griffin."

"For Nooport, miss?" asked Griffin, anxiously.

"No," said Emily, "I am afraid you will have a dull Summer, Griffin. We are going down to a seaside farm I have bought from that gentleman who went away just now."

"I am finding myself onekal to any but the most placable pleasures, miss!" said Griffin, "and shan't object to the most rooral scene, so that it's cool!"

"I have bought it," remarked Emily, modestly, "to make it a Summer hospital for poor, sick city children."

"God bless you, Miss Emily, my dear little girl!" cried Griffin.

And running forward as nimbly as Apollo himself, he took her hand up and kissed it reverently. It felt a very cold and trembling little hand, indeed!

"He's not got no *tong*," remarked Griffin, alluding to the departed guest, "so I suppose the house ain't palatial. He was walkin' through the wall of the aunty-room, with his eyes starin' and his features workin', when I was obligated to take him by the arm and lead him out of the door. What time is the carriage to be round in the mornin', ma'am?"

"At nine," said Emily.

Five Summers passed like rubies dragged over the Niagara of Time, and the sixth found madame, Emily and Charlotte sitting under the very rock where we first discovered them.

Madame had her telescope, her air-cushion and her novel, as of old, and was perfectly unchanged. Emily's golden hair fell in seaside freedom about her, as of yore, and her face was still like a delicate blossom. Charlotte was now a Junoic-looking matron, and held on her knee a solemn-eyed youth of some three Summers, for the sake of whose precious health she was passing the season with Emily at Sunnybeach Farm.

The tide was coming in gently along the miles of shoaling beach, and the gay shouts of some fifty specimens of

city "skim-milk" made the air merry as they chased the curly little fringes, which struck at them like kitten's paws.

A portly form in black moved amongst the Lilliputians as a kind of lord high constable, but occasionally laid aside the terrors of office to hold a very small pitcher of "skim" aloft to "see the s'ips" passing like gulls against the sky, or to offer a practical hint to some earnest architects in clamshells as to the rearing of their fairy edifices.

"How good Griffin is to the little ones," said Charlotte. "Won't oo run to Griffin, ducky diamonds?"

"No," said the serious young man, with Napoleonic brevity.

"Griffin is my right hand," said Emily.

"Don't you ever intend to have 'a nearer one, and a dearer,' for prime minister, my Lady Bountiful?" asked a gentleman who lay at her feet—a handsome, careless fellow, with merry eyes and ruddy cheeks, Emily's most persistent and apparently most successful lover.

"Cousin Harold?" cried Charlotte. "Foreign travel evidently has not blunted the edge of your curiosity. Emily, do, pray, turn this masculine Eve out of Eden."

"I defy her to do anything of the kind," said Harold Disney. "Am not I the life of Sunnyside, I ask, in all humility?"

"You are a very pretty fellow, as our grandmothers used to say," said Charlotte, laughing, "but as for humility—"

"I can troll a *barcarolle*," said Mr. Disney. "I can play the guitar, I can row, I can ride, I can hold worsted for ten minutes at a stretch, I can wring laughter from the most attenuated ragged robin yonder, I can—"

"By-the-way, have you finished that sketch of Emily you commenced last week?" interrupted Charlotte.

"I wanted another look at her golden hair, unbound," said Harold. "Miss Emily, will you sit to me when I paint my great picture?"

"That depends on what you undertake to represent, and how you do it," said Emily, very demurely.

"Oh, Jove and Juno! what a snub! There, for pity's sake, keep that pensive look for one instant, Emily; the very thing I want, I do affirm!"

"For whom, Monsieur Disney?" asked madame.

"The Lady of Shalott!" he exclaimed, looking keenly at Emily, "where she exclaims, 'I am half-tired of shadows.' There, thank you, fair hostess, I've jotted that down with more success than usually attends my pencil."

"Sketching and chatting here under this rock does so remind me of the Smilymans," said Charlotte, thoughtfully. "Did you ever hear anything of John Smilyman after you bought the place, Emmy?"

"We heard of him for two years," said Emily, quietly. "He was then getting on famously with his art-studies; but after that we quite lost sight of him."

"I fear he is deceased," remarked madame, shaking her lively little head until the black braids twinkled like jet in the sun.

"Why, that must be the John Smilyman I used to know in Rome!" exclaimed Harold Disney, arching his delicate black brows. "He was making quite a stir in art-circles there. Though a mere tyro, his animals were considered to come pretty near Bonheur's. I dare say the poor fellow is dead; that malaria walks a man off to Hades in no time."

Emily sat looking at the sea, and said nothing. It is wonderful how calmly some natures outwardly regard the ruin and downfall of their Luxors and Karnaks.

In the next five minutes the roses fell from the pillars of the palace of her dreams, the pillars crumbled from the

roof, the roof yawned, the walls fell crashing into the dreary sands of the desert of life, and never a lash quivered or a finger stirred, as the thunders of such a ruin clanged upon her brain. Madame glanced furtively at her, and rising, walked quickly away. Disney, who had suddenly lost his joyous humor, strolled off up the beach, looking supremely elegant and distinguished, despite a little artistic affectation displayed in a Vandyke beard and a velvet coat.

By this time the serious young man had fallen asleep, with his dimpled fist nestled in his mother's neck, regardless of lace *fraise* and dainty ribbon, and was dimpling in his dreams, more like Cupid than Napoleon.

"Doesn't he look sweet?" asked Charlotte, delightedly.

Emily smiled assentingly as she resumed her tatting.

"Oh, by-the-way," said Charlotte, "Fred has filled the vacant bed in the boys' ward for you—of course, dear, subject to your approval. I am afraid, Emmy, you will be angry with poor Fred when I tell you that it is an adult masculine he has picked up this time."

"I am surprised," answered Emily; "but Sunnyside and its mistress owe too much to dear Dr. Fred ever to question his judgment. His *protégé* will be kindly welcomed, as they say in Ireland."

"Fred says it is a most pitiable case," went on Mrs. Fred, "and you are to write at once and let him know, so that the poor creature can be moved at once from his frightful cellar, and brought down to the fresh air here."

"I'll go in and write at once," said Emily, rising.

"Harold," shrieked Mrs. Fred, "come and carry the ducky into the house for me, please."

Harold sauntered back, looking rather moody, and they strolled up to the farmhouse through the merry, pallid little children who were to enjoy a heaven lasting a month, and composed of plenty to eat and the sea-breezes.

"Emily," said Harold Disney, a week after, "will you be my wife?"

"Why should I?" asked Emily, smiling coldly.

"Because I love you," he answered, flushing.

"Thank you," replied Emily, gravely; "I believe you do."

He gave a sigh of relief.

"I thought you might have judged otherwise," he said; "for you are rich and I am poor."

"Oh, I know the signs of love as well as Rosalind," said Emily.

"You are laughing at me," he exclaimed, hotly.

They had just returned from riding, and they stood on the veranda by an open window, the Virginia creeper showering over them, and the sea breaking its blue crystal beyond the rich, rustling green of the orchard.

"No," she answered; "I am not. But, you see, I don't love you. I am sorry for you, Mr. Disney."

He looked at her and turned pale. In another woman the coquette might have spoken, not in her; and, to do him justice, he loved her.

"Is there no hope?" he asked, after a moment's intense silence.

Emily shook her head.

He burst out laughing.

"To think," he cried, seizing her shoulder, and looking at her, "that this puny frame holds power enough to make or mar a man! Don't flinch, Emily; I shall not hurt you."

Without the warning of a step or a rustle, a gaunt head, like that of some terrible Lazarus, came between them, and a bony arm thrust them apart.

"Oh, hell-hound!" shrieked a frightful voice. "Give me back my money!"

Emily sprang back with a scream, as a tall figure in a dressing-gown hurled itself on Harold Disney from the open window behind them, and fell with him, struggling, on the floor of the veranda.

In a second Harold was on his feet, staring with a ghastly gaze at the long, gaunt form feebly writhing at his feet, and glaring up at him with burning eyes of rage and agony.

I promise you Emily gave a fine scream, and flung herself into madame's arms, who came running out with Charlotte and Dr. Fred, all looking wild and distraught.

"Oh, madame," Emily shrieked, at the same time wildly beating her hands together, "it's John Smilyman come back."

Harold Disney reeled against the house-wall, and Dr. Fred lifted the Lazarus form from the floor.

"Emily, I never knew who Fred's patient was until he arrived with him while you were out riding. Oh, Harold, are you the horrid wretch who robbed the poor fellow?"

Charlotte was white and sobbing, and Dr. Fred's good, manly face was red with indignation.

"Harold!" he exclaimed, fixing his eyes on his wife's cousin, "if you were not the Disney who borrowed every cent of this poor fellow's money and fled with it, say so, and don't keep your cousin and myself in this agony of shame."

"I'm the very man," said Harold. "One man preys on another; that's the rule, isn't it? I'm duced sorry to see poor old Jack so down on his luck. If anything had happened" (here he glanced at Emily), "I meant to look him up and repay all I borrowed." He had quite recovered his airy eloquence, while they

stared at him in shame and disgust. Emily slipped from madame, and, running up to Dr. Fred, took the collection of bones which did duty for John's hand in hers.

"Do you remember me?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" he said, staring at her wildly. "Whenever I was down in the red-hot pit with the devils, you would come and let your golden hair down to help me up. That's the chief devil," he whispered, pointing at Harold.

"He is going to have a relapse," said Dr. Fred, anxiously.

Mr. Disney retreated gracefully from the scene.

"Will you shake hands, Charlotte?" he asked.

"No, sir!" thundered Dr. Fred, "she will not."

"Good-by, then," said Harold, with great good-humor. "And pray remember, if I ever have any spare cash, I shall discharge my little liabilities."

"Confound your impudence, sir!" roared Fred.

Harold bowed to the ladies, having more than recovered his composure, and left the field, his colors soiled, but his air as gallant as though his banneret had not been smirched; and Sunny-beach saw him no more.



AT THE TOP OF A HIGH CHIMNEY.—SEE PAGE 246.

John Smilyman, known to Dr. Fred as John Smith, fever patient number one hundred, had told him his story. He had husbanded his means to carry him through his art studies in Rome, when one day a friend, one Harold Disney, borrowed every cent he possessed and fled with it.

This Disney was one of the exotic students of art in the studio where John Smilyman labored. He hunted on the Campagna, he rode beside elegant carriages, and danced in the most exclusive ballrooms of Rome, and suddenly vanished like a smokewreath, leaving Jewish usurers raving in the Ghetto, and John Smilyman to starve.



THE FATAL TIDINGS.

John was forced to give up his place in the great master's studio; he had no friends and no influence, this transplanted rustic, and what an iron heel has adversity for such!

Eventually he worked his way back to New York as one of a ship's crew, and lay down to die of the fever which consumed his soul as well as body, when Dr. Fred found him, and, only knowing him as John Smith, brought him, listless and unknowing of his destination, to Emily's house of Sunnybeach.

Harold Disney went boldly back to Rome, magnetized the Jews in the Ghetto, and married a lean Italian *principessa*—an amiable old woman, who had plenty of money and took snuff, and treated him equally well with her adored poodle and parrot.

One day when she had made him a handsome present, he wrote a gay, affectionate letter to John Smilyman, and sent him a check for the amount he had "borrowed," with interest—not such as the Hebrews in the Ghetto might admire, but as much as one gentleman might accept from another, and there was peace between their tents.

By this time Emily had nursed John back to health and life and radiant hope, and married him; and John had painted two capital pictures—not of sheep nor of goats, but one of Sir Bedivere, with his eyes shut, flinging Excalibur, with its blinding, rainbow hill, into the sullen, sedgebound mere, and under it—

"I closed mine eyelids, lost the gems,
Should blind my purpose."

And Sir Bedivere's face was a faithful copy of his own.

The other represented a gray tower, round and slim, and rich with mystic carvings, rising from a black moat, dashed here and there with fierce white moonlight glaring through tempestuous clouds. Two gaunt and savage hounds, which might have typified Famine and Despair, plunged through the sullen water, baying a breathless man in a tattered jerkin, who, with skeleton and anguish-face thrown back, was climbing the ivy which richly draped the slender turret. It was parting from the gray stones under his weight, but above him, from the open casement, leaned a damsel, blazing in gems, in sumptuous and quaint raiment, and with a modest face, like a tender flower. Down to the wretched fugitive she had let her glorious golden tresses, and, as he grasped the shining tendrils, the faintest rose of dawn outbattled the angry moonlight, and touched his bony figure. Under it was written, "Her Golden Hair," and the faces were those of Emily and John.

He will be a famous artist before long, and Sunnybeach flourished modestly under Emily's tender care. They spend their Summers there still, attended by Griffin, who at first was *difficult* on the subject of the marriage; but when Charlotte assured him that Mr. Smilyman had acquired *ton* during his three years' residence in Rome, he was kind enough to observe that, "perhaps Miss Emily could not have done better with her money, after all."

And, perhaps, she could not!

AT THE TOP OF A HIGH CHIMNEY.

WHEN I was three-and-twenty, I went down-country with the builder for whom I worked, to carry out one of his contracts. While there I fell in love with the prettiest girl I had ever seen. She seemed so flattered with my attentions that I was full of hope, till an old lover joined our force.

Then I found out my mistake, as Mary at once gave me the cold shoulder. My successful rival, Ben Lloyd, and I were not, of course, the best of friends; still I bore him no ill-will, and being of a cheery temper, soon got the best of it, and in time we became great cronies.

I went to his wedding, and after that often dropped into their neat little cottage to see them, and got to look upon Mary as a sort of sister. Ben had no ground for jealousy, though evil tongues, I found, were busy.

The contract was nearly up, when a lightning-conductor upon one of the highest chimneys over at Llanelly sprang, and the owner of the works offered our master the job.

"It's just the sort of thing for you, Harry," said Mr. —, when he told us of it.

I touched my cap and accepted it off-hand, and then Ben stepped up and said he'd volunteer to be the second man, two being required.

"All right," said the master; "you are the steadiest-headed fellows I have. The price is a good one, and every penny of it shall be divided between you. We'll not fix a day for the work, but take the first calm morning."

So it was that, some four or five mornings after, we found ourselves at the factory, all ready.

The kite by which the line attached to the block was to be sent over the chimney was flown, and did its work well; the rope which was to haul up the cradle was ready, and stepping in, Ben and I began the ascent.

As we went up I saw crowds gather to watch us.

"There are plenty of star-gazers, Ben," said I, waving my cap to them. "I dare say they'd like to see us come down with a run."

"Can't you keep quiet?" said Ben, in so strange a voice that I turned to look at him.

There he lay in a heap in the bottom of the cradle, his eyes closed.

"You're not afraid," said I.

"What's that to you?"

"Nothing; but if you don't get used to the height, you may get dizzy."

Then I saw we were going up too fast.

They had not calculated right, and, as sure as death, the cradle would strike the coping, and if it did death it would be, for the rope would part.

There was no chance of signaling. I told Ben our only hope. We must swarm up the rope to the chimney-top, and let the cradle go its course.

We did so, and were scarcely landed when the cradle struck.

The rope gave a shrill, piercing sound, like a rifle-ball passing through the air, and snapped.

Down went the cradle, and there were we left, nearly three hundred feet in the air, with nothing to rest upon but a coping eighteen inches wide.

Ben shrieked out that he was a dead man.

"Hush, lad!" I said; "don't lose heart. Think of Mary, man, and keep up."

But he only shook and swayed more and more, groaning and crying out that he was lost; and I could see that, if he did not mind, he would overbalance.

"Get hold of the rod," I said, thinking that, even sprung as it was, the touch of it would give him courage.

"Where is it, boy?" he said, hoarsely.

And then looking into his face, which was turned to me, I saw that his eyes were drawn together, squinting and bloodshot, and knew that the fright had driven him blind.

So, pushing myself to him, I placed my arm round his waist, and worked round to the rod, which I put in his

hand ; and then I looked below, to see whether they were trying to help us ; but there was no sign. The yard was full of people, all running hither and thither ; and, as I afterward knew, all in the greatest consternation, the cradle having fallen on one of the overseers of the works, killing him on the spot, and so occupying the attention of those near that we were for the time forgotten.

I was straining my eyes in the hope of seeing some effort made to help us, when I was startled by a horrible yell, and brought to a sense of a new danger, for, looking round, I saw Ben champing with his teeth, and foaming at the mouth, and gesticulating in an unearthly way. Fear had not only blinded him, but crazed his brain.

Scarcely had I time to comprehend this when he began edging his way toward me ; and every hair on my head seemed to stand on end, as I moved away, keeping as far off as I could, and scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should hear me—for see me he could not—that was my only consolation.

Once—twice—thrice—he followed me round the mouth of that horrible chimney ; then, no doubt, thinking I had fallen over, he gave up the search, and began trying to get on to his feet. What could I now do to save his life ?

To touch him was certain death to myself as well as him, for he would inevitably seize me, and we should both go over together. To let him stand up was to witness his equally certain destruction.

I thought of poor Mary, and I remembered that if he died she might get to care for me. The devil put that thought in my mind, I suppose ; but, thank God, there was a stronger than Satan near, and at the risk of my life I roared out :

"Sit still, or you will fall, Ben Lloyd !"

He crouched down and held on with clinched teeth, shivering and shaking. In after days he told me that he thought that it was my spirit sent to warn and save him.

"Sit still !" I repeated, from time to time, watching with aching eyes and brain for some sign of aid.

Each minute seemed to be an hour. My lips grew dry, my tongue literally clave to my mouth, and the perspiration running down blinded me. At last—at last—hope came. The crowd began to gather in the yard, people were running in from distant lanes, and a sea of faces were turned upward ; then some one who had got a speaking-trumpet, shouted :

"Keep heart, boys ; we'll save you !"

A few minutes more, and a kite began to rise. Up it came, nearer and nearer, guided by the skillful flier. The slack-rope crossed the chimney, and we were saved.

Ben, obeying my order, got in the cradle. I followed ; but no sooner did I touch him than he began trying to get out. I got hold of him, and, taking it into his head that I was attempting to throw him over, he struggled and fought like the madman he was—grappling, tearing with his teeth, shouting, shrieking and praying all the way down, while the cradle strained and cracked, swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock.

As we came nearer the ground I could hear the roar of voices, and an occasional cheer ; then suddenly all was silent, for they had heard Ben's cries, and when the cradle touched the ground scarcely a man dared look in. The first who did saw a horrible sight, for, exhausted by the struggle and excitement, so soon as the cradle stopped, I had fainted, and Ben, feeling my hands relax, had fastened his teeth in my neck. No wonder the men fell back with blanched faces ; they saw that Ben was crazed, but they thought that he had killed me, for, as they said, he was actually worrying me like a dog.

At last the master got to us, and pulled Ben off me. I

soon came round, but it was a long time before he got well, poor fellow ; and when he did come out of the asylum, he was never fit for his old trade again ; so he and Mary went out to Australia, and the last I heard of them was that Ben had got a couple of thousand sheep, and was doing capitally.

I gave up the trade, too, soon after, finding that I got queer in the head when I tried to face a height. So that morning's work changed two men's lives.

AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER.

OF a feather's lightness we may form some idea when we find that the largest quill of a golden eagle weighs only sixty-five grains, and that seven such quills do not weigh more than five of our little copper cents ; and the feathers of a common fowl which weighs thirty-seven ounces weigh only three ounces ; and that the entire plumage of an owl weighs only one ounce and a half. Meant as they are, some for covering and some for strength, we shall find them, on examination, very differently put together. The light down part, when examined through a microscope, will be found to bear little resemblance to the flat part of the quill. If it were not so, a bird would scarcely be able to fly at all ; for when the flat of the wing was pressed down the air would pass through it, and yield no resistance. The fibres of the downy part, we see, have little connection with each other ; they have short and loose side shoots, just sufficient to mat them together when pressed close to the skin ; whereas, the side shoots of the quill-feathers hook and grapple with one another, so as to make one firm and united surface.

OUTDONE BY A BOY.—A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand-boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him : "You never will amount to much ; you never can do much business ; you are too small." The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do." "Ah, what is that ?" said they. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

THE Sphinx was a monster described as having a human head and the body of a lion, and sometimes as having wings, also. It used to propose the following riddle to travelers, and tear in pieces those who could not solve it : "What is that which has one voice, and at first four feet, then two feet, and at last three feet, and when it has most feet is weakest ?" *Œdipus* explained the enigma by saying it was a man, who, when an infant, creeps on all fours, when a man goes on two feet, and when old uses a staff—a third foot ; and the sphinx thereupon destroyed herself.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think ; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love ; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable.

AVARICE in old age, says *Cicero*, is foolish : for what can be more absurd than to increase our provisions for the road the nearer we approach our journey's end.



A HOUSE IN THE TROPICS INVADED BY VISITING ANTS.

ANTS, AND THEIR WAYS OF LIFE.

By F. BUCHANAN WHITE, M.D.

AS MAY be learned from the writings of more than one ancient author, it is several thousand years since ants first commanded attention by reason of their curious habits; but it is only in modern times that any attempt has been made to thoroughly and systematically investigate these, and to ascertain what amount of truth there is in the belief that ants are endowed with a large amount of intelligence and of reasoning powers.

Before, however, discussing the views of recent observers on this interesting point, it will be necessary to learn something of the ordinary routine of an ant's life; to see how the nest, or, as it is technically called, the *formicarium*, is constructed, and what uses it subserves; and to find out (so far as we may) the domestic economy and relations, *inter se*, of the inhabitants.

Various kinds of ants make various kinds of nests. Some merely excavate burrows in the earth below a stone; others live below the bark of dead trees, and make more or less extensive galleries in the decaying wood, in some cases working up the tissues of the trees into a paper-like substance, with which to construct part of the nest; a third class raise mounds or hillocks on the surface of the earth, and live in the interior of the hill, or in excavations below it; while yet another construct hanging-nests in trees by gluing the leaves together; and a few others inhabit parts of living plants which they have adapted for their use.

Other forms of nests might be mentioned, but, from the examples given, it can readily be imagined that just as the modes employed in constructing the *formicarium* are very varied, so are the habits of the ants themselves. It will be well, therefore, to select one particular species as the subject of our first investigations, and having ascertained what

its manner of life is, then proceed to see in what respects those of some other ants differ.

The ant, which by its wide distribution, comparatively large size, and the conspicuous nest that it constructs, seems to present itself as an appropriate subject to select for observation, is the large wood or horse species, *Formica rufa*. This is the ant which constructs the large mounds of dead vegetable *débris*, so familiar to most of us as "ant-hills." These hills sometimes attain a height of three or four feet, and contain many thousand inhabitants; but for our purpose it will be well to select a smaller and more recently-founded colony. This, we can see, is a dome-shaped accumulation of dead pieces of plants, with sometimes a few stones, particles of earth, etc., intermingled. The vegetable components of the nest vary according to the situation. In a fir-wood they will be found to consist almost entirely of the dead fir-leaves or needles, but in other woods they may be the stalks of dead leaves, bits of dead grass, and so forth. Whatever material is most suitable, and, at the same time, most easily got, is used by the ants. Whatever the material may be, it is so arranged that the dome of the nest is, to a certain extent, waterproof, and, at the same time, a number of doorways are left to permit of the entrance and exit of the inhabitants. These doorways communicate with winding passages and galleries in the interior of the nest, and from these again, in older nests, passages descend into the earth, where another series of chambers and galleries exist, in which the inhabitants live in Winter.

In recently-made nests there are no underground works. These are made afterward, and, as well as the dome, are increased in size as the population of the *formicarium* increases. As the nest gets old the outer lower portion of the



AN UNDERGROUND ANT-NEST.

raised structure decays, and becomes more solid, and is not used by the inhabitants, but abandoned to various other insects, who find in the decaying mass food and shelter.

From the ant-hill, especially if it be an old one, various well-marked paths—an inch or more wide—may be seen going in various directions, and reaching to the distance of sometimes several hundred yards. Along these roads crowds of ants may be seen hurrying to and from the nest—those that are going to it often laden with some piece of material with which to add to the structure of the hill, or perhaps with their "sucking stomachs" filled with food for the larvae.

The roads lead to the favorite hunting-grounds of the inhabitants of the nest, or to one or more new colonies ;



SECTION OF AN ANT'S NEST.

and, from the greater traffic on them near the ant-hill, are there broader and more strongly marked, as all the vegetation has died, and left the well-trodden bare earth. From the number of passengers going backward and forward upon such a road attempts have been made to calculate the number of inhabitants of a nest of *Formica rufa*, and M. Forel arrives at the conclusion that there may be as many as 500,000 workers in one nest, though in many cases the number may be 5,000, or less, according to the age of the nest.

The inhabitants of the formicarium consist of workers, and fertilized and wingless females, and for a very short time of males and winged females. When the winged individuals (male and female) leave the pupa state they remain in the nest for a few days, attended by the workers, but on some fine morning they come out, climb about the dome, or on some neighboring plant, and pair there, some, however, going off to a greater distance.

At this time the workers are in a great state of excitement, and run hither and thither, looking for the fertilized females, which are then carried into the nest. The males fly away, and being unable to feed themselves, die in a few days, or are slain by birds or spiders, or by other ants. Many females, too, are doubtless lost when they have wandered too far from the natal formicarium.

After a female has been fertilized, she takes steps to get rid of her wings, which are now of no further use. This she accomplishes by moving them backward and forward, and shaking them violently till they drop off. In getting rid of their wings they are often assisted by the workers. Thereafter the rest of the life of the female is spent in laying eggs from time to time, and she takes little or no part in the work of the nest. Upon the workers devolve all the labors of the community. By them is the nest constructed, kept in repair, and added to ; the young, be they eggs, larvae, or pupae, fed or nursed ; the females, and others who have not been able to go out in search of food, fed from the supply in their sucking stomachs ; and finally

the nest defended if attacked by some enemy. In a word, the sole end and aim of every ant seems to be the common good, and not the welfare of the individual. In fighting they do not employ much strategy, but rush fearlessly and furiously on against the enemy, biting with their powerful mandibles, or discharging—for they are not provided with stings—from the ends of their abdomens, the contents of their poison reservoirs.

The duration of life of an ant after it has reached the adult stage is very uncertain. The males, as we have seen, live for a few days only, but the females and workers have a longer span of life, extending even to four, five, or perhaps even a greater number of years. How long a formicarium may flourish varies. After a while females cease to be produced in it, and the city gradually perishes from want of inhabitants, but other causes may determine the extinction—such as the failure of the food supply, the too-near neighborhood of a flourishing rival city, etc.

In addition to its proper inhabitants, the nest of *Formica rufa* (as of several other ants) contains other inmates. Some of these, as have been mentioned, live in the older and deserted parts of the nest, but there are others which live in the inhabited portions, and are either able to protect themselves from the owners of the nest, or else live on good terms with them. In the latter case the exact relations between the host and the guest are not very clear, though in some cases it would appear that the ants obtain from their guests some sweet secretion, and in return give them protection. These guests—invited or uninvited—consist chiefly of insects—with one or two allied animals (such as mites and woodlice)—and include beetles, two-winged flies, and at least one moth.

Like other ants, *Formica rufa* cultivates, as it were, certain species of plant-lice, and their roads frequently lead to trees much frequented by the latter, which live in peace under the protection of the ants. The latter, in giving this protection, are far from disinterested, for the aphides are their cows, and are regularly milked by the ants. If we examine a plant-louse, or aphid, we will see that it is furnished near the end of its abdomen with two little conical projections. From these it can discharge a small quantity of a sweet fluid, much relished by the ants. When an ant wishes to milk an aphid it gently strokes the latter with its antennae, upon which the aphid discharges a drop of the fluid, and the ant laps it up. This is an operation that any one may easily observe for himself.

Unlike the honey-bees, the females in ants' nests are not limited to one.

On the whole, *Formica rufa* is not one of the most intelligent of ants, but as it has served our purpose in letting us see what a formicarium is like, we will now pass on to another ant, whose habits are very curious.

This is the Amazon ant, *Polyergus rufescens*, a species not uncommon in some parts of Europe. Its nest is constructed in the ground, and covered with a dome of earth. The Amazon ant is not provided with a sting, nor does it throw its poison out forcibly, like *Formica rufa*, but it is an insect of amazing courage, and gifted with a high degree of intelligence. The most remarkable fact in its history is that being unable to construct its own nest, to nurse its young, or even to feed itself, it makes slaves of other ants, and compels them to perform these offices for it. The ants it enslaves belong to the species *Formica fusca*, sometimes called, from its color, the jet or negro ant, and the manner in which the slaves are obtained is as follows : Having ascertained (perhaps by means of scouts) where a nest of the negro ants is situated, an army of the Amazons (varying in number according to circumstances, but usually between 300 and 1,200) marches in a body to the nest

that is to be attacked. The army consists of workers only, and they have no commander, though there is usually an advance guard, which, after leading for a little, retires to the rear of the army, other workers taking its place. On arriving at the nest they rush furiously at its guardians, overpower them, even if the weight of numbers is on the side of the assailed, and, entering into the nest, seize upon the pupæ or cocoons, and return to their own nest, where the spoil is handed over to the slaves, and by them the captured pupæ are carefully tended till they arrive at the adult stage, when they, too, become slaves. In this way the supply of slaves is kept up and increased. In their expeditions, the Amazons march with great celerity, and accomplish their work so quickly, that in less than an hour an army may have set off, stormed a nest, and returned with the spoil. The masters and their slaves live on very good terms with each other, though all the work, except fighting, falls to the lot of the latter.

Among so many remarkable facts as the history of this ant presents, not the least remarkable is the inability of the Amazons to feed themselves. That this is not fancy has been proved over and over again, and is beyond doubt, and additional proof may be gathered from the construction of the parts of the mouth. When an Amazon is hungry it seeks out one of the slaves, and pats it with its antennæ, whereupon the slave disgorges some of the liquid from the sucking stomach and feeds its master. As a rule, it is only the cocoons of the workers that are carried off by the Amazons when they attack a nest; the pupæ of the males or females would be of no use to them, and being larger than those of the workers, they know which to select. According to Huber, one of the earliest and most enthusiastic observers of the habits of ants, the slaves of the Amazons prevent their masters going out on a slave-capturing expedition at the time when male and female pupæ predominate, but, though it is the case that slaves do stop expeditions on certain occasions, it is very doubtful whether Huber's explanation is correct. In addition to *Formica fusca*, *Formica rufibarbis* is also enslaved by the Amazons.

The Amazon ant is not the only one that makes slaves, though it is one of the most interesting. *Formica sanguinea* is another species that employs servants, though, unlike the Amazon ant, it is not entirely dependent on its slaves. The species it enslaves, and which it captures in the same manner as the Amazons do, are several, and it sometimes happens that, not content with making a spoil of the pupæ, the nest itself is sometimes taken possession of, and the old nest deserted in favor of the captured one. There are several other species which have similar habits, but space will not permit of these being described.

In the sketch of the history of the horse ants, mention was made of the fact that they kept herds of plant-lice which they used as cows. Many other ants have the same habit of farming insects, which can supply them with a sweet secretion, but some of them take more entire possession of the aphides or other insects, keeping them in or near the nest, and so shutting them up that no other ants can get to them. Amongst the ants which have this habit is a common yellow ant, the *Lasius flavus*, which is a great miner, and being of a timid nature, seldom ventures above ground. Its nest consists of galleries excavated in the earth below a stone, or in a small hillock, and its food frequently consists in a great measure of the sweet liquid exuded by the aphides. The aphides that this ant keeps as milch cows are kinds which obtain their nourishment by sucking the juices of the roots of plants, so that the ant has no difficulty in keeping them in its subterranean galleries, and in making these in places

where the aphides can obtain food. This ant not only tends the aphides themselves, but is careful to preserve their eggs during the Winter, and by placing them in the warmest part of the nest in Spring hasten their hatching, with a view, of course, to obtain an early supply of food for themselves.

The statement by some old writers that ants stored up grain in their nests was long thought to be an error of observation, and it was supposed that the larvæ or pupæ being carried in and out of the nests by the workers had been mistaken for grains of wheat or other corn, to which they bear some resemblance. Recent observations, however, have shown that the old writers were correct, and that some ants do actually collect and store up seeds of plants which, or at least part of them, are in some manner used as food. Most of these ants belong to warm countries, and several species which inhabit the shores of the Mediterranean have this habit, as I have myself seen. As much as one pound weight of seeds has been found in a nest. The nests, which are subterranean, are made in situations where plenty of seeds can be obtained, and among other places that have been observed to be selected (according to the late Mr. Moggridge) were the neighborhood of a corn-dealer's shop, and of a bird-cage, which shows that the ants are not particular as to where they obtain the seeds. Nor are they at all scrupulous about robbing each other, and fierce fights often take place on this account.

Though it is not difficult to believe that ants may be clever enough to collect and store up grain, yet that they should proceed further, and sow and cultivate them, having first prepared the ground for their reception, seems almost incredible. Yet that such is the case has been recorded in good faith, and though better evidence is desirable, and doubts have been expressed as to whether the crop is intentionally sown, as the history of the ant in question is most interesting, we may profitably devote a little space to a discussion of its peculiar habits.

The agricultural ant, as it has been termed, is an inhabitant of North America. Its nest is constructed in the ground, and is sometimes covered with a slight mound. For a certain space round the nest the ground is carefully cleared of all vegetation and made tolerably smooth, as are the numerous paths which lead from it. The ants are very industrious seed-collectors, and may be seen toiling along their paths laden with seeds, which are stored up in graneries in the nest. In the cleared space round the nest there is frequently a patch or patches of a peculiar kind of grass, which produces seeds that are much sought after by the ants. It has been stated that the ants make the clearing and sow the seed of this grass on purpose to reap the crop, but evidence is yet wanting to show that the grass is intelligently sown, and not accidentally. The fact remains, however, that on or round many nests there are crops of the grass, and that it is not destroyed like other vegetation by the ants.

The agricultural ant is not the only one that is credited with intelligently cultivating plants. The leaf-cutting ants—also inhabitants of the American continent—are too well known in some places, for the great havoc they cause by destroying the leaves of certain trees and other plants. So destructive are they that in some parts of tropical America it is almost impossible to grow some kinds of plants, which are favorites of the ants. The nest is made in the ground, and is often of very large size. Mr. McCook, who has studied the habits of one kind of leaf-cutting ant that inhabits Texas, found in one case that the hole left after the nest had been dug out by a man employed to destroy it, was twelve feet in diameter and

fifteen feet deep. This space the ants had occupied with numerous chambers and connecting galleries—the largest chamber (about the size of a flour-barrel) being at the bottom. From the nests numerous roads lead to places where an abundant supply of the proper kind of leaves can be obtained. Some of these paths are more than half a mile long. In places that are sheltered from the sun the roads are above ground, but where they are exposed to the hot rays of the sun the road is, by some species of leaf-cutters, tunneled under ground, and it is said to be sometimes carried even under streams.

In the nest, in addition to the males and females (at the proper time) there are three or more kinds of workers, distinguished by their different sizes and by the work allotted to each. Those of the largest size, which may be five or six times that of the smallest, and which have very big heads, are sometimes called soldiers (similar workers

foods of the ants. Mr. McCook, on the other hand, thinks that the ants extract the juices of the leaves, and then use the thin, dry remains as a kind of paper, with which to construct part of the interior of the nest. He admits that the fungus grows in the leaf masses, but does not think that they are brought in on purpose to grow the fungus.

One curious habit of these ants must not be forgotten, and that is the custom they have of closing the doors of the nest at certain hours, a habit which other ants are also said to have. The doorways are carefully filled with bits of twigs, dead leaves and other rubbish, and when thus shut the nest looks like an old and deserted one. The operation of closing the gates is a long and complicated one, and the ants are very careful in seeing that it is properly done.

We must now pass on to a brief consideration of the



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF THE HILLS OF THE WHITE ANT.

are also found amongst some other kinds of ants), and they do not take part in the ordinary labors of the community, but exercise a kind of general superintendence, as well as defending the nest from attack. The medium-size workers are employed in cutting and carrying the leaves. These are cut upon the tree into circular pieces about the size of a sixpenny bit, and are stowed away in some of the cavities of the nest. A road crowded with ants, each bearing aloft its piece of leaf, has a very curious appearance, and has suggested for these ants the name of parasol ants. The smallest size of workers remain in the nest and attend to the larvae and pupæ.

What the ants do with the leaves when they have stored them up, is a matter that is still somewhat doubtful. The late Mr. Belt was strongly of the opinion that the leaves were used as manure beds for growing a small white fungus, whose threads may be found ramifying through the masses of leaves, and which was one of the

very different habits of another class of ants, inhabitants of various tropical countries, and variously called, from their habits, army ants, driver ants, ants of visitation, chasseur ants, or foraging ants. These ants are not vegetable-feeders, but eat other animals, especially insects, though often creatures of a larger size—even small mammals and birds—fall a prey to them. As by their vast numbers they soon clear out all the food available for them in a locality, these ants are forced to make frequent migrations, and hence have only temporary nests. They march in enormous armies, clearing before them every animal that they can master, and driving even man himself out of their path. Frequently the line of march, purposely or accidentally, embraces houses, to which they are welcomed by the inhabitants, on account of the clearance that is made of the numerous cockroaches and other insects, as well as other troublesome inmates, such as rats and mice.

Certain species of these army ants, which inhabit tropical America, Mr. Belt considered to be the most intelligent of all the insects of that part of the world. On one occasion he noticed a wide column of them trying to pass along a nearly perpendicular slope of crumbling earth, on

On another occasion a column was crossing a stream of water by a very narrow branch of a tree, which only permitted them to go in single file. The ants widened the bridge by a number clinging to the sides and to each other, and this allowed the column to pass over three or



A STRANGE ANT-HILL IN A PINE DISTRICT.

which they found great difficulty in obtaining a foothold. A number succeeded in retaining their positions, and further strengthened them by laying hold of their neighbors. They then remained in this position, and allowed the column to march securely and easily over their bodies.

four deep. These ants, having no permanent nests, carry their larvæ and pupæ with them when marching. The prey they capture is cut up and carried to the rear of the army to be distributed as food.

Allusion has been made to the fact that ants sometimes

make their habitations in suitable parts of living plants. Two instances of this may be shortly noticed. In South America there is a kind of acacia which, from its strong, curved spines, set in pairs, has received the name of the bull's-horn thorn. When the thorns are first developed, they are soft, and filled with a sweet pulp. Now, there are two kinds of stinging ants which gnaw holes in the soft thorns, eat all the pulp, and take up their abode in the thorn, which then becomes hard, and affords a very suitable house, the more especially as certain glands on the leaves of the tree secrete a kind of honey, which is the food of the ants. In return the ants protect the tree from the ravages of the leaf-cutting ants, which would otherwise defoliate it. Ants which take up their abode in hollow thorns are also found in other parts of the world. The other instance referred to is that of several kinds of ants which live in the stem of the trumpet-tree, a species of *Cecropia*. This tree has a hollow stem divided into sections at intervals by transverse partitions. The ants make a hole into the tree, and then bore through the partitions one after the other, the cells or chambers thus formed being used to house the eggs, larvæ, and pupæ, each being kept in a different cell. This tree does not provide the ants with food, but they carry into it certain scale-insects that secrete, from a pore on the back, a honey-like fluid which is lapped up by the ants.

The scale-insects get their food by sucking the juices of the tree, and live on good terms with the ants. At least three kinds of ants inhabit the trumpet-tree and farm scale-insects, but not more than one kind inhabits a tree at the same time.

Before leaving the subject of the habits of ants, which has necessarily been little more than glanced at, the honey-ants must be noticed. They are American ants, which



HONEY-BEARERS OF THE MEXICAN HONEY ANTS, NATURAL SIZE AND MAGNIFIED, VIEWED FROM THE SIDE AND FROM ABOVE.

construct underground nests, but their chief peculiarity is that, in addition to the ordinary inhabitants of an ants' nest, there is a special class, called honey-bearers. These live entirely in the nest, and receive the food collected by the workers, store it up in their globular abdomens, which are capable of great expansion, and regurgitate in it the form of honey when any of their comrades desire to be fed. They are, in fact, merely living honey-bags. In nests opened by Mr. McCook there were from eight to ten chambers, each containing on an average thirty honey-bearers clinging to the roof by their feet. Another species of honey-ant has been found in Australia.

The examples that have been given of the habits of ants have been enough to show that they are full of interest, and amply repay any attention bestowed on them.

We have now to see what conclusions, as to their intelligence and reasoning powers, can be drawn from the result of numerous careful experiments, conducted by Sir John Lubbock, to which we must refer any one who wishes to study the subject at greater length.

It has long been well known that ants belonging to the

same nest are able to recognize each other, even if they have been kept apart for months. On the other hand, an ant of the same species, but belonging to a different nest, is at once recognized as a stranger, and usually treated accordingly—i.e., it is killed. Strange larvæ or pupæ, but belonging to the same species, are, on the contrary, taken care of. But though strange ants are treated as enemies, yet if pupæ be taken from a nest, and intrusted to strangers to rear, and then restored (as adult ants) to their parent nest, they are, in the majority of cases, treated as friends. If, however, they are put in their stranger nurses' nest, they are attacked.

Not content with this experiment, Sir John Lubbock put the ants to a more crucial test, and found that ants reared from eggs laid by a female that had been removed from the nest were recognized as friends by the ants of the nest that the female had belonged to, though not previously seen by them in any stage of their existence. No explanation has yet been made of this peculiar faculty of ants to recognize their friends and their enemies.

The result of other experiments goes to show that, while ants are by no means destitute of kindness to their friends, yet that hatred of their enemies—that is, of every ant that does not belong to their own nest—is a stronger passion in many species.

Another series of experiments were made to ascertain if various colors were recognized by ants, and the conclusions arrived at were that they have the power of recognizing colors, but that their sensations of color must be very different from those produced upon us.

The investigations of many observers have tended to show that ants have the power of communicating information to each other, and thus obtaining assistance in their labors. To test this, many experiments were made, with the result of showing that such powers of communication really exists, and are used by ants.

To test their intelligence in another manner, a number of larvæ were placed in such positions that the ants would—in their anxiety to get at them—either have to drop a very short distance, or to bridge a chasm by pushing a bit of paper a very little way; but the experiment failed to show that they had enough reasoning power to do either, though it would have saved a long and tedious walk by another route. In another case,

a drop of only one-third of an inch would have saved an ant from a captivity of twenty-four hours, but the prisoner, though anxious to escape, was too stupid, or afraid, to venture.

The general result of the experiments and observations shows that ants, though not, perhaps, gifted with the very great amount of "reasoning" power that some of their enthusiastic admirers have claimed for them, are yet endowed with a much higher degree of intelligence than is possessed by any other insect or articulate animal, surpassing even the bees and the wasps, which, in this respect, come next to them. It has also shown that—as might have been expected—all kinds of ants are not equally intelligent, and that also different individuals and different communities of the same species vary in the degree of intellectual powers which they possess. But the experiments do not enable us to say yet which species of ant is pre-eminently the cleverest. The species that have been subjected to the test belong to temperate countries, and there is reason to suppose that some of the tropical ants are infinitely superior in instinctive ability.

In connection with the intellect of ants, it is interesting to note that they are comparatively of recent creation, as they do not make their appearance till the Tertiary period, long after the less intelligent insects, such as beetles and cockroaches, had become abundant.

In concluding this sketch of the habits of some ants, it may be well to remind the reader that many other interesting facts have not been even alluded to.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

WEISNEG'S LABORATORY STOVE.—This apparatus, which is installed in the chemical laboratory of the municipality at Paris, is designed to maintain a constant temperature within it. This is effected by regulating the supply of gas which heats the stove, and the regulation is effected in the following manner: A mercury thermometer tube passes into the stove from the outside, and the rising of the mercury above the height corresponding to the temperature at which it is desired to keep the stove is caused to partially close the orifice of the gas supply pipe. The result is that the temperature in the stove falls, and hence the mercury sinks to its old level. The stove is lined inside with plaques of earthenware, and a glass door is provided in front so as to allow the evaporations to be watched. While upon this subject of stoves we may mention that Herr Miske, of Dresden, has invented an acetate of soda stove, which is an application of the property possessed by this chemical of parting with its heat slowly after having been fused. It will be remembered that certain Swedish railway companies some time ago first adopted the plan of filling their foot-warmer with acetate of soda, and fusing it before placing them in the carriages, the result being that the warmers retained their heat very much longer than those filled with hot water. Herr Miske found that by using a mixture of ten volumes of hyposulphate of soda to one volume of acetate the time of cooling could be still further extended, and constructed a stove in which the heat is supplied by three flat cases of the fused salts placed between two cylinders, the outer of which is perforated with numerous small holes to allow the heated air to escape into the room. The stove runs on castors and can thus be removed from one room to another. Its portability, combined with its cleanliness, evidently renders this apparatus well adapted for use in hospitals and sick-rooms.

A. GAUCENOT, in the *Bulletin de la Société de l'Industrie Minérale*, speaks of experiments on the strength of wire. In twenty-two voluminous tables, with copious comments, he gives the details of an extensive series of experiments upon different kinds of wire employed for ropes—steel wire and iron wire, each galvanized and non-galvanized; iron wire annealed, and phosphor bronze wire, both unannealed and annealed. The wires were procured from various places, including Sheffield, Birmingham, Manchester, Cologne, Franche-Comte and Anderlecht-lez-Bruxelles. They were tested not only for tensile strength and stretching, but also by torsion, and by bending backward and forward at right angles on an edge rounded with 0.2 inch radius; they were flattened out under the hammer into thin ribbons, and were also hammered square, as a test of freedom from liability to splitting or cracking. The general conclusion drawn by the author is, that steel wire is the most advantageous for the rope strand; while the annealed iron wire from Franche-Comte, or annealed mild-steel wire, forms the best sewing for flat ropes. For the strands of winding ropes, whether flat or round, the steel wire should possess a tensile strength of from seventy to ninety-five tons per square inch, taking no permanent stretch under thirty to forty-five tons per square inch, and stretching only two to four per cent. before breaking.

CHEMISTRY and physics are taught in nearly all the academies and high schools in the land. Few cities report no teaching. The supply of science students from the training colleges is increasing fast, and the number of teachers able to give laboratory instructions will soon be equal to the demand. In a great majority of cases, nevertheless, mere text-book work is done, and such work is little else than mischievous cram, for "three months of laboratory work will give more real insight into any science than a whole year's study of the printed page; the latter is like learning language from a grammar, only without attempting to translate or write exercises." It is especially urged, therefore, that the experimenting be done by the pupils, and the excellent results prove the value of such teaching, even to the youngest learners. It will be invaluable to the future teacher; it vastly increases his power to interest and instruct his pupils, and at the same time it deepens his own insight into the subjects taught.

TUNNEL VENTILATION.—A "chemical lung" is the latest thing proposed for the ventilation of tunnels. It was lately tested in London by fourteen scientists. A room 15 feet by 18 was kept for an hour at a temperature of 82°, and the air was loaded with impurities. The men of science were now called upon to enter, and the air was made still more impure by burning sulphur and carbonic-acid gas. Then the "chemical lung," or punkah, so-called, measuring 4 feet by 2½, was set in motion. The temperature was soon reduced to 65°, and the air freed from all impurities. Then fat was burned, to test the machine for organic substances, and the "lung" was started up just in time to prevent the examining gentlemen from running out for fresh air. It is proposed to use the invention during the construction of the Channel tunnel.

EXPLOSIVE ALLOYS OF ZINC AND PLATINUM.—Osmium is the only one of the platinum metals which does not retain zinc when its alloy with a large excess of zinc is treated with an acid capable of dissolving this metal. The others retain obstinately about ten to twelve per cent. and the metals insoluble in *aque regia* (rhodium, iridium and ruthenium) remain in the state of peculiar products, without metallic lustre, which seem to be an allotropic modification of the true alloys. It is impossible to comminute the osmides by mechanical action. A triple alloy of osmium, iridium and zinc, if heated to about 300°, takes fire suddenly, almost with explosion, diffusing fumes of zinc and of osmic acid.

FROM observations made several years ago, Professor von Reusch, of Tübingen, was led to think the hydrophane of Czernowitza a substance peculiarly well fitted for diffusion experiments with gases. Its properties in this relation have now been carefully studied by Herr Hufner, and *inter alia*, it is shown that the resistance to passage of a number of gases is related both to the coefficients of absorption and the specific gravities; all three increasing in the same sense (but not in simple proportion).

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

AN enterprising foundry-man has named an economical stove he has invented the "Semi-coal-'un."

"WHAT is the key to this great mystery of death?" solemnly inquired the orator, pausing impressively. And the man in the front seat, who had been coughing all the evening, huskily replied that he reckoned it must be a skeleton key.

"THERE, Henrietta, don't be for ever gazing into that mirror. It looks very bad." "I was thinking, mamma, that it looked very good; and, besides, papa says I should look on the bright side, including, I suppose, the bright side of a mirror."

"I AM the oak; you are the vine," remarked an ardent though very silly lover to his Marianne. "Let the vine, therefore, creep around the oak until it reaches the topmost leaves—" "And finds nothing there!" exclaims the heartless beauty.

ONE day toward nightfall, and in uncertain light, a man bought an overcoat of pretended plum-color. The next morning it proved to be of a quite too unmistakably green. Returning it to the shop-keeper, that worthy regarded the buyer calmly, and said: "You must have a little patience with it, my dear sir; it isn't ripe yet."

MRS. MCCOBBLE, an Austin lady, rebuked her colored cook, Matilda Snowball, in the following words: "When I hired you, you said you had no male friends, and now I find a man in the kitchen half the time." "Lor' bress your soul," returned Matilda, "he ain't no male friend of mine!" "Who is he, then?" "He am only my husband."

WHEN the American actor, W. E. Burton, famous in the character of "Captain Cuttle," died, Mr. Florence bought his effects and essayed the great rôle of their former owner. While acting the part in Washington one night, he was somewhat taken aback by seeing one of the actors who happened to be a spiritualistic medium place his hands upon the desk or table at which he sat, as if to invoke the spirits. Florence, by way of jest, said: "Mr. Dombey, what do the spirits say?" The actor, somewhat chagrined at Florence's levity, replied: "The spirit of W. E. Burton says, 'Take off my clothes; you can't play this part!'"

"You know Jones," said Rogers. "Confound him, I don't believe he cares for nothin'. Once he went yachtin' with us, and, while we was all admirin' the sea and the scenery, there he sot and sot on the edge of the boat, with his legs danglin' over, readin' a book, and didn't seem to care for nothin', and the gals went up to him and talked to him, and all they could get out of him was 'yes' or 'no,' till they gave it up as a bad job. All of a sudden there came on a squall, and the boat she gave a lurch, and, before we known what had happened, he'd been pitched overboard into the water; and when we fished him out—would you believe it?—he had his thumb on the place where he stopped readin' when he went down."

"ARE you the tax-collector for this ward?" he asked, as they rode together on the platform of the car. "No." "Assessor?" "No." "Water-works man?" "No." "Anything to do with the census?" "Nothing of the sort. Why do you ask?" "Why, I saw you coming out of a house on Sproat Street the other day with two chairs, a broom, and an ottoman flying after you, and I said to myself that you were an official or agent of some sort, and had unintentionally offended the woman." "No, I'm no official or agent," replied the man, in a scornful voice. "I live there, and that woman was my wife. D'you understand?" "You bet!" was the sympathetic response, and they crept closer together and took snuff from the same box.

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A MORNING CALL.



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FROM BALMORAL TO OSBORNE.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

BALMORAL, Queen Victoria's Highland home, is in the southwestern corner of Aberdeenshire, about forty-eight miles from "Aberdeen awa'." Aberdeen is a town of no small note, but its inhabitants believe it to be one of the most important places in the world.

There is an old University in Aberdeen, and the town has produced learned men, and some famous sculptors and painters—Philip "of Spain" among the rest. It is a pleasant, clean, bright place, and Aberdeenshire is an agreeably diversified county, famous for its cattle, and the purity of its Free Church principles. The Findon haddocks that are dried upon its rocky beaches have made

its name familiar at every breakfast-table in the land. The Dee finds its way into the sea at Aberdeen. Strath-dee, through which it flows, is studded with old and new mansions, some of them showing considerable elegance in design and construction. At Ballater the railway line ends, and the journey to Braemar, some eighteen miles, has to be done by coach. About half way between Ballater and Braemar stands Balmoral Castle, on a natural platform that slopes from the base of Craigan-goman to the margin of the Dee. Its situation is charming, the wooded hills that rise around it making a grand setting to the substantial granite pile. The building is irregular—



THE DRAWING-ROOM IN BALMORAL CASTLE.

there are wings and offshoots, and a tower with turrets rising to about a hundred feet high. The architecture is of the old Scottish baronial style, a style of construction that is one of the results of the long and close intercourse in the Middle Ages between France and Scotland. The private rooms front the west, and look up the valley of the Dee.

Sir Theodore Martin, in his "Life of the Prince Consort," speaks thus of the acquisition of Balmoral: "The attention of the physician, Sir James Clark, had been called by his son, now Sir John Clark, to the fine air and other attractions of this part of Deeside as a Summer and Autumn residence. Having satisfied himself on these points, he had urged the Queen and Prince to acquire the lease of the Balmoral Estate from the Earl of Aberdeen, into whose hands it had come upon the death of Sir Robert Gordon in 1847. The lease was only for thirty-eight years from the year 1836, but the property was found to possess so completely the good qualities which had led to its being selected, that the Prince purchased the fee simple of it in 1852 from the trustees of the Earl of Fife. Apart from the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the dry, bracing character of the air was precisely what, in Sir James Clark's opinion, was most essential for the peculiar constitutions of the Queen and Prince. The whole of Deeside, from Charleston of Aboyne to Castleton of Braemar, he held to be one of the driest districts in Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, and no spot along the valley to be more favored in this respect than Balmoral. The causes for this were twofold: first, the sandy gravelly nature both of the lowlands and of the greater part of the surrounding hills; and, next, the fact that the rainclouds from the sea break and discharge themselves upon the range of mountains which lies between Braemar and the Atlantic before they reach Deeside. On the 15th of September Sir James Clark writes: 'We have been here a week; the weather beautiful, and the place, as regards healthiness of site and beauty of scenery, exceeding my expectations, great as they were.'"

From the very first the Queen took kindly to her Highland home. The rugged grandeur of "dark Lochnagar," the majestic sweep of the Grampians, the roar and swirl of the brawling and "ever-vexed" mountain streams, the solemn majesty of the mysterious pine-woods, even the uncertain climate, must have come as a wholesome change from the sweet tranquillity of Windsor and of Osborne, and the placid greenness of English landscape. The fresh breezes from the Highland hills brought restoration and vigor after the excitements and feverishness of a London season, full of political anxieties and society's inexorable demands. And moreover, as her helper and adviser, the Queen had with her the well-loved husband of her youth, who threw himself heart and soul into every plan that had for end the beautifying of the Deeside residence. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

In Queen Victoria's "Journal," a work published by Her Majesty, the royal lady gives her first impressions of Balmoral:

"BALMORAL, Friday, September 8th, 1848.

"We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is wood down to the Dee, and the hills rise all around.

"There is a nice little hall, with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Up-stairs (ascending by a good broad staircase) immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the dining-room), a fine large room, next to which is our bedroom, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen up-stairs."

"We lunched almost immediately, and at half-past four we walked out, and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look toward the beautiful hills surrounding Loch-na-Gar, and to the right, toward Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.

"The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate; and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Laggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautiful, rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills toward Invercauld is exceedingly fine.

"When I came in, at half-past six, Albert went out to try his luck with some stags which lay quite close in the woods, but he was unsuccessful. They come down of an evening quite near to the house."

The Queen was so delighted with Balmoral, its wildness, its heath-bound solitude, its being so far from the madding crowd, that she and Prince Albert at once set to work to prepare plans for a Highland home, to be erected on the site of the old Scottish Castle, and we find the following entry in Her Majesty's "Journal":

"September 28th, 1853.

"A fine morning early, but when we walked out at half-past ten o'clock it began raining, and soon poured down without ceasing. Most fortunately, it cleared up before two, and the sun shone brightly for the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new house. Mamma and all her party arrived from Abergeldie a little before three. I annex the 'Programme of the Ceremony,' which was strictly adhered to, and was really very interesting:

"PROGRAMME.

"The stone being prepared and suspended over that upon which it is to rest (in which will be a cavity for the bottle containing the parchment and the coins),

"The workmen will be placed in a semicircle at a little distance from the stone, and the women and home servants in an inner semicircle.

"Her Majesty the Queen, and his Royal Highness the Prince, accompanied by the Royal Children; Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and attended by Her Majesty's guests and suite, will proceed from the house.

"Her Majesty, the Prince and the Royal Family will stand on the south side of the stone, the suite being behind and on each side of the Royal party.

"The Rev. Mr. Anderson will then pray for a blessing on the work. Her Majesty will affix her signature to the parchment, recording the day upon which the foundation-stone was laid. Her Majesty's signature will be followed by that of the Prince and the Royal Children, the Duchess of Kent, and any others that Her Majesty may command, and the parchment will be placed in the bottle.

"One of each of the current coins of the present reign will also be placed in the bottle, and the bottle, having been sealed up, will be placed in the cavity. The trowel will then be delivered to Her Majesty by Mr. Smith, of Aberdeen, the architect, and the mortar having been spread, the stone will be lowered.

"The level and square will then be applied, and their correctness having been ascertained, the mallet will be delivered to Her Majesty by Mr. Stuart (the clerk of the works), when Her Majesty will strike the stone and declare it to be laid. The cornucopia will be placed upon the stone, and the oil and wine poured out by Her Majesty.

"The pipes will play, and Her Majesty, with the Royal Family, will retire.

"As soon after as it can be got ready, the workmen will proceed to their dinner. After dinner the following toasts will be given by Mr. Smith:

"The Queen."

"The Prince and the Royal Family."

"Prosperity to the house, and happiness to the inmates of Balmoral."

"The workmen will then leave the dinner-room, and amuse themselves upon the green with Highland games till seven o'clock, when a dance will take place in the ballroom.

"We walked round to the spot, preceded by Mackay. Mr. An-

derson made a very appropriate prayer. The wind was very high, but else every thing went off as well as could possibly be desired.

"The workmen and people all gave a cheer when the whole was concluded. In about three-quarters of an hour's time we went in to see the people at their dinner, and after this walked over to Craig Gowan, for Albert to get a chance for black game.

"We dressed early, and went for twenty minutes before dinner to see the people dancing in the ballroom, which they did with the greatest spirit."

The new castle was "righte swiftly builded," and the Queen and Royal Family took possession. We quote from the Queen's "Journal":

"September 7th, 1855.

"At a quarter past seven o'clock we arrived at dear Balmoral. Strange, very strange, it seemed to me to drive past, indeed *through*, the old house, the connecting part between it and the offices being broken through. The new house looks beautiful. The tower and the rooms in the connecting part are, however, only half finished, and the offices are still unbuilt, therefore the gentlemen (except the Minister) live in the old house, and so do most of the servants; there is a long wooden passage which connects the new house with the offices. An old shoe was thrown after us into the house, for good luck, when we entered the hall. The house is charming; the rooms delightful; the furniture, papers, everything perfection."

"September 8th, 1855.

"The view from the windows of our rooms, and from the library, drawing-room, etc., below them, of the valley of the Dee, with the mountains in the background, which one never could see from the old house, is quite beautiful. We walked about and alongside the river, and looked at all that has been done, and considered all that has to be done, and afterward we went over to the poor, dear old house, and to our rooms, which it was quite melancholy to see so deserted, and settled about things being brought over."

"September 10th, 1855.

"Mamma, and her lady and gentleman, to dinner.

"All were in constant expectation of more telegraphic dispatches. At half-past ten o'clock two arrived—one for me and one for Lord Granville. I began reading mine, which was from Lord Clarendon, with details from Marshal Pélissier of the further destruction of the Russian ships; and Lord Granville said, 'I have still better news'; on which he read, 'From General Simson—*Sevastopol is in the hands of the Allies.*' God be praised for it! Our delight was great; but we could scarcely believe the good news, and, from having so long, so anxiously expected it, one could not realize the actual fact.

"Albert said they should go at once and light the bonfire which had been prepared when the false report of the fall of the town arrived last year, and had remained ever since waiting to be lit. On the 5th of November, the day of the battle of Inkermann, the wind upset it, strange to say; and now again, most strangely, it only seemed to *wait* for our return to be lit.

"The new house seems to be lucky indeed, for, from the first moment of our arrival, we have had good news. In a few minutes Albert and all the gentlemen, in every species of attire, sallied forth, followed by all the servants, and gradually by all the population of the village—keepers, gillies, workmen—up to the top of the cairn. We waited, and saw them light it, accompanied by general cheering. The bonfire blazed forth brilliantly, and we could see the numerous figures surrounding it—some dancing, all shouting; Ross playing his pipes, and Grant and Macdonald firing off guns continually; while poor old François d'Albertançon lighted a number of squibs below, the greater part of which would not go off. About three-quarters of an hour after Albert came down, and said the scene had been wild and exciting beyond everything. The people had been drinking healths in whisky, and were in great ecstacy. The whole house seemed in a wonderful state of excitement. The boys were with difficulty awakened, and when at last this was the case, they begged leave to go up to the top of the cairn.

"We remained till a quarter to twelve; and, just as I was undressing, all the people came down under the windows, the pipes playing, the people singing, firing off guns and cheering—first for me, then for Albert, the Emperor of the French, and the downfall of *Sevastopol*."

"September 20th, 1855.

"Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us, on the 20th, of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again.

However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon, he picked up a piece of white heather (the emblem of "good luck"), which he gave to her, and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Girnoch, which led to this happy conclusion."

An entry in the Queen's "Journal" of August 30th, 1856, announces the completion of the new castle:

"On arriving at Balmoral at seven o'clock in the evening, we found the tower finished as well as the offices, and the poor old house gone. The effect of the whole is very fine."

"August 31st, 1856.

"We walked along the river and outside the house. The new offices and the yard are excellent; and the little garden on the west side, with the eagle fountain which the King of Prussia gave me, and which used to be in the greenhouse at Windsor, is extremely pretty, as are also the flower-beds under the walls of the side which faces the Dee. There are sculptured arms on the different shields, gilt, which has a very good effect; and a bas-relief under our windows—not gilt—representing St. Hubert, with St. Andrew on one side and St. George on the other side, all done by Mr. Thomas."

"October 13th, 1856.

"Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so, now that *all* has become my dearest Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year."

Balmoral is a happy hunting-ground for the sportsmen. Deer and grouse abound. The Queen's "Journal" is full of accounts of the Prince's prowess as a stalker; of his dealings with the ptarmigan; of his skill as a shot; of his unwearied patience in pursuit; and his good humor even when disappointed. He could laugh at his own non-success, and he could feel becoming pride when he brought down a "Royal" stag. At a deer drive in the Balloch Buie, or through the Abergeldie woods, he was almost more at home than in making a speech to the British Association.

The Queen takes her pleasures simply at Balmoral; there are no feverish excitements there, and no attempts at ostentatious display. Driving, walking, entertaining distinguished guests, visiting the neighboring families, are her principal amusements and occupations. Her carriage, with its four "grays" and single outrider, is a familiar sight on the roads around the Castle, and she often rides about the grounds on a pony—the faithful John Brown ever in attendance.

The following extract from the "Journal" shows how deservedly John Brown has won the esteemed favor of his royal mistress:

"John Brown, in 1838, became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands; he commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care and faithfulness cannot be exceeded; and the state of my health, which, of late years, has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable; and, indeed, most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since, most deservedly, been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. (December, 1865.) He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted and disinterested; always ready to oblige; and of a discretion rarely to be met with. He is now in his fortieth year. His father was a small farmer, who lived at the Bush on the opposite side to Balmoral. He is the second of nine brothers, three of whom have died, two are in Australia and New Zealand, two are living in the neighborhood of Balmoral, and the youngest, Archie (Archibald), is valet to our son Leopold, and is an excellent, trustworthy young man."

But work has to be looked after also! One of Her



BALMORAL CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

Majesty's ministers resides always at the Castle. Dispatches have to be seen to, councils held, and State affairs discussed. Queen's "Messengers" are kept continually on the move. The game of politics will not stand still simply because the Queen of England has retired for rest and change to the wilds of Aberdeenshire.

In the cottages of the poor around Balmoral the Queen is an accustomed and a welcome visitor. Many a kindly word of comfort and advice she gives. She knows the wants of every one about the place, and is a true friend to her dependents. It is pleasant to read in the "Journal" the frequent mentions of old servants, and the frank recognition the Queen accords to faithful service. Into the amusements of the servants and tenantry the Queen enters with hearty goodwill. Highland games and torch-light balls—and the blithe festivities of Hallow E'en—seem to afford her interest and delight, judging from her frequent presence at them, and the anxiety she shows to promote the enjoyment of the merry-makers.

Two or three of the most delightful chapters in the "Journal" are devoted to accounts of excursions from Balmoral made *incognito* by the Queen and the Prince. Such were their visit to Glen Fishie and Grantown, when they passed as Lord and Lady Churchill, and their expedition to Invermark and Fettercairn, where they strolled at night through the almost deserted village, and were

scared by a sudden eruption of music from an amateur fife and drum band.

A melancholy interest attaches to the excursion in October, 1861. The Queen seems to have had a presentiment it would be their *last*. And their *last* it proved to be!

In the little village of Crathie, close to Balmoral, there is a church belonging to the old Kirk of Scotland, and Her Majesty is there an almost regular attendant. She even scandalizes rigid sticklers for prelatical forms, by taking the Sacrament after the Presbyterian fashion. The walls of Crathie Church have echoed to the voices of almost all the most celebrated preachers in Scotland—Principal Tulloch, the late Dr. Robert Lee, Principal Caird, the late Dr. Norman Macleod, and Dr. Donald Macleod, are among those who have preached frequently at Crathie. Tourists, with more curiosity than reverence, throng the church every Sunday, while the Court is at the Castle, in the hope of catching a glimpse of royalty. They come not to pray, but they remain to gaze and pry most obtrusively, and to make themselves offensive to both heaven and men by tittering comments and impertinent staring.

There are mountains and hills and lochs and straths in endless variety throughout the whole district of which Balmoral is the centre. Away to the south rises for nearly



THE SERVANTS' AND FACTORS' RESIDENCES.



JOHN BROWN'S HOUSE.

3,800 feet Lochnagar, of which Byron sang in his "Hours of Idleness":

"England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roamed o'er the mountains afar!
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar."

Braemar, about ten miles beyond Balmoral, is a tourist's paradise. Just as good Americans, when they die, all go to Paris, so the spirits of good tourists—men who never grumble at hotel charges, and believe all the stories guides tell them, all flit off to Braemar.

In the height of the season the little hamlet shows a lively scene. The two hotels are full to overflowing. A bed on a billiard-table is looked upon as a precious haven

ale! It is liquid dynamite. It blows your head off. I was returning, some years ago, from a shooting-box about ten miles from Balmoral. It was a warm September day. At the quaint little hotel in Braemar the ale is sold in stone jars. I tossed off the contents of one jar, and demanded another. I was warned against number two.

"Pooh!" I exclaimed, "two bottles of ale to affect me! Forbid the notion."

I tossed off the contents of number two, and—had to be led, if not carried, to the carriage. Such poteen! Luckily, the dizzying effect passed off almost as rapidly as it came on.

The coach-road from Braemar by the Spital of Gleenshee to Blairgowrie is at parts one of the steepest in Scotland.



THE DINING-ROOM.

of rest. Male tourists strut about in all the bravery of knickerbockers and kilts. It is a strange fact that the more "ill thriven-looking" a man's legs are, the more certain is he, as soon as he smells heather, to adopt "the garb of old Gaul." Female tourists, got up in fascinating costumes and "deer-stalker" hats, saunter along the streets, and carry agitation into the hearts of all the kilted heroes who are conscious of the deficiencies of their legs. Coaches rattle up to and leave the inn doors, the strains of the bagpipe every now and again float upon the air. Only perfervid Celts, in their "wild hysterics" of patriotism, call this music. It was a Braemar man who declared that he once heard twelve bagpipes playing twelve different pibrochs at the same time, and "thocht he was in heevin." There is a deal of life and movement everywhere in Braemar.

Beware when at Braemar of the famous Prestonpans

There are bits in it as ugly as any careful family man would care to have to tackle on a dark night and with a restive horse. Once at Blairgowrie, the traveler is out of the Highlands and into the tameness of civilization. Perth lies at an easy distance, and Perth is but a stage on the direct road to London. The fame of its "Fair Maids" is now quite eclipsed by the reputation of its station refreshment-rooms, where the Queen always breakfasts on her journey from the sylvan shades of Windsor to the rugged grandeur and the keen mountain air of her far-famed Highland home.

The size of the older Palace was very much less than the new one, and must have been more in symmetry with its surroundings. The present Castle is too large for the valley in which it rests. It has the appearance of being cramped for room, hemmed in too closely by the wooded heights. Where this impression is less felt is when on

comes upon the Castle going toward Braemar on the main road from Ballater. The royal laundry is in the foreground, partly hidden by trees, with a foreshortened view of the river frontage of the Castle, the great tower rising in the centre of the mass with the smaller minarets clustering round. To this view, there is no immediate background. The hills seem far away, and very rugged. In this position there is a certain degree of grandeur and romance in the appearance of the Queen's Summer residence.

The servants' and factors' residences form quite a picturesque little village a short distance from the Castle, and on the road to the Lochnagar Distillery, which, by-the-way, is a very picturesque old still, and looks especially quaint when one has imbibed a glass or two of its mellow whisky. One or two more favored servants have residences nearer the Castle, one of which has just been built by Her Majesty's command for Mr. John Brown.

The Queen is awakened every morning by the strains of the royal bagpipe, played beneath the bedroom window. The music generally lasts from eight to nine or half-past.

It is very unusual for Her Majesty to miss her morning-walk between breakfast and luncheon, whether the weather be soft or hard, and she may be seen with the Princess Beatrice and her favorite dogs, a white-and-dark terrier and a coolie, strolling through the grounds, or by the Dee side. A gillie is in attendance with extra wraps in case the weather becomes "too soft a wee."

Though "far from the madding crowd" and the restraint of Court life, Her Majesty is not altogether free from the cares of State, and works for several hours a day, generally between her morning walk and afternoon drive. Then, in carriage and pair, and with outriders, Her Majesty drives with the Princess and lady-in-waiting to her favorite haunts in the neighborhood. One day to the Linn of Dee, on Lord Fife's estate, changing horses at that well-known hostelry the Fife Arms, at Braemar. Another day to the Shiel of Derry, where Her Majesty will take tea in the most ordinary fashion in a simple hut in the most truly rural style.

When the Queen is at Balmoral, there is always a company of some Highland regiment, as Royal Guard, quartered at Ballater, the terminus of the Deeside Railway. This little town, which is gradually growing into an Aberdeen Summer resort, is not only famous for its close proximity to Balmoral and Abergeldie, but for the farm in its neighborhood where the poet Byron spent some time when a boy at Ballatrach.

The interior of Balmoral is plainly furnished. The Tartan Room is rather interesting, as it is wholly draped in Balmoral tartan—a quaint, warm, gray design, I believe arranged by the late Prince Consort. It is far superior in design and color to the startling and gaudy Royal Stuart tartan.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

It has often been said by foreigners that if they were to judge of the dignity and greatness of a country by the palace which its sovereign inhabits, they would not be able to ascribe to Her Majesty Queen Victoria that proud position among the "crowned heads" of Europe which undoubtedly belongs to her. But though Buckingham Palace is far from being so magnificent as Versailles is, or the Tuileries once were, yet it has about it an air of solidity and modest grandeur which renders it no unworthy residence for a sovereign who cares more for a comfortable home than for display. Indeed, it has often been said that, with the exception of St. James's, Buckingham Palace is the ugliest royal residence in Europe; and although vast sums of money have been spent at various

times upon its improvement and embellishment, it is very far from being worthy of the purpose to which it is dedicated—lodging the sovereign of the most powerful monarchy in the world. It fronts the western end of St. James's Park, which here converges to a narrow point; the Mall, upon the north, and Birdcage Walk, upon the south, almost meeting before its gates.

The present palace occupies the site of what, in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., was known as the Mulberry Garden, then a place of fashionable resort. It was so called from the fact that the ground had been planted with mulberry-trees by order of James I., one of whose whims was the encouragement of the growth of silk in England as a source of revenue. With this object in view, he imported many shiploads of young mulberry-trees, most of which were planted round the metropolis. Indeed, he gave by patent to Walter, Lord Aston, the Superintendence of "The Mulberry Garden, near St. James's"; but all Lord Aston's efforts were unable to secure success; the speculation entered into by King James proved a failure, and the Mulberry Garden was afterward devoted to a public recreation-ground.

In a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, printed in "London and its Environs," the Duke of Buckingham describes the house, and his style of living there, in the most minute detail. It is said that, at an annual dinner which he gave to his spendthrift friends, he used to propose as a toast, "May as many of us as remain unchanged till next Spring meet here again!" He died in this house, and here his remains lay in state previous to their removal to Westminster Abbey, where they were consigned to their tomb in the stately chapel of Henry VII.

The duke's proud widow, Catherine Darnley, the natural daughter of James II. by Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, lived here after his death. "Here," writes Mr. J. H. Jesse, "on each successive anniversary of the execution of her grandfather, Charles I., she was accustomed to receive her company in the grand drawing-room, herself seated in a chair of state, clad in the deepest mourning, and surrounded by her women, all as black and as dismal-looking as herself. Here, too, that eccentric lady breathed her last." "Princess Buckingham," writes Horace Walpole, "is either dead or dying. She sent for Mr. Anstes, and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill that she feared dying before the pomp was come home. She said, 'Why don't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it, even though all the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all. She made her ladies vow to her that if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead."

By her own express directions, she was buried with great pomp beside her lord in the Abbey, where there was formerly a waxen figure of her, after the usual royal fashion, adorned with jewels, prepared in her life by her own hands. She was succeeded in her ownership of the house by the duke's natural son, Charles Herbert Sheffield, on whom his Grace had entailed it after the death of his son, the young duke.

George III., in his second year, bought the house for the sum of £21,000, and shortly afterward removed hither from St. James's Palace. Here all his numerous family was born, with the exception of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., whose birth took place at St. James's. The King and Queen grew so fond of their new purchase that they took up their abode entirely here; and during their reign St. James's Palace was kept up for use only on Court days and other occasions of ceremony.

In 1775 the property was legally settled, by Act of Parliament, on Queen Charlotte, in exchange for Somerset House; and henceforth Buckingham House was known in West-end society as the "Queen's House."

In 1809 the King gave a reception to the Persian Ambassador, when an honor was conferred upon him that was hitherto confined to the Royal Family—namely, "the great iron gates fronting the park were thrown open for his entrance."

One of the ladies of the Court of the Princess of Wales thus mentions Buckingham House, in 1811: "I was one of the happy few at H——'s ball, given it B——m House—a house I had been long anxious to see, as it is rendered classical by the pen of Pope and the pencil of Hogarth. It is in a woeful condition, and, as I hear, is to be pulled down."

From its doors, in 1816, Princess Charlotte went forth as a bride, attired for her wedding with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. The nation even now does not forget how, within a few short months, that brightest gem in the English crown was carried to the tomb.

George III. and Queen Charlotte, while living here, it appears, were strong believers in the literal application of the precept of Solomon, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." "The King," writes the Honorable Amelia Murray, in her "Recollections," "was most anxious 'to train up his children in the way they should go'; but severity was the fashion of the day; and although naturally a tender and affectionate father, he placed his sons under tutors who imagined that the 'rod' of Scripture could mean only bodily punishment. Princess Sophia," she adds, "once told me that she had seen her two eldest brothers when they were boys of thirteen and fourteen, held by their arms at Buckingham Palace, to be flogged like dogs with a long whip!" Was it wonderful that the results proved anything but satisfactory!

Christmas-trees are now quite a common sight in almost every English household. But this was not the case half a century ago. Queen Charlotte, however, true to her German associations, regularly had one dressed up, either here or at Kew Palace, in the room of her German attendant. "It was hung," says a lady of the Court, "with presents for the children, who were invited to see it; and I well remember the pleasure that it was to hunt for one's own name, which was sure to be attached to one or more of the pretty gifts."

In 1825 the present edifice was commenced, from the design of John Nash, by command of George IV.; but as William IV. did not like the situation or the building, Buckingham House was not occupied until the accession of Queen Victoria. It was at first intended only to repair and enlarge the old house; and therefore the old site, height, and dimensions were retained. This led to the erection of a clumsy building, as it was considered that Parliament would never have granted the funds for an entirely new palace. On the accession of her present Majesty, several alterations and improvements were effected, and new buildings added on the south side. The principal of these is the private chapel, which occupies the place of the old conservatory. It was consecrated in 1843. The pillars of this building formed a portion of the screen of Carlton House. Four years later other and more extensive alterations were effected by the erection, at a cost of about £150,000, of the east front, under the superintendence of Mr. Blore. The palace, as constructed by Nash, consisted of three sides of a square, Roman-Corinthian, raised upon a Doric basement, with pediments at the ends; the fourth side being inclosed by iron palisades. In front of the central entrance stood, formerly,

the Marble Arch, now at the northeast corner of Hyde Park. It was removed to its present situation in 1851. On it was displayed the royal banner of England, denoting the presence of the sovereign. This flag is now displayed on the roof in the centre of the eastern front. The new east front of the palace is the same length as the garden front; the height to top of the balustrade is nearly eighty feet, and it has a central and two arched side entrances, leading direct into the quadrangle. The wings are surmounted by statues representing "Morning," "Noon," and "Night"; the "Hours and the Seasons"; and upon turrets, flanking the central shield (bearing "V. R., 1847"), are colossal figures of "Britannia" and "St. George"; besides groups of trophies, festoons of flowers, etc. Around the entire building is a scroll frieze of the rose, shamrock, and thistle.

It has been asserted that the mismanagement on the part of the Government nearly ruined the artist of the magnificent gates of the arch. Their cost was 3,000 guineas, and they are the largest and most superb in Europe, not excepting the stupendous gates of the Ducal Palace at Venice, and those made by order of Bonaparte for the Louvre at Paris. Yet the Government agents are reported to have conveyed these costly gates from the manufacturer's in a "common stage-wagon," when the semi-circular head, the most beautiful portion of the design, was irretrievably mutilated; and consequently it has not been fixed in the archway to the present day.

The most important portions of the palace are the Marble Hall and Sculpture Gallery, the Library, the Grand Staircase, the Vestibule, the state apartments, consisting of the new Drawing-room and the Throne-room, the Picture Gallery—where her present Majesty has placed a valuable collection of paintings—the Grand Saloon, and the State Ballroom.

The Entrance-hall is surrounded by a range of double columns, with gilded bases and capitals, standing on a continuous basement; each consists of a single piece of Carrara marble. The Grand Staircase is of white marble, the decorations of which were executed by L. Gruner. The State Ballroom, on the south side, was finished in 1856, from Pennethorne's design, and decorated within by Gruner; and it has been more than once stated in print that it cost £300,000. It has ranges of scagliola porphyry Corinthian columns, carrying an entablature and coved ceiling, elaborately gilt. In this room are Winterhalter's portraits of the Queen and the late Prince Consort, also Vandyke's Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. This splendid room was the scene of two superb costume balls in 1842 and 1845—the first in the style of the reign of Edward III., and the *frête* in 1845 was in the taste of George II.'s reign.

The Library, which is also used as a waiting-room for deputations, is very large, and decorated in a manner combining comfort with elegance; it opens upon a terrace, with a conservatory at one end and the chapel at the other, whilst over the balustrade are seen the undulating surface of the palace gardens. From this noble apartment, as soon as the Queen is ready to receive them, deputations pass across the Sculpture Gallery into the Hall, and thence ascend, by the Grand Staircase through an ante-room and the Green Drawing-room to the Throne-room.

The Sculpture Gallery contains busts of eminent statesmen and members of the Royal Family, and extends through the whole length of the central portion of the front of the edifice.

The Green Drawing-room, which opens upon the upper story of the portico of the old building, is a long and lofty apartment. Visitors on the occasions of state balls ar



WAITING FOR HER MAJESTY AT CRATHIE CHURCH.

other ceremonies are conducted through the Green Drawing-room to the Picture Gallery and the Grand Saloon. On these occasions refreshments are served in the Garter-room and Green Drawing-room, and supper laid in the principal Dining-room. The concerts, invitations to which seldom exceed 300, are given in the Grand Saloon. It is only the too utterly utter swells who are bidden to these concerts, the invitation being a joy forever.

The Throne-room, which is in the eastern front, is upward of sixty feet in length, and has the walls hung with crimson satin, the alcove with crimson velvet, and both are relieved by a profusion of golden hues; the ceiling is richly carved and gilt, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and the fringe adorned with bas-reliefs, illustrative of the Wars of the Roses.

The palace includes a Picture Gallery, containing a choice and extensive collection of specimens of ancient and modern masters; it can be viewed by orders from the Lord Chamberlain, which are granted only to persons who can give good references and guarantees of respectability. The gallery itself is an extensive corridor, upward of 150 feet long, and lighted from the roof by skylights of ground-glass, on which are exhibited all the stars of the various European Orders.

The "private apartments" of the Queen, which are very rarely shown, contain some fine portraits and miniatures of the late and present Royal Families, by Vandyck, Lely, Kneller, Gainsborough, Copley, Lawrence, etc.

The Yellow Drawing-room is generally considered the most magnificent apartment in the palace; the whole of the furniture being elaborately carved, overlaid with burnished gold, and covered with broad-striped yellow satin.

The garden, or west front, of the palace, architecturally the principal one, has five Corinthian towers, and also a balustraded terrace, on the upper portion of which are statues, trophies, and bas-reliefs, by Flaxman and other distinguished sculptors.

The pleasure-grounds cover a space of about forty acres, five of which are occupied by a lake. Upon the summit of a lofty artificial mound, rising from the margin of the lake, is a picturesque pavilion, or garden-house, with a minaret roof. In the centre is an octagonal room, with figures of "Midnight" and "Dawn," and eight lunettes, painted in fresco, from Milton's "Comus," by Eastlake, Maclise, Landseer, Dyce, Stanfield, Uwins, Leslie, and Ross. Another room is decorated in the Pompeian style, and a third is embellished with romantic designs, suggested by the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott.

The Royal Stables—or mews, as they are generally called—are situated on the north side of the garden, and are concealed from the palace by a lofty mound. They contain a spacious riding-school, a room expressly for keeping the state harness, stabling for the state horses, and houses for forty carriages. The magnificent state-coach, which is kept here, was designed by Sir William Chambers, in 1762, and painted by Cipriani with a series

of emblematical subjects; its entire cost is said to have been little short of £8,000.

In 1837 it was a common joke of the day that Buckingham Palace could boast, at all events, of being the cheapest of all royal residences, having been "built for one sovereign and furnished for another." It was in July of the above year that Queen Victoria took up her residence here, since which period this



THE HALL OF BALMORAL CASTLE.

palace has been the constant abode of Her Majesty, when in town. Here, in 1840 and 1841, were born the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales; and it has been the birthplace of most of the other children of Her Majesty. It is, too, occasionally set apart as the temporary residence of the royal guests from foreign parts, when on visits to that country—notably the Shah of Persia. I visited the Palace immediately after the Shah's departure, and every official, from a chamberlain to a chambermaid, was uttering an equivalent for "How disgusting!" The Shah's notions of cleanliness differ from those of other potentates.

It was at Buckingham Palace that Charles Dickens had his only audience with his sovereign. Accident led to it. Dickens had brought with him from America some large and striking photographs of the battle-fields of the Civil War, and the Queen, having heard of this through Mr. Arthur Helps, expressed a wish to look at them. Dickens sent them alone, and went afterward to Buckingham Palace with Mr. Helps, at Her Majesty's request, that she might see them and thank him in person. This was in the middle of March. . . . The Queen's kindness left a strong impression on Dickens. Upon Her Majesty's expressing regret that she had not heard his readings, Dickens intimated that they had now been a thing of the past, while he

QUEEN VICTORIA AT WHIPPENHAM CHURCH.



acknowledged gratefully the compliment of Her Majesty in regard to them. She spoke to him of the impression made upon her by his acting in "The Frozen Deep"; and on his stating, in reply to an inquiry, that the little play had not been very successful on the public stage, said that this did not surprise her, since it no longer had the advantage of his performance in it. . . . She asked him to give her his writings, and could she have them that afternoon? but he begged to be allowed to send a bound copy. Her Majesty then took from the table her own book upon the "Highlands," with an autograph inscription "To Charles Dickens," and saying that "the humblest of writers" would be ashamed to offer it to "one of the greatest," but that Mr. Helps, being asked to give it, had remarked to her that it would be valued most from herself; so she closed the interview by placing the book in Mr. Dickens's hands. Just two months from the day of the above interview with the Queen, Dickens was buried in Westminster Abbey.

It is at Buckingham Palace that Her Majesty usually holds her "Courts" and "Drawing-rooms." A court is held for the reception of the diplomatic and other official bodies, the general circle on the court list, and other persons having special invitations, the presentations being few in number.

At the appointed hour Her Majesty, who has arrived from Windsor, takes her place, having been joined by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, with their respective attendants. The scene on the staircase—the company being on their way to the Throne-room—is very splendid, and in the Throne-room itself it is gorgeous in the extreme.

Of the assembly who approach her a few are presented in form and kiss the royal hand; the rest pass by Her Majesty in rotation, and file off by a sidelong, retiring movement from the presence. The ceremony occupies a considerable time, as must be, owing to the large number present; and the scene during the continuance could scarcely be surpassed for splendor and costly state. The apartment in which it is enacted, too, is well worthy of the occasion, with its glass, and its gilding, and its crimson draperies.

When the last lady and gentleman have passed the throne, Her Majesty retires with her suite; then there is a movement down-stairs, a general call for carriages, and the first "Court" of the season has fairly come to an end.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

St. James's Palace is an irregular brick building at the bottom of St. James's Street. It was the only London palace of the British sovereigns from the time of the burning of Whitehall, in the reign of William III., to the occupation of Buckingham Palace by her present Majesty. It was first made a manor by Henry VIII., and was previously an hospital dedicated to St. James, and founded for fourteen Sisters, "maidens that were leprous." Henry altered or rebuilt it, and connected the present Park, closed about with a wall of brick, with the Palace of Whitehall. Little remains of the old palace but the picturesque red-brick gateway toward St. James's Street, and contiguous to it is the Chapel Royal. On the chimney-piece of the old Presence-chamber the initials "H. A." (Henry and Anne Boleyn) remain.

In the Great Council-chamber the odes of the Poets Laureate were formerly recited and sung before the King and Queen. Here died in, 1558, Queen Mary I., and in 1612 Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I. Charles II. and James II. were born here. Here Charles I. passed his last night before his execution, walking the

next morning "from St. James's through the Park, guarded with a regiment of foot and partisans," to the scaffold before Whitehall. Monk took up his quarters in "St. James's House," while his plans for the Restoration were as yet undecided. James II.'s son, by Mary of Modena, the old Pretender, was born here, 1688. The child was said to have been conveyed in a warming-pan to Her Majesty's bed in the Great Bedchamber, pulled down in 1822. Queen Anne (then the Princess Anne) describes St. James's Palace "as much the properest place to act such a cheat in." Along the corridor was dragged on her knees by the obdurate George I., Lady Nithsdale, who had waylaid him with a petition to save from death her husband, implicated in the 1715 rebellion. Here in 1737 died Caroline, Queen of George II.; and, in 1762, George IV. was born.

In the dingy brick house on the west side of the Ambassadors' Court, Marshal Blucher was lodged in 1814. He was so popular that he had to show himself every day many times to the mob, who were content to wait until the court was filled, when he was vociferously called forward to the window to be cheered.

The watching of the palace is intrusted to the Household Brigade of Guards, and the guard is changed every day at a quarter to eleven, when the band plays in the outer or east court for about a quarter of an hour. I would earnestly advise all readers of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, when visiting London, not to miss the guard-mounting.

Down to 1861 Drawing-rooms were always held at St. James's Palace; but since the death of the Prince Consort they have taken place at Buckingham Palace. Levees are still held here.

In the Chapel Royal, entered from the Color Court of the palace, Her Majesty Victoria, and various sovereign princes and princesses of her line were married. On the festival of the Epiphany Her Majesty presents to the altar, through two Gentlemen of the Court, gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. The roof is of very elegant Holbeinesque design. The seats in this chapel are appropriated to the nobility. Service is performed at ten A.M., twelve M., and half-past five P.M.

Contiguous to the palace on the west is Clarence House, formerly the residence of the Duchess of Kent, enlarged and fitted up in 1874 for H. R. H. The Duke of Edinburgh and his Russian Princess.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Windsor Castle bears marks of the hand of almost every English monarch, from William the Conqueror downward. The principal names connected with this edifice are those of William, Henry I., Edward III. and IV., Henry VII. and VIII., Elizabeth, Charles I. and II., Georges III. and IV., and William IV.

From the time of Charles II., however, if we except the pictures introduced by James II., and a painted staircase begun by Queen Anne and finished by George I., the Castle appears to have been neglected till the reign of George III. This Prince repaired and superbly decorated the chapel.

The Keep, or Round Tower, stands between the two wards of the Castle, and is certainly a very remarkable structure. The view from the summit is, perhaps, unrivaled of its kind in England. The windings of the Thames at your feet, through a comparatively level country—the luxuriant parks and sombre forest—the fields and groves intermingled—the towns, villages, mansions, detached cottages gleaming through the trees—all combine to form a picture which gladdens the heart as

much as it amuses the imagination. From this spot the following counties may be seen at a single glance: Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Berks, Oxford, Wilts, Hants, Surrey, Sussex, Kent and Bedford; and, on a clear day, the dome of St. Paul's, at London, may be distinctly recognized. O those Summer days spent on the glades of Windsor Park! O those lunches at the "White Hart"! O those little dinners at the "Wheat Sheaf"!

St. George's Gateway, by which the public enter to view the quadrangle, is entirely a new construction, as well as the portion of the building which connects that gateway with the tower of King Edward III. The turret which rises on the left hand above the tower does not nearly reach the summit. Beyond this, still proceeding along the southern point, was the principal entrance, a mean gateway in an obscure situation; which is now entirely closed, and the line of building continued, with beautiful Gothic windows, till we reach the present royal gateway, flanked by the York and Lancaster towers. From this, the buildings, constituting the apartments of the household and guests, have been raised a story to the end of the façade, and surmounted by battlements. A turret, which rose midway, has been cut down to a level with the rest of the line; and instead of a low plain tower, which terminated the front in this direction, a lofty and magnificent structure, with battlements and machicolations, has arisen, which receives the name, and is the peculiar abode of its present royal mistress.

Turning the angle, we find the eastern front scarcely less altered. Between Victoria Tower and the Prince of Wales's Tower there are two others, Clarence and Chester; all completely different from the old plan, which I have compared minutely with the new. This façade was disfigured by round windows, entirely out of keeping with the character of the edifice; and these have now vanished, and are replaced by magnificent Gothic windows. The upper coping of the roofs are embattled and battlements also carried along the terrace.

In the northern front, a lofty and handsome pile, called Brunswick Tower, serves to give effect to the perspective. In this façade are Cornwall Tower, King George IV.'s Tower and Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; with two Norman towers, forming a gateway into the middle ward.

The portion of the Castle where the Round Tower stands is usually designated as the middle ward, although at present there is no barrier between it and the lower. The lower ward, to which I shall hereafter more particularly refer, contains, besides several towers, the Chapel of St. George, the Royal Tombhouse, and the habitations of the disservants of the chapel, poor knights, etc. Here the external changes are few.

The circumference of the Castle is 4,180 feet, or nearly one mile; and it is 1,480 feet long from east to west. The superficial area within the walls is twelve acres, two roods and thirty poles. Measured roughly, the south, or principal front, is about 1,300 feet long; the north 1,600 feet long, and the average breadth, from east to west, from 400 to 500 feet.

The principal approach is from the Home Park, through a lofty gateway, flanked by the York and Lancaster towers, two noble structures, 100 feet high, and crowned with projecting battlements. This gateway is in a line with the Long Walk, an avenue of fine elms; and from the part of the avenue where the statue of George III. stands, a superb and somewhat peculiar view of the Castle is obtained.

King George IV.'s Gateway conducts into the Upper Ward, which is a hollow quadrangle, entered also through St. George's gate, at the southwest, and the ancient

Norman gateway at the west. The first of these entrances is sacred to the Royal Family, and the second to distinguished visitors. The public are not admitted into the quadrangle; but from a pathway, inclosed, from St. George's Gateway along the base of the Round Tower, they are permitted to view it. The first floor of the eastern side of the quadrangle is occupied by the rooms appropriated to the Royal Family; those on the south are for the reception of distinguished visitors, and for the lodgings of the household; and the state apartments, including St. George's Hall, the Waterloo Gallery, the Audience Room, the Presence Chamber, the Throne Room, the Grand Staircase and others, are to the north. On the west the quadrangle is bounded only by the inclosure of the path I have mentioned.

I now propose giving a brief sketch of these apartments, in the order in which they are shown to the public.

Entering by a door under a Gothic porch, adjoining to King John's Tower, a staircase conducts the visitor to a small oaken vestibule, from which spot is seen a splendid portrait of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, the architect by whose happy talent this princely residence of the British monarchs has been made to surpass in grandeur and magnificence all the other castellated buildings in Europe.

The Queen's Ballroom is a very splendid apartment. The original ceiling of this room was painted by Verrio, the favorite artist of Charles II.

The walls were formerly hung with Brussels tapestry; and two fine chandeliers, seen in the adjoining room, added to the splendor of the effect.

Among the portraits which adorn the walls, that of the Countess of Carlyle, in her cherry-colored satin, is one of the most prominent. A whole length portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, represents a much handsomer woman, but one whose distinction is owing more to her husband's character than her own. The portrait of the Countess of Dorset also recalls to remembrance a very devoted servant of Charles I. The portrait of Madame de St. Croix is one of the best. The portrait of Lady Anastasia Venetia Digby is remarkable for its beauty, and is painted by Vandyke with more than usual carefulness.

The portraits of Henrietta Maria exhibit the great improvement in costume made by the taste of this age. The English Court was in her time the most polished, and the most profligate, in Europe. The retinue sent to Paris to escort her to her new home is said to have been the most splendid that ever left England; and the Duke of Buckingham at its head, exhausted the luxury of the age to do honor to the occasion.

The portrait of Charles I. represents the King mounted on a white horse, with his equerry on foot holding his Majesty's helmet. The armor is much admired and the horse wonderfully correct.

The picture of Charles I. and his family is one of the most celebrated of Vandyke's productions: "the grouping of the figures being simple and unaffected, the likenesses faithful, the dresses elegantly designed, the coloring harmonious, and the execution happily uniting the most spirited penciling with the highest finish."

The Queen's Drawing-room has a ceiling of stucco, richly embellished with margins of oak and palm entwined; in the centre a large octagon panel surrounded with the oak, shamrock, rose and thistle. In the centre of the cove are richly emblazoned shields, containing the arms of England and Saxe-Meiningen, surmounted with the royal crown. Other shields at the end of the room contain the initials "W. R." and "A. R." The paintings in

this room are all by Zucarelli, and consist of "The Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca," "The Finding of Moses," "Jacob Watering the Flock," and eleven Italian landscapes, all of large dimensions, and all forming fine specimens of the artist. "The Finding of Moses" was painted by Zucarelli in the inner room of the old Royal Academy, granted for his use on the occasion. The subject was chosen by the artist himself, with the King's permission; but "The Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca" is superior in composition, and was the foundation of the artist's fortune in England.

The Queen's Closet is a small, oblong room, with the ceiling enriched with festoons of fruit and flowers. Two large glasses, with silver frames, silver tables and chandeliers, small gilded chairs with hangings of light-blue silk, give an air at once of sumptuousness and elegance to the

created an earl by King William, a duke by Queen Anne, and the palace of Blenheim was erected for his abode at the expense of the nation. He died at Windsor Lodge in 1722.

The ceiling of the Drawing-room is in separate panels, the centre embellished with a star and oaken wreath, and a handsome border running round the room, composed of the rose, thistle and shamrock. The cove has numerous circles entwined with palm, laurel and oak; in the centre of which the letters "G. R.," with the royal arms, are heightened with gold. The pictures are all by Rubens, and most of them are well known.

The Vestibule is ornamented with the star and oaken wreath richly gilded, and the walls of polished wainscot are hung with the masterpieces of West.



THE PRINCE CONSORT'S ROOM.

room; which is adorned, besides, by numerous valuable pictures.

The Council-room is a magnificent apartment, both in size and decoration. The old ceiling was by Verrio, and represented Charles II. in his robes of state, sitting upon a throne, receiving the offerings of the four quarters of the globe; a canopy over his head, supported by Neptune, Jupiter and Time, and the Genius of France paying homage to the British monarch. All this, however, has disappeared; the cross of the Garter and the letters "C. R., 1660," being now the principal ornaments.

Among the numerous paintings is the portrait of a great man, Marlborough, who, from a court page became one of the most distinguished of the English generals. He was employed by Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne, and became the favorite of George I. He was

A bust of Queen Philippa stands on the projecting fireplace, in an angle of the room; and one of her husband, Edward III., on a corresponding abutment in the opposite angle.

The Throne Room is a very splendid apartment, with a highly decorated ceiling, the centre composed of circles of the Garter, connected by medallions of St. George and the Dragon, embossed in gold and silver.

There is here a piece by West, which is, perhaps, the most important picture existing illustrative of English history. The scene is the interior of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, when the Bishops of Winchester and Salisbury are performing High Mass, with Edward III., Philippa and the knights kneeling round the altar. In the gallery are the Royal children, the captive King of Scots, the Bishop of St. Andrews, and some French prisoners.

The spectators include a galaxy of female beauty, in conformity with the pen-and-ink picture of Froissart. Many of the figures are portraits, such as Edward III., Philippa, the Black Prince, the King of Scots, the beautiful Countess of Kildare, and all the Royal children.

This room leads into the Ballroom, which again communicates, by two other doors, with St. George's Hall and the Waterloo Gallery; the four apartments presenting collectively a scene of magnificence which is probably unrivaled in Europe. The Ballroom is 90 feet long, 34 broad and 33 high; the Waterloo Gallery, 98 feet long, 47 feet broad and 45 feet high; St. George's Hall, 200 feet long, 34 feet broad and 30 feet high.

The Ballroom is superbly adorned with mirrors, and the walls hung with Gobelin tapestry, representing the legend of Jason and the Golden Fleece. This fine Gobelin tapestry was sent by Louis XVI. to decorate the apartments of his queen, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, in her progress to Paris, at the time of her marriage. The tapestry was afterward given by Charles X. to his late Majesty, George IV. The walls and roof are almost a mass of gilding; but in such delicate designs that no idea of tawdriness or overloading is conveyed. On the north is a grand Gothic window, commanding a very fine view.

The Waterloo Gallery is also called the Waterloo Chamber; but the word "gallery" is more appropriate, inasmuch as it is, in fact, a gallery of portraits of the persons who were connected, either in an immediate or accessory manner, with the battle of Waterloo.

St. George's Hall has been greatly changed in appearance, and probably greatly improved, by the removal of Verrio's ceiling, containing an allegorical panegyric on Charles II. The new ceiling is in the Gothic style, from a design by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville; in form, it is a flat Gothic arch, and the ribs, or moldings which divide its compartments, spring from corbels on the walls. The entire ceiling is divided into fifteen bays, each of which is subdivided into twenty-four smaller ones, and these contain each two shields, emblazoned with the armorial bearings of all the Knights of the Garter, from the institution of the Order down to the present time. On the corbels

are represented knights in complete armor, with the shields of the first twenty-six Knights of the Garter; the two at the eastern end being Edward III. and the Black Prince.

On the southern side of this majestic hall are thirteen lofty Gothic windows, and in the opposite wall corresponding recesses, containing portraits of the last twelve sovereigns of England—James I., Charles I., Charles II., James II., Mary, William III., Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV. and William IV.

The Guard Chamber, the same I believe that was formerly called the King's Guard Chamber, is now completely altered. The length is 78 feet, the breadth 31, and the height 31. The most striking object as you enter is a bronze bust of Lord Nelson, on a pedestal composed

of a portion of the mast of the *Victory*, with the British flags drooping over it. On either side are busts of Marlborough and Wellington. Figures in antique armor are placed in recesses, representing Charles I. when Prince of Wales, Henry Prince of Wales, Lord Howard, the Duke of Brunswick, the Earl of Essex and Prince Rupert. Under a glass dome is a silver target, inlaid with gold, presented to Henry VIII. by Francis I. on the Field



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THEIR CHILDREN.

of the Cloth-of-Gold, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, and considered a fine specimen.

When Queen Anne was sitting in her closet, which commanded a fine view over the northern terrace of the Castle, she received the news of the victory of Blenheim; and for several years in that closet was deposited the banner of France—a flag of white sarcenet, embroidered with three fleurs-de-lis. It was afterward kept in the Queen's Presence Chamber, on an elegant buhl table; but it now hangs over the bust of the hero in the Guard Chamber. The Duke of Wellington's tri-color hangs in like manner over his bust; and the estates of Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye are held upon the tenure of these banners being presented every year at Windsor Castle—the former on the 2d of August, before twelve o'clock, and the latter on the 18th of June.

The Queen's Presence Chamber is forty-nine feet three inches long, by twenty-three feet six inches. The ceiling

is one of Verrio's flatteries, representing Queen Catherine attended by the cardinal virtues, with Fame sounding her trumpet, and Justice driving away Sedition, Envy and Discord. The walls are decorated with specimens of the Gobelin tapestry, and with portraits of the Duchess of Orleans, youngest daughter of Charles I., and two Princesses of Brunswick, the latter supposed by some to be the work of Mytens, a contemporary of Vandyke.

In the Queen's Audience Chamber Verrio has represented Catherine again, in the character of Britannia, drawn by swans in a triumphal car toward the temple of Virtue, and attended by Pomona, Flora and other goddesses. The tapestry is a continuation of that of the last room. The few pictures are chiefly by Honthorst, who had the honor of teaching painting to the sisters of Charles I.; two of whom, the Princess Sophia and the Abbess Maubuisson, attained to considerable practical knowledge of the art.

It is now my duty to give the readers of the *POPULAR MONTHLY* a glimpse of the *terra incognita* of the Palace, to which they can only be admitted by an order from the Lord Chamberlain, and to which they cannot be admitted at all during the residence of Majesty.

The visitor will be quite unprepared for the magnificence of the vestibule and staircase. You fancy for a moment that you are entering some majestic temple; and in the vestibule, more especially, this illusion prevails, where the double ranges of columns are seen by a "dim, religious light."

Instead of ascending the stairs, we keep along the ground floor by a convenient passage, which conducts to the kitchen, the confectionary-room, and the other offices requisite to minister to the luxury of a palace. Among these will be observed a room dedicated to the sole purpose of making coffee. The confectioner has a very large and lofty apartment for his agreeable avocation; and the ministering spirits of the place—female, of course—have a delicacy of appearance not to be found in the kitchen. The Grand Kitchen is well worth inspection. In its general aspect, and more especially in the lofty roof, it is supposed to have undergone comparatively little alteration since the time of Edward III. The immense fireplaces, however, are now filled with the stoves of modern cookery, with the exception of one at each end of the kitchen, either of which could conveniently roast an ox whole.

The Plate-room is on this story, and contains a mass of plate which may be valued at upward of a million pounds sterling. This Plate-room is, perhaps, as much worth seeing as anything in the Castle. Here are cups of exquisite workmanship, and of great value; amongst them are three by Benvenuto Cellini. The visitor is, indeed, dazzled with the sight of the jeweled cups and vases, and the peacock and golden tiger's head of Tippoo Saib. These latter are valued at £45,000. A gold salver made for George IV. from snuff-boxes is stated to be intrinsically worth £8,000. Much of the gold plate has historical facts connected with it, and there is a beautiful wine vase, taken at the time of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Here, also, may be seen Nell Gwynne's pair of bellows, which formerly accompanied her silver warming-pan, on which was inscribed, "Fear God and honor the King!"

On ascending the staircase, and after passing into a room in the Octagon, or Brunswick Tower, the walls of which are of oak, and the window commanding the whole interior of the quadrangle, we enter the Dining-room. This magnificent apartment is far more imposing in its effect than the State Dining-room. Vast mirrors are embedded in what might seem to be walls of sculptured gold. A vase of gilded silver stands upon a table, and is of such

enormous size that half a dozen men are required to remove it. This was a toy of George IV.; but it has nothing, except its richness and vastness, worth the interest of the money so capriciously funded. The furniture of the room corresponds in other respects with its general character of the splendid and imposing. From the windows a view of the country is obtained to the north and east of great beauty and variety.

The next apartment is the Queen's Drawing-room, opening into the one next mentioned. Elegance would be the prevailing characteristic of this room; but its great size makes it something more than elegant. A deeply embayed window, of square Gothic, commands the same magnificent view seen from all this suite. The furniture is not simply of the most costly—for that might be expected—but also of the most convenient and luxurious description. Both this and the next room open into the Concert-room; they are the usual evening-rooms of the Court.

The next room, called the Chester Drawing-room, is smaller, but in the same style; and beyond this is a long breakfast-room. Below those apartments is the private garden, a parterre four hundred feet square, laid out in formal walks, with vases and statues, intermixed with beds of flowers. This is bounded by a broad terrace-walk, under which an orangery extends to the length of two hundred and fifty feet, the front of which forms a long series of arches.

From the Breakfast-room I have mentioned to the extreme end of the façade, formed by Victoria Tower, there is a multitude of apartments which it is impossible to particularize. These are occupied by the ladies and officers of the household. In the tower itself the Queen is enshrined in a commodious sitting-room and sleeping-room. In the same angle of the building is Her Majesty's entrance and staircase.

I must now, in order to dispose of what I must call public private apartments, carry back the reader to the extreme Norman Tower, which he may remember forms the northern termination of the Upper Ward. Here commences a series of apartments, all thrown into one, and including Queen Elizabeth's Gallery, which is now one great and splendid library. It is fitted up in the Gothic taste, and is perhaps less changed than most other parts of the building; but what will strike the student most are the embayed windows and shady recesses, where he may fancy himself in a hermitage.

Formerly the means of communication with the various apartments were extremely limited; and a bold and grand idea suggested itself to Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, of a corridor which, to include the Mall, should sweep round two angles of the quadrangle, and which should in itself form one vast apartment, superior to all others in decoration.

The corridor commences at St. George's Hall, and terminates at the tower of Edward III., a distance of five hundred and sixty feet. During the whole of this immense length it is the breadth of a good-sized room, and is furnished with chairs, tables, sofas, benches, cabinets, pictures, busts, statues, and ornaments of every possible description in such profusion as to defy any attempt at a catalogue, except in a work devoted to the purpose. You cannot see the corridor in an hour, or a day. It will take at least a week before you can obtain anything like a suitable idea of its contents. In wet weather this forms a promenade for the Court, and from the loftiness of its highly ornamented ceiling, and its numerous windows, it forms an admirable substitute for the terrace.

From this noble passage doors open into the various

suites of apartments, and into the vestibules of various staircases; and from this, among others, you see, within a few paces, the door of the Queen's sitting-room, from which Her Majesty's sleeping-room opens. Beneath, on the ground-floor, is a narrower passage, the sleeping-rooms of the domestics being taken off the breadth.

The following extract from the diary of a maid-of-honor (Lady Bloomfield's Reminiscences) gives a peep into the inner life at Windsor:

"EXTRACTS OF LETTERS TO MY MOTHER, LADY RAVENSWORTH.

"WINDSOR CASTLE,

Thursday Evening, January 20th, 1842.

"I arrived here about five o'clock, and was immediately shown up to my rooms, which are warm and comfortable. Shortly after Matilda Paget, who arrived just before me, came to me and took me to Lady Lytton, the lady-in-waiting, who received me kindly. I remained some time in her room; and then, when I returned to my own, Baroness Lehzen came to me, bringing me my badge, which, as you know, is the Queen's picture, surrounded with brilliants on a red bow. I am to be presented to Her Majesty in the corridor before dinner. I have a nice sitting-room, with a piano-forte. I hear the duties are very easy, and that except at meals, or when the Queen sends for us, we may sit quietly in our rooms, which is just what I like. The Castle is being prepared for the King of Prussia's visit, and is full of workpeople. I hear they have, after much difficulty, succeeded in warming St. George's Chapel, and it is all carpeted. I found on my table two large cards of invitation to the christening and banquet. The reports of balls and festivities are untrue, though the Queen may have an impromptu dance. I already begin to feel tolerably at home, and if only I find that by constant and unceasing attention on my part, and an earnest desire to do my duty, I can succeed in satisfying my royal mistress, I dare say I shall be very happy, although my thoughts will often—very often—be at home with those I love so much better than anything else in the world.

"As I am not quite sure when the post goes out, I shall write you a few lines, dearest mother, before I go to bed, to tell you that I went down-stairs with Lady Lytton and Miss Paget, and we waited, as is customary, in the corridor, near the door which leads to the Queen's apartment. When Her Majesty came Lady Lytton presented me, and I kissed hands on my appointment as maid-of-honor. The Queen asked graciously after you and Minnie. We then went in to dinner; and after dinner Her Majesty talked to me for some time, asked me about my family, journey, etc., etc. The Duchess of Kent was also very kind, and desired to be remembered to you and my sisters. We were quite a small party, consisting merely of the household. In the evening the Queen and Prince Albert and some of the others played a round game, whilst, as I had asked Miss Paget to take the first waiting, I sat quietly working next Baroness Lehzen, who is very amiable to me, and Lord Charles Wellesley came and talked to us. He is odd and quaint, and amuses me. When we came up to bed Lady Lytton and Miss Paget both congratulated me upon the success of my first interview; and now the worst is over, and I wonder at myself at feeling so little nervous. The hours are very regular—breakfast at ten, lunch at two, dinner at eight. There is a room down-stairs where we are allowed to receive our relations and friends, but they must not come up-stairs."

"WINDSOR CASTLE, January 21st, 1842.

"I have not yet seen the Queen to-day, but Her Majesty keeps very early hours, as she went to the riding-house before we breakfasted this morning. Prince Albert started for Woolwich a little after eleven to meet the King of Prussia, but it is doubtful when His Majesty will arrive to-day. I went all over the state apartments which are prepared for him. What magnificent rooms they are, and what pictures! I should like to spend all my time in studying them. Our chief duty seems to consist in giving the Queen her bouquet before dinner, which is certainly very hard work! and even this only happens every other day. I am left entirely to myself, and can employ my time as I like. The weather has been very thick and foggy ever since I left you, except the day I came up from York, which was splendid; otherwise I really should think that the sun only shines at Ravensworth.

"Being the maid-of-honor in waiting to-day, I had to place the bouquet beside Her Majesty when she sat down to dinner, and sit next the gentleman to the Queen's right; so I was next Lord Jersey. Sarah Villiers's marriage has been postponed, because Prince Esterhazy père is laid up at Batisbon with a fit of the gout. I had to play at Nain Jaune, or some such game, after dinner. I did not know it the least, but soon learnt. I made some mistakes at

first; but, luckily, always to my own disadvantage, which delighted Prince Albert, who is charmed whenever any one fails to claim the forfeits or prizes. I suppose I may consider myself very lucky, as I got up having won exactly threepence. We are obliged to have a supply of new shillings, sixpences, fourpences and other penny pieces."

OSBORNE.

You run down to the Isle of Wight from the Waterloo station, London. Two hours brings you to Portsmouth, and twenty minutes across the Solent in a wobbly little boat fetches you to Ryde. In the distance may be seen the towers of Osborne, the marine residence of Queen Victoria.

The situation of this splendid mansion is every way eligible for the marine residence of a sovereign of the British Isles, for it commands a most extensive and animated prospect, including the great naval stations of Spithead and Portsmouth; it has a beautiful sea-beach, with a private landing-place, and is sheltered by extensive woods and plantations; while the fine roadstead of Cowes, close by, affords perfect security to her splendid yachts and ships of war. The original seat was a plain family mansion, surrounded by parklike grounds, which have been extended by the purchase of several farms—including Barton, whose fine old Elizabethan manor-house has received a complete and judicious reparation—so that the estate is now most conveniently bounded on the west by the highroad from East Cowes to Newport and Ryde; on the east by a sheltered cove called King's Quay—as tradition will have it, from the circumstance of King John having there concealed himself for a time when opposed by the barons—and on the northeast by the beautiful Solent Channel. Thus compassed by the sea and the best roads in the Island, it extends from north to south about two miles and a half, by nearly two miles from east to west, enjoying the most delightful variety of scenery.

The palace occupies the site of the original house, and forms a noble pile of buildings. The design, which was principally furnished by the late Prince Consort, is in the Palladian style, which so admirably admits of the application of some of the most beautiful features of the Grecian Orders to the necessities of domestic architecture. The general form of the building is quadrangular; the sea-front being flanked on the one hand by the clock tower, ninety feet high, and on the other by the flag tower, one hundred and seven feet; in advance of the latter are the royal apartments, standing nearly detached from the rest of the edifice, and thus securing greater privacy and an uninterrupted prospect. The apparent altitude of the building is increased by two extensive terraces, which are adorned by statuary, fountains, and the choicest shrubs, and descend for twenty-seven feet to a charming little valley that winds to the landing-place, neat bathing-house, etc., on the sequestered shore. On the opposite side of the flag tower, which communicates with an open corridor along the northwest façade, is the carriage-entrance, opening on the original pleasure-grounds, where the luxuriance of the trees and shrubs promises well for the appearance of the place when the more recent and extensive plantations have had a few years' additional growth.

From the Solent, Osborne looks superb, with its towers and terraces and greenswards, whereon tame deer browse to the water's edge. The state apartments are furnished in the most sumptuous fashion, while Her Majesty's private rooms are arranged with a view to right royal comfort. From the Queen's Boudoir the visitor obtains a view of the sparkling waters of the Solent, with merrie England a good six miles away. The Channel in Summer time literally swarms with craft of all sorts, shapes, sizes and dimensions, and is alive with

snowy-sailed yachts, for Cowes is but five miles down Channel, while hundreds of good ships, inward and outward bound, pass majestically on their way. Opposite Osborne House, while the Queen is "in residence," are stationed ten men-of-war, as a guard of honor. I was present when the *Bacchante* anchored off Osborne, last Summer, having on board the two sons of the Prince of Wales after their two years' cruise. What honeyed kissing and hugging took place on that little dock by the sparkling waters of the Solent! The terraces at Osborne are equivalent to our piazzas. Here Her Majesty and the Court spend the most of their time. It is on the main terrace that the Queen, with the Princess Beatrice, takes her daily constitutional.

There are some notable paintings in this seaside palace, while works of art are thick as leaves in far-famed Vallambrosa. The exquisite artistic taste of H. R. H. the Princess Louise manifests itself here, as at Rideau Hall, and hither flock Queen Victoria's grandchildren, for sea-bathing and for change of air, when afflicted by any of those infantile ailments to which even royal flesh is heir to. Osborne is the happy hunting-ground of the three daughters of the Princess of Wales, for here it is alleged that "grandmamma is not so awfully cross."

Alfred Tennyson's sunny residence is within cannon-shot, and around Osborne are the most enchanting drives in every direction.

The estate presents a great diversity of soil, nearly all, however, being of a stiff clay, though some of the worst is well adapted for oak plantations, and the thorough draining and other improvements effected have now rendered

the whole admirably suited for agricultural pursuits, to which H. R. H. the Prince Consort was so very partial. At the cross-road, about half way to Newport, is Alverstone, one of the Prince's farms. The land which lies to the south was formerly almost barren, but now affords a striking proof of what can be effected by agricultural improvements. Here, also, is the yard for the manufacture of bricks, etc., for the use of the estate.

A great part of the estate is inclosed by a park fence, and through the luxuriant woods and undulating grounds many miles of excellent private carriage-roads have been constructed.

Having a friend at Court, I was provided with the "open sesame," and spent a long Summer day sauntering through the pleasure. I lay at the foot of a lordly elm, watching the snowy-sailed craft that dappled the Solent. A gaunt, grim, ungainly steam transport was on her way to Egypt; strains of music came across the water. Ha! "The Girl I left Behind Me." How many a poor fellow was now taking his last long, lingering look at one of the loveliest spots



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE, DURING THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE LEOPOLD.

in his native land! How many a poor fellow going to the front to fight for his Queen now gazed at the Royal standard that lazily floated in the Summer breeze from the summit of the flag-tower at Osborne Palace! How many a poor fellow thought, as the ship sailed away, of the Victoria Cross "For Valor" at the Queen's own hand.

And now, having personally conducted the readers of the *POPULAR MONTHLY* from Balmoral to Osborne, I resign my office of cicerone with the parting word: "Do not fail to visit these right royal palaces when next you cross the Pond."



A LITTLE WHITE HAND.—"SHE WAS TRYING TO REMEMBER THE LOST ART OF THE SPINNING-WHEEL, WHICH HER OLD NURSE TAUGHT HER." . . . "SLOWLY, BUT WITH A FIRM STEP, BRIDE WAS CROSSING THE DIZZY BRIDGE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.
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LOVE SUPREME.

BY SYDNEY HERBERT.

He loveth best who loves in vain,
Nor hopes for guerdon, nor for prize,
Who counteth all he bears as gain,
Nor bargains love as merchandise,

As rivers seek the ocean's main,
From where the slender fountains rise,
He loveth best who loves in vain,
Nor hopes for guerdon, nor for prize.

Whose love knows not the wax and wane
Of eager hopes or dull surmise,
And who for love alone is fain
To tread the path he glorifies.
He loveth best who loves in vain!

A LITTLE WHITE HAND.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.



HE heard of him first at Delmonico's, where she was lunching with Mrs. Shelby, a *brune* so pretty by art that one thought her a great improvement on nature, and Maud Hammond, a dashing, red-headed girl, freckled, with a fine figure; a mouth in proportion to her fortune, which was large, and eyes in proportion to her wit, which was small.

They were arranging for the opening cotillion at a coming ball—a charitable affair—and in talking over the list of invitations, she found that during her absence in Europe (she had wintered in Florence) he had obtained a fixed place in society, and was immensely popular.

"He is only a wandering star, Dimsdel, that that set have picked up lately," said Mrs. Shelby; "but the social astronomers have turned their telescopes on him, and his orbit, though eccentric, is known. He belongs to the Fabians—old Sieurs of Ancient France; he has all the grace of those wicked old darlings, and their *muguet* accomplishments added to the muscular type of the present day. Men of that kind are wanting in society, if one is to have any enjoyment. He knows really good people."

"Like Satan," said Mrs. Beauchamp, smiling, and not much interested.

She was a widow of five-and-twenty, beautiful and wealthy. A superb woman, with a most wonderful face, pure Saxon in its rose-flushed snow, and with an odd dash of the Semitic blood giving oddity to the perfect features. Men had ceased to interest her since she found that nine-tenths of them were anxious to marry either her perfect face or unassailable investments.

Mrs. Shelby laughed.

"He will make a capital *Childe Harold* for our tableaux—dark, *magnifique*, unapproachable! Let me see—he must be in dark-blue velvet, scornfully turning from—

"The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
And goblets filled with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite."

We must have three rehearsals—one at your place, my dear Beauchamp; I have an evening disengaged for another; and you, Maud?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Miss Hammond, eating vanilla ice enthusiastically. "Mamma keeps track of my engagements. This is the ninth; on the tenth, there is the Charity Bazaar at Dr. Butterbuncheon's Church; the eleventh, the *Vintamper's bal masque*; the twelfth, we

have a choral service to commemorate poor dear papa's death; there is only the thirteenth left. I can't remember whether that night is open. Oh, yes, I do! We have two bishops to dinner—they will go early; so you can all come to us on the thirteenth."

"And you, Beauchamp?"

Mrs. Shelby walked with a jeweled cane, smoked cigarettes, or, rather, honest cigars—*tapageuse* of unapproachable *chic* and *aplomb*.

"The fourteenth—tell every one to come—even your Mr. Fabean. *Appropos* of the tableaux, I shall have little Bride Mornington with me there. She will work-in charmingly in them, like a seed-pearl in a gorgeous embroidery. She is a dear little soul."

Mrs. Beauchamp was too superb to be envious, and, an undisputed queen regnant herself, she liked her maids of honor to be beauties, and, if possible, heiresses—they lent *éclat* to her splendors.

Mrs. Shelby shrugged her thin shoulders as she scribbled the date in her notebook with a pencil giving blue lightning from its sapphires.

"Poor little Bride! We must arrange a marriage for her, if possible—there are so many poor, dear fellows who want a fortune, and a little inoffensive wife just like her, without intrusive relatives—relatives are the banes of existence. We might try Fabean for her, only he has a lordly contempt for that style of woman. Prefers something of, let us say, Maud's type, or your own, Beauchamp, divinely tall and most divinely fair. Are you going?"

"Yes; I have an hour's vigorous shopping before me," replied Mrs. Beauchamp, rising superbly, and nestling herself into her velvet cloak and sealskin luxuriously. "Do not forget the fourteenth, and your Mr. Fabean. I am almost curious to see him. So he admires Maud?"

"I did not quite say *that*," said Mrs. Shelby, watching Miss Hammond dash to a mirror to arrange the heron's plume in her blue velvet *toque*. She was a girl of what would be termed "high action" in a horse, though in her case it covered very little ground. "He goes in for the superb reserve force of every description, muscular and mental. *Addio, addio*, until the thirteenth—Maud's night, you know."

"I did not think he would be likely to fall captive to Maud's bow and spear," thought Mrs. Beauchamp, as she whirled away in her cozy *coupé* nest of dove-colored satin; "at least, if he has not changed a great deal since we met and—parted."

* * * * *

"If one may ask, what does this charming scene mean?"

"You may ask," said Bride Mornington, graciously; "not *me*, however; I am too busy. Inquire of Mrs. Beauchamp—here she comes."

She was dressed for dinner in a white satin, with the flash of ice on its folds; seed pearls in slender ropes round her minute, white throat, and a couple of diamonds—like suns of fairyland—on the white wonder of her elfin hand. The pink of the fire laid its loving rose upon her, and the waxlights their mellow silver, and so lighted, she stood ankle-deep in the vast, snowy hearthrug, before her a small spinning-wheel, Mrs. Beauchamp's Maltese terrier snapping and yelping as the little wheel flew round. A pale-blue velvet curtain fringed, tasseled and embroidered in gold—behind her; and before her the great window, with the vivid silver crescent of the moon, the opal of the sunset, the pure eyes of the stars peering in on her.

"Ah, here she comes, truly! I am just wondering and admiring, Mrs. Beauchamp. Permit me."

He took the heavy masses of the blue velvet *portière* from her white, magnificent bare arm, and wheeled a chair close to the rug for her with all the grace and sentiment it was possible to put in the two actions. He certainly was rather magnificent, and the while paused a brief, brief second as Bride looked up at the two lofty, superb people who stood smiling down at her.

Mrs. Beauchamp and Mr. Fabean had resumed their friendship just at the point where they "had hoisted their sails of silk," and parted after a month of semi-flirtation amongst the ruins and modern improvements of imperial Rome three years before; and society already connected their names significantly, nor did Mrs. Beauchamp snub society for its officiousness in this instance.

"She is to be 'the Puritan maiden, Priscilla,'" answered Mrs. Beauchamp, leaning her grand golden head indolently into the dimpled velvet of her "sleepy hollow." "In those realistic readings from the poets we are getting up, and she is recalling the legends of her youth and trying to remember the lost art of the spinning-wheel which her old nurse taught her. My dear, you will spoil that fairy paw of yours with such work. Do put it away."

Bride was the gentlest of little white heiresses, with weird violet eyes and a general effect at all times of being woven out of moonbeams, as the maiden "Flur was made by glamour out of flowers."

"A helpless, insignificant, pretty little being, Mr. Fabean thought, as his fine, dark eyes, which always seemed full of kindness and disdain, rested for a moment on the exquisite picture, and then turned on Mrs. Beauchamp, who, waving her black-lace fan like a sceptre, her wine-colored velvet draperies flowing softly about her, looked an embroidered ideal of vigor, beauty and grace.

"Here is my ideal, I believe," he thought, as he glanced laughingly from the arch of her large, fine instep to her crown of burnished gold. "Reserve force in every exquisite feature and gesture. I detest a feeble physique of mind or body! Miss Mornington would palsy a man sooner or later with that helpless, clinging, feeble little white hand, but I can fancy one growing stronger of soul each day with this large, grand, strong hand and nature by one's side. Yes! I think I have found my ideal. I half thought that in Rome three years ago."

In spite of his really fine nature, Mr. Fabean was a hopeless, a confirmed flirt; and, though Mrs. Beauchamp might be his ideal, after dinner—a mere affair of half a dozen, to worship a special new Sèvres dinner-service—he found himself at the piano; he sang finely, singing for Bride, nestled in a primrose satin chair, her cheek on her fairy palm, her eyes dewy and dark as she listened to him, and caught the meaning glances which he sent her.

To do him justice, just now he was flirting mechanically; he would have cast the same melting glances at the marble faun capering on the pedestal behind Bride, had not her charming little head been before it in his field of vision.

Bride did not know this, and listened as in a dream as his deep chest-notes trembled with a feeling his large, dark eyes seemed to tell her was hers, and hers alone, while all the time he was thinking that Mrs. Beauchamp's cook deserved the rack and thumbscrews for that vile last *plat* at dinner.

Affairs went on this way until June. Mr. Fabean had not yet proposed to his ideal, who was looking more sumptuous than ever, just as Bride, perhaps by contrast, looked wanner, more weird, more moon-woven.

She was finding the bitterness in her nectar, discovering that bees sometimes rob poisonous nectaries to eke out

their honey, and was beginning to look with sick horror on her especial honeycomb, which had seemed so full of golden sweetness.

She was to remain a year with Mrs. Beauchamp; and just before they left for a quiet retreat in the mountains—Mrs. Beauchamp liked nature well enough to visit her *en famille*—the blow fell.

Sebastian Fabean, one evening, played *Claude Melnotte* to Mrs. Beauchamp's *Pauline*, in the closing performance of their dramatic club; and while they waited at the wings for their cue he bent his lofty, powdered head to the brim of her tremendous white satin hat, and the few words he murmured stirred the jewels on her ivory bosom into rainbows, as her heart beat quicker to their music.

The engagement was at once public property, and Bride's little white lips never quivered as she kissed her friend, whom she liked warmly, and whispered her congratulations; nor did she wince when it was decided that Mr. Fabean should accompany them to their Summer retreat.

She was a little absent and dreamy over India mualin and Valenciennes toiles, and her judgment was sometimes at fault in regard to artistic combinations of materials; but otherwise she was the same radiant creature as before.

If she grew more delicately fragile and flower-like every day, only one person noticed it—Mr. Fabean—and he was particularly careful to say nothing about it.

He had thrown the glamour of unreal love over her—if not in words, in long, deep glances; in songs full of sweet significance; in the thousand nameless ways a man of the world, who is radically nobler than his deeds, has at his command.

A strange remorse descended on him as he saw how truly the idle shafts had gone home, and how deeply they had bitten into the white bosom, a secret only known to himself, and more than once he found himself wondering what made his eyes keen enough to discover and interpret the faint signs of the deadly wound unseen by others.

He was pondering this problem one breathless July day, as he strolled down a tree-hung hill some distance from the little white hotel where they were staying, his gun on his shoulder and his retrievers smelling through the rank ferns which the intense, prolonged, fiery drought had left ready to crumble to powder at a touch.

There had been extensive bush-fires in the neighborhood, and the air was pungent with smoke; the sky, a haze with "Gheergis, the sun," red as with war-paint, marching wrathfully across its arch; and the atmosphere so oppressive that more than once he gasped for breath, as, with a quick stride, he made his way through the "dry-tongued," almost impenetrable, covert.

It was some time before the truth burst on him. He was flying, and the flames were in pursuit, with banners of smoke and spears of biting fire.

He was a brave man, and braced himself for the race with something of gay defiance of his swift foe.

"Mind and muscle against the blind forces of Nature," he said, with a half-laugh. "By Jove! it will be a neck-and-neck race! There's the wind following like a howling hound! How quickly it has risen!"

He flung aside his gun and launched himself forward. He was in fine condition; he prided himself on his iron muscles and magnificent lungs, just as he was vain of his faultless dark face and superb figure; but the wind was tireless, the drift-leaves sparkled into rubies almost before the lances of the flames struck them; and at last, with a half groan, he fell across a log, lying for a few moments stunned, and staggering up to find the flames nearer and his right arm smashed between wrist and elbow.



CYCLONES AND TORNADOES.—A RACE BETWEEN A TORNADO AND A LOCOMOTIVE.—SEE PAGE 279.

"I am lost," he said, quietly—"lost! Here is the river, but I cannot swim that frightful current with a broken arm; and as for crossing on that old tree—pshaw! I dare not even attempt it. Oh, Bride, Bride! my poor little love, my white darling! If I might only see you for a flash before the end, and ask you to forgive me!"

Half an hour before he was wondering vaguely if Diana Beauchamp was really his ideal, and half regretting the tie which bound him to that superb incarnation of Reserve Force. Now he found, as he stood listening to the plash of the river, that he had no ideal, and only loved, with the roused force of his whole nature, the weakling who—

He started—a fine, shrill, sweet voice struck his ear.

"Mr. Fabean! Oh, what are you dreaming of? Cross at once, or the flames will reach you!"

Two forms stood on the opposite bank—Mrs. Beau-

champ, loftily magnificent against the grayish haze; Bride, a tiny thing, sharply cut in sheer white against the same background, her transparent face smitten into rose by the angry red of the sun.

"I cannot," he called back across the roaring stream.

"I am afraid the end has come. At my best I never could cross such a bridge as that, and my arm is broken."

They were about fifty feet apart; between them the wrath of the river, with the mossy, half-crumbling log bridging it. Mrs. Beauchamp flung up her large, superb, perfect hands frantically.

"The flames will leap over directly. Oh, Bride, come! We can't save him, and we shall be burned to death! Oh, my God! how awful!"

"Go!" thundered Fabean. "You are right, Diana. Take her out of danger, for God's sake!"

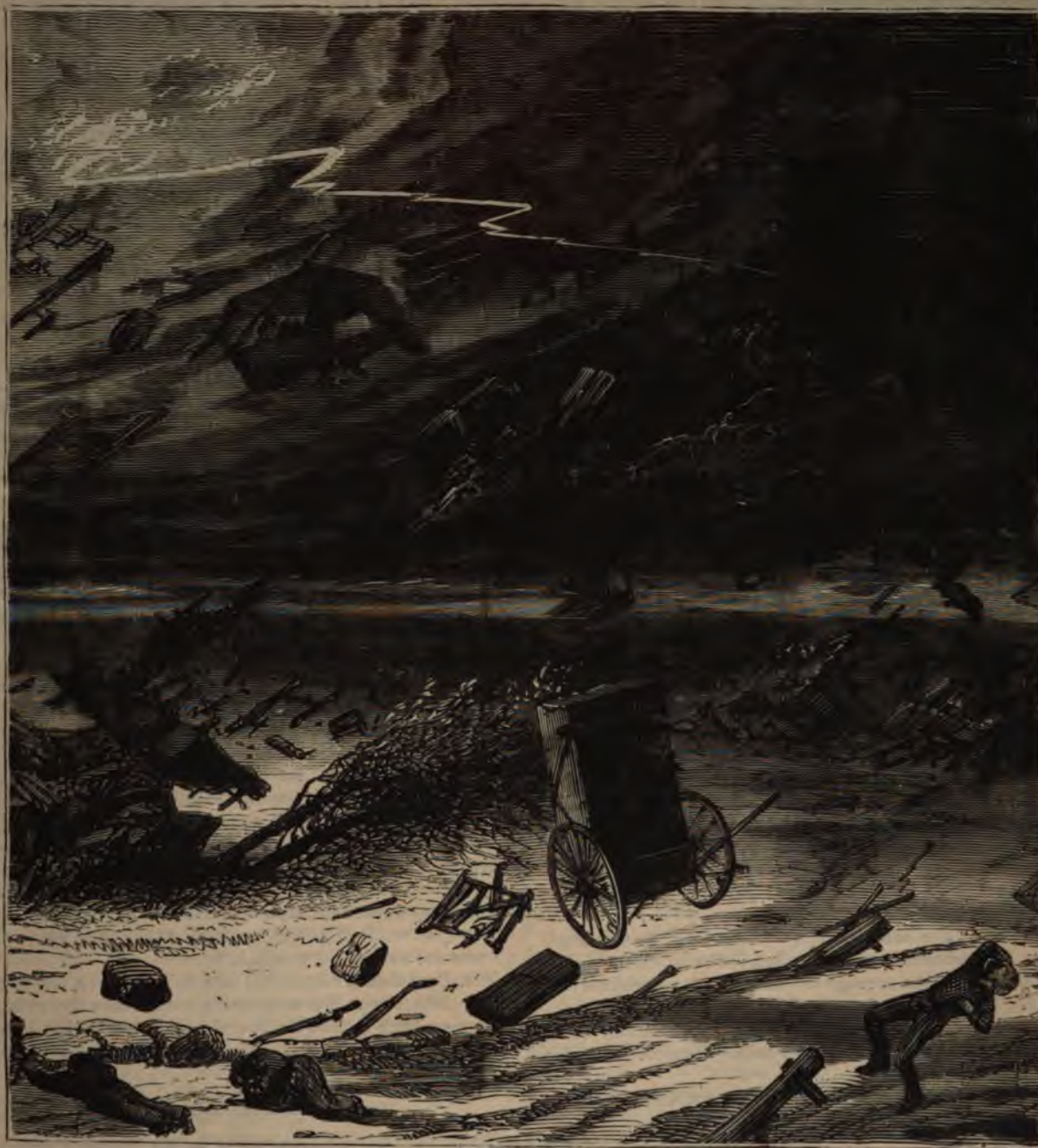


CYCLONES AND TORNADOES.—"THE WHIRLING AND SWEEPING DOWN OF A LONG POINT OF INKY BLACK CLOUD."

But Mrs. Beauchamp neither heard nor heeded. Winged by mortal terror, she was already vanishing through the opposite woods in mad flight. Bride stood motionless for a second, and in that second he stretched his hand toward her slightly, and his lips moved, but the increasing roar of the hurrying flames drowned the words on his lips. The

and Fabean braced himself proudly to meet his doom. For a second a great cloud of smoke tumbled between him and the opposite bank, and as it lifted its lurid fringes, he gave short, terrible cry.

Slowly, but with a firm step, and steady, brilliant, weird violet eyes fixed on him, Bride was crossing the



CYCLONES AND TORNADOES.—"I SAW IT STRIKE A HOUSE ABOUT A MILE DISTANT, SWEEPING IT UP AND SCATTERING IT LIKE CHAFF."—SEE PAGE 279.

gesture, however, was eloquent, and Bride smiled as she saw it.

"I love you," she said to him, in her heart, "and I will try and save you, to be happy with your choice. You never meant, I know, to wound me to death. You are sorry for it now, I know. No, he never intended to break my heart."

The smoke was beginning to roll down in tremendous whirls of lurid yellow, beaded with sparks of flying fire,

dizzy bridge, and even as he looked, a spark lighted on her white dress, but fell redly from it into the seething water. For the next moment he died a thousand deaths in the agony of watching her on her terrible journey—in the wonder and terror at her daring.

"Are you mad?" he asked, fiercely, as she at length laid her fragile snowflake of a hand on his. "Oh, my darling, my darling! go back while you can; but before you go, forgive me."

"I knew you could not cross alone," she said, trembling with girlish terror of the danger she was in, but with gentle, steadfast eyes fixed starlike on his proud, blanched, agonized face. "I have heard you say you were always tempted to fling yourself headlong into swiftly running water. See, I can guide you across if you will let me tie my handkerchief over your eyes. I am sure of it. It is your only chance, I know."

The blood rushed to his temples.

"No," he said, haughtily. "I am not such a paltroon as to destroy you in a vain attempt to save my worthless life. Go—I bid you go—while there is time!"

"I shall not go without you," she said, gently. "Do you dislike me so much that you will not let me save you for—for Diana's sake, whom we both love? Oh, Mr. Fabean, come! See, the flames are snatching at us! I shall not go without you; but this is terrible! Oh, the fiery heat!"

She crossed toward him with wide, wild eyes on his and he saw that she would not leave him."

"Do as you will, Bride," he said.

He knelt before her while she swiftly covered his eyes with her handkerchief, her fingers like ice where they touched his burning flesh, but steady as marble.

"Bride, he said, still kneeling before her, "kiss me and forgive me before we both die, for I am certain neither of us will reach the opposite bank alive. My only love—my one and only love!"

"I do forgive you," she said, tremulously, and added, piteously, "Oh, Sebastian, never flirt with a woman again. You have broken my heart. No, I can't kiss you. I think it would kill me. Come, let us go. We can wait no longer."

How they made that terrible journey he never could remember.

He felt his strong right hand resting on her delicate shoulder, hers clasping it as he walked behind her, the smoke suffocating him, the roar of the water like a hurricane in his ears.

How steadily the dainty little creature moved: how firm was the clasp of that little white hand on his! how gentle the silver of the tender voice speaking to him when at last the log was crossed and safety was won!

He snatched the handkerchief from his eyes, and gave her one long, piercing look—wild, pleading, full of anguish.

She returned it, her very lips like snow, her eyes sweet and steadfast.

"Come," she said, gently. "Diana will be so dreadfully frightened! Come to her. She is yours."

That was all the revenge she took, but it pierced his very soul. He lifted her hand and looked at it.

"A little white hand," he said, "but strong as an angel's, and it might have been mine—it might have been mine."

"Yes," she said, steadily, "once, but not now."

* * * *

"I snared a wide-winged albatross,
I built a nest of softest moss;

"I wove its sides of osiers white,
I shaded it with roses bright;

"I hung it on a myrtle-tree
Leagues distant from the calling sea;

"This nest of blossoms, reeds and moss,
I built for my wild albatross.

"Wild bird," I said, "I love thee well,
Thou in my dearest bow'r shall dwell,

"Nor shalt thou more on tempest toss,
Thou wide-wing'd, bright-eyed albatross.

"I wander'd, singing, thro' the trees,
I robbed the homeward hurrying bees.

"Wild bird," I said, "no more for thee
Rank, scaly food from yeasting sea;

"But flow'r and scented clover-field
Thy honeyed feast shall gladly yield.

"With me thou'lt mourn nor change nor loss,
My wide-winged, bright-ey'd albatross."

"All night a fear sang low to me,
And told me of the distant sea;

"At dawn I sped the lawn across,
I sought the nest of reeds and moss;

"Spurn'd to dead leaves the roses fell;
The osiers I had knit so well

"Lay tangled with the velvet moss—
Gone was my wide-winged albatross!

"O Voice of Night! O strong soul'd sea!
That lured my albatross from me!"

"Where did you find the *motif* of that melancholy song, Bride?" asked Mrs. Beauchamp—a lofty form of silver in the moonlit window. "Not in your own experience, I am sure."

"In the mouth of Shakespeare's *Rosalind*," said Bride, placidly, "where she says, 'Love is a cage of rushes.' Don't you remember?"

"Yes, I remember," said Mrs. Beauchamp, restlessly; "and it is a 'cage of rushes,' where it ought to be a fortress of alabaster overlying granite. I wonder *can* a nature help its inconstancy?"

"Are you inconstant, Diana?" she asked, curiously, and laughing. "You do not look so, dear."

"I *am*"—passionately—"I confess it. I am tired of this engagement. In fact, dear child, Fabean is too aspiring for me. It turns out the man has a soul, and tries to live up to his own idea of it."

"Like the æsthetic servant-maid who wished to 'live up' to the blue china teapot," said the musical voice of the owner of the soul from a shadowy chair.

Bride and Mrs. Beauchamp started violently.

Mr. Fabean sauntered into the moonlight as superb as ever, his arm still in a sling, but the light of laughter in his eyes as they turned on Mrs. Beauchamp.

"Do you really object to my—soul?" he asked, gravely. "I was not aware that you did."

Mrs. Beauchamp's beautiful face lighted into a very gay smile. She swept her white satin train across the room. They were back in New York, and were going to the opera presently with Bride, who, in her silver tissue and pearls, looked like—

"A bead of wampum
On the robes of the Great Spirit."

and laid her lovely strong hands on Mr. Fabean's shoulders.

"Sebastian," she said, shaking her lovely, lofty, diamond-wreathed head, "I do not object so much to your soul as I do to your—heart."

Mr. Fabean winced, and blushed as he had not done since he was seventeen. Bride's golden head drooped behind the wax tapers on the piano, her silvery cheeks flamed like daffodils, her fingers lay pinkly on the mother-of-pearl keys.

"Yes, your heart," said Mrs. Beauchamp, more seriously. "I am not so blind as Cupid, fortunately for us both. And

I think—I am sure it is just as well we should for the second time

'Holt our sails of silk
And flee away from each other.'

I have fallen out of love, Sebastian. I'm afraid I never can remain long at a time in the rosy quagmire. We are a remorseless pair of flirts, *mon ami*. There! You have the grace not to protest at all, and here is your diamond. You and I are equally tired of its pretty, glittering lie, I think."

"But let us be friends," he said, kissing her hand, gratefully; "at least we can be that, Diana."

"Oh, of course—why not? We were always too friendly to make very constant lovers, I think. We amused each other this past Summer a little, and one can't expect more. Don't run away, Bride. You must entertain Sebastian while I run up-stairs—I forgot my bouquet."

She went away with her white teeth showing merrily, a cloud of perfume about her, the rich *frou-frou* of lace and satin, the starry splendor of diamonds. A regal, superb, kindly, inconstant woman, incapable of a strong or lasting love, but full of gentle, everyday likings and amiabilities.

Mr. Fabean turned and looked at Bride, who grew very pale under the gaze which seemed to pierce her very soul.

"Bride," he said, quietly, "I am free. Oh, my God! how much that means! I may have been a flirt; but I have had but one love. I shall never have another—and—I dare not ask her to give me love for love. She says I broke her heart—did I, Bride? That valiant, tender little creature's heart, who saved my life!"

"I thought it was broken," confessed Bride, blushing, "until just this moment; but if it is, you may have the pieces and—mend it, if you can; and—oh, Sebastian?"

"Yes, my little love. What is it?"

"You are sure you do not love poor Diana? I thought she was your—your ideal of reserve force, you know."

She healed the wound this little shaft made by drifting in her silver tissues, starlike, into his sound arm, and dropping her head wearily upon it.

"I have been so tired of late," she said, sadly, and added, joyously; "but I shall never feel tired again, Sebastian. You never intended to hurt my heart, I know, and it is all yours—all yours."

"We always return to our first loves," said Mrs. Beauchamp, triumphantly, putting her hand over his shoulder to pull Bride's little waxen ear. "I thought I was right in certain surmises of mine during the past six weeks. Thank the gods, Sebastian, who made Diana Beauchamp inconstant—and let us go. I don't want to miss a note of 'Lohengrin.' Here, Fabean, take this darling little white hand from me. It is very strong in its weakness, credit me, *mon ami*. I believe," archly, "you have found your ideal of reserve force, after all."

"I am sure of it," he said, with quiet triumph, and a rather boyish and rapturous hug of the silver tissues. "Is not she a small, white morsel of humanity to have captured me, Diana?"

Bride looked a little wistful as the two superb, lofty people stood smiling down at her as she stood before them, a little astral speck in a silver cloud.

"You seem made for each other," she said, admiringly, "you are so well matched."

"Except in the statutes of our souls," said Mrs. Beauchamp, laughing; "Sebastian has a large, if a nebulous one. It will solidify into a star some day, now that he has given up flirtation. Mine is barely large enough to swear by. Do come. Maud Hammond and Mrs. Shelby have a little Scotch earl on exhibition, and if fate is kind,

I may take him from them. He will be in the Shelby box this evening."

"Was that the reason you jilted me?" asked Sebastian, as he rolled Bride up in satin and silver fox. "Come, confess, Diana."

"No, you dear, foolish fellow," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "I did not care about you, and I saw the compliment was reciprocal—that was the reason."

But for all that, she married the earl.

CYCLONES AND TORNADOES.

BY FREDERICK GRUNDY.

LET any man who thinks there is anything trivial or facetious about a tornado or a cyclone try his hand at wrestling with one. We will venture ten to one that he comes out a splendid subject for a medical college.

I have had the pleasure (?) of being run over by two cyclones and one tornado, and having my eyes open—as long as circumstances would permit—and wits about me, I think I know whereof I speak.

Many people have an idea that a tornado and a cyclone are one and the same thing, but that is where they are mistaken. A tornado has a straight forward and sometimes downward motion. According to my observations, they are caused by two winds of about equal strength, coming together and darting forward in the shape of a V, the destroying point rarely exceeding 150 feet in width. They travel with great velocity, two to ten miles, destroying everything in their course, then vanish as quickly as they formed.

A cyclone is a powerful monster whirlwind, full of and largely held together by electricity. The outside whirls downward, exerting a tremendous pressure toward the inner circle, where the suction more than equals the outside pressure.

I believe a majority of the cyclones that sweep over the prairies of the Western States have this motion, though it is scarcely possible to determine what kind of a motion they have by an examination of their track. The trees and bushes on either side invariably incline toward the centre, and show plainly that the pressure was in that direction, but the ruins directly in the track rarely give any indication of greatest pressure.

In the case of a tornado proper, the bark will be peeled off the trees on the side whence the storm came; but in a genuine cyclone it is likely to be peeled from the opposite side, especially if the storm is heavily surcharged with electricity.

A building standing directly in the centre of a cyclone's path will almost invariably be reduced to splinters, and the greater portion, if not all, swept away. Should it stand on either side of the centre, however, it may be crushed flat where it stood, split open, or simply thrown off its foundation. In the latter case, if it is strongly constructed, it may receive no further injury.

When a cyclone runs over a hill, the pressure on the earth as it rises is simply incredible, and the roar terrific. As it descends on the other side it is somewhat lighter for a short distance. When it suddenly leaps over a high bluff the roar seems to die away for a few seconds to a deep, hoarse gurgle.

The noise made by a cyclone passing through heavy timber is enough to make the stoutest heart quail. The deafening thunder, the crash and boom of falling trees and flying branches, and the ominous, deep, hollow roar above all, make up a din that sends animals and birds, two miles away, trembling into corners and under cover.

A cyclone can only be seen in its glory and entirely when crossing an open country and passing the observer one or two miles distant. Then the view from earth to dome of cloud is inexpressibly grand. When standing directly in front of one, the sight is so appalling that a person must have steady nerves, a good and secure place to hide, and nothing at stake, to look the swift-advancing grim destroyer in the face and note the peculiarities of its rapidly changing front.

As they are rarely more than 300 feet wide, it is an easy matter for a mounted man to get out of the way of one if it comes in the daytime. Their peculiar roar can be heard a long distance, and easily distinguished from continuous thunder by any person who has ever heard one.

In an open country they can be plainly seen and their true character detected by a close observer while yet several miles distant.

Several years ago I saw one arise in the northern part of Illinois, and watched its course fully twenty miles as it passed me nine miles distant. I could distinctly hear its peculiar roar, and knew by its dark and grim appearance, and the rapidity of its movements, what it was.

Its course was from southwest to northeast, and it destroyed an immense amount of property, besides killing or maiming upward of thirty persons. It ran over sixty miles, and when at its worst was nearly 600 feet wide. The rain and wind storm that accompanied it was the most severe ever known in that section of the country.

I once sat on a horse on an open prairie and watched one form about a mile west of me. My attention was first called to it by the peculiar noise it made, and the whirling and sweeping down of a long point of inky black cloud. A moment afterward it struck a wide pond, and instantly a rapidly revolving column of water, as thick as a man's body, shot upward into the heavy cloud above. As soon as it had crossed the pond, the lower end of the column was broken off and the whole was swiftly drawn up and disappeared in the surging cloud overhead.

About a minute after, it came tearing past me about fifty yards off, splitting the grass into shreds, and sweeping it

down like a giant broom. There was a heavy rain-storm prevailing about a mile northeast of me, and its course was in that direction. It was only about thirty feet wide when it passed me, but it rapidly increased in size, and soon assumed the form of an immense funnel, extending from the earth to the clouds, and became black as soot, the lightning darting in and out of it continually.

Soon after it passed me it struck a boy on horseback, who was too frightened to get out of the way. It threw the boy about fifty feet to one side and broke his leg. The horse was carried about a hundred yards, thrown violently on the ground and instantly killed.

This cyclone ran a course of about thirty miles, destroyed thousands of dollars worth of property, killed six persons and severely injured fifteen or twenty more.

One sultry August afternoon I was examining and repairing a line of pasture fence nearly a mile from home. Coming to a little clump of willow-trees, I lay down in their shade, covered my face with my handkerchief, and dropped into a quiet snooze.

I had previously noticed a bank of clouds in the north, and another in the west, but as they appeared rather light and fleecy, I concluded there was no immediate prospect of rain.

I had slept about an hour,

when I was suddenly awakened by a deep, ominous rumble. I sprang up just in time to see two immense storm-clouds—one moving east and the other south—come together. They were about two miles distant, and as they closed, each seemed to give vent to a terrible roar of defiance.

Lightning darted up, down and through them in all directions, and the incessant explosions of thunder fairly made the earth tremble. There was a mighty whirling and surging above, then suddenly a point of dense black cloud darted forward and downward, directly toward where I stood. It struck the earth with a boom about half a mile away, and came rushing on with a roar. I saw it shatter a fence and a little grove of maples, then I concluded it was time to look out for number one. I lay down among the willows, got a firm hold on a thick root that protruded above the ground, and awaited my fate.



"THE OTHER CHILD WAS CARRIED NEARLY THREE HUNDRED FEET, AND THROWN INTO THE TOP OF A CRAB TREE."



GENERAL APPEARANCE OF COUNTRY AFTER PASSAGE OF A TORNADO.—FROM AN ACTUAL SKETCH IN 1865.

On it came, thick, black and irresistible. There was a crash, and the entire clump of willows were swept off like icicles. Something struck me a violent blow on the shoulder, tore my vest open down the back, and I felt as though the very life was being crushed out of me; but I held my breath and stuck like a leech. It didn't last very long, but it was pretty rough while it did, and it was fol-

lowed by a perfect deluge of rain, lasting thirty or forty minutes.

That was a regular tornado. Its course was in a direct line, and everything was swept clean and straight before it. It was twenty feet wide when it struck the earth, and it ran five and a half miles, gradually expanding to 400 feet, when it lost its destructive force and died away. It



TORNADO STRIKING TIMBER.

cut a clean swath through several cornfields, demolished a couple of shanties, scattered several haystacks, smashed a few farming implements, killed eleven head of cattle and one horse, and chopped up a couple of families pretty badly, but killed nobody.

My next experience was with a cyclone of the first water. It was a very warm day in the month of June. A light breeze was blowing from the southwest, and not a cloud was to be seen. I was hoeing the weeds out of a grove of young trees. About three o'clock in the afternoon I raised myself up, and for the hundredth time eagerly scanned the western horizon for signs of rain, wind, or anything to cool the heated atmosphere. This time I was rewarded with a view of the upper edge of a healthy-appearing storm-cloud looming up in the southwest.

Watching it a few minutes, I was somewhat surprised at the rapidity of its movements. When it came into full view I carefully examined it, and saw that it differed in no respect from ordinary Summer storm-clouds, except in intense blackness and celerity of motion. I had no idea that it was a cyclone, but I soon saw that it was no ordinary storm.

In less than an hour from the time I first saw the cloud I could hear the heavy peals of thunder. I was a little over a quarter of a mile from home, and as the storm was coming straight toward me, I determined to do as I'd often done before—get under a three-year-old osage hedge close by and take it.

I had a common rubber overcoat, which I used to cover a jug of water with me, and I knew it would protect me from the rain, and I rather liked to double up under it and see a storm whoop it up; so I selected a good spot under the hedge and piled some grass upon it for a seat. When this was done I took another good look at the coming storm. It was about six miles away, and coming with a rush, and its appearance was anything but assuring. The thunder was heavy and continuous, and as I looked and listened I suddenly detected the deep, hollow roar of a cyclone, then I saw it.

It was of the regular funnel shape, only the lower end seemed wider than common. The heavy black clouds rolled and boiled high up above the centre, while they seemed to rush into and be swept down the outside with a whirl. Vivid lightning darted in and out of it incessantly, sometimes shooting far into the clear sky overhead, but oftener down and through the circling mass.

While I was noting these peculiarities and, wishing I was somewhere else, I saw it strike a house about a mile distant, sweeping it up and scattering it like chaff. I wrapped my coat tight around me, and lying flat down on the lee side of the hedge, selected two of the strongest plants near together, and took a firm hold of them close to the roots.

As the cyclone drew near the leaves and grass, and even my hair, were drawn upward, as though by a strong wind. I took a last look through the hedge at the grim monster, then grit my teeth and gripped my plants.

The next moment everything vanished in the deep gloom, there was a terrible whizzing roar, and in an instant I was jerked up and banged around against the hedge, then wrenched and twisted into a dozen shapes, flopped up and down, and whipped by the hedge until I fairly howled, but I knew it was certain destruction to let go, so I hung on and took it.

It was gone as suddenly as it came, and it left me lying across the hedgerow exhausted, cut, bruised and literally plastered with mud and straw from head to foot. My rubber coat was split and torn to shreds from the waist down.

The hedge looked as though it had been combed with a Cyclopean steel comb. All the leaves were gone, the ends of the limbs whipped into brushes, and the bark split open and peeled off in many places clear to the roots.

My hands were fearfully lacerated. I had wrenched the bark from both of the plants I held to, and drawn one of them out of the ground about four inches. Had the roots broken, my remains would have been scattered to the four winds. My hoe and jug of water had disappeared for ever.

The cyclone was closely followed by a drenching rain, and I stood up to let it wash me off. I felt rather sore, and decided that experimenting with cyclones was rather too severe on my frame to be funny.

This cyclone commenced its career of destruction about forty miles west of where I interviewed it. It formed on an open prairie, ran seven and a half miles, crossing a strip of heavy timber a mile wide, then, without any apparent cause, bounded up to the clouds, whirled along twenty-one miles, then again descended, and ran nearly fifteen miles, when it lost its force and dissolved.

It was fifty feet wide when it began, and gradually spread to 130 feet, where it bounded up. When it again struck the earth it was about eighty feet wide, slowly expanding to 450, where it expired. It was 390 feet wide when it ran over me.

Everything in its course was shattered and swept away. Animals were killed and covered with mud; chickens denuded of feathers, and in many instances torn to pieces. It totally destroyed eleven houses, and unroofed, threw over, or split open, fourteen more; it killed eight persons outright, and crippled or severely injured between twenty and thirty.

Fortunately, its course lay over a thinly settled country, or the destruction of life and property would have been appalling.

I think its force had declined to a considerable extent when it passed over me, because three miles west, where it ran through a farmyard, it picked up a brand-new farm-wagon, and reduced it to kindling-wood. Only a small portion of the heavy iron tire of one wheel was ever found, and that was firmly wrapped twice around the stump of an apple-tree.

Where the cyclone passed through the strip of timber on its first run, it struck a small house made of heavy logs, picked it up clean, and rubbed the ground so hard that no one could tell where it stood. Only one log of that house was ever found, and that one was stuck up in a cornfield two miles distant, one end being driven into the ground nearly five feet.

A family consisting of a man, woman and two children occupied the house, and they ran out just before the cyclone struck it. The man was nearly killed, being crushed by a heavy stick of timber. The woman, with one child in her arms, was sent spinning into a deep ravine, and escaped with a few bruises. The other child was carried nearly 300 feet, and thrown into the top of a crab-tree, where it was found considerably scratched and torn, and howling lustily, but not seriously injured.

It would require a whole volume to describe the wonderful capers it cut, and the destruction it wrought in its wild career. Many superstitious persons honestly believed it was the devil, and were ready to swear that the cloud was full of blue flame, and that everything it touched had a sulphurous smell long after the storm passed.

My last experience was in the night, and of all the terrible mishaps that can befall a man in the dead hour of night, nothing is more appalling than an attack by a

cyclone. If he has a cellar, cave, or nearly dry well to bolt into, and has time to get there, he may escape. If he has no such fastness to hide in, he is "in a bad state of fix," and his only alternative is to "grab a root."

I was occupying with another man a light frame shanty set up on the open prairie. He was breaking up sod for wheat, and I cooked and managed the shanty business.

One hot night, just before retiring, I called the attention of my partner to the rapidly-flashing lightning low down in the southeast. He glanced at it, hoped it would reach us, and be a soaker, because we needed it badly. His wish was emphatically gratified.

About eleven o'clock we were suddenly awakened by a terrible crashing and booming of thunder close at hand. We jerked on our trousers and ran out. The whole heavens were ablaze with electricity, and the fearful roar overhead and just southeast of us soon convinced us there was trouble adjacent.

We had driven two stakes firmly down near the well to tie the horses to when watering, and we both thought of them at the same time. We had just time to reach them, throw ourselves down and secure a good hold, when a ripping cyclone burst upon us in all its fury.

It was about 200 feet wide, and, fortunately for us, we were near the outside of it. We were treated to a severe wrenching and pounding, and were nearly suffocated with mud and dirty water, but we escaped with whole bones.

Our shanty, with all its contents, had vanished like a dream, and we were left exposed to one of the coldest and

fiercest rainstorms I ever experienced. We suffered terribly. The vivid lightning totally blinded us, but we were compelled to slash around to keep alive, and in doing so my partner ran into the open well, and plumped head foremost to the bottom.

Luckily, it was only ten feet deep, and had about four feet of water in it, so he escaped serious injury, though nearly frightened to death. I had to take off my trousers and use them as rope to draw him out.

We then started off in what we supposed to be the direction of our nearest neighbor, about a mile distant. The rain ceased falling soon after, but it was dark as soot, and daybreak found us, two stiff, sore, dirty and forlorn-looking bipeds, dragging ourselves along less than 300 yards from where we started over three hours before. We had been prancing round in a circle over about six acres of ground all night.

We found our three horses at the house of a farmer four miles distant. They had apparently broken loose, and fled on the approach of the storm.

The next day we followed the track of the cyclone a couple of miles in search of our shanty, clothing and cooking utensils, but with the exception of a few splinters, we found nothing to indicate that such things had ever passed that way.

We never heard of the cyclone afterward, so we suppose it did no further damage. My benighted partner emphatically declared that it was gotten up "just to clean us two poor cusses out." And that it did most effectually.

LOVE IN THE WOODS.

BY W. O. STODDARD.

GREAT States have now been carved out of that part of the old "Northwestern Territory" lying west of the Mississippi; but in those days it was still an almost unbroken wilderness of prairies, lakes and forests. Here and there a few adventurous settlers were working their way in, but their clearings were few and far between, and the redmen, the hunters and the trappers had things very much their own way, with some occasional assistance and interference from the authorities at Washington and the army detachments, posted at the several forts.

The history of the times has in it an abundance of variety, not to say of romance, for it consists mainly of a series of efforts to pacify as many Indian tribes, or parts of tribes, as possible, while those who refused to be pacified were being whipped into good behavior.

It had, therefore, been a matter of some importance to the commander of what we will call Fort Berry, as well as to the great men from the East who were helping him, when it was found that the Snake Lake band of Sioux Indians were unrepresented at the "Big talk." The other bands were there, or their leading chiefs and warriors were, accompanied by squaws enough to spend their annuities for them and carry home their presents.

"This will never answer," was the sagacious remark of Colonel Clark to the commissioners; "all the mischief the rest may cut out on the whole frontier this Fall and Winter will be laid to the Snake Lake rascals, and we shall not know whom to call to account for it. Besides, old Sa-ke-to-mah has been one of the best of them all, and he has a tremendous influence with his tribe."

"He must be a very old man."

"Yes; he does not go on any more warpaths, but he has plenty of active young chiefs and braves."

"Any sons?"

"Not now. He had three, but they were ambitious young wolves, and got themselves all knocked on the head, one after another, in their scalp-haunts. He's got a daughter, though—the beauty of the woods. By all odds the handsomest squaw you ever saw."

"Never saw her."

"I did, then. Why, three or four of our young officers, not to speak of scouts and trappers, went clean wild over her last year when she was here with her father."

"I'd like to see her," said one of the younger great men. "I've heard all sorts of moonshine about beautiful squaws, but I never saw one yet. Reckon they leave 'em at home when they come to the fort."

"Wish they would, then," replied the colonel. "They make more mischief than all the rest."

The veteran Indian fighter had made a very fair guess at what was the matter with the Snake Lake band—a good deal better than he was at all aware of.

He had not contented himself with guessing, however, for he had taken some pains to learn the real purposes of Sa-ke-to-mah. That is, he had accepted an offer from one of his best scouts to go and find out what they were about, and he had not troubled himself to ask Byrd Nolan why he should undertake a service of so much peril.

It was just like Nolan, in fact, to attempt that or any other audacious and unusual thing, and to make a very good fist at performing it, too.

A handsome fellow was Nolan, a first-rate hunter, trapper, horseman, boatman, dancer, and a good deal of a backwoods dandy, withal.

A general favorite, but somehow he had never yet attached himself to the apron-strings of any one of the many border beauties who had admired his dancing, or wondered over the stories told of his marvelous adventures.

"Would he never settle down," they asked themselves, "and have a wife and a farm and children of his own?"

And nobody had been able to give an answer to that question—not even Byrd Nolan himself.

He was a rapid traveler, however, and he had been pushing through the wilderness for several days before Colonel Clark had that talk with the commissioners. He had even reached the shore of the long, narrow, crooked sheet of water whose name so well described it.

The camp of Sa-ke-to-mah's band of Sioux was on the northern shore—as much for safety as anything else; and Nolan lurked from bush to bush, undetected by human eyes, until he found himself on that side, several miles

And the lurking scout had no manner of idea how good a thing he might have done for himself by pulling the trigger of the trusty piece with which he was even then "drawing a bead" on the bare ribs of the forest chieftain.

For Eagle-father was himself "out on a scout," and it had been a fruitless one. It had failed, too, because the individual whom he was following, or, rather, trying to follow, was even then enjoying the fun of following him.

Fun it was, and no belle of the pale-faces would have enjoyed it better than did the smiling and light-footed Lo-hia-no-vis, as she slipped from tree to tree toward that dense thicket of red tufted sumach-bushes.

She had no intention of meeting Eagle-father in the



'TIS OPPORTUNITY THAT MAKES THE THIEF.—FROM THE PICTURE BY THOMAS GEORGE COOPER.

below the head of the lake, and perilously near the wigwams of the red men.

He had his reasons for not making his presence known, and one of them was, doubtless, that he desired to get back alive to Fort Berry with such information as he might gather.

For the same reasons, very likely, he lay still in the cover he had chosen for nearly an entire day, although more than a dozen braves, of all sorts and sizes, passed within hailing distance of him. He was not naturally a patient man, and, still as he kept himself, his uneasiness was expressed in a hundred ways.

"Pity I can't knock over a few of 'em," he muttered, as a tall, dark, ugly-looking savage strode along within easy rifle-shot. "There's Eagle-feather himself, if I'm not mistaken. The worst of the whole lot. If some-body'd let daylight into him now, I reckon 'twouldn't be so hard to manage the rest."

woods, so far from the shelter of her father's lodge, but neither had she any warning of the surprise which was waiting for her among the bushes.

"Lo-hia-no-vis! I've been waiting for you?"

"Nolan? You here?"

He had risen to his feet and stood before her, holding out his hand. He thought he had never before seen her look so handsome, and how should he have known that the Indian maiden was thinking the same of him!

She could speak little English, but he could do a great deal better with her native tongue, so that there was nothing to hinder their conversation with so many signs and gestures to help them out.

As the daughter of a chief, and a spoiled child at that, she had acquired just enough of pride—perhaps of willfulness—to deliver her bearing from the subdued "squaw look" too common among the downtrodden drudges of the wigwams and lodges.

LOVE IN THE WOODS.

Just now, however, the expression of her face was one of the deepest anxiety.

"Here I am," said Nolan. "Are you sorry to see me? I did not expect that."

"Oh, why did you come? They will kill you. They are digging up the hatchet. My father cannot stop them."

"I came to see Lo-hia-no-vis. She is not glad to see me, so I will go home again."

When they had met at the fort the year before, it had been in a gay and noisy crowd, and this was the first time they had ever looked one another in the face with no other eyes to note how long the look might be.

She had been gazing at him very earnestly while he spoke, and she replied:

"Eagle-feather followed me into the woods. He is near. If he should find us we would both die."

"Or he would, perhaps," said Nolan, touching his rifle. "Do you mean they are already on the warpath?"

"No, but they soon will be. It is all his work—his and a few of the young braves. They will not talk peace."

"They had better, then. But are you really sorry I came?"

He did look so wonderfully manly and handsome to the eyes of Lo-hia-no-vis, she even began to understand why it was that the young chiefs of her own tribe had seemed so repulsive to her, ever since her visit to Fort Berry.

"Can I be turning into a paleface," she muttered, "as they tell me I am?" And then she said aloud, in English, "Lo-hia-no-vis glad to see friend. Not glad have him killed. He better go. Come again some day."

That was a good deal, coming from the daughter of Sa-



LOVE IN THE WOODS.—"PIERRE," EXCLAIMED BYRD, AS HE CAUGHT HIS HAND, 'YOU WON'T GO IN TOO FAR FROM THE SHORE—THAT IS, IF YOU LAND?'"

ke-to-mah, and Nolan felt that he must not ask for much more just then.

Still, the answering look he gave her went far toward explaining why he had volunteered on that peculiarly dangerous scouting expedition.

If she had not forgotten the meeting at the fort, neither had he, and he proceeded to explain to her very plainly that he had been hiding there in the woods in the hope of seeing her, and had expected to wait for days, instead of having her come to him as soon as this.

"I did not know you were here," she smilingly replied.

"But would you have come if you had known?"

"Lo-hia-no-vis not want friend get himself killed! Come tell him. How you get away? Got canoe?"

"No; I came around the head of the lake. Sorry Sa-ke-to-mah can't be peaceable."

"It's Eagle-feather's fault. They go on warpath next moon. Long path. Many scalps."

"May lose their own. Well, I'll go now. See what I've brought you."

He held out a glittering pair of silver bracelets as he spoke, which had cost him half a dozen prime beaver-skins, and were worthy the plump wrists of Lo-hia-no-vis.

It was a strong appeal to the heart of an Indian maiden that a hunter of Nolan's race and rank should risk his life to bring her such a present.

How could she have found it in her heart to reject it? She did not try, but she would not have dared put them on then and there.

Just for one happy moment she clasped them in their places, and saw how beautifully bright they were, but the next she hid them in the bosom of her deerskin dress.

"Thank—very great thank."



LOVE IN THE WOODS.—"THE LEADING BRAVE STRUCK AN ATTITUDE, WITH HIS GUN IN ONE HAND, AND HIS OTHER POINTING TO THE TALL FEATHER ON HIS HEAD."

Lo-hia-no-vis wear by-and-by. Not forget. Go now. Better not have canoe. Many Indian canoe on lake. More come."

"Ah!" thought Nolan. "Braves to join 'em from the other bands. A long warpath means a raid on the settlements. I can't get back too soon—that's a fact. She wouldn't go with me, neither. But isn't she splendid?"

"What think?" she asked him, as he pondered the matter. "No time think. Save scalp."

But he did not tell her at least a part of what he had been thinking, and he added a promise that, on that day two weeks, he would come to the shore of the lake near that spot, and would wait for her there, or in the sumach-bushes.

"Maybe can't come."

"You or I?"

"Maybe you, maybe Lo-hia-no-vis. Glad see friend if can. Good-by—must go."

And she was gone, with a swift, bounding movement, and Nolan, as he looked after her through the bushes, understood the meaning of her haste.

Eagle-feather had turned in his tracks again, and was once more in sight, peering among the trees and the tangled undergrowth.

It was, indeed, time for the scout to be moving, and he had all the news he needed to carry to the fort.

He was heartily complimented by Colonel Clark on his arrival, and it was decided, as a matter of course, that a blow should be struck at Sa-ke-to-mah's band before they had a chance to make their "long warpath."

"It'll be a good lesson to all the others," said the colonel, "and help them keep their promises through the Winter."

And it was equally a matter of course that when Byrd Nolan again proposed to scout in the advance of the detachment of troops, with three men of his own choosing, his offer was promptly accepted.

CREEPING through the woods, on the constant lookout for danger, is a slow kind of traveling, and, what with coming and going, and the time wasted at the fort in getting two full companies of riflemen out of it without alarming the whole Sioux nation, nearly the two weeks set by Byrd Nolan in his promise to Lo-hia-no-vis had been consumed before he again came in sight of Snake Lake. Nor had he any certainty of finding a single lodge of Sa-ke-to-mah's band when he got there. It was to find about that that he and his three friends were sent.

Prime fellows were those three. Pierre Duval, a Canadian *voyageur*, whose tough and wiry frame had seen service over the wide domains of the Hudson Bay Company; Big Josh Grain, whose fifty years did not prevent his being still a masterland with either ax or rifle. Best of all, there was Byrd's brother Tom, even handsomer than himself, and as good a woodsman.

"We'd best keep about my old trail," said Byrd. "If their suspicions are up they'll be watching for us lower down the lake."

"Hullo!" exclaimed Tom, "if there ain't a canoe hauled up ashore."

"Hush! somebody brought it."

There it was, however, and both large and in good condition, with a pair of paddles lying in the bottom, and not a living soul near it.

"We must borrow that canoe," said Josh, "if it's only to keep it's owner from using it just now. Pierre and I'll cut across and see what we can see, and you two come around and join us. There isn't another canoe in sight."

"Don't know how many may be along shore," said Tom Nolan. "Will that do, Byrd? You're kind o' captain of this scout."

Byrd thought a moment, but Josh Grain had almost instantly shoved the canoe into the water, sprang in and caught up a paddle, and Pierre showed signs of following him."

"Pierre," exclaimed Byrd, as he caught his hand and detained him, "you won't go in too far from the shore—that is, if you land?"

"No; my scalp's worth somethin'."

"Then cut across, and run along up two or three miles. Tom and I'll work round the head of the lake. It's just as likely as not we may need a canoe to get back with."

A few words more and they were off.

"Now, Tom," said Byrd, "I'll take the shore close in, and you keep the woods a few hundred yards from the beach. That'll be within helping distance, and we may find something. I a'most wish I was in the boat, for I was never so dog-tired in my life."

"No wonder," said Tom; "I don't reckon you've slept a wink since we left the fort."

Neither he had, scarcely, but not even his brother knew what it was that had made him so uncommonly wakeful and active. There was a good deal more than usual for him depending on the results of that expedition.

In fact, there had more been going on already than he knew of, for Lo-hia-no-vis had kept to herself, in her talk with him, the secret of her clan's hostility.

She was the secret herself.

Sa-ke-to-mah was too old a man to retain much more than a nominal position as head chief of his band, and such rising leaders as Eagle-feather were quite keen enough to see that a good deal of his influence would be likely to settle on the shoulders of his son-in-law if Lo-hia-no-vis could be persuaded to give him one.

Therefore, and as she was also so very beautiful, they were all in love with Lo-hia-no-vis, and were particularly averse to her going to the fort, to meet so many young, handsome, distinguished and powerful chiefs and braves of the great Sioux nation, not to speak of her possible pale-face admirers.

Whatever other reasons they may have urged in the public councils of the band, Sa-ke-to-mah and his fellow-elders were not deceived thereby. They knew there was a lady in the case, and they knew the name of the lady.

She herself had given a fresh edge to the feelings of her admirers recently by coming out in public with a new and peculiarly shining pair of silver bracelets, whereof no man could tell the source or giver. Each, therefore, vehemently suspected everybody else of having stolen a march on him, and felt more than ever like going on the longest kind of a warpath.

As a consequence, too, Lo-hia-no-vis found her every movement watched with jealous closeness, and began to doubt if she should be able to secure a *tête-à-tête* with her pale-face admirer, should he be rash enough to keep his promise.

She felt sure he would try, and between fear of what might happen to him and admiration of his courage and devotion, Byrd Nolan was seldom out of her thoughts.

And that was more in his favor than were some other things.

When Josh Grain and Pierre Duval pushed so boldly across the lake, they were well aware of the risk they ran of being seen by sharp eyes from the north shore.

They would scarcely have taken the risk but for their knowledge that the two companies of riflemen, with the celebrated Major Forbes at their head, were now but a

LOVE IN THE WOODS.

short distance behind them in the woods, and for a sort of conviction of their own that Sa-ke-to-mah's warriors had already gone.

They missed it somewhat on both points; but, for all that, not a visible sign of hostility awaited their approach to the northern shore.

They ran along in their borrowed canoe for a mile or so, until a broad, pebbly beach, with open forest beyond, tempted them to a scout on land.

Very silently and carefully they ran their boat under an outreaching ash-tree at the water's edge, and very stealthily they advanced in the direction Byrd Nolan had indicated as that of the Sioux village.

It was a foolhardy thing to do, but not more so than a hundred others related of such men when on similar duty.

They had gone so far that Josh was just remarking that they had better return to the boat and wait for their friends, when, as they slipped past the shelter of a dense growth of bushes and vines, they found themselves suddenly confronted by no less than five Sioux warriors:

Well was it for the two white men that they were not the only surprised party. In fact, they were "better ready" than the Indians, and although more than one arrow was laid upon the string, the leading brave struck an attitude, with his gun in one hand and his other pointing to the tall feather on his head.

"Eagle-feather!" he exclaimed. "Big Indian me. Who you?"

Big enough he was, and ugly as sin, but quite ready to boast instead of fighting until he could get his two brawny opponents somewhat more at a disadvantage.

Some minutes were wasted in various questions and answers, and then Eagle-feather insisted that the two white men should go with him to the village.

"See Sa-ke-to-mah. Come."

"Best go long," said Josh. "Only we won't let any of 'em get behind us."

"It's a pretty bad lookout," replied Pierre. "No village for me. We must break away first chance we get, but we mustn't let them take the first hit at us."

It would not do to make any open sign of hostility, however, and a very slow march indeed was begun toward the village.

Even before the meeting of Josh and Pierre with the five Sioux, Byrd Nolan had made his way rapidly along the shore, following closely his old trail, until he reached the spot where the canoe had been left.

"Best wait for 'em, I reckon. They won't be gone long. Tom, too—he'll be here soon. Oh, but ain't I tired!"

It did seem to him that all the tremendous fatigue of the past two weeks of scouting, watching and marching had settled upon him just then like a swarm of musquitoes.

He threw himself down on the beach near the canoe, rested his head on a stone, and scarcely had time to think about it before he was fast asleep.

They say Wellington, Napoleon and other capable army officers have been in the habit of catching odd naps while battles were in progress; but Byrd Nolan had never before dropped asleep under such very peculiar circumstances.

They were indeed peculiar, and they shortly became more so.

From tree to tree through the shadowy forest came tripping the light form of Lo-his-no-vis, glancing with her soft and brilliant black eyes rapidly in all directions, as if she were half in hope and half in fear of seeing somebody.

There was the canoe, and she at once recognized it; but it was natural that she should take a closer and curious look at it and its possible contents.

An man—a white man—lying flat on the ground!

Could he be dead?

She sprang forward in terror-stricken haste, and gazed anxiously down upon the closed eyes and silent lips.

There was scarcely another man in all that region enough of a dandy to shave his chin.

It was the very face she had been waiting and half-fearing to see, and Byrd Nolan could scarcely have told, for a moment, what it was that awakened him, so swift was the kiss the Indian maiden dropped upon his forehead.

"Oh, you are alive? You are not hurt?"

"Not a bit," he exclaimed, as he sprang to his feet; "but I have kept my appointment."

And, before Lo-his-no-vis knew what was coming, there had been another kiss given, and it was for ever too late to take it back.

"Quick!" he said, as he caught her hand and hurried forward among the trees. "They may be here any moment. I must speak with you."

Alas for them! they had so much to say. They should have sought a deeper thicket, a safer cover, for that intensely absorbing conversation.

Before Josh Grain and Pierre Duval had been led, so slowly and so reluctantly, any considerable distance, Eagle-feather suddenly stooped down, examining some mark he found in the soft earth, and when he arose he spoke rapidly to his comrades in their own tongue, unmindful of the possibility that the two white men might understand every word he said, as both of them surely did.

One brave accompanied him as he darted away, and the other three signified to Josh and Pierre that they were to await their return.

"Our chance is now," muttered Pierre to his companion, a minute later; "the first notice we'll have of his comin' agin'll be a bullet or an arrow."

They waited, however, for the eyes of the three braves were on them, and their "chance" did not look very good. Minute after minute passed, and then there came to their ears the sound of rifle-shots muffled by the forest, but not so very far away.

The three braves turned, like one, to listen. A quick and meaning glance passed between the two white men, and then, almost together, two more reports rang out, followed by the crash of a gunstock falling on the bare head of the third brave, for the pair nearest the pale-faces had dropped in their tracks.

Sudden work and deadly, such as determined, steady-nerved men will do to save themselves from death, and it might be from torture, and thus Pierre and Josh sprang away in the direction of the other firing.

Tom Nolan had carried a double-barreled gun that trip, and he was never sorry for it afterward.

He had scouted rapidly along, like the veteran woodsman he was, feeling pretty sure that he was not outstripping his light-footed brother, until he turned the head of the lake and found himself somewhat impeded by the tangled and "brushy" nature of the forest.

Still he kept steadily and cautiously onward, wondering that he found no signs of human presence, red or white, until, as he peered over the body of a huge fallen maple, he found himself the unintentional witness of what seemed to him an exceedingly interesting affair.

"Byrd himself!" he muttered. "But who is she? This accounts for a good deal. Why, if it isn't the daughter"



LOVE IN THE WOODS.—"SHE SPRANG FORWARD IN TERROR-STRICKEN HASTE, AND GAZED ANXIOUSLY DOWN UPON THE CLOSED EYES AND SILENT LIPS."

old Sa-ke-to-mah, that was at the fort last year! That's how he got his information, is it? Well, I don't blame him. Hello, look at 'em!"

He could not have meant his brother and Lo-hia-no-vis, as they sat there gazing in one another's faces, for his gun came to his shoulder with a swift and deadly meaning in his motion.

Then there followed the reports which had so fatally attracted the attention of the three Sioux braves, and Tom thought he heard them as he bounded over the log.

He was right, too, for although his own "grist of buck-shot" had gone to their mark, there lay his brother and the dusky beauty on the withered leaves and ferns, while toward them rushed a tall savage with his tomahawk in his hand. Tom's other barrel was precisely the thing just then, and he used it with cool and deadly precision.

Eagle-feather was, indeed, a "big Indian," but he would follow no more warpaths.

"Byrd, you are not killed?"

Tom lifted him up, and tore open his embroidered hunting-shirt.

A metal flask, good for water or powder or other contents a minute before, but now ruined by a rifle-ball, was suspended from Byrd's neck by a buckskin thong.

"Saved his life," said Tom; "but there's two of his ribs broken. Then it glanced away to the right. He won't die, but he'll need a surgeon. How'll I ever get him out of this?"

"Glad he ain't dead. That won't take long to cure up."

It was the voice of Josh Grain that spoke, and it was quickly followed by that of Pierre Duval.

"Hurrah, boys, the gal ain't killed, nuther. Her head's an ill-fired pretty one, but it's hard enough to glance a ball. She won't come to for a long time."

"We must get 'em both into the canoe," said Tom. "It'd be a mean thing to leave her here to be scalped. Byrd never'd forgive us."

For such strong arms as theirs, it was no great task to carry those two to the waterside, and Byrd was already so far recovered that he could smile, in spite of the pain he suffered, when they told him Lo-hia-no-vis was in no immediate danger.

"Bone ain't cracked a mite, so far as I can see," calmly remarked Josh Grain as they pulled the canoe rapidly out of rifle-range from the bank.

Nor were they any too swift in their movements for other ears had caught the sound of those reports echoing through the forest, and the braves of Sa-ke-to-mah's band were gathering fast on the bloody trail the scouts had left.

Too fast for their own good, for they found the tracks of four white men only, and they saw but three in the canoe as it neared the opposite shore.

They followed through the woods, therefore, in so loose and reckless a race around the head of the lake, that when, a couple of hours later, they felt sure they must be close upon the heels of the fugitives, their calculations were only too nearly correct.

Byrd Nolan, and his friends, and his wounded beauty were within the advancing line of Major Forbes's riflemen, and his pursuers blindly threw themselves against a wall of fire and lead.

The blow Colonel Clark had deemed it wise to strike was therefore given easily and very sharply, and the Snake River Sioux were ready to declare, a day or two later, that they had no intention of going on any war-path, but were quite willing to receive any amount of presents.

Some of their young chiefs, however, had learned, meantime, that they had no longer any cause for jealousy of one another.

The surgeon accompanying the riflemen not only declared Byrd Nolan's wound of no serious account, but assured the anxious young scout that "The chief's daughter 'll be able to nurse you in a week. She was crazy enough till I told her you were all right. She's a beauty, though, and you'd best marry her quick if you want to keep her. She'll be stolen, sure."

Byrd Nolan may, or may not, have been afraid of that sort of robbery; but Lo-hia-no-vis was indeed taking care of him before they reached the fort, and the regimental chaplain was speedily then called in to give her a right in the premises. The slight scar on her forehead took nothing from her beauty.

As for her dusky relatives, it was not long before some of them came to pay her a visit, and the stately old Sa-ke-to-mah himself remarked to Colonel Clark:

"Good. Glad she marry pale-face. Poor Indian no fort. No keep her. Too much heap good-looking. Ugh!"



LOVE IN THE WOODS.—"TOM'S OTHER BARREL WAS PRECISELY THE THING JUST THEN, AND HE USED IT WITH COOL AND DEADLY PRECISION."



GUY'S WIFE. — "THIS IS MY WIFE!" HE CRIED. "THERE IS YOUR MAN—SEIZE HIM!" TO THE OFFICERS, AND THEY RESOLUTELY TOOK OSCAR CARRINGTON IN CHARGE.

GUY'S WIFE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

THE well-bred servant who brought Oscar Carrington's breakfast to his room carried a letter on the tray. He arranged the chocolate and rolls and laid the letter beside the plate, where it remained unobserved by that gentleman for a few moments. He stood with his back to the fire, paring his finger-nails. He had a handsome face, Greek in outline and blonde in tint. A physiognomist would not have looked twice at the graceful head overrun with pale-brown curls, the light-blue eyes and close-shut mouth, to pronounce the uncomplimentary verdict:—"Bold and cruel," yet he was the most popular man of his set. He could have married a hundred beauties, and

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nearly as many heiresses. Ladies pronounced him charming. Men who were his peers in every point of wealth, social position and personal advantage, were yet proud of his acquaintance.

He had a rare secret of fascination. I never could account for it. Yet, if I were asked for an analysis, I should unhesitatingly avow that this power of Oscar Carrington's was based on nothing good.

The gentleman turned at last, and saw the letter.

"You may go, Pete," to the negro.

The man obeyed.

As soon as he was left alone, Oscar Carrington cut open

the end of the envelope and took out the sheet. In the same clear and beautiful chirography, it read as follows :

"OSCAR—I have at last come to a decision on this, the fifth Christmas Eve of my widowhood—for such I deem my state to be. Guy must be dead! I cannot believe, as you have intimated, that he yet lives and has deserted me. If I could believe that, I would spurn for ever from my heart such a base deceiver! No, no—Guy cannot be that. He loved me; he was true to me; and I loved him. In some mysterious way death has overtaken him, and in all my life I believe I shall never love again. But I am alone with my little child, whom I tenderly cherish, and would shield from the sufferings of poverty; and for Ethel's sake, Oscar, I make you a promise. If I hear no tidings of Guy for another year, I shall have no further hope that he is living, and, at your loving solicitation, will marry you on another Christmas Eve. But if you can prove, as you hint, that he has willfully left me—that I am a deserted wife instead of a widow—I will wed you instantly. To have been cheated—willfully cheated—would make me hate Guy Walton's very memory.

"As I have said, I have no such belief; if he is living, he is yet true to me. If dead, I accept you, for Ethel's sake.

"ADELAIDE WALTON."

A slow smile curled Oscar Carrington's lips as he laid down the sheet.

"Scarcely complimentary. Accepted for the sake of the brat!"

If you had seen him then, you would have hated him. You did not see him.

He seated himself coolly to his breakfast. Considering his next step, you might wonder, perhaps, that he so evidently enjoyed it.

The clock struck ten, and he arose from the table. Taking a flask from a commode, he went down to a wine-cellar below the house.

No one but himself and Pete ever entered the place. Yet there was a well-worn path from the door to another door at the further end.

This inner door had a closed grating. Carrington slipped it aside, gave a quick glance within, then unlocked the door with a sharp click and entered.

He stepped within an underground room, lighted by a lamp placed on a shelf near the grating, near which was a table with some books and writing materials, a chair and a bed. Standing in the centre of the place was a man young and handsome like himself, yet with all the forlorn marks of being an unhappy prisoner. His beard and hair were neglected, his face pallid and almost ghastly, yet the dark eyes were strangely eloquent as he faced his visitor with an undaunted air.

"You do me unusual honor—two visits within twenty-four hours."

He spoke with an exquisite accent of culture and refinement.

"Yes," replied Carrington, coolly, "I have come back because I have more to say to you." He paused a moment. "Guy Walton, you know that you are quite in my power, do you not? You cannot escape from here; you cannot communicate with any one outside; you cannot bribe my servant."

The other did not answer for a moment. Then he said :

"I have been quite in your power for five years."

"Exactly; your memory is good. Well, further—you know me pretty well, eh?"

"I know you for the most unscrupulous man on the face of the earth."

"Ah! Then you will not be surprised that I have decided to take the last step to force you to my wishes."

The dark eyes glinted hard against the pale ones.

"You would murder me?"

"As you like."

Carrington slowly unfolded Adelaide's letter. So cruel

his hatred of the man who had won this woman from him that he never failed to apply an available torture. He stretched out the sheet, and fixed his eyes upon the other's face.

"Do you know that handwriting?"

A look of convulsive pain answered him to his satisfaction.

"I will read to you what she says." With the utmost composure he read the letter. "And now," to his quivering victim, "the case stands thus: Write a letter as I dictate, and have the privilege of taking yourself out of my way unharmed, or, by heaven, die, so that I may show her your dead body! I will not be delayed in my wishes any longer!"

The other stood with his face turned away.

"I should have no difficulty in killing you," continued Carrington. "Only one person in the world besides myself knows of your existence—and Pete is unbribable. He has been too closely connected with my affairs for years to ever reveal it, if I have you poisoned and a grave dug for you here," stamping the ground with his foot. "A cheerful prospect, is it not? Why, man, you are a fool! Take your life and go. Well, what is your decision?"

The other seemed too wrung with pain to speak for a moment; but Carrington waited, and he recovered himself. It was the direct communication from his wife which had so unnerved him. Carrington knew it."

"I do not fear death."

"I suppose not. But you would prefer to live?"

"Not without my wife."

"Your wife?"

For the first time Carrington shook with rage.

"Curse you! You shall never call her that in my hearing again!"

"She is mine!" said Guy, firmly.

"Make the most of it, then, while you may. You shall not say it long."

"I shall not eat poisoned food," replied Guy, quietly.

"Then starve to death! What does it matter, so I am rid of you?" He turned on his heel.

"Stay a moment. I will write the letter."

"Ah!" wheeling quickly. "There you show your sense. When that is done you shall go to Paris and lead a gay life."

The other looked at him fixedly.

"Do you mean it?" asked Carrington.

"I mean it."

"Then proceed. I am ready, and here are writing materials."

For a moment Guy stood thinking deeply. Then he seated himself at the table. Carrington stood opposite.

"Write her name," said he.

Guy did so.

"It will come under cover to me from England. Date it a fortnight back, at London."

Guy obeyed.

"Now, proceed as I dictate.

"I have thought it best to write you, that you may be no longer uncertain as to my situation. I am in England, and married again to a beautiful and wealthy woman whom I knew in my youth. She knows nothing of my marriage to you, which I consider null and void, as I shall never return to America. I wearied long ago of the privations and vulgarity of poverty. I have every luxury now. I enjoy life, and I am willing that you should do the same. By all means marry again. You are good-looking, and still young. I have no fault to find with you, except that you burden me. As regards the child, I have another here—a boy. I repeat, that if you wish to marry again I shall never trouble you, but if you are particular on that point you can get a divorce on the ground of desertion.

GUY WALTON."

The writer signed his name boldly, and, with a long breath, rose from the table.

"Will that do?"

"That will do," replied Carrington, with a smile he could not repress. He caught up the sheet quickly and folded it. "I will see you again to-morrow," he said then, and left the cell.

* * * * *

It was a brilliant day for Christmas. The fountain jets sprinkling the evergreens before the Carrington mansion covered them with icedrops, that sparkled like diamonds in the sunshine. The master remarked them as he descended the terraces, and passed down the snowy, tree-hung street. He continued his way, taking no notice of a gaunt-eyed child who begged of him. Not that he grudged the money—he often threw it to beggars with the air of throwing a bone to a dog; but this morning he was so absorbed in thought that he did not see the girl.

Leaving the aristocratic portion of the city, he turned down a narrow street, and ran up the stairs of a decent tenement-house.

He knocked at a door. A woman's voice, clear and musical, called: "Come in!"

Unclosing the door, he entered a suite of singularly pleasant apartments. The windows were filled with flowering plants, and hung with rose-colored cambric. The furniture was plain, but tastefully arranged. In a tiny crib, daintily covered, lay a white-robed child, soundly sleeping, and at the side sat a woman.

She rose up, revealing wonderful beauty. Never was a more perfect face and form; but what made the countenance most remarkable was a fire and spirit which seemed unquenchable.

"Oscar—Mr. Carrington."

He advanced and took her hand.

"How are you, Adelaide?"

"I am well."

"And the little one?"

"She is quite well, also, thank you;" for the first time smiling calmly, and leaning toward the crib.

Carrington seated himself with an at-home air, and, after shielding the child's eyes a little more from the light, Adelaide Walton did the same.

"I received your letter, Adelaide."

She bowed slightly.

"I thank you for the promise. But I have received another, closely relating to it."

"From—"

She could not speak the words; but her eyes flashed with wonderful emotion and beauty.

"From Guy Walton—yes."

"Where is it? Oh, what does he say? Tell me—tell me!"

"Don't hope anything, Adelaide. I warned you of this long ago."

"Where is he?"

"In England."

"What is he doing there?"

"He is married again."

"No—no!" with a sharp cry.

"You must believe it, Adelaide. I have brought the letter with me to prove it."

She had started up, and was wringing her hands with an expression of anguish no words can describe.

"He cannot be married again! My husband! Ethel's father. Why, she was a tiny babe when he left me. Oh, Guy, Guy!"

"Adelaide, here is the letter. It came to me under cover from London last night. I have been led to reveal

to you Guy Walton's baseness; for was he not my friend—did I, too, not love him? But your letter decided me. I henceforth call him no friend of mine. And you, too, must spurn him when you read his heartless letter."

Standing in the centre of the room, the rose-light falling over her beautiful face and figure, she perused the cruel, truthless words.

Carrington watched her face. His pale eyes, with a masterful greed, seemed to devour the lineaments of that exquisitely beautiful countenance.

At length the white hand fell down. The sheet fluttered to the carpet.

"Oh, God, how horrible! And I loved him so! I have waited——"

She took one uncertain step forward and fell senseless at his feet.

He caught her up passionately, and devoured her senseless face with kisses. Then throwing open the window he let the sunny air blow over her.

In a few moments the dark eyes unclosed. Putting him back, she rose up with a sob.

For a time she struggled with herself. Then her proud face grew hard and resolute.

"Only a monster could do as he has done! He never loved me—he cannot know what love is; and henceforth I cast him from my heart and life!"

"That is my brave girl. And now you are mine?"

"Yes, yours."

"When shall it be?"

"Whenever you wish."

"To-night."

"To-night."

He kissed her hand again with the same respectful tenderness.

"Adelaide, I knew all this long ago, though I could not prove it, and I have already secured your papers of divorce."

"That is right—as it should be. I did not think."

"Well, do not think any more. Do not brood over your wrongs. A brighter life is ready for you now, Adelaide. You have never entered the old Carrington mansion. It is a home worthy of you, my beautiful one. I is full of beauty and wonderful things. And I—I shall be happy there now. Think of me, Adelaide."

"Oh, I do, my one friend!"

Yet she turned from him, and fell upon her knees, with her face beside the feet of her sleeping child.

* * * * *

It was the evening of Christmas Day. A small party of persons were assembled in Adelaide Walton's little sitting-room. They were only a few intimate friends, for Adelaide had not courted general society since the loss of her husband, and her fortunes had so ebbed that only few true hearts were hers. Though she had been brought up in refinement, she had chosen a poor man, and had no fashionable circle to exchange compliments with. So the wedding-party was small.

Little Ethel, rose-hued ribbons adding to her snowy apparel, flitted among them; but Adelaide was in the adjoining room, preparing for the ceremony.

The black dress she had worn for five years was laid aside. She was in snowy white, with roses looping the skirt and perfuming her ebon hair. Flowers filled all the rooms. Carrington had sent them. She took a bitter pride in making herself as beautiful as possible.

As the last touch was given to the exquisite costume, he knocked lightly at the door. She took his arm and joined the guests where the clergyman was awaiting them. A hush filled the room.

It was instantly broken by loud footsteps and such a furious knock at the door that the old minister involuntarily turned toward it. Before it could be unclosed it was opened from the outside, and a young man led two officers into the room.

A young man—dark-eyed, pallid, wild-looking—who sprang to the side of the bride.

"This is my wife!" he cried. "There is your man—seize him!" to the officers, and they resolutely took Oscar Carrington in charge.

Adelaide, in her white robes, stood looking strangely at her husband.

"Am I such an object that you do not know me?" he cried, in a husky voice, assured by her eyes of fear and hope. "Do you not know me, Adelaide?"

"Yes, I know you!" she whispered, excitedly.

"I have just escaped from a prison cell, where I have been confined for five years. Oh, Adelaide—good God!—you are not sorry?"

For answer she fell at his feet, and clasped her arms about his knees.

When their enemy and their friends were gone, he explained in detail the wonderful story.

"Oscar Carrington was crazy about you six years ago, Adelaide. He had been born in the lap of luxury, and had every whim gratified, and when you preferred me, you never guessed how deep lay his desire for revenge. We had been married about a year when he met me in the street, and invited me to his house to lunch.

From that house I never emerged until to-day.

"He drugged the wine, and had me carried to an underground cell, where I have since languished in captivity. Daily I was furnished with fresh water, food and light by his negro servant, Pete; but I saw no one but him, and, perhaps, twice a year, Carrington. He told me his purpose. He meant to obtain you by any means which would succeed. Your faith in me; your patience and persistence, astonished him.

"He was not accustomed to being balked; the harder the prize was to win, the more determined he was to win it. He told me at last that if I would write a letter avowing that I had deserted you, he would release me, with the agreement that I went abroad and troubled you no more.

"I spurned the proposal; I told him I would die there first. I might have died. I was very low at times, but my strength of purpose held out. So did his. After the first examination of the place, I despaired of ever escaping. I thought myself far underground. But about a year ago I heard sounds from the outside which convinced me that the cell was built into a bank, and one side was walled up from the open day.

"I began to think of penetrating that wall—but it was a colossal task. The wall was composed of blocks of stone cemented together. But desperation gave me courage. I

had only a caseknife, but with this I worked around one of the stones in the darkest corner, near the head of my bed, and, an atom at a time, I removed the cement.

"I have been working daily at it for nearly a year. At length I could remove the stone. It was two feet square. Behind it was a brick wall, also securely cemented; but, fortunately, between the walls I found a chisel, lost years ago by a workman, probably. With this I knew I could work my way out to liberty in a few hours. No words can

express my joy. I replaced the stone, and then came Carrington, threatening that if I did not write the letter he would murder me.

"I think he intended to murder me in any event, but he wanted the letter first. I rapidly considered the matter. I knew that only a few hours intervened between that time and my escape. I believed that I should soon be with you, and before he could act upon the letter. I deemed it best to write, and I did so.

"I believe he meant that day to be my last; but he left me for the time, and I dug out the bricks, and made an opening into the free air. I found myself on the river-banks in a lonesome spot; but I soon got into the city, and hastened to a magistrate. He thought me crazed at first, but finally sent two officers with me. Perhaps they thought me crazed, too, when I did not find you in the pretty cottage where we lived six years ago; but I soon tracked you here, my poor homeless bird!"

She was weeping over his pale face as it lay upon her bosom, for excitement had lessened his strength, and now that the struggle was passed, he was almost ill.

"I think only of what you have suffered, Guy. And to think that I almost hated you at times, my poor, poor darling!"

"My only wonder is that you believed so long, Adelaide. Not one woman in twenty—beautiful and admired as you have ever been—but would have long ago forgotten an absent husband, poor and plain at the best."

"Poor? Oh, we were ever rich in love, my husband, and never was a face and form so beautiful to me as these, ever truthful and protective. I am utterly happy now."

"This is the nicest Christmas Day ever I knew," said little Ethel, "for I have a papa for a Christmas gift!"

Before his trial, Carrington, assisted by his black servant, Pete, escaped from prison. He never dared return to his home, and the beautiful Carrington mansion is now falling into ruins.

WE often choose a friend for no particular excellence in themselves, but merely from some circumstance that flatters our self-love.



CHAWFORD'S STATUE OF "PSYCHE."

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

THE Thirty Years' War, waged in Germany from 1618 to 1648, marks one of the most notable epochs in modern history. It decided for the generations which have followed, and to all appearance for generations yet to come, the territorial limits between Catholicism and Protestantism. During the half-century before the war opened, the Protestants were undisputed masters of England and Scotland, of Sweden, Denmark, and most of Northern Germany; while the Catholics held with an equally firm grasp Italy, Spain and Portugal. In France, Southern Germany, Hungary and Poland, the contest still raged, although the Protestants, while in the minority, were apparently gaining ground.

When the weary contest came to an end through the mutual exhaustion of all the powers who had one after another been dragged into it, the Protestants practically retained all the north of Europe, including most of what we now know as Germany; the Catholics retained Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria proper, Poland and Hungary. Since then neither faith has advanced its European boundaries by a league. What was Protestant in 1648 is Protestant to-day; what was then Catholic is Catholic still. Colonies planted in the New World have kept to their ancient faith. The colonies founded by Spain and Portugal are yet Catholic, and likely to remain so. The colonies founded by England, Holland and Sweden are yet mainly Protestant, and likely to remain so.

If we look at the political map of Europe as it was

about the year 1600, we shall find in the north and west a number of states, comprising very nearly what is now the German Empire, all mainly Protestant. On the south and east of these were the dominions of the House of Austria, all mainly Catholic. These grand divisions were very nearly equal in territory, wealth and population.

Still further east lay Hungary and other lands as yet quite undivided, a debatable ground between the Cross and the Crescent. With these we have here nothing to do. But imbedded within the Protestant territory were scores of ecclesiastical states, forming a third of the whole, and the richest part of it. As the Protestants gained civil power here, their rulers claimed the right to appropriate the ecclesiastical revenue either to their own use or to the support of their own form of faith. The Catholics refused to acknowledge this claim. They averred



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN.

that this wealth was the gift of generations of pious men to the Church, and was its rightful property, belonging to it exclusively. The Protestants maintained that the estate from which these revenues were derived had been bestowed at a time when there were only Catholics in existence. They had been devolved, so to speak, upon the first-born son, because he was the only one. But in the meanwhile another son had been born into the world, and he was now compelled to leave the ancestral home. Must he go forth empty-handed? The Catholics said Yes. The Lutherans said No, and proceeded to put the claim into a practical shape by demanding that

sovereign bishop might become a Protestant, and then establish Lutheranism as the religion of his territories. The Catholics demanded that any bishop who should change his faith should by that act vacate his see, and the chapter should at once elect his successor.

It was tacitly admitted on both sides that to the rulers of the several states belonged the right of absolutely deciding what should be the faith of their subjects. This theory was formally sanctioned by the treaty of Passau, 1552, and indorsed by the Diet of Augsburg, three years later, with the proviso that any subject might leave a state where his faith was oppressed, and go to one where it was favored. It was also provided, though under protest from the Catholics, that in those Catholic states where the majority of the people had already become Lutherans, they should be permitted the free exercise of their worship. Thus by this treaty each religion practically retained what it then held. But from time to time fresh disputes sprang up. Under one pretext or another the Protestants secularized see after see, and at the beginning of the next century they held eight of the richest bishoprics in Northern Germany, the Catholics still remaining in possession of about as many.

Over the whole of Germany—Lutheran and Catholic—was the Emperor, chosen by three ecclesiastical and four lay electors, and this dignity had come to be hereditary in the House of Austria; but his power was little more than nominal. The great vassals made wars and concluded treaties with each other at pleasure. The wisest Emperor at this period could have done little good, although an unwise one could do much harm.

In 1618 the Emperor was Matthias, who was also King of Bohemia, where the Protestants had an apparent preponderance in numbers. The Emperor gave an insulting reply to some remonstrance from his Protestant subjects. He himself was absent from Bohemia, leaving the administration of the kingdom in the hands of two commissioners. An armed band of Protestants, led by the Count of Thurn, burst into an upper room in the Castle of Prague, where the commissioners were seated, seized upon their persons, and flung them from a window eighty feet above the ground. Luckily for them, a huge dunghill had accumulated just under the window. Into this they fell, and escaped with unbroken bones, but in a most unsavory plight.

This outrage, which was perpetrated May 23, 1618, was the opening event in the Thirty Years' War. It is probable that Count Thurn meant by this decisive act to precipitate a war in Bohemia. At all events, the die was cast. Ferdinand of Gratz, the acknowledged heir of the feeble Matthias, whom he was soon to succeed as Ferdinand II., prosecuted hostilities vigorously. An early episode of the war was the proffer by the Protestants of the crown of Bohemia to Frederick, the Elector Palatine, son-in-law of James I. of England. He at first hesitated to accept, but was urged on by his ambitious consort. "You dared," she exclaimed, "to marry the daughter of a King, and now you dare not stretch out your hand for a crown when it is offered you. I would rather eat dry bread as Queen than live in luxury as Electress." Frederick's reign lasted only from September to November, 1639, when he was surprised and routed under the walls of Prague; placed under the ban of the Empire, and driven from his electorate, which was ravaged by the Imperialists under Tilly. Saxony was next menaced, and in 1629 formed an alliance with Christian IV. of Denmark, and the war assumed larger proportions. Next year the Danes were decisively defeated by Wallenstein, and Christian fled back to his own dominions.

Albrecht Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, was one of the few notable men who played prominent parts in this Thirty Years' War. He was born in Bohemia, in 1583. His family were Protestants of the special Bohemian type—scarcely to be distinguished from orthodox Catholics, except that they claimed in the administration of the Eucharist that laity as well as clergy should partake of the cup; but his father dying in 1595, his education was intrusted to the Jesuits, and he soon went over to the Catholic faith. He early distinguished himself by his acquirements. He was master of several languages, was well versed in mathematics, law, and the occult sciences, and believed himself to have been born under a fortunate planetary conjunction. His strongest taste was for military studies; and before he had come of age he had greatly distinguished himself in the wars against the Turks.

Although a younger son, he inherited considerable estates. At the age of twenty-three he married a wealthy widow, old enough to be his mother, who made him master of fourteen estates in Moravia. For ten years he devoted himself to the care of these, and became one of the richest nobles in Europe. Probably no monarch in Europe was in possession of so much ready money as Wallenstein kept on deposit with the great Fugger banking-house at Augsburg. For his brilliant services against the Elector Palatine, he was repaid by being allowed to purchase sixty confiscated estates at a quarter of their value. In 1627 the value of these acquired estates was estimated at a sum which, expressed in the currency of our day, was not less than twenty millions of dollars. This was in addition to his former heritage and acquisitions.

At the time when Christian of Denmark took up arms upon the side of the German Protestants, a great part of the imperial army had been disbanded, and the treasury of Ferdinand was empty. Without a certainty of some payment, and a prospect of plunder, the ranks could not be filled. Wallenstein came forward with a proposition which fulfilled both conditions. He offered to raise and equip an army at his own cost. Once fairly enlisted, the soldiers—if there were enough of them—would be able to feed and pay themselves. They need only take anything they wanted wherever they could find it. He is reported to have said that an army of 20,000 might, perhaps, find it hard to subsist in this way; but nothing would be easier for an army of 50,000.

It was not long before it was bruited all over Europe that some ready money, much prospective plunder, and quite probable promotion, might be found by taking service under Wallenstein. Adventurers flocked to his camp from all Europe. They thronged from the banks of the Clyde to those of the Danube; from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of the Baltic, and notably from every nook and corner of Germany. Wallenstein made no minute inquiries into the faith of a stout recruit. Catholic, Lutheran or Calvinist, Scotchman or Croat, were equally welcome; and he soon molded the heterogeneous mass into an army, every man of whom came to understand that the will of their general was their sole law. The force thus collected lacked a score of thousands of the 50,000 which Wallenstein is said to have fixed as its number. But it was sufficient for his purpose, and in a brief period the flight of Christian of Denmark seemed to have put an end to the Protestant Union in Germany. Wallenstein, who had already been created Duke of Friedland and a Prince of the Empire, was rewarded by receiving the brief of the two Duchies of Mecklenberg, and under him the Imperial authority was established upon the Baltic coast. But the important port of Stralsund still

held out against him, although he had sworn to have it, even though it were fastened to the heavens by iron chains.

Looking across the narrow seas, he caught glimpses of a Protestant sovereign who might probably become more formidable than the King of Denmark had proved himself to be. This was the young Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who had given proof of uncommon military and civil capacity. Wallenstein had taken measure of the man. To one of his trusted lieutenants he wrote, in the most colloquial German: "Pray, your lordship, have a sharp lookout upon this Swede, for he is a dangerous fellow. One must not put faith in this Gustav Adolf, for everybody says that he likes to lead folks by the nose. I would be glad to have this Swede for a friend, but not that he should get to be too strong, for '*amor et dominium non patitur socium*.'" The surest way to guard against this dangerous Swede was to form a navy sufficient to command the passage of the intervening seas. This, it was thought, might be accomplished by an alliance with the free Hanse towns. The Emperor at first favored this scheme; and Wallenstein, who took up his residence at the Baltic port of Wismar, was created "Admiral of the Baltic and of the Ocean Sea."

It is dangerous for a subject to become too indispensable to his master. Ferdinand had come to look askance at Wallenstein, who had by this time also made for himself an abundance of personal enemies. Tilly hated him as the man whose military genius had cast his own into the shade. Maximilian of Bavaria was his avowed enemy for much the same reason. The Catholic Princes of the Empire looked upon him as a Bohemian upstart, who had within a few years raised himself to an equality with the proudest of them. The Jesuits, who were all-powerful with the Emperor, disliked and distrusted him, for the sufficient reason that he had shown that he disliked and distrusted them. On every side arose a cry that the Duke of Friedland should be removed from the command of that army which he had raised. The Diet gave formal expression to this urgent demand. Ferdinand yielded, with a show of reluctance, and in September, 1630, Wallenstein was set aside from the command, which was conferred upon Tilly. He retired to Bohemia, where he established himself in more than imperial splendor, brooding over vast and only half-developed schemes of aggrandizement, which his horoscope indicated was in the near future. His trusted astrologer, Seni, indeed read in the planetary aspects that four years hence a great peril awaited him. That overpassed, the future lay bright before him. Meanwhile, only a few weeks before, Gustavus Adolphus had landed on the Pomeranian shore of Germany.

Gustavus II.—known in history as Gustavus Adolphus—was born in 1594, being thus in the prime of early manhood. His father, Charles IX., the youngest son of Gustavus Vasa, had been called to the throne, when his nephew, Sigismund, son of a deceased elder brother, in order to secure his election as King of Poland, became a Catholic, forfeiting thereby his hereditary right to the Swedish crown. Charles IX. died in 1611, and the Crown devolved upon Gustavus Adolphus, then in his seventeenth year. Sigismund at once laid claim to the Swedish crown, not for himself—for his Catholicism was an insuperable bar—but for his son Ladislaus, a minor. He averred that his own exclusion was merely personal, and did not affect the right of his young son, who was not known as a Catholic, and had no scruples at becoming a Lutheran. A desultory war ensued, lasting several years. Gustavus manifested high civil and military capacity; and

when peace was at last effected through the mediation of England and Holland, he not only remained undisputed master of Sweden, but had added to his dominions the greater part of Livonia, including the port of Riga, which gave him a foothold upon the southern shore of the Baltic.

In 1618 he secretly visited Berlin, where he wooed and won Eleonora, the beautiful daughter of the Elector of Brandenburg. The marriage—delayed by the death of her father, and by the opposition of his son and successor—took place in 1620. Gustavus soon after made a tour in the Rhineland, in the character of a private Swedish gentleman.

As yet he had seen only his bleak and poor native North, the contrast between which and these rich sunny valleys gave him much matter for thought. But he looked upon them with the eye of a soldier and statesman rather than that of a mere tourist for pleasure. He noted especially the pomp and luxury of the Rhenish prelates. "If these priests," he said, speaking in his assumed character, "were the subjects of the King, my master, he would long ago have taught them that modesty, humility and obedience are the true characteristics of their profession."

The Imperial successes in Germany soon made it clear to all men that a general war between Catholicism and Protestantism was inevitable, and that sooner or later the Northern powers must be involved in it. The flight of Christian of Denmark, and the triumphant progress of Wallenstein, only made this the clearer. Gustavus resolved that the war should not be waged in his own dominions. He would cross the Baltic and attack the Emperor upon German soil, with the aid of such states as he could induce by persuasion or threat to make common cause with him. For this great enterprise, upon which he had staked his all, he made due preparations.

On May 20th, 1630, he presented himself before the Diet assembled at Stockholm. Taking in his arms his four-year-old daughter, Christina, he announced her as his heir and successor, the government during her minority to be conducted by his able chancellor, Oxenstierna. After having prescribed the ordinances which should prevail in case he should never return, he proceeded to deliver what was to be his farewell address to the Estates of Sweden.

"Not lightly," he said, "do I involve myself and you in this new and dangerous war. God is my witness that I do not fight to gratify my own ambition. But the Emperor has wronged me. He has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren; has trampled my religion in the dust, and stretched out his revengeful arm against my crown. The oppressed states of Germany call loudly for aid, which, by God's help, we will give them. I am fully aware of the dangers to which my life will be exposed. I have never yet shrunk from them, nor is it likely that I shall escape all of them. Hitherto Providence has wonderfully protected me; but I shall fall in defense of my country." The words were prophetic, though their fulfillment was more speedy than had been looked for by the King.

On the 23d of June the Swedes landed in Pomerania upon the German soil. The first reception of Gustavus was not altogether encouraging. Bogislaus, the aged, feeble and childless Duke of Pomerania, was loth to admit the Swedes within the walls of Stettin, his capital. The possession of this place was essential to the plans of Gustavus, and to secure it he had recourse to ample promises and some implied threats. "I come to you," he said, "as

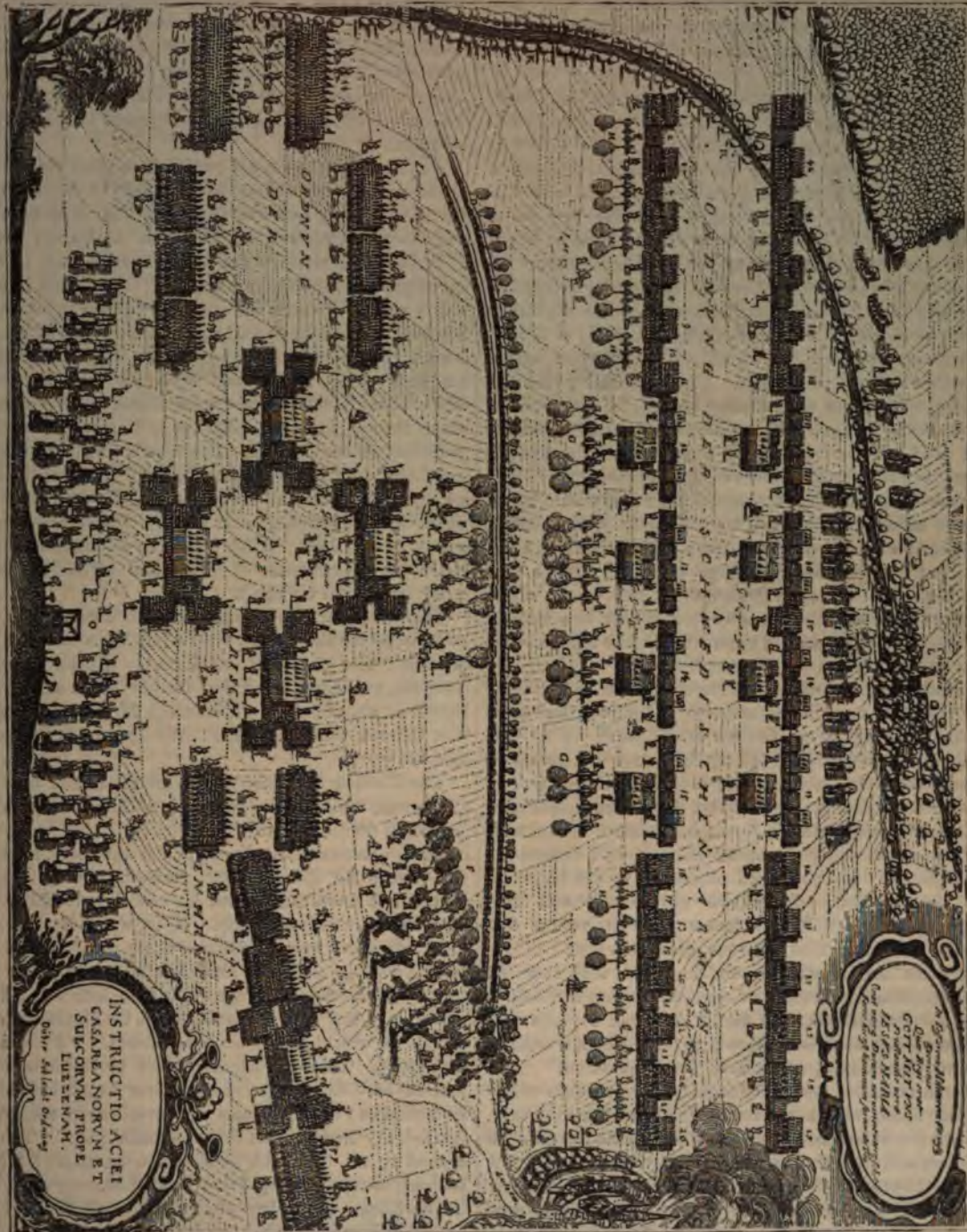


DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, AT THE BATTLE OF LÜTZEN.

as an enemy, but as a friend. In my hands this duchy shall be sacred, and shall be restored to you at the close of the campaign. Now choose between the Emperor and me. Look well to what both of us have done within your dominions, and decide. The case is pressing. Decide at once, and do not compel me to take more violent measures."

vus and Ferdinand. But the Swedish King advanced, and before long Pomerania and Mecklenburg were cleared of Imperial garrisons. The Elector of Brandenburg, brother-in-law of Gustavus, sent an envoy to Gustavus announcing his intention to remain neutral. The Swedish King replied curtly: "He who makes a sheep of him-

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF LÜTZEN, FROM AN ANCIENT ENGRAVING.



To a feeble mind the nearer danger is always the greater one. The Swedes were close by, the Imperialists at a distance. The Duke gave up Stettin to Gustavus, who thus gained a footing in Germany, and a convenient base for his communications with Sweden, for his fleet held the mastery of the Northern seas. The chief Protestant Princes of the Empire—notably the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony—hesitated and dallied between Gusta-

self is sure to be eaten by the wolves. His highness must be either my friend or my enemy when I come to his frontier. He must be either hot or cold. No third course will be allowed." It was not until months after that the violent measures of the Emperor forced the two Electors into an alliance with Gustavus.

Ferdinand had committed the blunder of underrating his opponent. When news came of the landing of

Gustavus, he said, derisively: "We have only got one more little enemy," who would be easily disposed of. But Tilly, who now commanded the Imperial forces, thought otherwise. He thrust himself across the path by which Gustavus was advancing into the heart of Germany, at first gaining some successes. At New Brandenburg (March 29th, 1631), he annihilated the Swedish garrison of 2,000 men; but was outgeneraled by Gustavus, who drove him back upon the Elbe, and captured the important position of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, garrisoned by eight Imperial regiments.

Meanwhile, an undercurrent of diplomacy had been strengthening both parties. France, under the able but unscrupulous administration of Richelieu, was drawn in two opposite directions. On the one hand, the Cardinal disliked the Protestants; on the other hand, he both disliked and feared the closely allied Catholic powers of Austria and Spain. It would bode ill for France if the Emperor should get the clear upper hand in Germany.

Proposals for an alliance between France and Sweden had already been made by Richelieu, to which Gustavus declined to accede. At length (January, 1631) a formal treaty was entered into, to which all the German states were invited to become parties. The essential point was that religious matters in Germany should be restored, as far as possible, to their old condition. Gustavus was to respect the Catholic faith in all places which he should conquer. Sweden was to keep on foot an army of 30,000 men, toward the maintenance of which France was to grant an annual subsidy amounting to not far from \$2,000,000, counted in the currency of our day. This subsidy, in the hands of a prince so poor and frugal as was Gustavus, was of no little advantage to the Protestants; but, on the other hand, the German Catholics were put under the mighty protection of France, should Gustavus, in the intoxication of success, undertake to do them wrong. This treaty boded ill for the Emperor; but soon another treaty bade fair to more than restore the balance. A long war had been waged in Italy between France and Spain. This was brought to a close (April, 1631), by the treaty of Cherasco; and Ferdinand was thus not only able to recall his troops who had been serving beyond the Alps, but might also hope to receive aid from his Spanish kinsman. Tilly, who had by this time vainly measured himself with Gustavus, thought little of this promised accession to the Imperial force. Not so Pappenheim, his fiery lieutenant, who wrote, exultingly, "This Summer we can sweep our enemies before us. God give us grace thereto."

Tilly, after his ill success on the Elbe, laid siege to Magdeburg, which, after long disputes between the Catholics and the Protestants, had finally declared for the Lutherans, and was at this moment governed by a so-called Protestant lay bishop, or, rather, "administrator." The siege began near the end of March. The garrison numbered only 2,000, altogether too few to man the extensive works, but there was good reason to hope that the Swedes would soon arrive to their aid. But matters had not yet been settled between Gustavus and the Elector of Saxony, and the Swedish King would not move upon Magdeburg until his rear had been fully secured by the adhesion of the Saxons. So March passed, April came and went, May was two-thirds gone, and the siege was still kept up. On the 19th of May the fire of the besiegers suddenly ceased, and the guns were seen to be withdrawing from their works. Tidings had come that the Swedes were within three days' march, in force sufficient to raise the siege. The garrison and citizens thought that the peril was over. They abandoned the ramparts early on the morning of the 20th, and betook themselves to needed repose.

Tilly had, indeed, resolved to raise the siege, but not until he had made one desperate effort to take the place by storm. The assault was made in force at four different points. The almost unguarded works were carried with a rush. Before noon all had been taken, and Magdeburg was at the mercy of its captors, soured by long resistance, and now inflamed by unlooked-for success. Never was less mercy to be expected, and rarely has less been shown. All distinctions of age or sex were lost sight of. Wives were outraged in the presence of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents. No sacred place was a sanctuary. In one church more than fifty women were found beheaded, after having been subjected to the extreme of outrage.

The town had been set on fire in several places, and was soon one mass of flames. In less than twelve hours one of the most stately cities of Germany was reduced to ashes, only two churches and a few score of houses being left. It is said that some of his officers urged Tilly to stop the carnage, and received for reply, "Come back in an hour, and I will see what I can do; the soldier must have some reward for his danger and toils." The sack of Magdeburg lasted three days. On the fourth Tilly rode among the smoking ruins, which had been partially cleared away. More than 6,000 corpses were found in the streets, and were thrown into the Elbe; a still greater number had perished in the flames. The whole number of slain was estimated at more than 30,000. The cathedral had escaped destruction, and here on the next day solemn Mass was celebrated, and the *Te Deum* was sung amid salvos of artillery. Tilly wrote to his master that never since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem had such utter ruin been wrought.

The Emperor carried matters with a high hand. Tilly, reinforced by the troops which had been set free in Italy, marched into the heart of Saxony. He appeared before Leipzig, and threatened that unless it was at once surrendered it should fare worse than Magdeburg had done. The threat was sufficient; the gates of Leipzig were thrown open.

The Elector of Saxony now made formal overtures to Gustavus, which were received with apparent coolness, but with secret delight.

To the Saxon envoy he said: "I am sorry for the Elector. Had he heeded my remonstrances, Magdeburg would not have fallen, and his country would never have seen the face of an enemy. Now, when he has no other alternative, he asks assistance from me. What security have I that he will not abandon me as soon as the Emperor makes favorable proposals to him?" The envoy could only beg that the past might be forgotten, and that Gustavus would name his own terms. "I require," was the reply, "that the Elector shall make over to me the fortress of Wittenberg; shall deliver to me his eldest sons as hostages; shall dismiss his treacherous ministers, and furnish my troops with three months' pay." The Elector agreed to all this, and proffered even more: "Not Wittenberg alone," he replied, "but all Saxony shall be open to the King. I and my whole family will be his hostages. I will deliver to him all the traitors whom he shall name; will furnish all the money he requires; and will venture life and fortune in the good cause."

So a formal treaty was soon framed, to which all the Protestant Princes of Germany became parties. The united Swedish and German forces marched toward Leipzig, near which Tilly had posted himself in a fortified camp at the Breitenfeld. Here, on the morning of September 17th, the two armies stood face to face. The numbers were about equal—a little more than 30,000 on each

side. The Saxons, in their new uniforms, made a gallant show, and looked somewhat disdainfully upon the Swedes in their worn equipments. Tilly's purpose was to await attack behind his intrenchments. The action was opened by a furious cannonade of two hours. The wind blew the dust and smoke into the faces of the advancing Swedes, and Gustavus veered a little to the north to avoid this. The impetuous Pappenheim thought he saw a favorable moment for attack. He left his strong lines and fell upon the enemy. The brunt first fell upon the Saxons, who were soon streaming from the field in wild confusion. Pappenheim's cavalry now struck the right wing of the Swedes, where Gustavus commanded in person. The Imperialists were driven back, their intrenchments were carried, and their guns turned upon themselves. Tilly, wounded in three places, swore that he, who had been a victor in almost two score great battles, would not now fly from the field. But at last he was induced to put himself at the head of his remaining forces, and cut his bloody way straight through the Swedish ranks. Of his men, fully 5,000 were left dead or dying upon the field. The battle of Brietenfeld deserves to be classed among the decisive battles of the world. It decided, among other things, that the Swedish light infantry, properly handled, were more effective than the serried formations of the Spaniards and Germans.

Tilly was for another six months opposed to Gustavus ; but his lucky star had deserted him. On April 14th, 1632, he vainly opposed the crossing of the Lech by the Swedes. A cannon-ball struck him above the knee, and he died the next day, at the age of seventy-three.

In early youth he entered the Society of the Jesuits, but soon embraced the military career, entered the Spanish service, and served under Alva in the Netherlands, then entered the Imperial service and fought against the Turks. Subsequently he commanded at the battle of the White Hill, the first notable engagement of the Thirty Years' War. He was an ugly, little, old man, with broad forehead, sharp chin and keen eyes ; noted for his fantastic attire. Even in camp he led an almost monastic life, never touched wine or women ; cared little for honors and less for wealth ; refused the proffer of a dukedom, and died without estate or wealth. He was a type of the military devotee.

The campaigns of Gustavus had been a series of almost uniform successes, and the Empire was brought to the verge of ruin. All men saw that Wallenstein was the only man to save it. He had remained on his estates, brooding over the indignity which he had endured in being displaced from the command, and meditating vast and vague schemes for the future. He even set on foot negotiations with Gustavus. "If," said he, "the King of Sweden will give me 12,000 men, I will add to them the officers of my old army. We will chase the Emperor across the Alps, and the goods of the Jesuits and their followers shall be divided among our soldiers." But Gustavus would form no such alliance.

Ferdinand, in his extremity, now looked once more to Wallenstein, imploring him to resume the command of the army. Wallenstein would accept only upon condition that he should have sole and absolute command ; there should be no Imperial authority in his camps ; no peace should be made without his assent ; he should have the sovereignty over all the provinces he might conquer ; and at the close of the war he should have Bohemia, to be held as a fief of the Empire.

These hard terms were agreed to, and in April, 1632, Wallenstein was replaced in command. His enormous wealth and unbounded liberality now stood him in good

effect. Soldiers of fortune flocked to his camp. They came from Italy, from Spain, from Scotland and Ireland, from every German land between the Baltic and the Alps, and there was scarcely a man of them whom he could not address in his native tongue. Protestants were as welcome as Catholics. Before three months had passed, Wallenstein had under him 60,000 troops, scarcely a man of whom cared a straw for the Empire or the Emperor.

The Saxons had now made themselves masters of a great part of Bohemia. Wallenstein at first attempted to detach the Elector from his alliance with Gustavus. Failing in this, he fell upon the Saxons, and drove them beyond the frontiers of Bohemia ; and then with his mighty host moved slowly upon Nuremberg.

Gustavus threw himself, with greatly inferior forces, into that quaint old city. Wallenstein pitched his intrenched camp close by. The fortifications were strong, defended by more than 300 cannon. Wallenstein had no mind to attack these works, preferring to reduce the city by famine. Apart from the citizens, Gustavus had less than 20,000 men ; but detached bodies would soon arrive, making his numbers quite equal to those of the enemy. Once the Swedes left their intrenchments and offered battle on the open plain. Some of Wallenstein's generals urged him to accept the gage, but he replied, "Battles enough have been fought ; it is time to try another method."

The pressing question on both sides was how to feed the armies. Foraging parties were sent out in every direction, and came into frequent collision. On one occasion Gustavus learned that a great convoy was approaching the Imperial camp. A regiment of cavalry was sent out to intercept it. The Swedes fell upon the convoy by surprise, drove off 12,000 head of cattle, and burned 1,000 wagons loaded with supplies which they could not carry away.

As reinforcements reached Nuremberg the difficulty in feeding the troops grew more pressing day by day. The Swedes had all along been noted for their strict discipline and their abstinence from pillage ; but their German allies marauded without stint, to the fierce indignation of Gustavus, who summoned some of their leaders to his presence. "Never," says one who was present, "was His Majesty in such a towering rage." His words were sharp enough. "You, colonels and officers of every rank, plunder your own brothers in the faith. You make me disgusted with you. You cause men to say openly, 'The King, our friend, does us more harm than our enemies. I am so grieved with you that I am vexed that I ever had anything to do with so stiffnecked a nation.'" One day a Swedish corporal was brought before him, caught in the act of seizing the cow of a peasant. "My son," said Gustavus, as he delivered the culprit to the provost-guard, "it is better that I should punish you than that God should punish not only you, but me and all of us for your sake."

The beleaguering had lasted almost two months when the reinforcements to Nuremberg had raised the Swedish force to an equality with that of the enemy. On September 3d, Gustavus made a bold attempt to storm the Imperial lines. The onslaught lasted the whole day. It was repulsed, the Swedes leaving 2,000 men dead upon the field. Then came two weeks and more of comparative inactivity. Famine and pestilence raged in both camps. By these means, rather than by actual warfare, Nuremberg had lost 10,000 of its population ; Gustavus almost twice as many of his soldiers, and Wallenstein about an equal number. The fatal deadlock must somehow be broken. Wallenstein showed no disposition to do this ; Gustavus could do it only by abandoning Nuremberg ; he resolved to do this, but not without making one more effort to entice his



COAT WORN BY GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AT THE BATTLE OF LÜTZEN.

enemy into open battle outside his works. So on the 18th of September, 1632, he marched out in order of battle, with colors flying in full view of the enemy. But Wallenstein made no hostile movement, not even to harass the orderly retreat. Gustavus moved northward, halting for five days at Neustadt to refresh his troops, and see what Wallenstein meant to do.

The Imperial commander felt himself in no condition to take possession of the defenseless Nuremberg. He broke up his camps, and also moved toward the north. When he came to muster his army at Bamberg, he found only 24,000 men with their colors, out of the 60,000 with which he had begun the campaign not four months ago. Thence he moved into Saxony, and early in November intrenched himself near Lützen, close by Leipzig, where he proposed to go into Winter quarters, presuming that Gustavus would do the like. So secure from attack did he think himself, that he sent Pappenheim, with more than half the army, to make a foray in the direction of Halle and Cologne. Gustavus soon learned of this, and with 20,000 men—all that he could muster—advanced upon the Imperialists. Wallenstein had with him scarcely 12,000. But Pappenheim had not gone so far that he could not be speedily recalled; and Wallenstein resolved to remain where he was, and await the attack.

Early on the morning of November 16th, 1632, the Swedes, in battle order, were close to the Imperial lines, covered by batteries, behind which Wallenstein remained motionless. A dense fog shut out everything from view beyond the distance of a few rods. Kneeling in front of his men, the King made his morning devotions, the whole army, upon their knees, raising Luther's noble hymn, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" The fog lifted a

little before noon. Gustavus, mounting his horse, and clad only in a doublet and surtout—for an old wound prevented his wearing armor—rode along his lines with words of encouragement. Looking up to heaven, he exclaimed: "Now Jesu, in God's name, give us to fight in honor of Thy holy name!" Then, waving his sword, he gave the order, "Forward!" And at the head of his cavalry on the right, dashed upon the foe. "God with us!" was the battle-cry of the Swedes; "Jesu-Maria!" that of the Imperialists. The Imperial lines were broken through at every point; their batteries were captured and turned upon themselves. But Wallenstein now showed that he possessed the highest qualities of a general and soldier. Gathering his reserves, he flung them in a solid mass upon the centre of the Swedish infantry, drove them back from the ground which they had won, and recovered his batteries. Gustavus, from the right, galloped toward the scene of peril, only a few of his best mounted men—among whom was Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg—being able to keep up with him. An Imperial sub-officer noticed that everybody seemed to make way before an almost solitary horseman. "He must be somebody," he exclaimed to his little squad; "aim at him!" Two shots took effect. One passed through the neck of the King's

horse, the other shattered his left arm. Some of his troopers now came up, and the cry arose, "The King is wounded!" "It is nothing; follow me," cried the King. But in a moment, fainting with pain, he begged the Duke of Lauenburg to lead him out of the tumult. They made a somewhat wide detour toward the right, and came close to the great stone which formed a conspicuous landmark on the plain. Here Gustavus received a second shot in the back, and fell from his horse, which



THE SWEDISH STONE ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF LÜTZEN, AS IT WAS AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY.



MEMORIAL BRONZE TEMPLE NOW ERECTED AT LÜTZEN.

dashed wildly among the Swedish troops. "Brother," murmured Gustavus to the Duke, "I am done for. Look only to your own life." The Duke took him at his word and disappeared. The dying King lay by the great

stone, alone except for the presence of a lad of eighteen. A troop of Piccolomini's Imperial cuirassiers rode up. "Who is this?" asked their leader. "I was the King of Sweden," was the faint response. Most likely the cuirassier

did not understand the words ; at all events, he shot the King through the head, to relieve him, as he said, from his mortal agony.

The tumult of battle soon surged around the great stone, where a murderous hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The ground was piled up with corpses ; but no one then dreamed that under one of these heaps lay the body of the great King.

There has been much question among historians as to the question from whose hand came that fatal shot in the back. Strong suspicion fell upon the Duke of Lauenburg ; and there is nothing in the character of the man to render it improbable. It is certain that at one time he cherished a bitter enmity toward Gustavus. Some years previously he had resided at the Swedish court. One day he received a deep affront in the royal chamber. Due apologies were made ; but the Duke hurried from the Swedish court, entered the Imperial service, and became intimate with Wallenstein. All at once he made his appearance at Nuremberg during the siege ; offered himself as a volunteer, and was received with marked favor by Gustavus. Men said that at Lützen he kept close by the King, waiting for an opportunity of revenge. It is also said, but with little probability, that he escaped being fired upon by wearing a green sash, the Imperial colors. So slight a token would have been unnoticed. The one thing certain is that he rode from the great stone straight to Wallenstein, and assured him that the royal Swede was no more. He was received with unexampled favor ; entered largely into the subsequent schemes of Wallenstein, and on that general's fall escaped execution only by becoming a Catholic.

The question of his assassination of Gustavus is one that can never be settled with certainty. But when we bear in mind that in battle Gustavus exposed his person as freely as any common soldier, nothing can be more probable than that he would, sooner or later, meet a soldier's death. On the other hand, the fact of the Duke of Lauenburg's going over at this eventful moment to the enemy is wholly inexplicable. Perhaps the only safe verdict in his case is that of "Not proven."

When the bleeding and riderless horse of the King gave sure proof that some mishap had befallen its master, the command devolved upon the young Bernhard of Weimar. Gustavus was doubtless wounded, and if alive most likely a prisoner. The Swedes dashed forward to rescue him if living, to avenge him if dead. Their left wing was formed anew, and hurled upon the Imperial right. Their centre was again dashed upon the Imperial trenches, and carried every thing before it, in spite of the efforts of Wallenstein, who exposed his person as recklessly as Gustavus could have done. Everything seemed lost, when, as evening was drawing on, Pappenheim, with eight regiments of cavalry, appeared upon the field, and for a while stemmed the impending rout. One of the fiercest recorded fights ensued. The bravest regiments on both sides were almost annihilated. Pappenheim, after heading seven changes, fell pierced through the breast by two musket balls. While they were bearing him to the rear, tidings were brought to him that the Swedish King was surely dead. "Tell the Duke of Friedland," he said, "that I lie without hope of life ; but I die happy since I know that the implacable enemy of my religion has fallen on the same day." Even yet the issue of the battle was not decided. But each side had done its utmost, and could do no more. As night fell the trumpets on both sides, as if by mutual consent, gave the signal for withdrawal. The artillery of neither army could be removed, and whichever side should secure it next day might claim

a formal victory. The Swedes were first on the spot, and carried off their own guns and those of the enemy. *Te Deums* were indeed sung in all Catholic churches as for a great victory ; but Wallenstein, by at once abandoning Leipzig and all Saxony, tacitly acknowledged a defeat.

Few battles have been so bloody in proportion to the numbers engaged. All told, there were less than 40,000 men. Of these 9,000 lay dead, and still more were wounded. Of the Imperialists scarcely a man remained unhurt. There is no mention of prisoners on either side. It was a battle in which no quarter was given or taken.

Search was instituted for the body of the King. At last it was found close by the great stone, which has ever since been known as "The Swede's Stone." It was dragged from the heap of corpses, covered with blood, pierced with wounds, stripped of clothing and ornaments, and only to be recognized by some peculiar marks on the person. It was reverently borne to the neighboring Weissenfels, where it was embalmed. Upon a wall in the town hall of that town some dark spots are still shown, which old tradition avers to be ineffaceable traces of the blood of the great Swede.

Gustavus Adolphus died in his thirty-eighth year. His connection with the Thirty Years' War lasted not quite two and a half years. In that brief space he won for himself—Swede though he was—the undying name of "The Protestant Hero of Germany." But his achievements there were the outcome of many years of thought and endeavor. Few of the world's great captains possessed so many of the highest military characteristics, although in each one of them a superior may perhaps be found. His military place is by the side of Frederick the Great of Prussia. As a statesman, a ruler and a man, he stands on a level with Cromwell.

When Gustavus fell, the war had reached a little more than half of its destined thirty years. Bernhard of Weimar seemed likely to prove a worthy successor to Gustavus as a captain ; but he lived only a few months after the battle of Lützen. No great general afterward appeared on either side, and so the war dragged its weary course. But with the death of Gustavus it loses its epic interest. The character—half religious, half patriotic—which it assumed at the outset vanished. Spain and France began, from mere political motives, to take an active part in German affairs. Nobody in Germany, of either faith, even pretended to care much for the question of creeds. The one aspiration of both Catholics and Protestants came to be to get rid of the tyranny and exactions of the soldiery of both sides, who, if they were to live at all, must live by indiscriminate rapine and robbery. All of life that was left was drawn to the camps. In the later years of the war it is estimated that an army of 40,000 men was attended by a loathsome crowd of three or four times as many camp-followers—men, women, and children, all of whom must live by plundering the ever-decreasing number of peasants, who, somehow, managed to carry on a precarious culture of the soil. Here and there we find a bit of authentic statistics, which serve to give some faint idea of the devastation of this long war. Thus in one district of Thuringia, which had suffered less than the most of Germany, there were, in 1618, a number of hamlets, containing 1,717 dwellings. In 1649 only 627 of these houses were standing, and of these 311 were uninhabited. Before the war, there were there 1,402 head of cattle ; at its close, there were only 244. Of the 4,616 sheep, not one was left.

By 1648 both sides had come to the conviction that there was nothing left worth fighting for. And so the peace of Westphalia was entered upon. When both sides are anxious for peace upon almost any conditions, the terms

are not difficult of arrangement. One aspect of the religious contest was settled by placing Calvinism and Lutheranism on an equal footing. As between Catholics and Protestants, it was agreed that each faith should keep what it now held—or, rather, what it could show that it held in 1624. All ecclesiastical benefices which were in Protestant hands in that year should remain there; and the Catholics were to have the rest of them. The results of a quarter of a century of constant fighting were wholly ignored.

Something must be said of the subsequent career of Wallenstein, the great opponent of Gustavus Adolphus. After the battle of Lützen he seems to have entered into wild schemes for a pacification which should make himself the actual head of Germany—if not Emperor in name, at least the Emperor's master. No entreaties or commands of Ferdinand would induce him to resume operations against the Swedes, with whom he now began to enter into negotiations upon his own account. At length Ferdinand III., who had succeeded his father upon the Imperial throne, determined to displace Wallenstein from the command, and declared him a traitor. Wallenstein cared little for this so long as his soldiers stood by him. The Emperor undertook to undermine Wallenstein's influence with the army, and easily found means to win over many of the leading generals, whom Wallenstein thought surely pledged to himself.

Among these was Ottavio Piccolomini, whom of all men Wallenstein most trusted. Piccolomini was by birth an Italian, sprung, it is said, in the fourth generation, from a natural son of Pope Pius II., although some historians, with less probability, affirm that this founder of the house was a son of the Pope's sister—not of the Pontiff himself. Ottavio entered the Imperial service, and fought with brilliant success under Wallenstein. He was colonel of the regiment of cuirassiers under whose fire Gustavus was first wounded at Lützen. He had on one occasion saved the life of Wallenstein, who believed that the stars had bound their fates indissolubly together, and made him the confidant of his most secret schemes. Piccolomini seems to have had a sincere attachment for his commander, who had loaded him with favors. But he loved the Empire more than he did the commander of the Imperial army, and he loved himself better than both. He could not fail to see that Wallenstein's vast schemes would most likely come to naught. Their success depended upon the life and good fortune of one man. So he betrayed them all to the Emperor, and when Wallenstein was proclaimed a traitor, Piccolomini received a secret commission to seize his person, dead or alive, and take command of the army. But before he could find occasion to do this, Wallenstein was assassinated by some of his own soldiers, on the 25th of February, 1634. It is not certain whether Piccolomini was privy to the taking off of Wallenstein. But he was rewarded as though this deed were his own act. He received a considerable part of the confiscated estates of the Duke of Friedland; fought during all the remaining years of the war, and was created a Prince of the Empire, dying at a good old age.

Schiller, in his two dramas, "The Piccolomini," and "The Death of Wallenstein"—nobler than anything else of their kind, saving only the four great tragedies of Shakespeare—has adhered closely to the facts of history, only that Wallenstein and Piccolomini are much idealized. The beautiful characters of Max Piccolomini, the son of Ottavio, and Thekla, the daughter of Wallenstein, are pure creations of the poet. No such persons ever lived.

The year 1832 was the bi-centenary of the death of Gustavus. It was then proposed to erect in Germany a monument to the memory of the Protestant hero. It was

determined that the most fitting monument would be a "Gustavus Adolphus Union," an association whose object should be to promote, in the modes of our day, the cause for which the great King laid down his life. Its effort was to be to raise money to aid feeble Protestant churches in Germany, especially in the Catholic states. The "Union" is precisely what we call a "Domestic Missionary Society." For nearly twenty years the "Union" carried on its work with considerable zeal. Then came the Revolutionary period, commencing about 1848, during which it was almost lost sight of. After the establishment of the present German Empire it sprang into new life. In 1875 its collections were some \$400,000. Before that, from the beginning, they had amounted in all to nearly \$3,000,000. We have not at hand any statistics of this society later than 1875.

The stone where the Swedish hero fell was known as the "Swede Stone," and was visited by many with deep interest; but the field of Lützen bore no other memorial of him than the date carved on it—"G. A., 1632." In 1832 Dr. Grossman, of Leipzig, moved at the public neglect, formed an association, the object of which was to erect a fitting memorial. In 1837 the Swede Stone was inclosed in a beautiful bronze temple, with suitable inscriptions, and which preserved without concealing the old memorial. On September 15th, 1882, before this memorial, took place the 250th celebration of the glorious death of Gustavus Adolphus, Germany, Sweden and Finland, once a Swedish but now a Russian province, taking part in the exercises of the day.

The banner sent from Sweden to wave over the glorious field where her great King shed his lifeblood was taken back to Sweden, and on the 6th of November it was placed by King Oscar over the sarcophagus of Gustavus Adolphus in the Ridderholm Church, at Stockholm.

GLOVE-LEATHER.

GLOVE-LEATHER is usually colored by manual labor with brushes. This process, besides being slow, has the disadvantage that ugly edges are produced on the flesh side, and the coloring, in spite of great care, is never quite uniformly distributed. Herr Kristen, of Brünn, has sought to remedy this by a patented process, in which uniform coloring is effected with the aid of centrifugal force, the skin being fixed on a horizontal disk, the coloring poured upon it in the middle and the disk rotated. Thus an equal distribution of the matter is obtained. The liquid in excess flies over the edge, and is caught in a funnel, which guides it to a reservoir, whence a pump brings it again to the disk. In about ten to fifteen minutes a skin is finished. Only one man is required for five of the machines, which are placed near one another and run by the same shaft. In twelve hours 150 skins can easily be colored by this method.

OLD FOLLIES.

IN reading an account of the life and death of Monsieur, brother of Louis XIV. of France, we are reminded very forcibly of more than one lamentable folly that marked those olden times. It may have been at that time that the peasant used to put a heavy stone into one end of his meal-bag, to balance the weight of grain in the ether, that it might ride properly on the back of his donkey. But that was as nothing when compared with some of the follies that came nearer to the life of the fool. Here is a case in the experience of the prince whom we have mentioned.

Monsieur had a peculiar horror of blood-letting—that is, of the letting of his own blood; and if he chanced to be seized with an attack of bleeding at the nose, he would resort to the most ridiculous means of concealing the fact, for fear that the physicians would insist upon bleeding him.

Being at table with his brother, the

King, one day at Marley, he was seized with a bleeding at the nose so excessive that his friends were all alarmed; but none of them ventured to intimate that he required more care of himself. One of them, however, privately notified M. Fochon, first physician to the King, who, from long experience and service in the royal household, felt free to speak plainly with the princes of the blood. Fochon waited upon Monsieur at once, and found him terribly frightened.

The prince had now become very gross and full-blooded from excess of every kind; and a constitution once of the

very best had become shattered and broken.

Said the physician, when he examined the case: "Monsieur, you are threatened with apoplexy, and you cannot be too soon blooded."

Poor man! with all his freedom of speech, he had never thought to remove the cause of the trouble. We do not find that he ever attempted to put his patient upon a course of living that would save him. No. He was content to let the corn remain in a mass, in one end of the sack, and to put a heavy stone in the other end to

counterbalance it! He was content that the royal patient should make a volume of worthless blood, and then he would apply his lancet and take it away!

The King joined his persuasions with those of the physician, but to no avail. His brother would not consent to be bled.

At length, said Louis, petulantly: "Well, go on,

my brother; but one of these days you will find what your obstinacy will cost you. We shall be awakened some morning with the word that you are dead!"

And the royal prediction was to be very soon verified. Not long thereafter Monsieur was supping very gayly at St. Cloud. He had made ready to retire from the board; but, before doing so, he turned to M. de Ventadour, and asked him for a flask of liquor that stood near at hand; but, before he had taken it, he fell from his chair—dead!

Be deaf to the quarrelsome and dumb to the inquisitive.



MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.



KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN DECORATING THE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS SARCOPHAGUS IN THE RIDDERHOLM CHURCH, STOCKHOLM, ON THE ANNIVERSARY IN 1882.



LARCHEVEQUE'S STATUE OF GUSTAVUS II.—SEE PAGE 293.



THE SECRET DISPATCHES.—“WITH ALL THE FORCE OF DEADLY PRECISION, HE HURLED IT AT THE COLONEL DE SCHOMBERG, STRIKING THAT GENTLEMAN DIRECTLY BETWEEN THE EYES.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE SECRET DISPATCHES.

BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

THE little inn at Froulay was in a high state of excitement and awe shortly after twilight one October evening, as Monsieur de Cheauvelins, having finished his supper, stepped from its door to enter his carriage, which was to take him on as swiftly as possible to Bagueret.

De Cheauvelins was neither young nor handsome. He was very ill-tempered and exacting, and had quarreled about the ducks, which he thought overdone, and had cursed the wine summarily as poison, though he drank a good deal of it.

But now a little appeased, he took his seat in the light vehicle of English make, the only one of its kind in France, and was about to speak to his horse, when from the inn-door some one else appeared and called him.

De Cheauvelins turned with a scowl, and trying to pierce the darkness, said:

"What now?"

It was a liberty to address De Cheauvelins without his speaking first, and he always resented it.

A slight, very handsome and rather effeminate young man had by this time quickly approached, and standing with his hat off, the sharp night-breeze playing with his dark curls, said:

"Monsieur, pardon me; but you are going on, I believe, to the village of Bagueret."

This tall and slender young fellow's voice was very sweet and almost girlish. He looked, on the whole, a good deal more like a very pretty woman dressed in man's clothes than what he represented himself to be.

"I am going to Bagueret, yes," replied the other, curtly. "Pray, can I have the honor of serving you there?" he asked, with a slow, savage sneer.

"You can do me an immense service, monsieur, by allowing me to accompany you," said the stranger, disregarding the sarcasm. "Your carriage will accommodate two, and mine has lost a wheel, and it is entirely too late to think about having it repaired."

De Cheauvelins studied him for a moment with positive amusement.

The proposition was, according to his view, so cool that it absolutely put him in good humor.

"Perhaps you do not know who I am," he said.

"Perfectly. You are Monsieur de Cheauvelins."

"Oh! That is very true. Perhaps you have heard that strangers are accustomed to take liberties with Monsieur de Cheauvelins, and that he amiably allows them."

"Quite the contrary. I know you have a very fiery temper, monsieur, and nothing but the extremity of my position would have caused me to risk provoking it. I really am obliged to make Bagueret to-night if possible, and I thought when I appealed to monsieur's natural goodness of heart, which, though sometimes concealed by the vexation of temporary annoyances, always exists, I should not be refused."

The young fellow spoke gently and courteously, and in the light of the moon, which had now risen from behind the neighboring forest, his face looked sad and proud, and a little appealing.

De Cheauvelins was not altogether a brute. He was growing interested.

He had already made up his mind how to act, but he said:

"And, pray, who are you?"

"Captain de Luc, secretary to the Marquis de Ville-roy."

"Oh!" ejaculated the other, in a prolonged whisper.

It was as if he had made a bow at the mention of the name of the far-off marquis, and his manner changing instantly to the greatest respect, he said:

"Step into my carriage, I beg."

That particularly handsome captain at once complied, and his companion putting the horses in motion, they rolled away swiftly along the highroad.

Chill was the night, but, as we know, a bright moon had risen, and as the two gentlemen traveled side by side, they grew chatty and comfortable.

"You are on business for the marquis, captain?"

"I precede him in this direction by a day or two, monsieur. I am fortunate in the choice of time, for they tell me that this is a very dangerous road, and I should not care to go over it alone."

De Cheauvelins turned his head, rather astonished. It was not the fashion in those times for people to confess a fear of anything, and everybody assumed a courage, if he had it not.

The elder man, who had seen service, smiled contemptuously. In spite of his respect for the distant marquis, he could not help saying:

"Don't be alarmed, captain. If the highwaymen trouble us, I shall do my best to take care of you."

"I am not so much afraid of myself, monsieur," replied De Luc, smiling, sadly, "as of my property. I have a few louis about me, and they are all I have in the world. We military men get rich by very slow degrees, and when we have saved a little we dislike to lose it."

"How must I feel, then, who have a very large treasure in my bosom—gold—and a magnificent suite of diamonds in my boots, both of which have false soles?"

"Nervous enough, monsieur."

"Not at all so. I carry a sword, and have learned how to use it."

The naïve admissions of the boyish captain amused old De Cheauvelins sufficiently to make him confidential. The brisk pace at which they were getting over the ground had also, perhaps, something to do with his good spirits.

"I carry a sword likewise," replied the captain; "but there is an English proverb which praises prudence at the expense of valor."

De Cheauvelins swore a round oath at that sort of logic, incompressible and hateful to him.

"I can't imagine why you carry so much that is valuable about you, monsieur," pursued De Luc, in his frank vein. "It seems like tempting fate."

"Your few louis have made you timorous, my dear captain. But still this is not bravado on my part, I admit. I am going to Bagueret first, and then to the estate De Belleville, where the Count de Roguin and his beautiful daughter reside; and I may as well tell you the rest of the secret—I am going to marry that young lady, and the diamonds in my boots are for her."

"Permit a poor soldier to congratulate you. I have heard of Mademoiselle de Roguin," said the captain, with something almost like a sigh, which so tickled old De Cheauvelins's sense of humor that he was very nearly on the point of explosion.

His suppressed merriment was cut entirely short, for they had approached a turn in the road so very obscure, owing to the trees, that they saw at the middle of the bend a mud-puddle which the adroit management of the horse scarcely permitted them to avoid.

But De Cheauvelins had just succeeded in pulling his head aside with a sharp wrench, when the bushes on the left suddenly opened, and two men, with crape masks on, suddenly stepped forth.

Each held a leveled pistol in his hand.

"Hold, gentlemen!" cried one of the highwaymen. "You must pay toll here."

De Cheauvelins drew his sword instantly and made a cut at the first robber, knocking the pistol out of his hand; but the second at once covered the old man with his own weapon, placing him at his mercy.

Captain de Luc had not moved a finger.

"You will surrender everything you have, gentlemen," said the taller of the highwaymen—"money, jewelry and papers."

"I have only a few louis, messieurs," said De Luc, in a low voice—"my whole fortune. Surely you will not take it all from me? Let me keep twenty-five; there are only fifty."

Old De Cheauvelins, in his dismal strait, began, perhaps, to see something sensible, after all, in the English proverb.

He was entirely helpless; his cowardly companion had not even made a show of resistance, and the idea of losing the large sum he had on his person and the magnificent diamonds was by no means pleasing.

How would a little policy serve?

"Messieurs, I confess frankly I have a hundred louis. Permit me to keep five for my expenses at Bagueret, and you may have the rest."

"Come!" said the robber, impatiently. "Hand over everything."

Du Luc began to fumble in his bosom; but suddenly arresting his hand, said:

"Messieurs, I beg for one more chance. I am a very poor man, and my money so carefully saved is dear to me. Let me retain my fifty louis and I will tell you a secret worth, possibly, thousands."

"Ha! a secret?" said the tall fellow, earnestly. "But suppose you tell us a lie?"

"Then kill me."

"Well, keep your money; and now out with this secret. Make haste."

"My companion is a gentleman on his way to the estate of the old Count de Roguin, the celebrated diplomatist, who is soon, they say, to visit the Court of Sardinia with special dispatches of a secret nature from His Majesty, our King."

"Go on."

My companion, I regret to say, has told you a falsehood. In his bosom he carries a large treasure, in gold, and in his boots, which have false soles, he carries a magnificent suite of diamonds."

De Cheauvelins uttered a fiery curse, and turned upon the captain as if about to run him through.

"Coward and traitor!" he panted, when the robber had succeeded in restraining him.

"Get out of the carriage," said the latter, "and take off your outer clothing and boots."

With a dismal countenance, fuming and blaspheming in an undertone, the old man obeyed; but he had no sooner touched the ground than he wheeled suddenly upon the robber who held the pistol, and made a desperate onset."

The man fired, but ineffectively; and now both the villains, with drawn swords, engaged old De Cheauvelins, and the clang and clash of steel rang out fiercely, mingled with all sorts of cries and execrations from the furious combatants; and while all this proceeded, Captain De

Luc in the carriage touched the horse with the whip, and glided swiftly and noiselessly away.

The captain arrived in due course at Bagueret, and put up for the night. Next day he walked about the village and its environs a good deal, apparently without any particular purpose, and was the object of much gossip and surmise among the pretty maidens, and also of some curiosity on the part of elder folks.

He dined late, and, after dinner, directing the landlord to take good care of his horse and carriage until his return, he set out on foot, taking the posting road which crosses that by which he had arrived the night before, and leads to the estate of De Belleville.

The chateau still exists—a ruin, which no sharp tourist in that part of the country allows himself to miss. In its glory it was a magnificent place, but that was long ago.

Captain de Luc gave his name, and after a little while was admitted, and led by a stately footman to a handsome apartment, where sat the Count de Roguin and his exquisitely beautiful daughter, Mademoiselle Marguerite.

De Roguin was no longer young; but his countenance beamed with intellect, courage, and also kindness. His shrewd eyes studied the person of his visitor with some surprise and curiosity, not ill-bred, but quite unmistakable.

Mademoiselle Marguerite, shy and a little haughty, stood near her father, likewise scrutinizing the slight and youthful captain under the long lashes of her dark eyes.

De Luc told his story briefly—that he was the *avant courier* of the noble Marquis de Villeroy, who would himself follow very shortly—and was cordially welcomed and invited to make himself at home.

Having seated himself near the count, at that nobleman's request, he now, for the first time, observed another person in the room, who had been secluded in a remote corner reading a book, but who now came forward and was also presented, as Father Jerome, a Cordelier.

The monk was the count's nephew—tall, well-made, but pale with study, and, perhaps, an ascetic life, modest and sad.

Captain de Luc soon told his Parisian news—the current politics and court gossip—and made himself highly agreeable. The count, it was easy to see, thought him a charming fellow, and very justly, for the captain had the gifts of satire and mimicry, an excellent memory and eye for character, and also the rare and happy faculty of giving point to the simplest anecdotes.

Father Jerome could understand and appreciate his stories as well as De Roguin, for he was a Bachelor of Sorbonne, and had spent several years in the great world, where, owing to his connections, he was much caressed by the nobility, and was a man of accomplishments.

I don't think you could fancy a pleasanter party. Even the shyness of Mademoiselle Marguerite wore off, and she also conversed with animation and spirit.

After a while, when a little silence had overtaken the assembly, Captain de Luc said:

"It is no secret, I believe, count, that you are going on a special mission for His Majesty to Sardinia?"

"I expect my dispatches by the marquis."

"You have no idea of their nature, of course; but I know from what the marquis chose to let drop that the mission is very important—very delicate—very secret. There are some, I think, in Prussia, who would like to have a look at those papers."

De Roguin smiled mysteriously.

He was flattered at the king's choice. For five years he had retired from active affairs and the world of diplomacy,



FIRES IN THEATRES, AND THEIR PREVENTION.—THE BURNING OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON.—SEE PAGE 312.

and he knew that this demand upon his services, in a sense of peremptory, indicated the extremely delicate nature of the embassy.

"Mademoiselle accompanies you?" inquired De Luc, knowing very well the contrary.

Marguerite's countenance fell. She seemed almost on the point of tears.

"No," said De Roguin; "but there is to be a change for her also, doubtless even more agreeable than a sight of Italy. She is about to be married, captain, to a very worthy gentleman, Monsieur de Cheauvelins—rich, amiable, and of good birth."

De Luc turned away to hide a smile.

The young lady's distress was so unconcealed that the conversation again subsided, and this time the silence was a good deal more awkward.

Perhaps De Roguin was a little vexed; the match was one of his own making; his daughter had never objected positively, but is there anything so irritating as a sullen obedience?

"You will miss each other, will you not?" said De Luc, gently.

"Well, I shall not get into trouble," laughed the count. "If you hear that old De Roguin, the famous duelist, has become a poltroon, don't be surprised. I am now the man whom everybody may insult with impunity."

"You puzzle me, count."

"Last night mademoiselle there made me swear on the crucifix that I would never fight another duel. She is afraid I shall fall next time. *Parbleu!* I don't know why. But now if some rascal should insult me, I can do no more than show him the wounds of a dozen previous affairs as proof of my courage; and if that satisfy him not, I must, forsooth, make him a bow and walk off."

Marguerite smiled through the tears that had trembled in her eyes.

"You are safe now, dear papa," she said, enjoying her triumph.

"Yes, very safe," replied De Roguin, gruffly. "At the mercy of every blusterer who chooses to annoy me."

"The duel, however, is not the best test of courage, after all, remarked De Luc. "I don't say that no man should fight if he can possibly avoid it, but he certainly should require an actual provocation."

The count unconsciously glanced over the young fellow's slight figure, and at his handsome, effeminate face and white, delicate hands. De Luc perceived the look and flushed a little.

"Come, Father Jerome," said De Roguin, suddenly changing the subject, "let us hear your harpsichord."

The monk smiled sadly, but rose in obedience, and immediately brought his instrument from its place in the corner and played very sweetly. He had, in fact, a passion for music—the only one, perhaps, of the many that may set poor human nature mad—all others merged in this, so that it had nearly reached the point of folly with the good man, preventing a career such as his talents and birth might have reasonably been looked to procure for him; for is it not said: *Qui bien chante et bien dance, fait un métier qui peu avance?*

When they had finished they talked a little of music and of the cantata of Rameau, about which all the world was agitated, and of the little operetta by Clavambault, which had so pleased the king.

Then, at the captain's entreaty, Mademoiselle Marguerite sang a little air from Bernier's "Sleeping Cupids," sweet and melancholy, and with admirable taste.

Father Jerome presently drew near his uncle and the fire, and De Luc, not to his dissatisfaction, was left with



BURNING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

the beautiful Marguerite. He chatted while she sang, and as there is nothing like music to bring two young people quickly to an understanding, they soon appeared very well acquainted.

And now, in the midst of this cozy scene, the count and his nephew conversing before the hearth, and the captain and the handsome young lady busy over the harpsichord, the door suddenly opened and a servant announced :

"Colonel de Schomberg."

A tall, burly man, with a large head, and a red, rather brutal face, stepped in, smiling.

De Roguin and the monk looked for a minute non-plussed. A ghost could scarcely have astonished them more.

But the count was the first to recover, and, rising, he gave his hand to the stranger and welcomed him—rather dryly, perhaps; but still it was a welcome.

"Necessity forces me to trespass upon your hospitality, count," said the burly and gigantic Colonel de Schomberg. "My horse has fallen lame, and is unable to go a mile further."

De Roguin bowed, passing over the apology without reference, and introduced his new guest to his daughter, and lastly to young De Luc.

The constraint which followed was extremely painful. The tall man was

de trop. De Roguin cleared his throat, not knowing what to do next, and, master of diplomacy as he was, unable to hide his acute embarrassment.

The monk looked blankly at the fire; Marguerite plucked a dreamy and uncertain melody from her instrument—a whisper of music; while the captain glanced upward vaguely at the cornice, the faintest suspicion of a smile on his girlish face.

In fact, this De Schomberg and the Count de Roguin in former years had quarreled, and it had never been truly made up. They might have fought, but there were things whispered about the colonel which made it impossible for a gentleman to meet him.

He was said to be a shaper, a spy in the pay of unfriendly governments, and assassin. A noted duelist, he had killed half a dozen men, and some, it was alleged, under very dark circumstances. Lord Trevor Rashleigh,

the Englishman, little more than a stripling, he had, it was reported, first plucked, and then next morning at daybreak run through and through at the first pass. Still more unpleasant scandal was current about him, with which, however, I need not trouble the reader.

So now he sat among those good people, but not of them, with a smile on his coarse face that was wonderfully like a sneer, and something careless in his attitude that was very muck like insolence.

"A cold night, is it not?" asked De Roguin, at length.

"Tolerably," drawled the colonel, stretching out his long limbs and smiling queerly at the warm blaze, as if he saw written among the flames some joke which he alone understood.

"A long ride, I dare say."

"Tolerably," nodded the other, in the same slow tone.

Was he drunk? De Roguin looked at his nephew; the Cordelier sighed, declined to meet his glance, and took a little book from his pocket.

"Perhaps," thought the count, "he intends to resent the surprise we exhibited on his appearance, and it certainly was in very bad taste—quite inexcusable; and I have not even asked him to take some refreshment."

So De Roguin offered this form of hospitality, but Colonel de Schomberg avowed the need of no-

thing more than a little wine, which was produced.

The gentlemen drank together, and their intercourse grew a little more genial. The count certainly did not like this ruffianly colonel; but, then, had he not admitted him, tacitly at least, as his guest?

They conversed very amicably, sitting by the table over the decanter and glasses; but the Cordelier, being abstemious, had sipped his, and retreated once more to his book, while Captain de Luc had returned, glass in hand, to his beautiful companion at the harpsichord.

De Schomberg seemed to be one of those men who cannot be where there is wine without testing its qualities thoroughly; at first the good, which are found by moderation in the experiment—and the bad, which show themselves in the alternative.

So the more he talked the more he praised, and, alas! the more he drank. He grew argumentative, he grew



FIRES IN THEATRES AND THEIR PREVENTION.—FIRE-GUARD AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 312.

jolly, he grew sullen, and at last he became almost insultingly disagreeable.

"You go to Sardinia soon?" he said, presently, slapping the table, leaning back, and crossing his long limbs.

"Yes," coughed De Roguin, doubtfully.

"And you carry important secret dispatches?"

"I don't know; it is not certain. I mean, I have no official notification."

"But they have arrived. You have them in your possession," persisted De Schomberg.

"I assure you I have not."

"Come! Why hide it? We are friends here."

"But I really have no such papers."

The colonel eyed him a little tipsily—a sullen stare—his enormous head wagging a little.

"A million devils! Why such secrecy? I am no child to be put off in this way. I won't have it, *pardieu*! Confess that you have those secret dispatches."

"I have not, monsieur. It is not your affair either way," said the count, with heightened color; "but I have not."

"You lie!"

De Roguin sprang to his feet, with a lurid glare upon his countenance, and stood over De Schomberg, trembling from head to foot. He could not speak—I think he was choking.

The monk also had risen, and stood looking on with clasped fingers, pallid and frightened.

Mademoiselle Marguerite, clung to De Luc's arm, convulsed with terror, saying:

"Oh, monsieur, do not let them fight! Oh, papa, remember your promise—your oath!"

At last, with a strangling gasp, De Roguin said:

"Retract that?"

De Schomberg laughed slowly and insolently, looking him fully in the eyes, and said again:

"You lie!"

"One of us must die before to-morrow," returned the count, in a measured voice, low and intense.

Marguerite uttered a scream.

"Your oath, papa—remember your oath! You would not perjure yourself, darling papa?"

She would have rushed to him, but De Luc held her. He was very pale—even his lips were white.

"You will fight me, of course?" said De Schomberg.

The count sank down, and hid his face in his hands. That strong man was crying.

"God help me, I cannot!"

"Well, this is charming!" cried the colonel, with a burst of hilarity. "You *will* not, and Monsieur l'Abbe there, on account of his cloth, *cannot*. The field, therefore, is all my own."

De Luc, pallid and self-possessed, had watched everything without uttering a word or moving a finger, except with his left hand to clutch the arm of Marguerite and restrain her from going to her father. In the fingers of his right there trembled his still unemptied glass of wine, and now slowly and deliberately raising it, he held it for an instant just above his shoulder, and with all the force of his wrist, and a deadly precision, he hurled it at the Colonel de Schomberg, striking that gentleman directly between the two eyes, blinding him, and smashing it into a thousand fragments.

With a roar of pain, the brute sprang up, drawing his sword, and staggered toward the pale young man; but at the same moment the latter's weapon was out, and the two blades met.

"Not here, sir," said De Luc. "Five minutes from now, in the forest on the other side of the park. It is a

moonlight night, and we can discuss our affair very comfortably."

De Schomberg towered over him, with a frightful smile on his bleeding and stained visage.

"Monsieur—my little friend—my sweet little friend, we shall meet where you propose; and ten minutes from now you will have been cut into one thousand slices."

He turned on his heel and instantly left the bouse, Captain De Luc, placing the fainting form of Marguerite in a chair, at once followed him.

The moon hung almost directly overhead, as if, in the language of the old Latin poet, about to fall; and, shining down through the openings of the immense trees, gave the forest a certain resemblance to a lighted cathedral.

De Schomberg, furious and unsobber, paced up and down, looking more like a gigantic fiend than a man. Suddenly he was confronted by De Luc.

The captain, sword in hand, had emerged silently through the shadow arch formed by two great oaks, and stood in the path of his enemy, smiling insolently.

"Ho! you have come," cried De Schomberg, with the snarl of a tiger.

De Luc nodded coolly. He did not choose to speak, and there was something singularly provoking in his silence, also in his insulting smile.

As De Schomberg advanced, he guarded himself; an instant afterward the combat began.

The exchanges were furious, the captain acting, however, rather on the defensive, and even retreating.

The enormous strength and stature of his adversary made the odds so great, that I dare say a disinterested spectator would have scouted the idea that there was the smallest chance for poor Captain de Luc.

But in a short while the aspect of things began to be different. De Schomberg's breath went and came with more difficulty, and the wine he had drunk, his rage and fatigue, seemed to make him stupid.

He cut and slashed about him wildly, stumbling and cursing, but doing no execution; and just as he swung his sword for a downward cut, with all the force he possessed, De Luc, with the agility of a cat, sprang aside, and thrust his own glittering blade directly through the giant's heart, the point coming out on the other side.

De Schomberg, without even a groan, dropped to the earth and died instantly.

De Luc rested a minute to recover his respiration, wiped the dew from his brow with a small lace handkerchief, and then stooped to examine the face of the dead man, white in the moonlight, and the open eyes glaring with a fixed stare at the calm sky.

"He is gone!" said the captain, with a faint smile; and he began searching the body.

His examination was rewarded with the discovery of a bundle of papers, which he first glanced over, and then hid somewhere on his own person.

And now leisurely he returned to the chateau, in whose windows the lights were still burning. A servant was leading a horse to the rear; evidently there had been another arrival, a late—for it was now past twelve—and therefore an important one.

De Luc re-entered the chateau, going to the room he had quitted under such momentous circumstances less than an hour before.

As he opened the door of that apartment and stepped in, pale and calm, Marguerite, with clasped hands and a little cry of "God be thanked!" sprang up.

She had been weeping; her face wore the storm-beaten look of wild tears and terror.

The Count de Roguin and the Cordelier stared like men who could not believe their eyes.

"The insult is avenged," said De Luc, quietly tossing his hat on the table. "He lies in the forest, a corpse."

"How can I repay you, Captain de Luc?" said the count, coming forward and taking his hand.

"Very easily. You have arranged to wed your daughter to Monsieur de Cheauvelins—a very worthy man, perhaps, but unsuitable to her. I ask you to release her from that bargain."

"But De Cheauvelins has arrived. He has gone to his room to repair the disorder of travel. He met with an accident last night; he was set upon and half-murdered by robbers."

"Before he makes his appearance, I ask you, count, to leave this matter to Mademoiselle Marguerite herself. If she desires still to become his wife, or is, in fact, resigned to that doom, I will say no more."

"You take the advantage of me, Captain de Luc," said De Roguin, much troubled; "but yet I owe you a great deal. Speak, Marguerite."

She was silent for a moment, with downcast blush; but urged again, she said:

"I do not wish to marry Monsieur de Cheauvelins, papa."

"Good!" exclaimed De Luc. "Mademoiselle, I love you, and something in your conduct to-night has led me to hope, to almost feel assured, that my fate is not indifferent to you. Would you marry, instead of the wealthy Monsieur de Cheauvelins, a poor soldier with no fortune but his sword?"

"This is presumption, Captain de Luc," said the count, growing angry.

"Speak, mademoiselle."

"Yes."

The door opened. Old De Cheauvelins, with one arm in a sling and patches on his face, entered, but stopped short instantly.

"Ho! here you are again, Monsieur le Capitaine," he cried. "This is the cowardly villain who ran away with my carriage last night, and left me to the mercies of the highwayman, as I told you a while ago, count."

All started in astonishment.

"Not only that, but he betrayed me to the rascals, telling them of the money and diamonds I had concealed on my person, which, as soon as they had overpowered me, they stripped me of. It was a very clever performance, my good captain, but you shall answer to me for it."

"My dear De Cheauvelins," said De Luc, "I have already killed one man to-night, and have scarcely appetite for another."

"How dare you address me so familiarly, sirrah? It seems to me you need a good drubbing with a stick more than anything else."

"You are an impertinent fellow, my *vieux singe blanc*. You are a simpleton, because you tell your secrets to strangers whom you pick up on the road; a bully, because you scold inn-waiters who are obliged to take it; a selfish and ridiculous old philander, because you would force a beautiful young lady, who hates the sight of you, to become, against her will, your wife."

"Now, by the—" began De Cheauvelins, dancing with rage, too furious to have the strength or the presence of mind to pull out his sword.

"Stop! How much did the sum you lost last night amount to, and what was the value of the diamonds?"

"Hundreds of louis! Thousands! But for you I should have them all at this moment!"

"Let the Count de Roguin, who is a just man, estimate

the sum, and I will pay it three times over," said De Luc. "I betrayed you to those robbers for a purpose. It was not your diamonds or money they were after, but these secret dispatches from His Majesty the King."

He took a bundle of papers from his bosom and threw them down before De Roguin.

"Those men," continued the captain, "were agents of the Prussian Government, and one of them was the villain I killed to-night, Colonel de Schomberg. He knew that those dispatches were on their way to the Count de Roguin, and he took you for the messenger. I therefore adopted a ruse by which I prevented their interception. De Schomberg, finding he had been fooled, at once followed me here. His purpose was, at any cost, to delay the secret mission to the Court of Sardinia, and knowing there was no other way to accomplish it, he determined to provoke a duel with Count de Roguin—in other words, to assassinate him."

His audience listened in amazement.

"He lies in the forest dead, and will trouble us no more. On his person I found documents confirming all I have said of his relation with the Government of Prussia, and which, when you please, I will show you. Now, Count de Roguin, tell me whether I have earned the right to compete for your daughter's hand."

De Roguin was stupefied. He rubbed his forehead with the palm of his hand, like a man trying to make out whether he is dreaming or awake.

"Speak, count. You have always had the reputation of being an honest man."

"But you see, Captain de Luc, while acknowledging all your services, and expressing, certainly, the profoundest gratitude, I must—a—look also at the prudent side of things. Here is Monsieur de Cheauvelins, a wealthy gentleman of good birth, to whom my daughter is almost affianced, although I admit she does not seem to be at all in love with him; while you, whom she really likes, I am afraid, are only a poor captain, the son of nobody knows whom, with prospects just as uncertain as your birth."

"But my patron, the Marquis de Villeroy, count? His favor is worth something."

"Yes; but I should like first to have a talk with the marquis. Let us postpone the question until his arrival."

"He is here already."

"Here? I have heard nothing of it. He is certainly not stopping at Baguret, even for a night, while my house is open to him."

"Count, I have deceived you. I am the Marquis de Villeroy."

The Count de Roguin fell into a chair like a man shot. Old De Cheauvelins stared in amazement. The monk clasped his fingers, according to habit, and looked upward, praying. Mademoiselle Marguerite smiled mischievously, and the Marquis de Villeroy, observing this, seized her hand and imprinted a kiss upon it.

* * * * *

It was quite true. De Luc was, in reality, the young marquis, who, going for the king upon a diplomatic mission, had carried it out upon diplomatic and, certainly, very romantic principles. He remained with the Count de Roguin until that nobleman was obliged to set out for Sardinia; but before that took place the fair Marguerite had become the marquis's bride.

De Cheauvelin's loss was made up to him, doubled—a proposition which he first declined, and then quietly accepted. The Secret Dispatches were conveyed safely to Sardinia, and were of great importance in framing the policy of that Government afterward toward France in the singular political events that followed.

FIRES IN THEATRES, AND THEIR PREVENTION.

BY HORACE TOWNSEND.

MACAULAY remarks somewhere on the absurd aspect presented by the English people in one of their spasmodic fits of morality with which, he says, they every now and then are suddenly taken, and just as suddenly get rid of, returning to their normal apathetic condition as regards the morals or immorals of their neighbors. Quite as curious and worthy of study to the casual observer is the sudden and widespread panic which at some outbreak of fire in a theatre seizes the American nation, and renders them for some space of time keenly alive to the small chance of escape offered to them, should any of the existing places of amusement catch fire when inclosing an audience within their walls.

Editorials are written in the newspapers, articles by experts appear in the leading magazines; the receipts of theatres and opera-houses suffer from a temporary diminution; the Fire Department officials bestir themselves, and present voluminous reports; every one comes to the conclusion that each and every place of public entertainment is "a death-trap," and that "something ought to be done," and the general result is that matters go on much as they did in the past. Nothing is done to amend those theatres already built; architects and builders continue running up their walls, inclosing a mass of inflammable material insufficiently provided with exits; every one awaits with equanimity for the next Brooklyn or Park Theatre disaster, and for matters to commence *de novo*. Certainly, it seems as if every theatre were from the date of its erection consecrated to the Genius of Flame. One rarely hears of a theatre suc-

cumbing to old age and falling into venerable ruins; it is always either torn down to make room for some more profitable erection, or else its elegy is sung to the accompaniment of the whiz of the fire-hose and the clatter of the engines and reel-carts.

One of the most striking features of the subject, too, is the comparative rarity with which the burning is attended

by any remarkable loss of life. The audience, as a rule, have either just left or have not yet entered the building when the flames are discovered, and for once the much-quoted words, "It might have been," lose the melancholy tone the poet attributed to them.

Within the last hundred years the only two notable instances in America in which the horror of the loss of human life has been added to the destruction of the theatre are those of the Richmond and Brooklyn disasters. The Richmond theatre was a cozy little house, holding as a rule about 500 persons. Built, as was usually



DESTRUCTION OF THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK, IN 1873.

the case then, almost entirely of wood, the very roof being shingled, the boxes, columns, etc., entirely of wood, and the inner ceilings formed of painted canvas, provided with two narrow and insufficient exits—one for the pit and boxes, and the other for the gallery—no fitter arena could have been chosen for that fatal duel between the penned-up mass of humanity and the eager, quivering tongues of flame, which has always but one disastrous result. It was the fullest house of the season, on the night of December 8th, 1811, when the curtain rose on a drama adapted from the French by a local dramatist, and entitled "The Father." This was to be followed, after the interposition,

as was then usual, of a few songs and dances, by the pantomime of "Raymond and Agnes." It was during the second act of the pantomime that the scenery was observed to be in flames, and a cry of "Fire!" raised. A wild rush was made for the doors, but many, not realizing their danger, kept their seats, which proved a fatal error,

sixty-seven persons lost their lives, among them being George W. Smith, the Governor of the State. All the members of the company escaped with the exception of Miss Nancy Green, daughter of one of the managers. The Common Council, at a meeting held next day, after duly providing for the fit and decent burial of all un-



THE OUTBREAK OF FIRE AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE.

as in five minutes the whole building was wrapped in the flames, which had spread with lightning-like rapidity.

Of the audience, the majority made their escape in a more or less injured condition; of the remainder, some were trodden and crushed to death, while others were suffocated by the dense clouds of smoke or pushed from the windows back into the burning pit beneath. In all,

recognizable remains, and advising a cessation of all business for forty-eight hours, enacted the following ordinance:

"Be it further Ordained, that no person or persons shall be permitted for and during the term of four months from the passage hereof to exhibit any publick show or spectacle, or open any publick dancing assembly within this City, under the penalty of six dollars and sixty-six cents for every hour the same shall be exhibited."

So great was the horror excited by this catastrophe that the writer has been informed by elderly inhabitants of the city, that even after fifty years had passed, many classes still regarded the event as a judgment of heaven, and kept aloof from all theatres, as a matter of principle.

In many a household the chair made vacant by the Brooklyn disaster still seems to savor of the personality of the lost one, so recent seems the fearful night of Tuesday, December 5th, 1876, to those over whose households the smoke from the smoldering ruins cast a lifelong shadow. The Brooklyn Theatre was originally built for Mrs. F. B. Conway, but upon her death was finally leased to Messrs. Shook & Palmer, under whose management it was when it was burnt.

On the fatal Tuesday (almost exactly sixty-five years from the date of the Richmond fire) a large audience was gathered together to witness the performance of "The Two Orphans," then in the height of its popularity. It was about fifteen minutes past eleven, and Miss Claxton, who played *Louise*, was lying on her pallet of straw in the last act, and Mr. Murdoch, as *Pierre*, was bending over her, when they heard the whisper of "Fire!" behind the scenes. Miss Claxton entreated Mr. Murdoch to continue the scene, so convinced was she that the stage-hands would be able to extinguish the flames. The action of the drama continued until Mrs. Farren, as the old woman *Fréhard*, entered the scene, and the audience by this time began to suspect that something was wrong. When lighted cinders were plainly seen to be falling on the stage the audience rose to their feet, and King Panic from that moment held his deadly sway. It was in vain that Miss Claxton and her fellow-actor, Murdoch, entreated the people to keep their seats and move out quietly. Some few in the front rows doubtless heard and were governed by the request, but the majority of the audience—and those in the gallery and upper-circle, especially—seemed at once to lose all control of their feelings; the men, curiously enough, appearing to be more wildly hysterical than the women. From that moment the word was "*saute qui peut*."

Miss Claxton, Miss Harrison and Mrs. Farren escaped through an underground passage leading from the stage to the box-office, which had been built for the convenience of Mrs. Conway when she was lessee of the theatre. Mr. Murdoch seems to have accompanied them a short distance and then turned to try and save some of his effects. He was never seen alive again, and his fate was shared by Mr. Burroughs, another young actor. With these two exceptions, the entire company escaped with their lives.

In the meantime the scene in the auditorium had been too terrible for description. The fierce, hard struggle for life had begun, and the ushers, who as a rule preserved their presence of mind, were, in their efforts to enforce order, as straws tossed on some rushing mountain torrent. Those on the ground floor had but little difficulty in fighting their way to safety and life; but the larger proportion of the audience were in the dress-circle and gallery, the exits from which were two badly contrived and steep stairways. Round the entrances to these stairs the people thronged, and were either wedged in the block which rendered escape impossible, or, unable even to make their way as close to the outlet as that, were suffocated by the dense clouds of smoke which soon settled on the auditorium from the burning roof and stage. Thus when the supports of the gallery were burned away, and it crashed down upon the floor beneath, there accompanied it in the fall a huddled mass of suffocated or *suffocating humanity* which in a few moments was but

a heap of ghastly charred and unrecognizable embers of men, women, and children.

Of the 500 or 600 people in the gallery, fully one-half met their fate in this manner, but some few lowered themselves down by the railings and so made their escape; others leaped wildly down and were mangled on the orchestra chairs below. One man escaped by a small window at the head of the stairs, but another who followed him was suffocated before he could make good his exit. A few lowered themselves into the street from the second floor windows, but these were only exceptions, the greater part were helplessly blocked in and perished as described.

Fifteen minutes after the fire broke out the interior of the theatre was like a furnace, and in another fifteen minutes the east wall fell in with a terrific crash. According to the first accounts published on Wednesday the loss of life, if any, was supposed to be but slight, and as the ghastly truth gradually dawned upon the public, and little by little the truth came out, and the cruel list of the missing was swelled till the total reached 300 persons. The horror and consternation which spread through an entire continent have even yet not died away. The accounts by survivors of the wild rush for life were many of them agonizing by reason of their realistic presentment of the fearful horror of the moment. A woman whose husband had been trampled before her eyes into a shapeless mass was carried away from him by the crowd. Her agony as she implored the bystander to let her remain in the burning theatre was pitiful, but her revulsion of feeling may be imagined when the body, terribly bruised, but still living was rescued from beneath the feet of the crowd. Another man was thrice knocked down and trampled on and eventually dragged out alive.

One of the best accounts was contributed to the *World* by an eye-witness who seems to have preserved his presence of mind to a most remarkable degree. From his account the following graphic passage is taken:

"When I reached the door of the vestibule a scene presented itself which I shall never forget, nor can I at this moment fully comprehend it. The stairs were choked with human beings, who seemed to be all wedged at the angle in a writhing and howling mass. The din was deafening: women were screaming and calling for their husbands, policemen were shouting, and the wretches on the stairs were cursing and yelling. I think I stood there for a minute gazing with horror at the spectacle, and while I did so I felt the hot air drawing through the doors into the lobby, and heard the crackling of the timbers. The crowd on the stairs seemed to be almost wholly composed of men and boys, though I saw the dresses of several women on the lower flight. . . . I saw a large, rough man, who appeared to be blind with excitement, jump over the heads of those nearest to him, and come down upon the face of a fallen woman, who was struggling on the steps, and who was inextricably held by her skirts under half a score of people, her head alone hanging over a lower step. The sight sickened me."

After the long, painful, and in many cases unsuccessful search among the grim array of blackened fragments which were laid in ghastly rows in the Adams Street Market, it was found that over 200 bodies were recognized by one means or another. The funeral of the unrecognized and friendless victims was attended in its course to Greenwood by several thousand persons, despite the bitter and inclement weather, and in one huge trench, fourteen feet wide, the hundred or more bodies—or, rather, the remains of what once had been bodies—were deposited, to take their everlasting rest.

Suggestions possessing more or less practicability as to rendering existing theatres safer, of course poured in on the newspapers for some time, managers were galvanized into an outward show, at least, of extreme care and solici-

tude for the safety of their patrons. Mr. Boucicault, with his accustomed fertility of resource, made use of the fact that any material impregnated with tungstate of soda is thereby rendered unflammable. He therefore conducted a series of experiments at Wallack's Theatre, during the course of which, and in the presence of all the leading professional men, he directed the force of an immense gas blow-pipe against a portion of scenery thus treated. The result was, from one point of view, eminently satisfactory, for the canvas resisted the flames as though it had been a sheet of iron. It was found, however, that the tungstate filled the air with a fine dust exceedingly irritating and prejudicial to the actor's lungs, and also caused the scenery to rot within a few weeks. After all the reports and suggestions had been offered, the excitement gradually died away, and nothing of essential moment was done.

The third great theatrical disaster of the century is still so recent in the minds of our readers that a detailed account would be superfluous. Little more than a year ago, on December 8th, at ten minutes to seven, and before the audience were fully gathered into the house, the magnificent Ring Theatre of Vienna was discovered to be on fire. Of all stories of human incompetence, carelessness, neglect of duty, and gross selfish indifference to the safety of others, the Vienna disaster affords the most striking example.

Before giving a brief account of it, it is curious to note that these three instances of wholesale loss of life—namely, the Richmond, Brooklyn, and Vienna fires—all occurred in the corresponding week of the year—the first on December 6th, the second December 5th, and the third on December 8th. The Ring Theatre of Vienna was a handsome opera house, designed by Emil von Förster, and opened to the public in January, 1874. Very nearly every precaution usually adopted was taken advantage of to guard against fire. There was an elaborate hose system, an iron curtain, and an abundance of special exits to be used in case of fire. It was the night of the second performance of Offenbach's posthumous opera, "*Les Contes d'Hoffman*," and as there was much interest excited in the production of this work, the house was very nearly filled ten minutes before the time of the commencement of the overture. Suddenly the curtain was seen to bulge in toward the auditorium, and a minute after an immense body of flame and smoke broke in upon the affrighted audience. A few, a pitiful few, made their escape at once; the remainder were either paralyzed by fright or suffocated by the smoke, and many did not even leave their seats.

The remainder of the ghastly story is one long catalogue of official brutality, ignorance, and want of the smallest presence of mind. The gas went out at once, and the oil-lamps, ordered by law to be always lit in case of such a disaster, had been for months entirely neglected; the stage-hands, without an exception, deserted their posts; the fire-alarm, even, was not sounded, and the large iron curtain not let down. To save a few miserable stage-properties, the large door at the back of the stage was opened, thus causing the terrific draft to bear the flames straight to the auditorium. The special fire-exit doors were all securely locked, and only *one* was by superhuman efforts burst open. Outside the theatre the same stupidity was exhibited. The police shut many of the doors, as they explained, to prevent people entering, with the result, as a matter of course, of effectually preventing the poor wretches inside from making their escape.

Every one was assured that no one was inside the burn-

ing building, and when the firemen arrived, nearly half an hour later, their energies were bent toward the saving of the building alone, and no attempt at rescue for those inside was apparently thought of. The exact number of those who thus met an agonizing death will never be known for certain, but the latest official reports, which naturally place it at its lowest point, give the figures as 794.

To sum up the grave errors which superinduced this enormous loss of life, we find that the theatre was constructed with labyrinthine and narrow passages and stairways, the doors from which opened in toward the auditorium; that gross negligence was betrayed by all the workmen, none of whom were at their posts; that the gas was turned off unnecessarily, and the oil-lamps neglected and never lighted; that the fire-exits were closed, and the fire-alarm out of order; and, finally, that no attempts were made by the firemen or police to save human life, and that they brutally prevented any such attempts being made on the part of the public. The rage of the Viennese toward all the officials knew no bounds, and a savage onslaught on those in authority was with difficulty prevented.

Affecting incidents abound; many who escaped with their lives were bereft of their reason, and thus suffered a living death. One young man, well dressed, was found at midnight hopelessly insane, and clasping a fragment of a girl's cloak to his bosom, ejaculating, "*Amalie! Amalie!*" On being questioned, all he would say was, "*Amalie! I escaped, and she is burning!*" An old man was heard repeating, "*I knew my curse would be fulfilled,*" and on inquiry it was found that on the spot where the theatre stood a band of revolutionary martyrs had been shot in '48. The old man's son was of the number; the father had solemnly cursed the spot on that day, and it had been an article of faith with many that the spot was unlucky and accursed. A powerful poem on the subject recently appeared in the English *Fortnightly Review*, a stanza or two of which we subjoin:

"This is my hour; it has come, it has come; and at last I can say,
Vengeance is mine for the hell, for the horrible hell of that day:
The balance has swung to my hand, I am paid for the travail
of years;

This is my hour; I have lived for it, watched for it, sought it
with tears.

* * * * *

"Look at the flames that leap yonder, upraised, and in mirth
storm the sky.

Who made that death-dance? I'll whisper your ear; it was I!
It was I.

* * * * *

"God never fashioned this fire, so you say; but, however it be,
He who has sent me revenge is my God, and a good God to me.
Now from dust I am lifted; day breaks, and all seems me right.
Faintly the flames flicker down. My story is told you; Good-
night."

An imposing funeral service was held in the Central Cemetery on the 12th of December before the enormous and imposing catafalque on which the coffins were placed. It was attended by all the city corporations and representatives of the military and civil authorities. The grave in which the coffins were interred was 150 feet long and fourteen feet wide.

In March, 1881, on the 23d of the month, the Théâtre Municipal Italien, or Italian Opera House, at Nice, was burned, and sixty-one lives lost. Nice is a great fashionable resort in Spring, and the annual regatta had just commenced. The fire arose from an explosion of gas, and the list of victims comprised thirty-six French, twenty Italians, three Englishmen, and one German. The sailors in

the port rendered efficient service in the extinction of the flames, and the prizes of the regatta were unanimously devoted to the relief of the sufferers. Several of the company and the chorus were burned, but Mademoiselle Donadio, the *prima donna*, made good her escape.

Other fires in Europe of less importance, but which were attended by slight loss of life, comprise the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, Scotland, which was partially burned in February, 1865, and in which six persons lost their lives. In 1867 Her Majesty's Theatre, London, for the second time was entirely destroyed by fire. This theatre had been unoccupied for some time, and the only loss of life that occurred was that of the watchman and a fireman who was killed by the fall of a brick wall. The Barmen Theatre, in Prussia, was burned in February, 1875, and three lives were lost.

On this continent every year has had to record the destruction of one or more theatres, but they have all been unattended by disaster to life, except in the case of the Quebec Theatre in 1846, when forty-two persons were victims, and those of which the full account has

been given above. The two most recent fires are those of the Park Theatre, New York, and the Alhambra, in London, both of which took place when they were untenanted by an audience.

The foregoing accounts, brief as they may be, seem to supply a sufficient text from which a short sermon on the means of preventing these and similar casualties may with advantage be preached. It is not what ought to, or, in an ideal community could, be done; but what *can*, and as simply as possible, be done, that it seems to the writer ought to be considered. In the first place, we may as well dismiss at once the question of constructing our theatres

in what is technically known as a "fireproof" manner. In countries where the theatre is granted a heavy subvention from the Government, and is, in fact, a state building, this may, of course, be generally practicable. In America, however, a theatre is a business investment, and the immense cost of such a mode of construction is sufficient to banish it at once from the consideration of an investor of capital. The total prohibition of wood in theatrical construction, either before or behind the curtain, is likewise a chimerical idea, and one which it would be practi-

cally impossible to enforce. We have, then, this problem to deal with: Given, a building containing a vast assemblage of human beings and a large quantity of inflammable material; granted, also, that the chances of fire in this building are constant and ever-recurring, how are we to render the means of escape and the facilities for extinguishing the fire when started as simple and expeditious as possible? We will take the means of speedy escape first, and consider how that may be most effectually managed. To begin with, the builder of any place of public amusement should be compelled by law to com-



SCENE AT A THEATRE-FIRE, NEW YORK.

pletely detach it from all surrounding buildings, leaving a clear passage of a minimum width of thirteen feet on each side, and into this a suitable number of exits from the auditorium should be provided, consisting of ten feet passages, containing no twists or turns, and, if possible, no steps. All doors should open outward, and *none* should be locked during the progress of the performance. All staircases should be fireproof and effectually divided from the auditorium by a brick wall. The entire ground floor should be one inclined plane having no steps or sudden breaks throughout its length, and as a matter of course, a sufficient width of aisles as compared with the



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RING THEATRE, VIENNA.

number of seats should be strictly maintained. Let us see the effect of these precautions, none of which are calculated to press heavily or unreasonably upon the owner of the theatre. At the first alarm of fire the exit doors on each side would be thrown open, and in whatever direction the panic-stricken audience rushed, they would find a short and expeditious passage into either the street or the alleyway on either side. The fact of there being no steps would prevent the chance of their tripping, falling and so

causing a block. Those in the galleries, as soon as they reached the staircases, would be cut off by a substantial brick wall from the blaze behind, and would also have special exits leading direct into the alleys at the sides.

The absolute utility of an iron curtain has been much questioned, and it is doubtful if in a case of emergency it would prove to be of much assistance. Still, as it might serve to keep the fire from the audience for a brief period, and as it is not excessively costly, it might be as well to



FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS OF THE RING THEATRE FIRE.

render its use obligatory, but it should be rendered automatic in its operation, and the wall dividing the auditorium from the stage should be of brick, and extend several feet above the outside roof. Another point to be carefully considered is the necessity of confining the fire to whatever section of the house it may start in. To this end the brick walls dividing the auditorium, on the one hand, from the entrance lobbies and staircases, and on the other from the stage, would be of service. The entire roof of the stage should also be constructed in such a manner that when the temperature reaches a pitch of say 160 degrees, large trap-doors should open automatically, and a strong upward draft be thus secured. This is a simple matter, but might prove of vital importance.

It has been so often demonstrated that on the outbreak of fire in a theatre, the audience, and often the actors, become invariably the victims to a panic, that all measures for the extinction of the fire must be taken with this fact in view. The theatre, in fact, must be regarded as a lunatic asylum, and as little as possible left to human agency. A fire always begins at one spot, and is for some few minutes of such small dimensions that a stream of water directed on it at once will easily quell it. To this end the patent portable extinguishers have been invented, and doubtless if they are at once brought into play a fire may readily be reduced with them. The objection, however, to this form of extinguisher is that it is rarely at hand at the exact spot where it is wanted, and some experience and coolness is necessary in order to render its services available.

A form of automatic extinguisher has, however, recently appeared to which none of these objections are applicable. It consists of a pierced metal cap connected with a service of water-pipes, and stopped by a plug of metal which is easily fusible at a temperature of 160 degrees. The pressure of water is so great that the fused metal is at once blown through the perforations, and a thick dense spray, spreading many feet in circumference, issues from the nozzle. Thus, if we have a system of these perforated caps disposed through the theatre, not only on the stage, but all round the proscenium arch and through the auditorium, we have a series of ever-vigilant firemen ready to shower down a continuous stream whenever the temperature in their neighborhood betokens the near presence of fire. The water supply should not consist of tanks, which, however great their capacity (and that of course must of necessity be limited), would soon be exhausted, probably at the precise moment when their contents would be most valuable.

An automatic pump, which is immediately set in action when the pressure on any one pipe is removed, and which can keep up any desired pressure, should be placed in the basement. Its cost is a comparative trifle, and steam can be kept up even in the Summer at a small expense. To these sprinklers should be added, of course, a complete system of fire-hose, and the stage-hands of the theatre should be regularly drilled once a week by a competent fireman in the use of the same, so that in an emergency every man would know his post, and be able to promptly set to work. As regards minor constructive details, it would be well to insist on all the decorations being coated with some of the many forms of incombustible fibrous plaster, and the skeletons on which they are set being formed, as far as possible, of galvanized iron, or light iron rods, instead of wood battens.

A suggestion recently thrown out by a writer in the *North American Review*, that seats should be so constructed as to sink into the floor, and afford free passage over them, sounds well in theory, but in practice they

would doubtless be more of a hindrance than a help, by catching portions of the attire, and causing their occupants to stumble and fall. Anything people do not thoroughly understand, and are not perfectly accustomed to, must be condemned, for in a panic reason flies far away, and blind instinct is all that is left, and habit is but a species of modified instinct.

To recapitulate, therefore, the leading principles which should govern modern theatre-building, we find that the building should be divided into three distinct parts by substantial brick walls. The entrance and lobbies, the auditorium, and the stage; that a clear passage should be left on each side of the theatre; that the stairs should be fireproof; that the fire-extinguishing apparatus should be rendered as automatic in its action as possible; and that, finally, the entire force of stage-hands should constitute a constantly drilled fire-brigade. In some of our cities the presence on the stage during the performance of a regular fireman is rendered compulsory; but this is not enough. One man would be utterly useless unless he had a force of efficient men to act under his directions.

Were these few points to be rigidly insisted upon, disasters like those of Brooklyn and Vienna might not indeed be rendered impossible, but the chances against them would be so materially reduced that they would become even rarer than a merciful Providence has hitherto permitted them to be, and people would no longer feel that the cry of "Fire!" raised in a crowded theatre, and the appearance of a few light tongues of curling flame were the signals to prepare for a death of indescribable agony and unutterable horror.

HOUSE-HUNTING.

A MATRON, blessed with nine olive-branches, set off on the usual Summer hunt for seaside lodgings. She took her formidable family with her. Followed by the nine, she rapped at door after door, and everywhere she was met by the cry, "No admittance. Children not allowed here." The shadows of evening were gathering round, and the search appeared almost hopeless.

The party wandered on and on, till at last they came to the outskirts of the town. Here they saw a peaceful country churchyard; the gray church tower pointed to the blue sky, they were tall tombstones and spreading yew-trees, interspersed with knots of flowers. It was a place to rest and be thankful in, and the exhausted house-hunters were delighted at stumbling on such a quiet retreat after the dust and worry of the day. But for the wearied matron there was no rest—

"Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

She had, as yet, found no lodgings, and like the Wandering Jew, she must go on and on and on, till she has accomplished the object of her mission. Seven of the nine children were so anxious to remain behind, and to play among the graves, that their mother consented, and only taking the two elder with her, she went through the iron gate, and passed on to a terrace of new houses. She tapped timidly at the door over which the magic words "To let" was hung out. To her great surprise, she was greeted with smiles. The rooms appeared suitable, the rent was not exorbitant, everything seemed to answer admirably. She wondered at the change, but said nothing. At last Mrs. Jones, the owner, pointed to the two children, and put the searching question:

"Are these all the children you've got?"

"Oh! no," answered the unsuspecting matron, a seri-

ous look coming into her face, "I have only these two with me, but I have seven in the churchyard."

Mrs. Jones turned aside, dropped a tear, and whispered, *sotto voce*, to her daughter:

"Seven in the churchyard! Only think of that, Mary Anne. Poor thing! Poor thing! Well, I do feel for her; I have a child in the churchyard myself, and I know what it is."

Then, turning to her future tenant, she at once closed the bargain, and it was arranged that the new inmates were to arrive on the following day.

The day came. In the first cab was the mother and the four elder children; in the second came the five younger ones, accompanied by their nurse, and the head of the house was to follow later on in the evening. As for the luggage, there was no end of it. Baskets, hampers and baths were thrust in between the large trunks, a Skye terrier peeped out of the window, and, in short, a more formidable cavalcade could scarcely be seen. When the first cab drove up, followed closely by the second, Mrs. Jones lifted up her eyes and hands in horror.

"Why, how's this?" she gasped, as she surveyed her lodger. "Whatever do you mean? Didn't you tell me you'd only two children?"

"I said I had only two with me," briskly answered the matron. "I said distinctly that I had seven more in the churchyard, and so I had. It was perfectly true; they were *playing in the churchyard*."

"Ah!"

A painful light gradually began to dawn on poor Mrs. Jones's perception. For once in her life she had been taken in. She had been the victim of a misconception, not the less trying because it had been carried out in perfect good faith, and she had no one to blame but herself. She was fairly in for it now.

The party had arrived, and the shouts of the nine were even then sounding, loud and long, on the stairs. Yes! there were, indeed, nine children fully told. Most of them were armed with wooden spades, and all were bent on having a "jolly good time of it"—a time for which poor Mrs. Jones would have to suffer. The terrible truth was becoming more apparent every moment. The fact was undeniable. A landlady of seaside lodgings had been *done!*—the biter had been bitten.

THE SENSES OF BEES AND WASPS.

At a recent meeting of the Linnean Society, Sir John Lubbock read an account of his further observations on the habits of insects made during the past year. The two queen ants which have lived with him since 1874, and which are now, therefore, no less than eight years old, are still alive, and laid eggs last Summer, as usual. His oldest workers are seven years old.

Dr. Müller, in a recent review, had courteously criticised his experiments on the color sense of bees, but Sir John Lubbock pointed out that he had anticipated the objections suggested by Dr. Müller, and had guarded against the supposed source of error. The difference was, moreover, not one of principle, nor did Dr. Müller question the main conclusions arrived at, or doubt the preference of bees for blue, which, indeed, was strongly indicated by his own observations on flowers. Sir John also recorded some further experiments with reference to the power of hearing. Some bees were trained to come to honey which was placed on a musical box on the lawn close to a window. The musical box was kept going for several hours a day for a fortnight. It was then brought

into the house and placed out of sight, but at the open window, and only about seven yards from where it had been before. The bees, however, did not find the honey, though when it was once shown them they came readily enough. Other experiments with a microphone were without results. Every one, Sir John Lubbock said, knew that bees when swarming were popularly, and had been ever since the time of Aristotle, supposed to be influenced by the clanging of kettles, etc. Experienced apiarists were now disposed to doubt whether the noise has really any effect, but Sir John Lubbock suggested that even if it had, with reference to which he expressed no opinion, it was possible that what the bees heard were not the loud low sounds, but the higher overtones at the verge of, or beyond, our range of hearing.

As regards the industry of wasps, he timed a bee and a wasp, for each of which he provided a store of honey, and found that the wasp began earlier in the morning (at four a.m.), worked on later in the evening, and came oftener during the day. He did not, however, quote this as proving greater industry on the part of the wasp, as it might be that it was less sensitive to cold. Moreover, though the bee's proboscis was admirably adapted to extract honey from tubular flowers, when the honey was exposed, as in this case, the wasp appeared able to swallow it more rapidly. This particular wasp began work at four in the morning, and went on without any rest or intermission till a quarter to eight in the evening, during which time she paid Sir John Lubbock 116 visits.

ECCENTRICITIES OF BEAUTY.

UNDOUBTEDLY there is much idle talk about the wonderful extravagance of ladies of the present day, their pursuits of constantly changing styles, and the luxuries demanded by those who can, or think they can, afford the expense. One would be led to suppose, in the absence of knowledge to the contrary, that these were things of modern growth. But just look at the "style" they used to put on in early ages, and their enormous extravagance.

We are told that the ladies of Lesbos slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened. And in those times court maidens powdered their hair with gold. Marc Antony's daughter did not change her dress half a dozen times a day, as do the Saratoga graces, but she made the lampreys in her fish-pond wear earrings. The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at \$2,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper \$1,562,500 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizens' supper. The luxury of Poppoea, beloved by Nero, was equal to that of Lollia.

The women of the Roman Empire indulged in all sorts of luxuries and excesses, and these were revived under Napoleon I. in France. Madame Tallien bathed herself in a wash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfume.

An Albanian belle of to-day presents a rather striking appearance. She is, as a rule, coiled with seed pearls and coins, and enveloped in a black serge pelisse. She uses paint on her face profusely, and her taste runs to cherry lips and cheeks, and jet-black eyebrows strongly drawn. An Albanian bride discards paint for a while, and if wealthy, wears a suit something like this: Rose-colored under-ropes, with an over-robe of dark-green velvet, the idea being taken from a rosebud half open in its leaves. Thus arrayed, the girl of handsome features is said to look really bewitching.

The Tartars despise prominent nasal appendages, and

the woman who has the smallest nose is esteemed the most charming, but to outside barbarians she is a perfect fright.

The women of Spiti, in India, wear tunics and trousers of woolen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which they are fond of taking off at any time. In order to get greater warmth they often put a quantity of flour into these boots, besides their legs. Their taste in regard to ornaments runs much to all sorts of rings, including nose-rings.

A typical woman in the interior of Africa is thus described :

"Her naked negro skin was leathery, coarse and wrinkled ; her figure was tottering and knock-kneed ; her

on the Jews were removed, and thousands of Crown serfs were manumitted and given grants of land.

The Czar began his reign as the people's darling, but one of his grand ideas led to a ludicrous scene. He proposed to give a banquet to 200,000 of his poorer subjects from Moscow and the adjacent villages in the plains round Petrowski. Preparations were made for this grand feast by covering a square mile with tables, and the tables with hunks of beef, bread and casks of *kwass*. Unluckily, the impatience of the guests did not allow them to wait until the day of the dinner. A flagstaff had been erected in the middle of the plain, and it had been arranged that the signal to "fall to" should be given by the hoisting of the flag.

On the evening before the day of the feast, while some



FIRES IN THEATRES, AND THEIR PROTECTION.—DION BOUCICAULT TESTING FIRE-PROOF SCENERY, IN 1876.—SEE PAGE 312.

thin hair hung in greasy locks ; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links of iron, brass and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls, and heaven knows what more lumber."

INCIDENTS AT THE CORONATION OF ALEXANDER II.

THE crowning of Alexander II., as Czar of Russia, on the 7th of September, 1856, was memorable from the many favors bestowed upon his subjects. All the political offenders, some of whom had been in prison or exile for thirty years, and at least 5,000 occupants of jails, were pardoned and released. Military conscription was suspended for four years, disabilities weighing oppressively

20,000 *mujiks* were loitering round the plain, sniffing the food, an engineer officer named Minakoff, wishing to try if the ropes of the flagstaff worked well, gave them a tug and sent the bunting flying aloft. In the twinkling of an eye the multitude of *mujiks* swooped upon the tables and made a clearance. No horde of famished wolves could have done the work better. Beef, bread, beer—everything went, and when these were gone the wooden dishes were carried off also. The Czar laughed when he was told of the matter. "Well, well, so long as they enjoyed themselves that is all I wanted. But we must give something to poor Minakoff. I am sure he must have feared that they were going to eat him also."

A good word is an easy obligation ; but not to speak ill requires only silence, which costs us nothing.



THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF CLAIRVILLE.—“AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM, UPON A LOW, MAGNIFICENTLY-CARVED BEDSTEAD, HEAPED HIGH WITH EMBROIDERED LACE-TRIMMED COVERINGS AND RUFFLED PILLOWS, LAY THE MOTIONLESS FORM OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.”

THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF CLAIRVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

ON a sunny September morning of 18—, Jean Baptiste Robelot, Inspector of Police for the little suburban village of Rosière, was seated alone in a whitewashed office, busily engaged in preparing his quarterly report for the Prefecture.

One might have supposed Jean Baptiste Robelot a happy man, seeing his lines of life were cast in so pleasant a place as Rosière; and happy he should have been, for his heart was entirely wrapped up in his profession. But, alas! happiness belongs not to mortals.

An overpowering sorrow oppressed and weighed down the spirit of Jean Baptiste. He burned to write his name upon the historic pages of the Prefecture, side by side with Vidocq and Claude; but, unfortunate man! he saw the years slipping by without bringing him the *cause célèbre* that was to hand down to posterity, in the annals of the police, the name of Jean Baptiste Robelot. Murderers, assassins, robbers, all seemed to elude him in the most cruel manner; instead of outrageous crimes, in which he would have delighted, his life ran along in the smoothest of grooves; and now, at middle age, behold him relegated to the obscurity of a suburban village, whose

greatest crimes seldom exceeded an occasional wife-beating, when “Jacques” had partaken too freely at the village *auberge*.

The sound of a hoarse voice crooning Béranger’s “Roi Dagobert” broke the thread of Baptiste’s reverie; with a sigh he raised his eyes from the report and glanced through the open doorway at the singer. His eye commanded the view of two entrances in the houses immediately opposite. At one, old Mère Babbillon was arranging her cabbages and milk-pails, while humming the ditty which had attracted his attention. At the other, Père Arsine, the village cobbler, was setting out his bench and stock of old shoes to be repaired.

With another deep sigh, Jean Baptiste was just relapsing into a reverie, in which he wondered if his future life was to be passed always with such associates as Mère Babbillon and Père Arsine, when his dreams were again broken in upon.

This time the disturbing cause was an unusual one for Rosière, being nothing less than the sound of rapid footsteps, as of some one running along the hard, white road of the village. Activity and excitement was so unusual in this quiet, lazy village, that the sound of the rapid

advancing footsteps made the inspector prick up his ears at once; he would willingly have hastened to the door to have gratified his curiosity, but the majesty of the law, in his person, forbade such an undignified act; so he was forced to remain quiet. Not long was his curiosity held in suspense, for in a very few minutes from the time the sound of footsteps first reached his ears a man suddenly burst into the office, and reeling forward, fairly exhausted and panting for breath, fell upon one of the benches, which, with Robelot's chair and table, formed the entire furniture of the room.

Curiosity might now be gratified without any diminution of his dignity, and springing to his feet, the inspector approached the abrupt visitor and eagerly demanded his business.

The stranger, a young, good-looking fellow, was dressed in a suit of livery, which plainly declared him to be a servant in the employment of an aristocratic family.

In obedience to the reiterated questions of the inspector, the young man made an effort to reply; but such was his exhaustion that his parched lips could emit only an inarticulate murmur. Short as had been the interval since the entry of the stranger, it had sufficed for nearly all the inhabitants of Rosière to assemble around the door of the police office, and a number of voices now hastened to inform the inspector that the young man was Claude Lavise, a footman in the service of the Count de Clairville.

The Count de Clairville's name produced an instantaneous effect upon the cause of all this excitement. Conquering his exhaustion for a moment, he cried out, in a tremulous voice:

"My master! Oh! my poor master!" And breaking into a flood of tears, he wildly wrung his hands.

The inspector was now entirely overcome with curiosity, and, intolerant of all delay, he grasped the young man by the shoulder, violently vociferating:

"Ah! pig, what of your master? Speak, then"—and again he shook the servant with all the strength of his muscular arm.

The young man made a second effort to control himself, and gasped out, feebly:

"Madame la Comtesse—murdered!"

These words were enough; the heart of Jean Baptiste bounded with joy; the *cause célèbre* had come at last. The name of Robelot would go down to posterity blazoned with glory upon the records of the Prefecture.

Without an instant's hesitation he called to two of his subordinates, who had entered the apartment at the first sound of their chief's excited voice. Bidding one of them inform Monsieur le Maire of what had taken place, and calling upon the other to follow him, he forced his way through the crowd that had gathered at the door of the police-office, and heedless of the questions showered upon him, hurried rapidly down the road in the direction of the Chateau Clairville.

Rosière, like many another such village, consisted of a long, straggling row of houses, built on either side of a broad macadamized road. Some of these dwellings possessed the quaintness of antiquity, but most of them were as hideous as modern style, and the limited means of their owners, could make them. However, architecture was not one of the things Rosière boasted, nor had it any part in the tumult of excited thoughts that buzzed through the brain of Inspector Robelot, as he hurried down the road in the direction of the southern extremity of the village.

A few moments' rapid walking brought him to the end of the long row of houses; and skirting a tall red brick wall, above which appeared the tops of some handsome

forest trees, he at length arrived in front of a large pair of iron gates, elaborately ornamented with scrollwork and gilding. Through this gateway, embosomed amongst stately and well-trimmed chestnut-trees, appeared a fairy-like dwelling, whose mansard roof, gilded iron railings and large bow-windows, afforded as marked a contrast to the clumsy plainness of the village houses as could well be conceived.

Carefully cultivated gardens, brilliant with the blaze of many-colored flowers, surrounded the chateau, and added another to its many attractions.

All this beauty must have claimed at least a glance of approval from any one coming suddenly upon it after the dullness of the village street. Such a glance of approval would even have been paid by Inspector Robelot had he seen all this brightness and color, but, in reality, he saw nothing but the fact that the gate was open; and hurrying up the avenue that led to the chateau, he reached the small portico in front of the main entrance. At the moment the inspector reached this entrance the crowd of excited servants that thronged the doorway were pushed aside, and a gentleman stepped out upon the portico.

"Ah! Monsieur le Commissaire, here you are at last. In the absence of my friend, the Count de Clairville, let me explain this affair to you."

The speaker was a tall, vigorous young man, apparently about twenty-eight years of age, with jet-black, curly hair, large, handsome, dark eyes, and pale-olive complexion. In short, an exceedingly handsome, attractive fellow. He wore a plain gray suit of clothes, with an air of aristocratic distinction which marked him in the eyes of Inspector Robelot as belonging to the nobility.

"This way, Monsieur le Commissaire," he continued, leading the way to the house. "Permit me to introduce myself to you. I am Dr. Savart." The inspector bowed, but the young man, paying no attention to his salutation, went on. "The Count de Clairville left us last evening on business, and has not as yet returned. In the meantime, as it seems, the singular conduct of Madame la Comtesse had so alarmed Mademoiselle Marguerite, the count's sister, that, without consulting any of us, she sent one of the footmen to Rosière, and it is doubtless in response to that messenger that you are here." Inspector Robelot bowed a second time, but ere he could speak, the doctor went on: "The cause of all this excitement is as follows: Madame la Comtesse, when she retired last night, bade her maid awaken her at an early hour, but when the maid attempted to enter her mistress's bedroom, she found the door locked. Thinking the countess might have changed her plans, she paid no further attention to the circumstance, although a very unusual one; but when, several hours afterward, she again attempted an entrance, she became alarmed on finding the door still locked. Rapping several times, and receiving no response, she became more and more alarmed, and finally, in a paroxysm of fright, rushed to the room of Mademoiselle Marguerite de Clairville, and declared that Madame la Comtesse was either dead or murdered, for that, in spite of all her knockings at the chamber door, she could obtain no reply. Singularly enough, Mademoiselle de Clairville, usually a woman of great firmness of character, partook of the maid's terror, and, without consulting any one, sent the footman on his errand. It was only a few moments ago that I was informed of the affair. Of course I advised instantly breaking open the door, supposing the countess might be in an insensible condition, but Mademoiselle Marguerite begged me to wait, and some of the servants calling out that the police had arrived, I consented. This is the whole affair."

During this conversation Dr. Savart had led the way through the hall and up a handsome stairway to the second floor.

At the head of the stairs a young girl stood waiting, whom Inspector Robelot recognized as Mademoiselle Marguerite de Clairville.

She was a slender, graceful girl, with soft brown hair and eyes, delicately rounded cheeks and straight Grecian nose. She was evidently intensely excited; even to such an extent as to be oblivious to costume, which consisted of a muslin robe de chambre, trimmed with lace and knots of pale-blue ribbon.

"Ah, monsieur," cried the young girl, wringing her slender white hands; "tell me you think nothing can be the matter with my sister."

"Mademoiselle," replied the inspector, bowing obsequiously, "from what Monsieur le Docteur has told me, I believe you have needlessly alarmed yourself; in the meantime, you had better retire to your chamber, and allow monsieur and myself to investigate this affair."

Robelot said "affair" in a tone that would easily have been understood by one of the brethren of the Prefecture, but which was entirely lost upon Mademoiselle de Clairville.

"There, you see, Marguerite," cried the young doctor, taking one of the girl's hands and pressing it warmly; "go to your chamber at once, and trust me to do everything that is necessary."

A slight flush colored Mademoiselle de Clairville's pallid cheeks at the pressure of the doctor's hand, and murmuring faintly, "Thank you, Paul," she bowed to the inspector, and retiring up the hall, disappeared into one of the apartments.

"Here, monsieur," said the doctor, as he led the police officer toward the front of the house, and stopped at a doorway that opened upon the hall, "this is the chamber of Madame la Comtesse."

Robelot turned the knob of the door; it was still locked; he rapped loudly upon one of the panels, and receiving no reply, he said to the doctor, "This door must be broken open," and placing his shoulder against it, he exerted all his strength, but without success. Seeing it would be impossible to force an entrance without mechanical assistance, the inspector summoned his subordinate, and ordered him to run as fast as possible to Rosière and bring Père Lejeune, the locksmith.

CHAPTER II.

THE interval of time that elapsed before the arrival of the locksmith was one of extreme suspense to the inspector, who could only admire the calmness of Dr. Savart, without being able to emulate it. Growing desperate at last, he tested the strength of his knuckles against the panels of the door, and even got down on both knees to peep through the keyhole, but without any discovery, except that the key was in the lock.

Just as Robelot was rising from his knees, the loud tones of a man's voice, asking several questions, were heard in the hall below, and almost immediately a broad-shouldered, vigorous young man bounded up the stairs.

"Hello, Paul," said the newcomer, approaching the doctor; "what is all this fuss about? When I left the chateau for my early walk, everything was as quiet as a gentleman's house should be, and now, not three hours after, *ma foi!* I find all the servants crazy, mademoiselle shut up in her room, and the police in the chateau. Have we, perchance, all been robbed in our sleep?"

"My dear George," replied the doctor, addressing the

young stranger, whose broad, florid features, light-blue eyes, crisp, curly, yellow hair and elaborately trimmed side-whiskers bespoke him an Englishman of the purest Saxon type, "this is the Police Inspector of Rosière, whom Mademoiselle Marguerite sent for on account of some terror that has taken possession of her regarding Madame de Clairville," and, going on, the doctor related the whole occurrence to the young man, who instantly exclaimed:

"Then this door must be opened at once. Madame may be ill and insensible."

Suiting the action to the word, he placed his shoulder to the door, and pushed it with all his force. His efforts, however, were as unsuccessful as those of Inspector Robelot had been, and muttering a malediction on the lock, he was about to seek an implement, when footsteps were again heard ascending the stairs, and a police agent appeared, followed by a small, middle-aged man, wearing a workman's blue blouse, and carrying a basket of tools under his arm.

"Here, Lejeune," called the inspector, almost before the locksmith reached his side, "open this door. Quick, man!"

Lejeune deposited his basket of tools upon the floor, turned the knob several times, and kneeling down, squinted through the keyhole.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, as he rose to his feet. "The job is of the simplest. The key is in the lock. 'Tis but to introduce the pair of nippers, and crick! the thing is done."

So saying, he searched in his basket of tools, and drawing out a pair of long, slender nippers, inserted them into the keyhole, gave a quick twist of the wrist, and the sound of the key turning in the ward of the lock was audible.

Lejeune reached out his hand toward the knob of the door, but, motioning him back with an imperative gesture, the inspector threw it open, and pushing aside a portière of blue silk, he entered the room, closely followed by the doctor and the Englishman, George Douglass.

The apartment into which they had penetrated was a bedchamber, whose lavish splendor bespoke great wealth, as well as a highly cultivated taste, the prevailing hue being a delicate pale-blue. The tinted walls were divided into panels, each of which bore a dainty fresco representing a bouquet of wild flowers. The ceiling was also painted in similar style. The furniture was satin-wood, upholstered in pale-blue silk, embroidered in wild flowers, and betokened, by its chaste elegance of style, the work of some master-hand. Tall mirrors in blue porcelain frames—mirrors of a size to reflect the entire length of the form—were placed in different portions of the room, whose floor was covered with blue-and-white India matting.

All this the eyes of the three men took in at a glance, as it were, for immediately on their entrance a sight had met their eyes which paralyzed for the time any emotion of admiration for the elegant surroundings.

At the far end of the room, upon a low, magnificently carved bedstead, heaped high with embroidered lace-trimmed coverings and ruffled pillows, lay the motionless form of a beautiful woman. Her attitude was that of perfect repose, as if the lady slept the most quiet and peaceful of slumbers.

The left arm was thrown above the head, and the slender, delicate fingers were twisted in the meshes of golden hair which streamed over the pillow. The other arm lay lightly across the breast. The form was hidden to the waist by the snowy bed-coverings; above this was visible a muslin night-robe, trimmed with a profusion of the rarest laces.

The face was one of exquisite beauty, round and dimpled as a child's; chin, nose and mouth delicately chiseled as the sculptured masterpieces of antiquity; the heavy white eyelids were closed, and showed their long lashes against the marble pallor of the cheeks. Above these were arched brows several shades darker than the golden tresses.

The whole face expressed calm repose, and there was even a half smile on the slightly parted lips. A disarrangement of the night-dress exposed the throat and a portion of the bosom, as white as marble.

A thrill of horror ran through those assembled in the room on beholding the bronze hilt of a dagger, buried to the guard in the body of the lady, immediately below the left breast.

"Great God!" cried the young Englishman, pointing to the dagger, his usually ruddy cheeks now pale as death. "Madame la Comtesse has been murdered."

The last word produced the same effect upon Inspector Robelet that the spur does upon the trained war-steed. He was now in his element, and conquering his momentary hesitation, he advanced toward the bed, but ere he had reached it a loud exclamation made him turn suddenly, and he beheld in the doorway the form of Mademoiselle de Clairville, her beautiful features frozen into an expression of frenzied terror. Tottering forward a few paces into the room, she moaned out feebly:

"Oh! my poor unfortunate brother." And throwing up her arms, would have fallen senseless to the ground had not Dr. Savart sprung forward and caught her.

Bidding the inspector and George Douglass await his return, the young doctor raised the slender form in his arms and bore the insensible girl from the room.

No sooner had Dr. Savart disappeared with Mademoiselle de Clairville than Inspector Robelet began at once a careful scrutiny of all the surroundings.

His first act was to approach the bed and examine the person of the murdered woman. This close investigation of the position of the body and the expression of the features convinced Robelet at once that the Countess's death must have been instantaneous; a fact which was further proved by the position of the dagger, which had been driven into the body in such a manner that it must have pierced the very centre of the heart. Not a drop of blood was visible on the snowy night-dress, which would have seemed strange had not Robelet been aware that the bleeding of such a wound must have been internal, and this naturally drew his attention to the weapon with which the wound had been inflicted. The dagger was buried to the hilt in the murdered woman's bosom. The handle exhibited a rare piece of workmanship in metal, being composed of two bronze serpents with ruby eyes. The bodies of these serpents were tightly twisted together, and their extended tails formed the guard of the weapon.

Having satisfied himself as to the suddenness of the death, Robelet was also soon convinced, by the rigidity of the limbs and their icy coldness, that death had taken place some time before—a fact which he remarked to George Douglass, who, pale and unable to speak, stood gazing at the beautiful face of the dead woman.

Satisfied on those points, the inspector was turning away to examine more closely the apartment, when something caught his eye which drew a loud exclamation from him. Pointing to the white neck of the countess, he made the young Englishman observe a slender chain of gold, as fine and delicate as a small cord; this chain had been broken by a violent wrench, as was plainly proved by the slight abrasure of the soft, satiny skin.

"You perceive, monsieur, not only murder, but robbery," he exclaimed, with an expression of matchless sagacity.

George made no reply—in fact, was incapable of speech, and could only stare at the face of the murdered woman. The suddenness of all this had taken away from him the power of reasoning, and he could scarcely realize that the motionless figure before him was the inanimate body of the lovely Comtesse de Clairville, whose beauty was ever less wonderful than her powers of fascination.

Observing the young man's mental condition, the inspector, with a shrug of his shoulder, returned to his investigation.

The first thing he noticed was a small table near the head of the bed, on which were placed a carafe of water, a cut glass goblet, and a shaded night-lamp, which, still unextinguished, burned dimly in the glare of daylight; on this table was also a small book, from between whose leaves, where it had doubtless been left as a mark, hung a lace-edged handkerchief. Finding no traces here of the assassin, the inspector next began to examine the furniture, piece by piece. A large armoire first attracted his attention. Its door, which was framed to contain a large plate-glass mirror, stood half open, and the practiced glance of Robelet instantly recognized the fact that a hasty and not over-careful hand had thoroughly ransacked this piece of furniture; various articles of wearing apparel were tossed about and in a rumpled condition; drawers had been pulled open and left unclosed—in short, the search, though a hasty one, had been complete, every portion of the armoire bearing evidence of this fact. A few moments satisfied the inspector that no article of value remained.

The drawers of the bureau had been similarly treated, and a tall *escritoire* had been searched from top to bottom. Several of these drawers were completely pulled out, and letters, *billet-doux*, etc., were heaped about in the utmost confusion. But what more completely satisfied Robelet that the crime had not only been murder, but also robbery, was a large steel casket which stood upon the table in the centre of the room. This casket had evidently been made as a receptacle for jewels. The lid was now wide open, and the box was emptied of whatever it might once have contained.

A tap on the door suddenly disturbed Robelet in his search. However, this proved to be only a domestic, charged with a message from Dr. Savart, to say that Mademoiselle de Clairville was still insensible, and that the doctor could not leave her for a moment. Closing the door upon the servant, the inspector resumed his labors.

He had satisfied himself as to the robbery, and now he sought anxiously for some traces of the robber.

Besides the door that opened upon the hall, there were two others on either side of the room, almost opposite each other. The one on the right Robelet now tried, and found to be locked or bolted evidently on the inner side, as the key was not visible. With the other door he was more successful. The apartment to which it admitted him was a boudoir even more elaborately furnished than the bedchamber. A few glances, however, convinced the inspector that the furniture of this apartment had not been disturbed, and he concluded the robber had not entered this chamber. Turning from the boudoir, his glance was directed toward the three windows which lighted the bedchamber. The centre one, which reached to the floor, opened upon a small balcony. The glass sashes of this window were now wide open, and the blue silk curtains pushed aside, as if some one had passed through them precipitately.

Robelot made but two steps across the room, and passing out upon the balcony, he glanced over the iron railing, and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction when he saw that the balcony where he stood was supported

His facetiousness was disturbed by the noise of voices speaking in the chamber, and turning, he beheld four persons who had just entered the room.

The first he recognized at a glance as Placide Lamotte,



A FAIR SPINSTER.

on pillars of ornamental ironwork, which rose from a similar but much larger gallery immediately below it.

Tapping himself on the nose, the inspector said, facetiously:

"Ah, Jean Baptiste, my boy, that is the road by which he came!"

the Mayor of Rosière. The person nearest him was a tall, gray-headed man with grave dark eyes, stern but handsome features, and an expression of great intellectuality. Behind this gentleman stood a tall cadaverous figure in a long dingy black coat, holding under his arm a leather portfolio. Although it might have been possible to make

some mistake as to the profession of the two persons first described, a single glance sufficed to tell Robelot that in the fourth man he saw a confrère of the Prefecture.

This fourth stranger was young and slender, with bright black eyes, which never for a moment remained quiet, but seemed to devour everything within range with their quick, inquisitive glances.

With a muttered execration, Robelot re-entered the chamber, and advanced to meet the newcomers with something very much like the strut of an angry cock who beholds a rival on his dunghill.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Mayor Lamotte, in a quavering tone of voice, his fat, rosy cheeks blanched to a dull opaque hue, and his round, portly little body shaking with a mixture of suppressed fright and excitement. "*Mon Dieu!* Claude Lavise was not mistaken. Poor Madame la Comtesse—who would have supposed it! She was a perfect angel, Monsieur le Juge, as every one in Rosière knew—and so beautiful, too. But see then, there is Inspector Robelot, and I do not doubt, Monsieur le Juge, with his assistance we shall catch the robber, the assassin, the murderer."

The grave stranger broke in upon this flood of words, and addressing himself to Robelot, said:

"Monsieur l'Inspecteur, I am a Juge d'Instruction. My name is Henri Duchatel. I am summoned here by telegraph. A crime has been committed; you have been making examinations, and you will now furnish me with the result of your labors. Tomas," he continued, turning to the tall individual whom Robelot now knew to be the judge's clerk; "seat yourself at that table, and write down what the inspector tells us."

The clerk seated himself with the utmost sang froid upon one of the magnificent chairs, and opening his greasy portfolio upon a table inlaid with pearl and ivory, prepared to write.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE beginning his questions, the judge glanced inquiringly at the young Englishman, who still remained at the foot of the bed, as if unable to tear himself away from the contemplation of the murdered comtesse.

Robelot, hastening to reply to this inquiring glance, informed the magistrate that the gentleman was a young Englishman, who had been residing some time at the chateau, and was a guest of the count's; this allusion to himself seemed to arouse George Douglass from his stupor, and coming forward, he gave his name to the judge, inquiring at the same time if his presence would interfere with the official examination. The judge bowed politely, assuring him his presence would in no way interfere with the course of justice, and begged him to be seated.

During this interval Inspector Robelot had been arranging the result of his investigations in his mind, and the judge bidding him proceed, he eagerly went on to tell everything that had transpired since the footman, Lavise, made his appearance in the police-office of Rosière.

He called the judge's attention to the condition of the furniture, and the empty jewel-casket, which he felt sure would satisfy Monsieur le Juge that the crime had been one of robbery as well as murder.

According to the best of his opinion, judging from the rigidity of the body, the crime must have been accomplished several hours before its discovery.

"If Monsieur le Juge will permit me," continued Inspector Robelot, in an oracular tone of voice, "I will say that in my judgment," and here the inspector looked with a severe stare at the young man with piercing eyes, whom

we have said before he had recognized as a confrère from the Prefecture; "in my judgment," he went on, "the affair was like this: The robber reached the small balcony upon which this opens by climbing the iron pillars; a glance will convince Monsieur le Juge of the practicability of such a mode of ascent; and I doubt not, on the examination of the ground, we shall find some traces of the villain. Having safely effected his entrance into the chamber, the robber, finding Madame la Comtesse asleep, and fearing his movements might awaken her, and expecting to obtain valuable booty, the wretch concluded to murder the sleeping woman. The deed was accomplished without hesitation, and the poor lady's death must have been instantaneous; for the dagger, as Monsieur le Juge will see, pierced the very centre of the heart. Secured by this horrible deed from all fear of interruption, the assassin, having first locked the door of the entry upon the hall, proceeded to search the different pieces of furniture, where he might suppose valuables to be concealed, and having collected everything he could lay his hands upon, even wrenching from the countess's neck the locket or medallion, the wretch made his exit by the same road by which he entered. In support of my theory, monsieur will see the condition of the chamber. The position and the expression of the features of the murdered lady proving the victim was in a deep sleep at the moment the deed was accomplished, and the slight wound on the neck made by the wrench of the gold chain, when the robber tore away the locket. We must now, in my opinion, Monsieur le Juge, search the grounds around the chateau, and I am satisfied we shall there come upon the track of the assassin."

Robelot gazed with benign superiority upon the agent of the Prefecture, who seemed to be nothing but eyes, as these were the only portions of the body that displayed the slightest emotion, their inquisitive, penetrating glances darting in every direction and never remaining a moment upon any particular object, seeming to embrace within the scope of their vision every portion of the apartment.

The judge, who had listened gravely and attentively to Robelot's statement, now turned to the agent of police from Paris, and said, inquiringly:

"You have heard the inspector's theory, Le Renard. What do you advise?"

At this name, Jean Baptiste Robelot gazed on the agent with an expression of admiring but envious respect. The soubriquet of "Renard" was a *nom de guerre* of Jules Trochard—one of the most skillful of the employés of the Prefecture.

The great man, however, seemed in no wise to presume upon his reputation, and instead of pushing himself to the front, he appeared to be willing to leave the management of the affair in the hands of the inspector.

At the direct question of the judge, he dropped his eyes, and said, in a respectful voice, that Monsieur Robelot was right, and it would be well to search the grounds without further delay.

Just as the party were leaving the room, at the door of which a gendarme had been placed, they were joined by Dr. Savart, whom the inspector hastened to present to the judge.

The doctor, in response to a question from George Douglass, replied that mademoiselle was now quiet, and sleeping peacefully.

While this conversation was going on, the party had descended to the lower floor, and made their way out into the garden, and in a few minutes were beneath the windows of the countess's chamber, whose position was easily identified by its small balcony.

A wide gravel path skirted this side of the house, but between it and the lower veranda supporting the iron pillars, which, according to Robelot, the assassin had climbed, was a small flower-bed about four feet wide, stretching the entire length of the mansion.

Eager as a hound in pursuit of game, Inspector Robelot began his search for some traces of the robber, and his exertions were soon rewarded by the discovery of four indentations in the soft soil, which he recognized as having been made by a human foot.

"See, messieurs!" he cried. "Here are his footprints."

They all pressed eagerly forward, and Le Renard, who up to this time had manifested the utmost apathy, now displayed the first signs of interest. His keen black eyes were riveted for some moments upon the footmarks, and then, without a word, he relapsed into his former indifference.

Robelot was, however, fully impressed with the importance of his discovery, and was anxious to prosecute it to a conclusion; but in spite of his most patient efforts, no further footmarks could be found. The hard gravel of the walk showed no traces, and after examining it foot by foot down to the banks of a little stream which crossed it about the middle of the ground, and over which was thrown a rustic bridge, the party returned to the spot where the footmarks were imprinted.

That these were the marks of a human foot was indisputable; and yet, after the keenest scrutiny, Robelot was obliged to admit he was unable to distinguish the toe from the heel.

"Perhaps," said Renard, with a smile, "the marks are undistinguishable because the foot has been twice placed in the same footprints in going and returning; and I think if Monsieur Robelot looks close, he will be satisfied that the marks were made by a stocking-foot."

In spite of his unwillingness to admit the superior astuteness of the agent from Paris, the inspector was forced to acquiesce in this opinion.

Having now ascertained all that it seemed possible to discover in the garden, they were returning to the house, when Dr. Savart uttered a loud exclamation, and pointing in the direction of the main avenue, along which a man was seen advancing rapidly, cried:

"The Count de Clairville!"

The party overtook the newcomer at the entrance stairs.

The Count de Clairville was a graceful, well-proportioned man, whose age could not have exceeded thirty. His hair and eyes were dark, nose aquiline and well shaped. A carefully trimmed mustache concealed the expression of his mouth. His features now expressed the most intense emotion. His cheeks were as pale as death, and large drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead; his eyes glanced uneasily from side to side, and his hands trembled nervously as Savart grasped his arm. The doctor's calmness only made the agitation of the count more apparent.

"My dear Charles," cried the doctor, "this is terrible! But endeavor, my dear friend, to control yourself. We have been making an examination, and Monsieur l'Inspecteur believes he has obtained some clew to the assassin."

These words seemed to increase the agitation of the count, and for some moments he was unable to reply. At length, having controlled himself by a great effort, he said, in a somewhat broken voice, that he had heard in the village, where he had just arrived from Paris, the terrible occurrence of the night, and covering his face with his hands, he wept convulsively.

Savart begged him to subdue his feelings, that he might

be able to assist the judge to investigate the crime; and Monsieur Duchatel, whose name the doctor now mentioned, joined in the request, assuring the count of his sincere sympathy and desire to do all he could to be of service in clearing up this terrible affair.

George Douglass and Robelot added their sympathetic appeals.

Le Renard alone remained, as usual, apathetically indifferent to the whole scene, if we except the keen glances with which he scrutinized the faces of each one of the party.

The judge now led the way up the stairs, and entering the door of the chateau, at which a gendarme had been placed to prevent the entrance or exit of any unauthorized persons, ascended to the floor above, and the whole party were soon once more at the scene of the crime.

CHAPTER IV.

EVERYTHING remained unchanged in the countess's chamber. To the others the sight of the dead woman had grown somewhat familiar, but with the count the whole scene was alike new and horrible. At the sight of that cold, lifeless form, his whole frame quivered with nervous convulsions, his breast heaved tumultuously, and tottering across the room, he fell on his knees by the bedside, and burying his face in the covering, burst into a paroxysm of tears. A feeling of sympathetic respect for his sorrow kept the others silent for some minutes, but at length, on a whisper from the judge, Savart interfered, and pressing his hand on De Clairville's shoulder, begged him to remember that all that could be done now was to seek to discover the author of this crime, and punish him; that the judge wished to commence with his official examination, and besought him not to allow his grief to interfere with the proceedings.

Monsieur de Clairville seemed to recognize the force of his friend's words, and allowed himself to be led to a chair near the table, where the judge's clerk had again established himself, and covered his face with his handkerchief, his tears subsiding into stifled sobs.

The rest of the party being seated, the judge desired the inspector to summon Claude Lavise, the footman who had brought the first information of the affair to Rosière, but before the young man was introduced into the room, the body of the murdered woman was covered with one of the embroidered bed-spreads.

The footman, upon being questioned, said that he had been called from the breakfast-room, where he was dusting the furniture, by Mademoiselle Justine, the countess's maid; that Justine appeared very much excited, declaring something awful had happened to her mistress, as the countess's door was locked—a very unusual occurrence—and in spite of all her rapping she could obtain no response; that Mademoiselle Marguerite shared in her alarm, and desired him to run to the police station at Rosière, to bring the police officer at once; that, fully impressed by the nervous excitement of Justine, that something terrible had happened, he made all haste to Rosière and informed Monsieur Robelot of what had occurred. This was all he knew.

Dismissing Lavise, the judge ordered Justine, the countess's maid, to be summoned.

The young woman, who soon afterward, in obedience to this summons, entered the chamber, was a petite brunette with graceful and rounded figure, small, piercing black eyes, and arched brows; profusion of jet-black hair arranged low on the forehead, and small turned-up nose. Mademoiselle Justine could not have been over twenty-five,

and her costume plainly showed she understood and estimated at their full value all the attractions of her person. She appeared very much agitated; glanced first at the white shrouded figure on the bed, and then at the group of gentlemen, and wringing her hands nervously, she gave such evident indications of being about to faint, that the doctor ran to her assistance. With his aid the girl was carried into the boudoir and placed upon the sofa. Restoratives were then sent for, and the doctor was left alone with his patient.

The delayed investigations were, however, soon resumed. After a few moments Justine re-entered, leaning on Savart's arm. She was still very pale, but appeared much more composed, and a chair having been placed for her, she seated herself, and signified her readiness to reply to the judge's questions.

When had she last seen Madame la Comtesse?

Justine replied that madame had sought her chamber about half-past nine; that as usual she had assisted her to disrobe; had seen madame retire to her couch, and arranged on the table a reading lamp, and a carafe of water. On bidding madame good-night, and inquiring for orders, the countess had desired that she might be called at an early hour, as she intended driving to Rosière before breakfast.

The maid went on to say that at the last, when she left the room, Madame de Clairville was cutting the leaves of a small book with which she had retired to bed, it being her usual custom to read for some time before she slept. She then closed the door and went to her own apartment. The door of the countess's chamber was certainly not locked when she left.

When at an early hour, in obedience to her mistress's command, she sought an entrance to madame's chamber, she found it fastened. At first this had not alarmed her, but when, some time after, she again attempted to enter, and still found the door locked, and rapping with all her strength could obtain no reply, was finally overcome with terror, and ran to Mademoiselle de Clairville's room to inform her of what had transpired. Her first words, for some reason, appeared to produce an intense alarm in Mademoiselle de Clairville, who, wrung her hands wildly, and murmured some words she (Justine) did not catch; that she thought Mademoiselle de Clairville was about to faint, but, overcoming this by a violent effort, the young lady bade her (Justine) dispatch a messenger to Rosière for the police, saying, with a groan, she believed something awful had happened to the countess; that thereupon she had sent Claude Lavise, the footman, on his errand.

"Is that all, mademoiselle, you know of the affair?"

For some cause this simple question, asked in the grave voice of the judge, seemed to confuse the young woman; her lips trembled slightly and her hands clasped tightly together. After a moment, however, she replied in the affirmative, in rather a feeble voice.

At this moment the agent from Paris, Le Renard, leaned over and touched the judge's shoulder; having thus attracted his attention, he whispered a few words in the magistrate's ear.

"When you left the countess's chamber last night you say that the door of entry from the hall was unlocked. Can you tell me whether the other two doors opening on madame's chamber were fastened or unfastened?"

Justine looked up in some surprise at this question.

"The door of the boudoir and that of Monsieur le Comte's private chamber were both unlocked."

At this statement of the maid, Inspector Robelot raised his head with a gesture of surprise, at which Trochard

smiled faintly, and again whispered into the magistrate's ear.

"You are sure, mademoiselle," said the judge, "that both the door of the boudoir and the count's chamber were unlocked?"

"Perfectly certain, monsieur," replied Justine. "I even closed the count's door myself."

"The count had left the chateau early in the evening?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Juge, about six o'clock."

This time the maid again appeared slightly embarrassed.

For the third time Le Renard addressed himself to the judge, who thereupon informed the witness she might withdraw for the present.

No sooner had the girl left the chamber than the judge turned to the count and his two friends, and asked to be left alone with the police agents.

The count, whose agitation appeared undiminished, and who still kept his handkerchief to his face, rose without any reply, and allowed Dr. Savart to lead him from the apartment, followed by George Douglass and the Mayor of Rosière. The three officers of the law were left alone in the chamber of the murdered woman.

"Now, Monsieur le Juge," said the agent from Paris, suddenly throwing off his indifference, "you have heard Inspector Robelot's theory; permit me to say that this affair begins to show signs of complication. First, the countess's maid, Justine, knows something she is keeping back from us. You must have noticed, monsieur, the embarrassment the girl twice displayed during the examination. Then there is Mademoiselle de Clairville's strange alarm at so apparently an unimportant thing as the fact that Madame la Comtesse's door should be locked at an early hour in the morning; and lastly, for the present, we have the statement of the maid that the door leading into the private chamber of Count de Clairville was unlocked when she left the countess's chamber last night."

"It is, however, fastened now," interrupted Robelot.

"Yes, monsieur," replied Renard; "but will you say whether or not it was fastened by the murderer?"

This appeared to puzzle Robelot, and before he could reply the other went on:

"You will notice, Monsieur le Juge, that every article of furniture in this room has been searched, from one end to the other, and yet Madame la Comtesse's jewel-case was plainly visible to the thief's first glance; but, not content with examining places that he must have known no valuables could be kept in, he has even gone over the entire contents of the *escritoire*. You ask me what conclusions I draw from this. Well, I will tell you, monsieur: I think the thief was looking for something besides valuables—something he wanted so badly that he has examined every paper in the cabinet. You see, many of them are scattered about," and bending down, Trochard picked up several of the papers which were lying upon the floor; one of these lay near the door of the count's private chamber, and Le Renard stooped to pick it up, but no sooner had his fingers touched the paper than he uttered a loud exclamation. "See, Monsieur le Juge," he exclaimed, excitedly, "this paper is caught under the door; this could only have happened in closing it. This door, which we now find fastened, has been opened and shut since Mademoiselle Justine left the countess's room. I think, monsieur, that Inspector Robelot will admit that it could have been none but the assassin who fastened this door; the key is on the other side, and if the door is merely locked, the count's apartment must have been entered, and it is there we must now seek for some clue to the mystery."

Whilst speaking, he pulled the paper from beneath the doorway, and rising, was about to lay it upon the escritoire, when he suddenly became as motionless as a statue, his face paling to the hue of death, and his whole person exhibiting signs of the strangest excitement.

The judge, Robelot and the clerk gazed with wondering eyes upon the agitated countenance of Le Renard, who, suddenly rendered speechless, could only reply to their inquiring glances by pointing to what he held in his hand.



THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

CHAPTER V.

THE object placed in the judge's hand was an envelope of coarse, white paper. On it the judge read: "Monsieur le Comte de Clairville," written evidently by the hand of a lady.

This clew seemed for the time to paralyze the three searchers. We say three, because time and wide experience of crime had made Tomas, the judge's clerk, utterly impassive to all excitement. He was, in fact, a mere writing machine, and now sat munching an apple he had drawn from the pocket of his rusty coat, his cadaverous features entirely void of expression.

At length Inspector Robelot broke the silence with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"After all, Monsieur le Juge, with due respect for Monsieur Trochard's skill, I cannot see anything so very wonderful in the discovery of an envelope addressed to the Count de Clairville in Madame la Comtesse's room."

"True," replied Le Renard, with a smile; "but if you look closer, you will see that this envelope was received at Rosière at five o'clock yesterday evening—here is the stamp of the post-office to prove this. Now, Dr. Savart informed Monsieur Robelot, as he told us, that the count left the chateau at six o'clock yesterday evening, only one hour after the time at which this envelope was received at the post-office at Rosière."

"What then?" exclaimed Robelot. "Is it impossible that Monsieur le Comte should have had an interview with madame before leaving the chateau, and dropped the envelope at that time?"

"Very possible," replied his confrère; "but in the meantime do not let us delay examining the count's chamber, as we have decided that this door of communication was fastened after Justine left the apartment of the comtesse, and there seems no reason to doubt that it could only have been the assassin who fastened it. There is an entrance from the hall. Will you pass around that way, Monsieur l'Inspecteur, and open this door of communication?" Robelot was gone in a moment, but returned almost as quickly, and announced that the hall door was also fastened. "Then we must again make use of the locksmith," cried the agent from Paris, who now seemed to enter with all his heart into his work. "Call him in, or rather borrow his nippers. The key is in the lock of the door, and I can do the job myself."

The inspector complied with the command, for he, too, was beginning to be considerably excited. Quickly returning, he handed the instrument to Renard, who, inserting it in the keyhole with all the ease of an artist, quickly opened the door.

The room which they now entered presented nothing unusual in appearance. It was a small bedchamber, handsomely furnished, but easily identified as an apartment belonging to one of the male sex. All the little nick-nacks peculiar to a lady's bedchamber were wanting in this. The condition of the bed indicated that it had not been occupied the past night, nor was there the slightest evidence that any of the pieces of furniture in this room had been searched. On examination, the door opening on the hall was found locked—the key, however, had been removed.

"There is, after all," said the inspector, "literally nothing."

"I don't know," replied Renard, whose eyes had been devouring every portion of the room. "See here," he cried, dropping on his knees before the fireplace and pointing to the hearth. "What are these?"

"Ashes," answered his confrère

"Yes, ashes—paper ashes. Some one has been burning paper in this room."

"That is true," said Monsieur Duchatel, who up to this time had been a silent but very attentive listener. "I will now summon the servant who has charge of the count's room, and we will then be able to ascertain whether there were ashes here when he locked the door last night. Let us return to the other room, as there seems to be nothing more of importance here."

Trochard followed the other two men as if reluctant to leave the apartment. Passing through the doorway, his sharp eyes fell upon the white porcelain door-knob.

"By heavens, Monsieur le Juge," he cried, seizing that gentleman, who was slightly in advance, by the arm. "There is blood on the knob of this door, and see! it is the inner knob."

Both Robelot and the judge hastened to examine the spot, and were soon satisfied of the correctness of Trochard's assertion.

"You are right," said Monsieur Duchatel, "but where did this blood come from? there was none on the person of the countess."

The only answer the other made was to hurry to the bed and remove the covering from the murdered woman.

"You are wrong, monsieur. See, here is a trace of blood on the hilt of the dagger; it is very faint, but here it is, plain enough, and I should say from its position, that the blood-stain was upon the thumb of the assassin."

Monsieur Duchatel satisfied himself as to the correctness of the agent's statement. His face became more grave and serious than ever. Then, after a moment's thought, he said to Inspector Robelot:

"Have the Comte de Clairville's valet brought here at once," and so saying, he returned to the table, where Tomas was still munching his apple.

The inspector himself left the chamber to execute the order he had received, and Trochard had barely time to re-cover the body and return to his place behind the judge when Robelot re-entered, accompanied by a young man attired in plain black clothes, who bore unmistakably the stamp of a confidential servant.

"This is the count's valet, Monsieur le Juge."

Duchatel looked at the young man for a moment silently, then asked, in a low tone:

"When you locked the count's bedchamber-door last night, did you notice whether Monsieur de Clairville had been burning papers in his fireplace?"

"Pardon me, monsieur," replied the young man, respectfully; "I did not lock the door of the count's room."

"Then, if you were not the last person in the count's room last night, perhaps some other person may have fastened the door?"

"Impossible, monsieur. I remained in the count's chamber until madame retired to her apartment, when I left it, closing the door behind me. The key was on the inner side of the door."

"And the papers which the count burned?"

"There were no papers burnt when I left the apartment. Monsieur le Comte left Clairville at six last evening. After his departure, I saw to the arrangement of the chamber. At that time there were no ashes in the grate."

"But before the count left he had an interview with madame?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"When did that interview take place?"

"Immediately before leaving the chateau my master came from Madame la Comtesse's chamber through the

door of communication, and informed me that business would take him to Paris, and might possibly keep him there until next day. He left the room, and, immediately after, the chateau."

"Did you notice anything peculiar about the appearance of the count?"

The valet hesitated, and seemed confused; but the judge, fixing his penetrating glance upon him, he at length replied, in a rather broken tone, that the count appeared considerably agitated.

The judge paused a moment, then inquired of the young man whether he had heard anything that had passed in the interview between madame and the count.

The valet replied, eagerly:

"No, monsieur. The door of communication was closed. I could hear nothing."

"Do you think any one else could have heard what passed between the countess and her husband?"

"I do not know, monsieur. Perhaps Mademoiselle Justine, the countess's maid—"

Here the valet stopped, as the judge's attention was distracted by Renard bending over and whispering in his ear.

"Then," exclaimed Monsieur Duchatel, again addressing himself to the witness, "you are positively certain that when you left the count's bedroom the key to the door of entry to the hall was on the inner side of the lock, and the door itself unlocked?"

Just as the man was about to answer, the sound of a key turning in the lock of the next room was heard. The judge started violently to his feet, and Inspector Robelot, almost unable to control his excitement, glanced at Trochard, who, without any other evidence of emotion than a slight smile, rose quietly, and walking to the door of communication between the two bedchambers, said:

"It is only the Count de Clairville. Perhaps we had better shut this door; and, suiting the action to the word, he closed it. "I think, Monsieur le Juge," continued the agent, as he returned to the table, "we may now dismiss this young man; and if he will be kind enough to send Mademoiselle Justine, we can continue with her evidence."

Upon the departure of the valet, Monsieur Trochard, assuming an air of the utmost gravity, said, significantly:

"Now, monsieur, what do you think of it? You have my idea of the case."

"I greatly fear," replied the magistrate, "that your suspicions are correct."

"And here comes Mademoiselle Justine to make you certain."

The door opened while he was speaking, and the waiting-maid entered, this time without much trepidation.

"Mademoiselle," said the judge, quietly, and at the same time pointing to a chair, "be kind enough to tell us how much you heard of the interview that took place between madame and the count immediately before his leaving Clairville last evening."

This sudden question produced a marked effect upon the girl; her face grew as pale as death, and trembling violently, she sank upon the chair. For some moments she could not master her emotions enough to speak, but at length replied, faintly:

"Very little, monsieur."

"Where were you at the time the interview took place?"

"I was in the bedchamber of madame, when the count entered it. He made me a sign to withdraw, and I left the room, and going into the boudoir, placed myself near the front window."

"And you heard?"

The girl again trembled convulsively, and made no reply.

"Speak, mademoiselle," said the magistrate, seriously. "What did you hear?"

"I—I—heard nothing until the very last, when the count raised his voice very high, and then I only caught a few words—"

"What were they?"

"Monsieur de Clairville said, 'If that were so, I should kill you.'"

Here the girl's courage gave way, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. The judge waited until she had recovered her composure, and then asked her if she had communicated what she had heard to any other person in the chateau.

Justine answered yes, she had told Mademoiselle Marguerite de Clairville.

"And that was the reason, I suppose," said Monsieur Duchatel, "why both you and Mademoiselle de Clairville were so much alarmed this morning, when you found the countess's chamber locked, and could not obtain admission?"

The girl made an affirmative movement of the head.

"That will do, mademoiselle," said the magistrate.

"You can now retire. I must caution you, however, not to speak of what has taken place here to any one."

Monsieur Trochard assisted Justine, who seemed entirely overcome with her emotions, to leave the apartment, and then returning, said, in a firm voice:

"Now, Monsieur le Juge, I ask for a warrant to arrest the Count de Clairville for the murder of his wife."

CHAPTER VI.

THE astounding demand of the detective fell like a thunderbolt upon his hearers; both the judge and the inspector had for some time seen the direction that his ideas were taking, but at this bold declaration of the count's guilt they were so overpowered at the magnitude of the charge as to be for a time literally speechless.

Monsieur Duchatel rose to his feet and paced the chamber for some time, absorbed in the deepest meditation. He broke the silence at last, addressing himself to Renard.

"I cannot go so far as that, Trochard. After all, what we have discovered is not enough, in my mind, to authorize so grave a proceeding as to arrest a man of the Count de Clairville's position. Our evidence is entirely circumstantial, and might be explained away." He took another tour up and down the apartment, and continued: "No, I must have more certainty before I make out this warrant."

"On what points does Monsieur le Juge require further proof?" inquired the agent, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

The judge considered for a moment, and then answered:

"It seems to me your case is about this: First, the Count de Clairville has an angry interview with his wife, in the course of which he is heard by the maid-servant, Justine, to threaten the countess's life. The count leaves the chateau at six in the evening, and is not known to have returned to it until late next morning, he being supposed to be in Paris during this absence. Secondly, the doors of the count's bedchamber are found locked, although the valet testifies to having left them unfastened on retiring for the night, several hours after the departure of the count; moreover, an envelope is found ~~loosely~~ wedged underneath the door of communication to

madame's chamber, and the envelope is addressed to the Count de Clairville. A blood-stain is found on the inner knob of the same door, and traces are left in the hearth of the count's room, showing that some one had been burning papers there, although the valet testified to there being no ashes in the grate when he left the room. And finally, Monsieur de Clairville has just unlocked the door of entry to his room; that door which, according to his valet, was unfastened, and the key of which was left in the lock on the inner side, several hours after the count's departure for Paris. It seems to me this is all we have discovered, so far."

"True, Monsieur le Juge," replied Trochard; "and it appears to me a pretty clear case. What more can you desire?"

"What, then, do you make of the stolen jewels, Le Renard? and the footprints below the window of madame's room? Do you think Monsieur le Comte climbed into his wife's chamber by one of the iron pillars, as Inspector Robelot supposed the robber did? and if not, how do you think the crime was accomplished?"

Trochard considered for a moment, and then looking at Inspector Robelot, replied:

"This is my theory of the affair: The Count de Clairville received yesterday evening a letter which arrived at Rosière by the five o'clock mail; this letter, it appears, must have caused the count considerable anxiety, or greatly irritated him. Immediately on its receipt he had an interview with his wife, which the maid declares to have been an excited one, and to have closed with the declaration on the part of the count that, if something were true, he would not hesitate to kill her. He then left the chateau, and was not seen until the next morning. So much is proved by positive testimony. The balance of my theory is only supported by circumstantial evidence, yet, in my mind, these circumstances leave not a shadow of a doubt. I think the count went to Paris in response to the letter he received yesterday evening; that he there obtained the proof of that something of which he had spoken to the countess when he threatened her life; that he returned by the night train, and arrived here somewhere near midnight; that he admitted himself to the house by some means, probably a latch-key, and entered the countess's chamber, and, as he had threatened, killed her. Having accomplished this awful deed, he searched madame's furniture for something which I conclude to have been letters or papers of importance; this is proved by the care with which the countess's *escritoire* was examined, every paper having been carefully scanned. Having obtained what he sought for, as I think, he re-entered his own apartment, and there burnt the documents; no sooner were these papers consumed than the fury that urged him to the commission of the crime gave place to the natural horror and fear which follows close on such an act. No doubt he intended to leave the chateau in the same manner by which he entered, but now terror took possession of him, the fear of discovery overpowered all other ideas, and with the instinct of a hunted beast he thought of nothing but concealment. When a man commits such a crime as this, Monsieur le Juge, and the desire to avoid discovery arises in his mind, what is the first thought that presents itself to him? I answer you, Monsieur le Juge: In nine cases out of ten the assassin endeavors to conceal himself under the cloak of the robber. The count followed the usual course. Afraid to venture into the hall of the chateau, he locked the door of his room, and in his excitement—scarcely knowing, perhaps, what he did—placed the key in his pocket; returning quickly to the chamber of his murdered victim, he

removed the countess's jewels, which, I conclude, were all in the jewel-case on the table; passing out by the window which opens on the small balcony, he took off his shoes, and sliding down by the post which Inspector Robelot pointed out, he reached the gravelled walk, leaving but two impressions of feet in the flower-bed, and these I conclude he made unrecognizable by stepping both ways; once upon the gravel walk his tracks were lost. This, monsieur, is my idea of the case, and it is for you to say what part remains unproved to your satisfaction."

"You make a strong case, Monsieur Trochard," said the judge. "But it seems to me that we need proof that the letter was the cause of the count's angry interview with his wife. We also need more evidence that the robbery was a mere feint to cover the assassination. I conclude that it is impossible to obtain positive proof of the count's having entered the chateau at midnight, as you have supposed."

"I don't know, Monsieur le Juge; it would strengthen the case if we found out that the count had a latch-key. Then, as to the effect of the letter: that, I suppose, may be discovered from the servant who delivered it. As to the stolen jewels, my experience in such cases leads me to believe that if we search the grounds around the chateau closely, all doubts on this point may be settled. Go, then, you and Inspector Robelot, and search the grounds. I will examine the servant who delivered the letter to the count, and interrogate him in your absence."

Trochard and the inspector left the room to execute the mission confided to them.

The agent from Paris stopped at the doorway to throw out the suggestion that it might be well to ascertain to whom belonged the weapon with which the murder had been committed.

In passing through the crowd of servants who still remained congregated in the front hall, eagerly discussing the occurrence, Trochard easily discovered the footman who had delivered the fatal letter to the count.

Passing out by the entrance-door at which the gendarme still stood on guard, the two detectives quickly made their way to the gravel walk. The footmarks were again examined with the utmost attention, and the walks scrutinized inch by inch, Robelot working in the direction of the entrance-gate to the chateau, and Trochard toward the little rustic bridge which crossed the stream that flowed through the middle of the grounds. The search for a long time was fruitless, but at length the agent from Paris discovered something which induced him to call his confrère to join him.

The gravel walk exhibited no traces, but just on the edge of the little stream near the side of the bridge where the ground was somewhat softer, appeared several indentations, which, when closely viewed, proved to be portions of a footprint made by a stocking foot.

"Do you know what I think, Monsieur Robelot?" cried Le Renard, excitedly. "I believe our search is at an end. Madame la Comtesse's jewels are there"—and he pointed to the centre of the little stream. "I will return to Monsieur Duchatel, whilst you have these waters dragged—take special care to hunt beneath the bridge. I will send one of the gendarmes to assist you." And hurrying away, he returned to the chateau, ordered the gendarme at the door to report to the inspector, and made his way back to the judge.

"You are right, Monsieur Trochard," said the magistrate, as Le Renard entered the room. "I have just examined the servant who delivered the letter to the Count de Clairville, and from him I have learned that the count broke it open in his presence. On reading it he appeared

so much excited that the servant was absolutely frightened. The count's face, so the man declares, grew deathly pale, and his voice scarcely recognizable; when immediately on having perused the letter, he ordered him to ascertain if Madame la Comtesse was in her boudoir."

"Call the doctor."

The agent complied, and without waiting a moment, the judge, immediately on the entrance of the young man, demanded:

"Doctor, you have seen the dagger with which Madame



MY PETS.

"We need, then, only the discovery of the missing jewels?" asked the police agent.

"And the dagger," replied Duchatel.

"Doctor Savart has seen the body—he is the Count de Clairville's intimate friend. We can perhaps ascertain from him to whom this weapon belongs. If, as I suppose, it is the property of the Count——"

de Clairville was murdered. Did you ever see it before, and do you know to whom it belongs?"

The pale face of the doctor exhibited no signs of emotion, except a slight twitching of his black brows.

"It belonged to the Count de Clairville," he said, in a low voice. "It is an antique, and Madame la Comtesse was in the habit of using it to cut the leaves of her books."

"Thanks, monsieur," said the magistrate. "You may withdraw; we will need your professional services later on, to certify as to the cause of death."

At this moment the door was pushed violently open, and Inspector Robelot entered the chamber, carrying in his hand a bundle tied up in a dripping handkerchief, from which the water trickled upon the blue-and-white matting.

"You are right from beginning to end, Monsieur Trochard," he said, emphatically, placing the bundle on the table at which the judge's clerk was writing. "Here are the missing jewels. They were found in the little stream, as you supposed, immediately beneath the bridge."

Whilst speaking he unfastened the handkerchief, and exhibited them.

"And see, too, monsieur," he continued, "this handkerchief bears a cipher—two C's interlaced—Charles de Clairville."

Scarcely was this name pronounced when the door communicating between the rooms was thrown open, and the Count de Clairville appeared on the threshold, his face pallid, his form trembling.

Trochard looked at the judge, inquiringly; Monsieur Duchatel made an affirmative motion of his head, and the police agent, stepping forward, laid his hand on the shoulder of the count, and said, in a firm voice:

"Monsieur de Clairville, I arrest you."

CHAPTER VII.

THE first shock of arrest over, the Count de Clairville seemed not wholly unprepared for what had happened. His agitation was still great, but only exhibited itself in the pallor of his countenance, and a slight convulsive movement of his lips. For some moments he vainly struggled to speak, but at length succeeded in mastering his emotion.

"Monsieur le Juge," he cried, raising his hand to heaven, "as God is my judge, I am innocent of this crime. By all my hopes of salvation, I swear it! It is true, I returned to the chateau last night, and made my way to this chamber without any one seeing me; but I solemnly affirm that my wife, the Countess de Clairville, had been murdered long before the time of my arrival at the chateau, and—"

"Monsieur de Clairville," interrupted the judge, "I advise you to be careful. Remember, you are speaking to a judge. What you are now saying is being taken down by my clerk. It will be for you to prove your innocence, and I trust you may succeed; but at present the case is so strong against you that I cannot hesitate to authorize this arrest. You will be conveyed to Paris immediately."

"Monsieur," replied the count, "you but do your duty. Still, I shall esteem it a great favor if you will allow me a last interview with my sister. You cannot understand how priceless to a man in my situation is the sympathy of one who, under all circumstances, would believe him guiltless; and I feel sure, if none others should have faith in my innocence, Marguerite will never doubt me."

"And I, too, Charles," said Savart, advancing and offering his hand—"I, too, believe you to be innocent of this crime; and I say to Monsieur le Juge that it is simply preposterous to suppose you could ever have done such a deed."

"Gentlemen, this recrimination is useless," answered Duchatel. "I am, however, willing to do all I can for the count, and if he desires to see mademoiselle, I will allow him an interview; but it must be in my presence."

"I accept, with thanks, monsieur—only begging you will permit my friend, Dr. Savart, to be present."

"I can see no objection; and if Monsieur le Docteur will inform mademoiselle of your wish, the interview can be held in the salon. In the meanwhile, you must make your preparations to leave immediately on its conclusion."

"Sir," said the count, "I am ready now. I need no preparations. Go, Paul—go, my dear fellow, and fetch Marguerite. Now, monsieur," he continued, when the doctor had left the apartment, "I am at your service."

Turning to the police agent, the judge handed him a paper which the clerk had just filled out, and said:

"Monsieur Trochard, immediately on the conclusion of the interview which I have granted Monsieur de Clairville, you will convey him to the Central House in Paris, to await further examination."

The detective took the paper without other reply than a low bow.

"Come, sir," said the magistrate to the count; and together they left the apartment, followed by Le Renard.

The salon of the chateau was on the lower floor, and entering it, Monsieur Duchatel and the count seated themselves to await the coming of Mademoiselle de Clairville, the vigilant Trochard establishing himself outside of the door.

The interval of suspense was not of long duration. Marguerite soon entered, closely followed by Paul Savart. The young girl exhibited signs of deep grief. Her beautiful eyes were red with traces of prolonged weeping; her brown hair hung loose and disheveled. All thought of conventionality was forgotten. Her slender form was still clothed in the low muslin *robe de chambre* in which she had appeared to Inspector Robelot when he first entered the chateau. Her bosom heaved tumultuously as she threw herself into her brother's arms, crying:

"Oh, Charles, Charles! my poor brother! how could they accuse you of such a crime? It is not true—no, it is not so!"

"Marguerite," replied the count, laying his hand upon the girl's head, and gazing down into her tear-stained eyes, raised to his, and beaming with the light of a pure confidence, "you, at least, will never doubt me."

"No, no, my brother," sobbed the poor girl, pressing him still closer to her bosom.

"That is well, my dear Marguerite. You do me but justice; and, thank God, here is Paul, too, who still has faith in me—faith, in spite of all; and, alas! my dear Marguerite, the evidence against me is terrible."

"But Paul would never believe them," interrupted Mademoiselle de Clairville, raising her beautiful face, upon which a faint blush was now visible, "Paul could never be false to you."

"Then you trust in Paul Savart, my dear sister?" said the young man, smiling faintly at the vehement manner in which the girl's protestations were uttered. Marguerite's face was again hidden on his shoulder, and taking this as an answer, he went on, in a low voice, "My dear, Paul asked me yesterday for your hand in marriage. Would you wish me to say Yes?"

"Oh, Charles, Charles, is this a time to speak on such a subject?"

"Yes, my sister," answered the count. "We are alone in the world, and I for some time—God knows how long—must be an inmate of a prison, with a terrible fate overhanging my future. Who will protect you in my absence? Let me place your hand in that of my friend Paul, and give myself the consolation of knowing that my dear Marguerite is not left alone and unprotected."

Mademoiselle de Clairville made no reply, but suffered

the count to place her hand in that of Dr. Savart, who stepped forward to receive it.

"Paul, my brother," he cried, in a solemn voice, fixing his eyes on the pale face of the young doctor, "I intrust my priceless treasure to your care. Promise me by all you hold sacred to guard her from every harm."

"I will, so help me heaven!" said Paul, pressing the small white hand he held in his.

"Take her, then," continued the count, and placing the young girl in the arms of her lover, he bent down and pressed a kiss upon her pallid cheek. "Now, Monsieur le Juge, I am yours," and following Duchatel, he left the apartment.

For some moments after the departure of the count, Dr. Savart strove in vain to assuage the paroxysms of grief which convulsed the form of his lovely betrothed. Vainly did he call upon her in the most endearing terms to endeavor to control her emotions. The tears gushed in torrents from her beautiful eyes, and the slender form he held so tightly pressed to his own quivered with an agony she could not repress.

But suddenly, in the midst of her sobs, a new idea seized upon her, and raising her head, she fixed her eyes upon her lover's face, her whole countenance now glowing with the strength of a high resolve.

"Paul," she cried, "my brother is innocent. I know it—I feel it. It must be for us to prove his innocence. I am only a weak, helpless woman, but you are strong and wise. It will be your duty to clear my brother's name from this odious cloud. You will not fail me?" she continued, observing a slight expression of hesitation upon the face of the young man. "No one can save him but you. I know not why, but I feel in my heart that you know he is guiltless. I care not what may be the evidence against him, it cannot be true. Say, now, my love, you will help me in this awful moment. What! You still hesitate? Hear me, then"—and wildly tearing herself from his arms, she fell upon her knees, and raising her clasped hands above her head, cried, "Paul Savart, I swear that I will never marry any man on earth until my brother, fully vindicated of all taint of this vile crime, shall himself lead me to the altar!"

"Marguerite—oh, Marguerite," exclaimed the doctor, his whole countenance torn by a storm of contending emotions, "you know not what you ask of me! Retract that oath, which may part us for ever. I believe Charles is innocent; but, oh! my beloved, how can I prove him guiltless in the face of the overwhelming evidence that rises up against him?"

"I know not, I care not," cried Mademoiselle de Clairville, wringing her hands nervously; "but, oh! save him—save him, and the devotion of a lifetime would seem but small payment!"

"Marguerite, Marguerite, I promise."

"Swear it, then!" cried the girl, drawing him down upon his knees beside her.

"I swear it by our love, and as you hope for happiness hereafter. I swear it by all that is true!" he answered.

"Go, then, Paul. Every moment may be of importance. Leave me here to pray for the success of your efforts in Charles's behalf."

As the young man rose from his knees, a loud knock sounded upon the door, and without waiting for a reply, it was opened, and one of the gendarmes appeared in the entrance.

"Dr. Savart, Monsieur le Juge, desires your presence."

"Farewell, Paul," exclaimed Mademoiselle de Clairville, pressing the young man's hand with both her own.

"Go, and remember your promise, and may God assist you to its fulfillment!"

Savart bent over the kneeling form, kissed the beautiful face raised to his so imploringly, and murmuring "Adieu!" followed the man out of the salon.

(To be Continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF TOBACCO.

There has been not a little research—certainly as much as the matter deserves—in regard to the first discovery and use of tobacco, but the subject is still enveloped in the clouds and smoke of uncertainty.

It has been claimed that the use of tobacco was known in China from very remote antiquity, as it has been very extensively cultivated there and in Japan, and in some of the oldest pieces of carving and porcelain paintings much the same pipe as that now used by the Chinese in smoking tobacco is represented. Some conjecture that the North American Indians emigrated from Asia by way of Behring Straits to the American Continent, bringing tobacco and certain Asiatic customs with them.

The name tobacco, or tobago, is variously derived; by some from Tabacco, a province of Yucatan; by others from Tobago, one of the Carib Islands; by a few from Tobasco, in the Gulf of Florida; by Humboldt, from the Carib name of the tube or pipe in which the Caribs smoke the herb, and which name he thinks the early discoverers of the West Indies transferred to the plant itself, and disseminated through all Europe. When Columbus came he found the red men smoking the pipe, and he is smoking it yet, though it is not always the calumet or pipe of peace. He found some tribes who made the weed into cylindrical rolls and smoked these, wrapped in strips of maize leaf.

Had the use of tobacco been common in China, even from remote antiquity, as some claim, it seems very probable that its use would have spread from there to other nations, especially when we remember with what rapidity it extended after its discovery in this country, four centuries ago. And this rapid spread was despite the efforts of Kings, Popes and Sultans to prevent it. King James I., of England, issued a "Counterblast of Tobacco," declaiming against it as "loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, hurtful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fumes thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." Popes Urban VIII. and Innocent XI. fulminated against it the thunders of the Church, and priests and Sultans of Turkey declared smoking a crime; Amurath IV. punished its use by the most cruel deaths, the pipes of the smokers being thrust through their noses; and in Russia, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, the noses of the smokers were cut off. But in spite of all this, the use of tobacco rapidly increased wherever introduced.

THE DEEPEST COAL MINE.

The deepest coal mine in America is the Pottsville, in Pennsylvania. The shaft is 1,576 feet deep. From its bottom, almost a third of a mile down, 200 cars, holding four tons each, are lifted every day. They are run upon a platform, and the whole weight of six tons is hoisted at a speed that makes the head swim, the time occupied in lifting a full car being only a little more than a minute. The hoisting and lowering of men into coal mines is regulated by law in Pennsylvania, and only ten can stand on a platform at once, under penalty of a heavy fine. However,

carelessness cannot be prevented, and unaccustomed visitors are appalled by it.

"A person of weak nerves," says a correspondent, "should not brave the ordeal by descending Pottsville shaft. The machinery works as smoothly as a hotel ele-

of the upper day the transition to darkness is fantastic. The light does not pass into gloom in the same fashion as our day merges into night, but there is a kind of phosphorescent glow, gradually becoming dimmer and dimmer. Half way down you pass, with a roar and sudden crash,



A SHELTER FROM THE STORM.

vator, but the speed is so terrific that one seems falling through the air. The knees after a few seconds become weak and tremulous, the ears ring as the drums of these organs are forced inward by the air pressure, and the eyes shut involuntarily as the beams of the shaft seem to dash upward only a foot or two away. As one leaves the light

the ascending car; and at last, after what seems several minutes, but is only a fraction of that time, the platform begins to slow up, halts at a gate, and through it you step into a crowd of creatures with the shapes of men, but with the blackened faces, the glaring eyes and wild physiognomies of fiends."

ROMEO ON ICE.



ROMEO ON ICE. — "ARE YOU HER HUSBAND, OR DO YOU INTEND TO MARRY HER?" PERSISTED THIS MEDDLESOME MARPLOT.
'I'LL MARRY HER TWENTY TIMES OVER, IF I CHOOSE!' CRIED I. — SEE NEXT PAGE.

A FIRELIGHT FANCY.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

A SUMMER fancy waves its wand
Through Winter's twilight dreaming,
And with enchanted eyes I see
The June sun's glory streaming.
Through space of shimmering azure air,
Cloud-gemmed in pearly hazes,
The sunbeams dazzle, white and gold,
Across a field of daisies.

Outside the keen wind reckless shouts,
And hurls the snow, on-driven,
Down ice-clad streets, past shuddering trees,
Beneath the starless heaven.
Yet fancy paints sweet Summer scenes,
Of forest's leafy mazes,
And gentle zephyrs swaying soft
Across a field of daisies.

Within, the firelight vivid glows,
From coals whose lustre golden
Was garnered from the sun that shone
In ages strange and olden,
Perchance in those forgotten days
This light that burns and blazes,
In splendid sunshine flashed and flamed
Across a field of daisies.

All Summer goes, but Summer comes,
Pale Winter tires of snowing,
The fires her heart gives redly back
A vanished Summer's glowing.
And soon shall Summer light again
The season's changing phases,
And sunbeams dazzle, white and gold,
Across a field of daisies.

ROMEO ON ICE.

BY SPENCER W. CONE.

I ASK leave to make a preliminary remark. I was a bachelor—was, alas! Frank Burt is one of my particular friends. He is rather younger than I am, and foolishly disposed to exaggerate the disparity in our ages. I pardon him the weakness, however, because, though a thought flighty, he is really an agreeable fellow, and because, in my character of a confirmed woman-hater, it is of no consequence whatever.

Last Winter, Frank bolted into my room with a rush, as usual. He stared blankly at me for a moment, then threw himself upon the lounge and gnawed at the corner of his mustache. The rascal is handsome enough, and knows it. His vanity, however, is of the mild type. From his gloomy look, I supposed it had been injured.

"What's the matter with you now Frank?" said I.

"Trout," said he—my name is Troutman. It very seldom gets the last syllable accorded to it, however. The young fellows who smoke my cigars and borrow my money have so fixed the undignified abbreviation on me that strangers would naturally suppose I was a fish, and lived in an aquarium, instead of being a bachelor of thirty-five, with a snug fortune, and too wide-awake to bite at a hook baited with one of the perfidious sex.

"Trout," said he; "I am in love."

"For the fortieth time," said I, with an amiable sneer.

"No," said Frank. "For the first time in my life—really, truly, sincerely in love."

"Name?" said I.

"Mary," he sighed.

"Ah!" said I, "Mary who had a little——"

"Trout," he interrupted, "if you mention that little lamb I'll butcher you on the spot."

"In the fourth ode of his Second Book," said I, "Horace beseeches his friend Xanthias Phocens not to let his passion for his chambermaid make him blush."

"Who the mischief was talking about chambermaids?" cried Frank, growing very red in the face.

"Every chambermaid who is not named Jane is named Mary," said I, imperturbably. "Be still, Frank; keep down thine ire. For does not Horace go on to say to his friend Xanthias Phocens, 'Briseis moved the haughty Achilles by her snowy skin. The figure of the captive Tecmessa struck Ajax all of a heap; and Agamemnon, in the midst of victory, burned with love for a virgin taken among the prisoners.' Who's your young woman?"

"Pshaw!" said Frank, "I tell you I am serious, and

when I came in I meant to tell you her name. Now I won't. But this much I'll tell you—I mean to marry her if I can, and I think I can. You can help me. You must help me, for the happiness of my life depends on it."

"Me help you get married? I'd rather help you to a rope to hang yourself."

"Nonsense!" said Frank. "You pretend to be a woman-hater, but I don't believe a word of it. It isn't natural. It's as natural to love the adorable creatures as for a spark to fly upward."

"I'm not a spark," said I.

"Well," said Frank, "never mind arguing about it now. All I want to know is, whether you'll help me at a pinch in this thing if I call upon you?"

"Why," said I, "if you really are hopelessly insane, I suppose I shall have to help you into the asylum of matrimony."

"That's all I want to know," said he. "I rely on you. The very first day we have a hard freeze, I shall want you—recollect." And he bolted out of the room as violently as he had entered it.

"Well," said I to myself, when I was alone, "that's certainly refreshing! What does he mean by the first freeze? And to tell me I am not a woman-hater! I should like to know if I am not. He's a lunatic! That Mary has turned his brain. That's natural; she's a woman. Women! Horrible creatures! Cats are they all; cats in simulated softness and frisky ferocity."

Lighting my meerschaum, I leaned back and surveyed my bachelor den with pardonable satisfaction. It was arranged to strike terror into any female soul. No woman could even peep through the keyhole without a shudder. No creature of that dangerous sex, I flattered myself, would dare step across its formidable threshold. In every nook and corner I had suspended deadly weapons; here a musket and rifle crossed; there a small sword and sabre. Malay cresses, Turkish yataghans and Indian hatchets disputed every inch of the walls with my pipes and pictures.

"Ah!" said I, to myself, "I am as secure here as Crusoe after he had finished his cave, made his stockade, and drawn the ladder inside. Here I can breathe freely and possess my soul in peace. It is not necessary to go into wildernesses to have a lodge. One can have it in the midst of walled cities. Here no rumor of woman's oppression and deceit can ever reach me more."

In this serene frame of mind I passed that day and several other days, when suddenly, toward the evening of an unlucky Friday, Frank Burt bounced in upon me a second time.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed, "the ball's up."

"What ball?" said I.

"Why, the ball at the Central Park, to be sure."

"Oh," said I, "you mean that thing they haul up on a pole when the lake is supposed to be frozen, and haul down just as one gets there to skate."

"Yes," said he. "But this time there's no mistake. The thermometer has been below twenty degrees for three days, and the ice is eight inches thick."

And he dashed off into a farrago of nonsense about club-skates, patent skates, rockers, dumps, high Dutch, and heaven knows how many more! And that ball bounced through his sentences like a football. It was perpetually going up, and making me wink and dodge for fear it would come down and knock me into the middle of a great pond, which, by a kind of pantomimic necromancy, he kept spreading all over my room.

"I'm going out for a skate," said he, "and you have got to come along."

I pooh-poohed and resisted for a while, but at last permitted him to inoculate me with his frenzy.

I rushed to my closet and dug out a pair of dumps I used to wear fifteen years ago, and flourished them before him, crying:

"You see I have the tools yet, and I'll bet you a feed at Del's, I can use them, too, if I haven't been on irons these ten years."

"That's your sort, old boy!" he cried. "You're a trump."

"Old boy be hanged!" said I. "I'm not forty by a good bit yet, Master Frank, and if you are ten years younger, I can out-dance or out-skate you for a dinner."

"Done!" he cried. "Come along. We'll have a glorious time to-night. 'Tisn't the thing to skate by daylight, now—nothing nobby in it. Night's the time at the Central Park! Fairy-scenes, enchantment, twinkling feet and dazzling lights, and all that. Got a lantern?"

"No."

"Come along! we'll light you up, by the way."

Then I permitted myself to be dragged to a shop, and bought a miniature burglar's bull's-eye, with a waist strap.

That done, we separated, agreeing to meet at the southeast corner of the bridge over the strait connecting the two branches of the lake at half-past eight P.M.

I was there punctual to the minute, but no Frank came to meet me. It was cold as Nova Zembla. Making a wood-sawer of yourself and thrashing your arms didn't help you a bit. There was one resource—a fellow could keep warm skating.

I strapped on my skates—none of your fancy sole plates for me. It was a nice secluded spot. There were thousands in the distance, but there I was alone.

I got on the ice; it was very slippery. One foot would go forward, and the other insisted on going sideways. This resulted in placing me in a very curious position. My impression is that I was on my back.

Of course, all the people on the pond had only waited for that particular moment to come to my quiet nook. They came like the hosts of Sennacherib, not "in purple and gold," but in pea-jackets and fur coats, with lantern and skate.

Innumerable voices buzzed about me. They laughed—the fiends! What was to be done? Liesprawling on the ice and be laughed at? Never!

Rage inspired me with strength, and scorn instructed

my skate irons. I bounced to my feet, and shot away swifter than the Indian arrow.

I did the double back-roll, cut figure eights, wrote my name, and danced the "can-can." Ha! If they wanted me to skate I would skate, and let them look at me, or look to themselves, whichever they liked best.

My path was like that of a destroying angel. Groups scattered before me like chaff. The heels of lonely individuals, skating in false security, flew in the air.

Gray-coated policemen clutched wildly at me. Women screamed—men swore.

Vain and frivolous all attempts to arrest my daring career. As sure as my name is Troutman, I would have made that pond a desert dreary as my fell purpose, but that, at my fury's wildest height, somebody clutched and at last held me.

It was Frank Burt, and the perfidious villain was not alone. He had made the crooked skate a snare to my feet.

A black-eyed, rosy-cheeked thing was with him, who shook a cloud of raven curls saucily about her face, and laughed like a child. With him, also, was another young person of the hated sex—a mild, plump blonde, with sleepy eyes, and the kind of air which invites unsophisticated youngsters who touch the hand belonging to such a one to give it a tender squeeze. *Vade retro Sathanas!*

He said the black-eyed beauty was his sister Juliet, and, with hideous pleasantry, suggested that I would make a splendid specimen of Romeo on ice for that night only.

The languishing blonde he introduced as Miss Mary Merton. Mary! I began to see through the thing, and why I had been brought there. It must be the Mary—Frank's Mary; and, as I had promised to help him, there was nothing for it but to execute myself gracefully.

A tall fellow, Miss Merton's brother, with the air of a Hector, as well as the name, completed the party.

No sooner had we been put through the conventional forms of introduction than Frank challenged Miss Mary to a race.

"Remember, old fellow," said Frank, "I leave Juliet in your charge," and off he and Miss Mary went.

In a moment they were lost in the crowd. Then we three skated around for a quarter of an hour, coming back constantly to the same place, in expectation of the racers' return. But they didn't return. We tried another quarter and the same tactics; they staid lost.

To hunt for them among that whizzing and jostling jam of humanity would be absurd. Yet the stately Hector endeavored to persuade Miss Burt to do it, and when she very sensibly declined going on such a wild-goose chase, said, "If she wouldn't, he must go alone."

And as he went off he gave me a look, a very fierce look, which said, as plain as a look could:

"Take care of Miss Burt whilst I am away, or I shall have to take care of you when I come back."

"The mischief you will," said I to myself, as he skated savagely away.

I began to feel stubborn, and took a good look at Miss Juliet. Upon my honor she *was* pretty, as pretty as a picture. Besides, as Mr. Hector disappeared, there was a roguish twinkle in her eye, and a satisfied pucker about her lips which led me to think his absence not at all disagreeable to her.

"Miss Burt," said I "isn't Miss Merton the lady Frank pretends to be so awfully in love with?"

"Yes," said she. "But it isn't pretense at all. It's reality, and they've treated him shamefully."

"Who?" said I.



A CLASSIC IDYL.



TONGUES FROM TOMBS.—MOUND AT GRAVE CREEK, VA.—SEE PAGE 343.

"Her parents," said Miss Julie, with a defiant toss of the dark curls; "and he's just as good as she is, though I love her, and she's ever so good, and she actually dotes on dear Frank; and they forbade him the house, and I believe it's all that great bear of a Hector's doings, though he pretends it isn't, and makes believe he likes me, and I hate him—there now."

This exhaustive *résumé* of the situation was given in a breath, and without punctuation from the beginning to the full stop.

"But do you think your brother and Miss Merton will come back to our starting-place, or that Mr. Hector Merton will find them?" said I.

"No, indeed, I do not," said Miss Juliet. "They're off long ago. And now let's have a race, too, down to the other end of the pond, before Hector comes back." We raced. We arrived. When we got there the little traitress plumped herself down on the bank, and stuck her foot out for me to take her skate off.

Ahem! If I have a weakness with regard to the hated sex, it is for a pretty foot and well-turned ankle. Truth compels me to state that the one in hand—viz., in my hand—was exactly the size of Cinderella's; that it was cased in

a perfect-fitting skating bootee, laced up in front, and the string came untied, and my fingers were cold, and it took a good five minutes to get that skate off and tie that string.

Truth also compels me to state that Miss Juliet displayed the most charming patience, and apologized for being such a trouble to me, and pitied my poor fingers, and begged me to warm them in her muff.

When the skates were disposed of, urged by Miss Juliet, we got out of the Park as soon as our feet would take us. At Fifty-ninth Street this puzzling young person put the point-blank question:

"Where do you live, Mr. Septimus?"

Now, how on earth did she know my name was Septimus Troutman?

I told her.

"Because," said she, "Frank said if we missed each other, you were his bosom-friend, and you would take care of me, and he would meet me at your house."

I winced a little at the "bosom-friend" part of the business, and a good deal more at the idea of taking a young woman to my



EARTHEN VASE FROM A MOUND NEAR CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.—ONE-FOURTH SIZE.



VASE FROM A MOUND NEAR CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.—ONE-FOURTH SIZE.

bachelor quarters. What would my excellent landlady think of me? If Frank were not there before me, my character would be gone for ever.

What was my astonishment, however, when we reached the house to have the door opened by my landlady herself—to be received with a smile, and saluted with:

"Oh, Mr. Troutman, I am glad you have come! The young lady is waiting for you in your room."

A young lady waiting for me in my room—in that room which I had turned into an arsenal on purpose to protect myself from the hated sex!

One young woman surreptitiously fastened to me—buckled to me, as it were, with a skate-strap—from the Central Park to my own door, and another lying in wait to devour me in my own room!

Excess of horror and indignation lent me strength, and, followed by Miss Juliet, I marched to meet the enemy, and dislodge her, or perish in the attempt.

I opened the door; I was about to open my mouth. Time was not allowed for that proceeding. The two young women rushed into each other's arms.

"Mary—dear Mary!"

"Juliet—dear Juliet!"

Of course it was Miss Mary Merton—that rascal Frank's Mary! Nobody but Frank would have dared to bring a young lady to my fortification.

"Oh, Mr. Troutman," said Miss Mary, "it was so kind of you!"

"Was it?" said I. "Oh, not at all! Don't mention it. I wonder" (to myself) "what the—ahem!—I've been doing now?"

"Yes; dear Frank told me all as we came here!"

"Oh! he did, did he?" said I. "I'm very much obliged to him."

"It was so very, very kind and thoughtful of you," said Miss Mary, "under the distressing circumstances which have forced us to this step, for you to insist upon his making use of your apartments."

"I never thought—I never dreamed——"

Of course you didn't," said Miss Juliet, rushing at me and taking my hand. "You never stopped to think. You acted upon one of your noble impulses. But we must thank you."

"Oh, yes, we must!" cried Miss Mary.

"And you shan't deny us," said Miss Juliet. "Frank told us you would pretend you had done nothing, and hated women, and all such stuff, just to mystify us. But he has betrayed you——"

"I should think he had, and we know how good and affectionate and noble you are."

"Well," said I, gasping, and mentally giving it up, "and what's the next thing?"

"The preacher," said Miss Mary, with a giggle and a blush.

"The preacher?" said I. "Are we going to have a missionary meeting or a revival here?"

"Oh, do be still!" laughed Miss Juliet, "You're so awfully funny and sarcastic; and you know all about it. Frank has gone for the preacher, and he and dear Mary will be married here in your room before her hard-hearted papa knows anything about it, and you and I are to be bridesmaid and groomsman. Do be serious and stop joking. You know you know all about it——"

"You can't see Mr. Troutman this evening."

"I tell you I will see him if he is in this house."

The first voice was my landlady's, and the second was a man's, gruff and angry.

"Merciful heavens! it's Hector!" whispered Miss Mary.

"We are lost."

"On the contrary," said I, with the calmness of despair, "it appears to me we are found——"

"Oh, what shall I do?" said Miss Mary. "He is so violent—he will kill me if he finds me here."

Miss Juliet rushed to the door and bolted it, as a heavy step was heard upon the stair. Then rushing at me she exclaimed:

"You must hide us!"

"Hide you?" I stammered. "I can't get you into my coat pockets; and there's no other place. Where shall I hide you?"

"Anywhere, anywhere," was the truly feminine reply.

"Ah, here is a place," and she swung open the door of my wardrobe.

"It's only large enough for one."

"Then put Mary in it," said Miss Juliet. "Never mind me."

A rude knock at the door.

I went toward it. There was a shuffling behind me, and when I turned Miss Mary had disappeared, and Miss Juliet was slipping the key of my wardrobe into her pocket.

"You had better open the door," said she, demurely. "It looks so odd, you know."

I looked at her in positive admiration. That "odd" was the coolest thing—cooler than the ice on the skating-pond. Another thundering knock.

I opened the door, and Mr. Hector Merton stalked in.

Miss Juliet had sunk into a chair by my study-table, and buried her face in her hands. She pretended that she was crying. My belief is that the deceitful thing was laughing.

Hector Merton stood and stared like one stunned.

"Well, sir," said I, with dignity. "To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

Merton stared at me and then stared at Miss Juliet, and instead of answering, fairly gasped out:

"What is she doing here?" pointing to Miss Juliet.

"Really, sir," said I, "I don't know that it's any business of yours."

"But it is my business," he exclaimed, furiously. "It is the business of every honest man. Your conduct is infamous. I missed my sister, and suspected that there was a plot between you and the brother of that lady there to inveigle her into a clandestine match. That is why I came here. I see I was wrong. It is you who have misled a foolish girl, and induced her to commit an action which must disgrace her for ever. You have taken her from her natural protector, but you shall not triumph. I will protect her."

And he stepped toward Miss Juliet.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I, for my temper was up—thoroughly up, at being accused of running off with a young woman, when heaven knew I had been run away with myself, and never allowed to stop, or know whether I was on my head or my heels, from the minute we left the Central Park. "I beg your pardon," said I, placing myself between them. "I am this lady's protector."

"Noble, generous, Septimus," cried Miss Juliet, grasping my arm, and hiding her face on my shoulder. "Don't, oh, don't! Don't be rash. Don't do anything violent for my sake. I scorn his insinuations. He's a base calumniator. Oh, don't take several of those swords and kill him for my sake. Please don't. Don't risk your precious life."

"I've no doubt you would like to be her protector," sneered Hector. "But I am a friend of her family, sir, and would like to know—I will know, by what title you claim that privilege."

"By any title you please, sir," said I, for I was not to be bullied by Hector, if he was a head the taller.

"Are you her husband, or do you intend to marry her?" persisted this meddlesome marplot.

"I'll marry her twenty times over, if I choose," cried I, in a fury.

"Oh, you're too good," sobbed Juliet. "Once is enough."

At this interesting juncture the door opened, and my estimable landlady, Mrs. Timmins, announced the "Reverend" Doctor Smiler, and followed him in, and was followed by the three Miss Smilers, whilst the cook and the chambermaid stood outside, with their aprons to their faces, and giggled and peeped.

"Good-evening, my dear young friends," said the reverend doctor, blandly. "This is one of the happy occasions on which—ha! ha!—you understand. And as you have evidently been waiting, we may as well proceed to business at once.

"But, sir——" said I.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Timmins, who had glided behind me, and whispered in my ear, "Your poor friend, Mr. Burt, is down-stairs, nearly crazy. If Mr. Merton suspects what Dr. Smiler came here for, there will be murder!"

"Oh, Septimus, save my brother!" sighed Miss Juliet, in the other ear, "no matter what becomes of me."

"The institution of marriage," said Dr. Smiler, "my dear young friends, is one upon which much of the happiness or misery of mankind depends."

I appreciated the "misery," and bowed assent.

"I trust we are entering into it upon right principles," he continued.

"We," said I to myself. "Is the old fellow going to marry Mrs. Timmins," I wonder?"

"You have called upon me to solemnize this evening," he proceeded, "the holy rite of matrimony."

I looked across to see to whom he was talking. It couldn't be to me; that would be too good a joke.

"Do you, Septimus Troutman——"

"Do I what?" said I, wildly, and endeavoring to disengage my arm from the vise-like grip of my willy-nilly Juliet.

"Oh, Septimus," she whispered, "remember what you said. You swore to protect me."

"Take this Juliet Burt to be your wedded wife?" said the preacher.

"If I do, I'll be——" I commenced.

"Too happy, no doubt," smiled the amiable executioner. "You will love, cherish, protect and defend her so long as you both shall live? This you promise?"

Somebody's hand, either Mrs. Timmins's or Juliet's, was suddenly applied to the back of my head, and bobbed it forward until my nose nearly touched my breast. Before I could get it up, he was going ahead again like a locomotive.

"And do you, Juliet Burt, take this Septimus Troutman to be your lawful and wedded husband? You will love, honor and obey him so long as you both shall live? This you promise?"

"Yes!" plumped out that abominable Juliet, in a good strong voice.

"Here!" said I, struggling. "Doctor—doctor——"

"Hush! hush! Septimus, dear!" whispered Juliet, clapping her hand over my mouth. "Generous man, you wouldn't disgrace me when I'm sacrificing myself for my brother—for your friend—like this?"

"Then," said the dominie, swiftly and sonorously, "I pronounce you man and wife, and what God hath joined

together let no man put asunder." And this smiling humbug advanced to shake hands with us.

"Now, sir, I am satisfied, and shall go seek my sister," said Hector Merton, grimly, and stalked out of the door.

The next instant the front door closed with a bang. He had left the house.

There was a movement and shuffling about of all the women except my wife. Great heavens! wife!

They deployed into close column of petticoats so as to mask the wardrobe. The key was slipped into somebody's hand, and Miss Mary Merton glided out, looking as sweetly unconscious as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.

At the same instant Mr. Frank Burt glided noiselessly into the room, and when my executioner—the dominie—turned around, that innocent pair were standing meekly before him.

"If you please, doctor," said Frank, "we are ready to take our turn."

"What! Are you in earnest? Another couple!" said the dominie. "Why, this is a happy occasion!"

Allow me to omit the second ceremony. Both the parties said "Yes," very distinctly, and nobody was officious to help Mr. Frank bob his head.

"Well, Mr. Frank Burt," said I, when the dominie had gone, "this room has been large enough for two ceremonies, but I scarcely think it will do for two couples to reside in permanently."

"Oh!" cried my amiable landlady, smiling all over, "Mr. and Mrs. Burt's apartments are ready for them. Mr. Frank took my third story a week ago, and there's a supper laid in the dining-room."

So we supped.

* * * * *

Mrs. Juliet Troutman vows that our marriage was an accident, and resulted from terror at the apparition of the violent Hector on the scene; but that she really had fallen in love with me long before, from the glowing descriptions Frank had given her of my many excellencies and virtues.

I am bound to believe her, especially as we have already lived together for six months, and everybody says: "Trout is a lucky fellow. He looks ten years younger since he married."

Frank and his Mary are completely reconciled to the Burt family, and still keep on doing the turtle-dove business—*ad nauseam*.

Am I reconciled to my fate? Have I ceased to be a woman-hater? Ask Mrs. Trout. I will tell you one thing, however, in the strictest confidence. Juliet has never objected to my hating every other woman, herself being the sublime exception. When I begin to indulge, however, in one of my old diatribes about matrimony, Juliet whispers me:

"Would you like an engagement to play Romeo on ice again, dear?"

Politeness to my female "manager" prevents the answer that, if Juliet made a "hit," Romeo was uncommonly well done, and our "engagement" a remarkably short one.

ONE perfect diamond is more valuable than many defective ones. One truth well fixed in the mind and comprehended is better than many half understood. A small opportunity fully realized is better than a great one misimproved. The wealth of affectionate sympathy and aid is better than gold, and fills the soul with most perfect peace.



MOUND AT MARIETTA, OHIO.

TONGUES FROM TOMBS.

THE MOUNDS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THE TOMBS OF PERU.

ALL written history is young, and even the voice of tradition sinks into a low and unintelligible whisper as we penetrate the mighty past and strive to learn the secrets of antiquity. But as the student deduces with mathematical certainty from the mute records of the rocks, and through chemical analysis, the early condition of our planet, and the changes it has undergone, so we may learn, from records equally mute and almost as imperishable, something of the condition of those primeval races of men, who, cycles ago, disappeared from the face of the earth, without bequeathing even their names to later ages. Partly from affection, but mainly under the impulse of the grand conception of a future existence, as ancient as universal, the rudest and earliest races of men reared some kind of memorial over their dead, and buried with them the articles and ornaments most valued by them in life. The first, as well as the most enduring, was a simple mound of earth; the first coffin was a rough inclosure of unworked stones. The first deposits were such as reflected the arts, and, to a certain extent, indicated the modes of life and the religious notions of those with whom they were placed. In the course of time the mound of earth or stone became developed into a tomb more regular and imposing, with contents equally marking the advancement of its builder, but yet reflecting his original ideas and conceptions.

The Pyramids of Egypt, whatever may have been their

secondary purposes, can only be regarded as perfected *tumuli*. Step by step, the heap, which affection or respect had gathered over the dead, had grown, until, in its massive proportions and solid strength, it emulated the mountains and bade defiance to the centuries. The ragged vault was replaced by chambers of fine proportions, painted or sculptured over with scenes from the life of its occupant, signifying his beliefs and hopes, and enabling us to deduce his history, and illustrate the age in which he lived and moved and had his being.

The cavern was also a primitive tomb, and with its entrance sealed up with "a great stone," was the type of the vault in which we now seek to escape for a little while from the stern sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And to the practice of living as well as burying in caverns we owe some of the most important data bearing on the early condition of mankind—showing not only that man was contemporaneous with animals that long ago disappeared from the earth, but what were his habits of life and means of existence. From the catacombs of Rome, which were, after all, only artificial caves, appropriated as tombs by the early Christians, we are also able to gather many of the early notions and conceptions that prevailed among the followers of Him of Nazareth, as taught by those who had seen Him face to face, and derived their inspiration from His lips.

But the pyramidal and excavated tombs and catacombs



CARVED PIPE IN PORPHYRY, FROM A MOUND ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO RIVER, NEAR GRAVE CREEK, VA.



CURIOUS COPPER GORGET, FROM A MOUND AT COMOKIA, ILL., ORIGINALLY SEVEN INCHES IN DIAMETER.

of Egypt, the celebrated Etruscan chambers, the chiseled wonders of Petra, the marvels of Nineveh, the *topes* of India, and the *chulpas* of Peru, to say nothing of the elaborate sepulchral labyrinths of Mitla and Palenque, are all results of intelligence, progress and refinement; it is to the rude sepulchral heap, call it mound, cairn, burrow, or *tumulus*, that we must refer the mode of interment in uncultivated times. And to these we must also turn for the earliest evidences of human art and intelligence—the cave-tomb or habitation perhaps excepted. Such sepulchral *tumuli* are scattered all over the globe, in the world called New and the world called Old; in the northern and southern hemispheres, on continents and islands, in valleys and on plains, wherever the foot of man has trod.

They dot the rich alluvions of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and the low lands bordering the Mexican Gulf; they startle us with their vast proportions as we come upon them in the tropical forests of Mexico and Central America; they invite the gold-hunter with their auriferous contents in Chiriqui, and they rise, invested with sanctity of both temple and tomb, to rival the proudest monuments of Egypt, on the coasts and among the *sierras* of Peru.

The British islands are sprinkled over with them; they are leading features in Scandinavian landscapes; Italy has them; the field of Marathon is marked by them; the plain of Troy is conspicuous with their swelling outlines, and the *steppes* of Russia and Tartary are sown with them as is the sky with stars. "Throughout the whole

of Russia," so writes the celebrated traveler, Clarke, "are everywhere seen dispersed mounds of earth covered with a fine turf, the sepulchres of the ancient world, common to almost every habitable country. If there exist anything of former times which may afford monuments of antediluvian manners, it is this mode of burial."

Confining ourselves for the present to our own country, it may be said that only a portion of the Western mounds are sepulchral. The idea entertained by most of the early settlers and explorers, that they were great depositories of the dead slain in battle, grew out of the fact that the existing Indians, or those occupying the country at the time of the discovery, often buried in them, regarding them with a certain superstitious reverence. They were, besides, elevated, dry, and easily recognizable situations, such as the later Indians invariably sought for their cemeteries.

A large part of the *tumuli* in the Western and Gulf States were what in the Scriptures are called "high places," artificial elevations sustaining religious structures, or on which religious rites were celebrated. They are distinguished by their regularity of outline, and are generally rectangular in form, flat on top, terraced, ascended by graded paths or inclined planes, and as a rule contained within earthen inclosures. The sepulchral mounds, on the contrary, generally stand in open grounds in the valleys and on the crests of hills, and seem to have no special positions as regards each other, or the other monuments of the people by whom they were built. They



MOUND PIPE, CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.—SIZE OF ORIGINAL.



SCHIST ARROW-HEADS FROM A MOUND AT COMOKIA, ILL.—FULL SIZE.



FISHERMAN'S TWEEZERS.



POTTERY FROM PACHACAMAC.

are frequently of large size; in this respect probably having relation to the importance of the personage to whom they were raised. The powerful in ancient, and the rich in modern times, are those whose tombs most challenge our attention by their size or cost. One of these sepulchral mounds, standing on the banks of the Ohio River, at Grave Creek, near Parkersburg, in Virginia, is ninety feet high, by three hundred feet in diameter at the base. Another, near Miamisburg, Ohio, is sixty feet high, and two hundred feet in diameter. The average dimensions of burial mounds are, however, far below these here given.

The dead were usually deposited in a kind of vault made of rough timber something in the fashion of a block house or log cabin, with horizontal timbers as a covering or roof, the whole resting on the surface of the ground. Occasionally a *cist* or grave was dug in the earth and covered over with timber, and earth heaped above. Skins and matting braided from bark of trees, as appears from the traces that remain, formed the couch on which the corpse was deposited, and around it was ranged vessels of pottery, the arms and ornaments of the dead. The same mound, in rare instances, contains two or more chambers, in which case we may plausibly infer that the second interment was of the wife or other relative of the dead, and that the *tumulus* was increased in size to conform to its new dignity or sanctity. Or, the second deposit may have been that of some favorite servant or friend slain on the grave of his master, so that his soul might "bear him company" in that state to which, as we have said, the rudest nations looked forward as a supplement to their present existence.

Besides these, there are mounds in which incineration, or the burning of the bodies, seems to have been the final rite before heaping the earth over the ashes. In fact, in some of the mounds in which the ordinary modes of inhumation were practiced, we find traces of burnt sacrifices of implements, animals, and it may be of human beings.

From these mounds, of the origin of which there is no tradition, whose numbers, taken in connection with other gigantic works, religious and defensive, indicate a dense, ancient, as well as stationary and agricultural people, we obtain many evidences of skill in design and execution, as well as of extensive correspondence or intercourse. For instance, as I have had occasion to say before and in another place, we find in these *tumuli* on the banks of the Ohio, shells from the Gulf of Mexico, copper and silver from the mines of Lake Superior, obsidian from Mexico, and cetacean fossils from the marl beds of New Jersey.

The story these monuments tell is, therefore, that their builders, who had probably disappeared before the present Indian tribes established themselves in the West, were not only numerous, as the number and extent of their remains imply, but were widely spread, with extensive intercourse with distant tribes, and had also achieved considerable advances in the mechanics, and I might venture to say, in the fine arts.

In support of the latter statement, I may adduce the accurate engraving of a pipe, on page 345, cut in the hardest porphyry, which now turns the finest tempered knife-blade, representing a hawk tearing in pieces a smaller bird, and showing also that the ancient people were acquainted with tobacco or some similar narcotic. At any rate, that they smoked. It is one of a hundred similar sculptures, all careful and accurate studies of indigenous animals and birds, in which not only their characteristics but their very habits are portrayed. The hawk, as we have seen, is represented as preying on a bird, the heron

on a fish, while the otter is also shown as carrying one in his mouth. The manitus, or sea-cow, that great amphibious animal, concerning which the discoveries of the continent have given us so many legends, and which is only rarely found in the southern lagoons of Florida, appears in these northern mounds, faithfully carved in stone. Here, too, are axes of copper, gorgets and beads of copper, plated over with silver, chisels and needles of the same metal, pearls in profusion, unhappily ruined in value by decay or by fire, the ores of lead, vast depositories of half-worked arrow and spear-heads, the arsenals of early times, bracelets, traces of woven cloth, pottery of elegant design and graceful ornamentation, to say nothing of spirited carvings of the human head, which, judging from the faithfulness of the representations of animals found with them, may be taken as portraits in stone of the people who made them.

What became of the mound-builders of the West we may never ascertain. They may have succumbed under the irruption of savage hordes, or have been seduced to distant lands by the attractions of a more genial climate and more fertile soil, but their tombs tell us, and their other monuments confirm their story, not only that they were widespread, numerous, agricultural, but well advanced in the arts, with uniform habits, a strong social and political organization, and a systematized religion.

There exist in the Gulf States a class of sepulchral mounds that seem to have been built up by successive layers or strata of the dead, and in which the bodies are placed side by side, or with their feet radiating from a common centre. These probably owe their origin to the later Indian tribes, and to the custom prevailing among many of them of collecting together at intervals the bones of their relatives and friends and depositing them with many ceremonies and sacrifices in a common grave. This custom prevailed among some of the Indian nations until a comparatively recent period, and to it we owe the existence in Canada and some of our Northern States of great ossuaries, or as they are called, "bone pits." In all of these, implements, utensils, and ornaments were deposited beside the skeletons of their original possessors, as were also contributions of other articles from the survivors, which it was supposed might be useful to the departed in a future state.

Pretended discoveries in the Western mounds have been made the basis of a great number of impostures. Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, professed to have found the golden plates on which the book of Mormon was inscribed in a mound in Western New York. A stone, bearing an undecipherable inscription in something like the old Runic characters, was alleged to have been taken from the inner vault of the great Grave Creek mound, and for a while it was much talked of by *pseudo* archaeologists. But a later and more clumsy fraud is that of the so-called "Holy Stones," bearing Hebrew inscriptions, said to have been discovered in one of the mounds in the vicinity of Newark, Ohio. Nothing, however, has been found in any of these repositories to indicate the use of letters or the existence of written language among the mound-builders.

Had the pretended Grave Creek inscription been on any other material than the local sandstone, its authenticity would have been less doubtful, for it seems almost incredible, if, in the course of ages, vessels carrying men, or at least articles of European origin, could escape being driven on American shores. Bottles thrown into the Gulf Stream off South Carolina have been recovered on the coasts of Scotland and among the Hebrides; and almost any kind of craft disabled in the neighborhood of the Canaries would naturally be drifted by the trade-winds to

the Antilles, where, falling within reach of the great sea-current setting northward along the eastern shores of Central America, it would be caught by the Gulf Stream, and, if not stranded or dashed in pieces by storms, finally be picked up in the waters of Northern Europe. Relics of European origin, coins and implements, may very well be found among the Indian remains of our own country, without, however, implying descent, relationship, or constant intercourse with Europe, nor yet a condition of advancement such as is implied in the use of letters.

Some of the Central American nations—the builders of Palenque and Ocosingo alone among all the American aborigines—attained to that form of a written language which may be called syllabo-phonetic, or phono-syllabic; but there is not the slightest evidence of an authentic character to show that the race of the mounds ever attained, in this direction, to a higher point than the Indian tribes found in possession of the country at the time of the Discovery.

In many parts of the world, but more particularly on the shores of the *fjords* and creeks of the Baltic, and the banks of estuaries and bays in our own country, are found numbers of shell mounds, or heaps, sometimes containing skeletons and rude instruments of bone and stone, indicating high antiquity. In Denmark these are known as *Kjokkenmoddings*—kitchen refuse—and many of the articles found in them are referred by archaeologists to a very remote period.

Like the shell heaps of the United States, they seem to have had their origin in the practice of the aboriginal tribes to collect at certain periods on the coast, and indulge in a grand feast on the succulent mollusks and mussels, the oysters and periwinkles to be found in salt and brackish water, the shells of which were cast together in great heaps. In these heaps they, or their successors, sometimes found it convenient and easy to bury their dead, precisely as did the provident Peruvians in the heaps of stones that they gathered from their cultivated fields, although not from the same motive with the latter, whose object was to conserve all the arable space possible, and who begrudged the few square feet of ground to which we all claim to be entitled, to their departed friends and relatives.

I found these shell heaps in Central America, on the islands and shores of the great Bay of Fonseca, but discovered nothing in them of particular interest. The shells in all tell a simple story, that they were opened in rough fashion, by fracture rather than by the application of the thin-bladed steel wedge with which they are now so deftly separated; and the broken stone and bone implements mixed with them attest how rude were the people who used them. The burials in them were mere incidents, and reveal nothing more than might be found in contemporaneous graves.

Mound building is yet going on in some parts of the world, and illustrates the fallacy of the divisions and classifications by which some antiquaries and archaeologists undertake to fix chronological epochs instead of simple epochs of development. They speak of the stone age, the bronze age, the iron age, etc., as the geologist speaks of the primary, secondary, and tertiary rocks, and leave their readers by inference, if not by direction, to suppose that the prevalence of stone, bronze, or iron implements and utensils were synchronous; in other words, they assume that mankind was advancing *pari passu* all over the world by steps of mathematical regularity. Yet it is not many years since the bones of the slain on the fields of Waterloo were gathered into a vast *tumulus*; interment in layers, with intent of forming a pyramid, is going on in one or more English cemeteries, and it is little over half a century ago that

"Blackbird," chief of the Omahas, was buried beneath a mound sitting on the back of his favorite horse, on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri River, "so that he might see the white people ascend the stream to trade with his nation.

Mound-building, although unquestionably one of the earliest forms of human interment, means nothing absolutely; it is an incident or a fashion, and while the primitive man, unacquainted with the use of metals, used necessarily a stone ax or a flint knife, it does not follow that the very latest man, dating an ancestry coeval with the first, may not still be using the same rude means of accomplishing his object or gratifying his wants. We may possibly say that such a nation or people have got beyond the stone age into the bronze, or beyond the bronze into the iron; but all this has only a relative, not a positive significance, for by contact with more advanced peoples, the lowest savage may, in respect of mechanical appliances at least, leap over all intermediate stages of progress, annihilate centuries of slow and painful development, and enter into possession and use of the arts of the people with which he has been suddenly brought in relationship.

Among the vast remains of antiquity scattered along the coast of Peru, which antedate the civilization of the Incas, and were old when the Inca empire was founded, the most celebrated, if not the grandest, are those of Pacha-camac, twenty miles to the south of Lima. They take their name from the divinity Pacha-camac, signifying Creator of the World, who had here a vast temple or shrine, of such sanctity that it was resorted to by pilgrims from the most distant tribes, who were permitted to pass unmolested through the countries or tribes with whom they might be at war, to perform this act of devotion. In fact, this spot was the Mecca of South America; and the worship of Pacha-camac had such a hold on all the peoples of the coast that the politic Incas did not undertake to overthrow it, but cautiously sought to undermine it by building close to the chief temple of Pacha-camac a "sumptuous structure," as the early Spaniards describe it, dedicated to the Sun.

Both structures are still distinct and impressive, although in great decay. I shall not attempt to describe them here. Of course, around both the ancient and the modern temple there gradually sprung up a large town, occupied by priests and servitors, and containing *tambos* or inns for the pilgrims that flocked thither. This town was built on a high, arid plain, overlooking the river and valley of Lurin, and was several miles in circumference, inclosed by a heavy wall of indurated clay and sun-dried bricks. The desert intervening between the valley of Lurin and that of Rimac, in which the City of Lima stands, has encroached on the old city, and buried a large part of it, with a portion of its walls, under the drifting sands. Nothing can exceed the bare and desolate aspect of the ruins, which are as still and lifeless as those of Palmyra of the Desert. No living thing is to be seen, except, perhaps, a solitary condor circling above the crumbling temple, nor sound heard, except the pulsations of the great Pacific breaking at the foot of the eminence on which the temple stood.

It is a place of death, not alone in its silence and sterility, but as the burial-place of tens of thousands of the ancient dead. Of old, as now, the devotees of religion sought to draw their last breath in places sanctified by the shrines of their divinities, and to be buried near them. In all time the tomb and temple have been inseparable, and it is only in great cities that the shadow of the church no longer falls on the graves of the departed.

In Pachacamac the ground around the temple seems to

have been a vast cemetery. Dig almost anywhere in the dry, nitrous sand, and you will come upon what are loosely called *mummies*, but what are really the desiccated bodies of the ancient dead. Dig deeper and you will



CONTENTS OF THE PERUVIAN GIRL'S WORK-BOX.

probably find a second stratum of ghastly relics of poor humanity, and deeper still, a third, showing how great was the concourse of people in Pachacamac, and how eager the desire to find a resting-place in consecrated ground.

Most of the mummies are found in little vaults or chambers of *adobes*, roofed with sticks or canes and a layer of rushes, and of a size to contain from one to four and



FIGURES ON COTTON SHROUD.

five bodies. These are *invariably* placed in a sitting posture, with the head resting on the knees, around which the arms are clasped, or with the head resting on the out-

spread palms, and the elbows on the knees, enveloped in wrappings of various kinds, according to the rank or wealth of the defunct. Sometimes they are enveloped in inner wrappings of fine cotton cloth, and then in blankets



PATTERN OF BLANKET.

of various colors and designs, made from the wool of the vicuña and the alpaca, with ornaments of gold and silver on the corpse, and vases of elegant design by its side. But oftener the ceremonies are coarse, the ornaments scant and mean, indicating that of old, as now, the mass of mankind was as poor in death as impoverished in life.

Fortunately, as I have already said, for our knowledge of the people of the past ages, who lived before the discovery of written language or who never attained to it, they were accustomed to bury with their dead the things they regarded in life as most useful or beautiful, and from these we may deduce something of their modes of life, their habits, fancies and follies, as will obtain some idea of their arts, and sometimes a clew to their religious notions and beliefs. In fact, the interment of articles of any kind with the dead is a clear proof of a belief in the doctrine of a future state, the theory being that the articles thus buried would be useful to their possessor in another world.

To ascertain something more about the old inhabitants of Pachacamac than could be inferred from their monuments, I explored a number of their graves, during my ten days' visit there in 1864. I will not undertake to give all nor even the general results of my inquiries, but record what I found in a single tomb, which will illustrate how a family, not rich nor yet of the poorest, lived in Pachacamac—who can tell how many hundreds of years ago?

I will take it for granted that the family occupying the tomb lived beyond the Bowery of the ancient city, and inhabited a tenement-house, or, rather, what might be called "an apartment." Now, the tenement-houses of Pachacamac were in some respects better than ours. In the first place, they were never of more than one story,



ANCIENT PERUVIAN SPINDLE.



BABY'S COFFIN, PACHACAMAC.



ANCIENT WALLET, FROM PACHACAMAC, UNFOLDED.



A PERUVIAN MUMMY.

and consequently had no need of fire-escapes, nor could babies tumble out of third-story windows, nor drunken husbands topple down-stairs. In the second place, there were no narrow, dark, common passages, always filthy because it was nobody's special business to keep them clean. On the contrary, all the apartments opened, not on the street, but around a spacious central court, on one side of which, raised on a platform, was the house of the special officer who kept order in the establishment. Sometimes but a single room was allowed to the tenant, yet our family probably had three rooms—a large room, it may be fifteen feet square, a small sleeping-room, with a raised bank of earth at one end whereon to spread the skins or blankets that constituted the bed, and another smaller room, with niches in the walls to receive utensils, and with a series of vases sunk in the earth to supply the place of closets and secure the maize and beans that seem to have been leading articles of food. The plan on page 350 is of such a dwelling as I have described. The blankets, the implements, the utensils, the ornaments, and the stores in the frugal granaries of the inhabitants of the tenement apartments have disappeared, but we shall find most, if not all of them, in their family tomb, in the neighborhood of the temple. This particular tomb was one of the *second* stratum of graves, and therefore neither oldest nor latest. Like the others I have described in general terms, it was walled with *adobes*, was about four feet square by three feet high, and contained five bodies—one, of a man of middle age; another, of a full-grown woman; a third, of a girl about fourteen years old; a fourth, of a boy some years younger; and the fifth, of an infant. I assume that here was grouped an entire family,

in life united, in death not divided. Whether they all succumbed at once under the attacks of some pestilence, or were the simultaneous victims of some catastrophe, or were deposited here, one by one, as they successively paid the common debt of nature, there was no evidence to show. The latter suggestion is probably the correct one. At any rate, there they were, the little one placed between the father and mother, the boy by the side of the first, the girl by the side of the latter. All were enveloped in a braided network or sack of rushes or coarse grass, bound closely around the bodies by cords of the same material.

I unwrapped the body of the presumed husband and father first. Under the outer wrapper of braided reeds was another of stout, plain cotton-cloth, fastened with a variegated cord of llama-wool. Next came an envelope of cotton-cloth, of finer texture, which, when removed, disclosed the body shrunken and dried hard, of the color of mahogany, but well preserved. The hair was long, slightly reddish, from the effects, perhaps, of the nitre that almost saturated the soil. Passing around the neck and



A SPOOL OF THREAD FROM PACHACAMAC.

carefully folded on the knees, on which the head rested, was a net, of the twisted fibre of the agave (a plant not found on the coast), the threads as fine as the finest used by our fishermen, and the meshes formed and neatly knotted, precisely after the fashion of to-day. This indicated that the father had been a fisherman in his time, a conclusion further sustained by finding, wrapped up in a cloth between his feet, some fishing-lines, of various sizes, some copper hooks, barbed like ours, and some copper sinkers. Under each armpit was a roll of white alpaca wool, and behind the calf of each leg a few thick, short ears of variegated maize or Indian corn. A small, thin



SKEIN OF THREAD FROM PACHACAMAC.

ANCIENT WALLET,
FOLDED.

NETTING INSTRUMENT, PACHACAMAC.



SLING OF THE BOY OF PACHACAMAC.

piece of copper had been placed in his mouth, corresponding, perhaps, with the *obolos* which the ancient Greeks put in the mouths of their dead, as a fee for Charon, the ferryman of the Styx. This was all discovered belonging exclusively to the fisherman, except that suspended by a thread around his neck was a bronze tweezers, for plucking out the beard, of which I give an engraving. It seems it was a custom in Pachacamac, as in many other parts of aboriginal America, to extirpate the beard in this way.

His wife, beneath the same coarse outer wrapping of braided reeds, was enveloped in a blanket of alpaca wool,



PLAN OF A TENEMENT-HOUSE IN PACHACAMAC.

finely spun, woven in the style technically known as "three-ply," in two colors, a soft chestnut-brown and a pure white. The figure, somewhat intricate, is reproduced on a reduced scale in the engraving on page 349.

Below this was a sheet of fine cotton-cloth, with sixty-two threads of warp and woof to the inch. I have what is regarded as a very fine specimen of Egyptian linen mummy-cloth, from the wrappings of a body unrolled in the Paris Universal Exposition, which has only forty-four threads to the inch. This Pachacamac cloth had a diamond-shaped pattern formed by very elaborate lines of ornaments, inside of which, or in the spaces themselves, were conventional, but unmistakable representatives of monkeys, which seemed to be following each other as up and down-stairs.

Beneath this was a rather coarsely-woven, but yet very soft and flexible, cotton-cloth, twenty yards or more in length, wrapped in many folds around the body of the woman, which was in a similar condition, as regards preservation, with that of her husband. Her long hair, perhaps in consequence of having been braided and wound in heavy plaits around her head, was less changed by the salts of the soil than that of her husband, and was black, and in some places lustrous. She had evidently been proud of her hair, for in one hand she held a comb, rude as compared with some modern contrivances of the same



THE PACHACAMAC GIRL'S MYSTERIES.

sort, made by setting what I took to be the bony parts, the rays, of fishes' fins in a slip of the hard, woody part of the dwarf palm-tree, into which they were not only tightly cemented but firmly bound. In her other hand were the remains of a fan, with a cane handle, from the upper points of which radiated the gayest, but now much faded, feathers of parrots and humming-birds.

Around her neck, as befitting the wife of a fisherman, was a triple necklace of shells, bright once, perhaps, but dim in color, and exfoliating layer after layer when exposed to light and air. Resting between her body and bent-up knees were several small domestic implements,

among them an ancient spindle for spinning cotton, half covered with spun thread, which connected with a mass of the raw cotton, as if death had overtaken the matron with her task of industry in life but half finished. I give a cut of the primitive spinning apparatus, which consisted of a section of the stalk of the *quinua*, half as large as the little finger, and eight inches long, its lower end fitted through a whirl-bob of stone, to give it momentum when set in motion by a twirl of the forefinger and thumb grasping a point of hard wood stuck in the upper end of the spindle. The contrivance is precisely the same with that in universal use by the Indian women of the present day. Only I have seen a small lime, lemon, or potato with a *quinua* stalk stuck through it, and instead of the ancient stone or earthen whirl-bob.

But one of the most interesting articles found with the matron of Pachacamac, was a kind of wallet, if I can so describe it, composed of two distinct pieces of thick cotton cloth of different colors, ten inches long, by five broad, the lower end of each terminating in a fringe, and the upper end at each corner in a long braid, the braids of both being again braided together. These cloths, placed together, were carefully folded up and tied by the braids. I have at this moment opened the packet, and find it to contain some kernels of the large lupin, sometimes called "Lima beans," a few pods of cotton gathered



PARROT OF THE GIRL OF PACHACAMAC.



VASE FROM PACHACAMAC.

evidently before maturity, the husks being still on, some fragments of an ornament of thin silver, and two little thin disks of the same material, three-tenths of an inch in diameter, each pierced with a small hole near its edge, too minute for ornament, apparently, and possibly used as a coin. Also some tiny beads of chalcidony, scarcely an eighth of an inch in diameter. Placed under the chin of the matron were the beans to feed her on the way to the realms of the god Pachacamac, and the silver disks to propitiate the fiends and monsters which the Indian imagination pictures as obstructing the passage of the dead from earth to heaven. Who knows?

But I cannot stop to describe all the various articles of feminine use or adornment found with the mother of the family which disappeared, it may be, a thousand years before Pizarro put his foot on the soil we are now turning up, and possibly while Our Saviour trod the shores of Galilee!

The body of the daughter, as I assume her to have been, was peculiar in position, having been seated on a kind of workbox of braided reeds, with a cover hinged on one side and shutting down and fastening on the other, exactly as similar boxes do to-day. It was about eighteen inches long, fourteen wide, and eight deep, and contained a greater and more interesting variety of articles than I ever found together in any grave of the aborigines. I suspect the girl had died before the mother, for there were grouped together in her workbox (if I may so call it) things childish, and things showing approach to maturity, but nothing womanly. There were rude specimens of knitting—little strips coarse and awkward, with places showing where stitches had been "dropped," all carefully folded up, as if to mark stages of progress in the mysteries of textile art. There were mites of spindles and implements for weaving, and braids of thread of irregular thickness, kept as if for sake of contrast with

others larger and nicely wound, with a finer and more even thread. There were skeins; oh, yes, quite as well done up as those that you, fair reader, buy to-day in the silk mercer's, and perhaps, one day long ago, as gay in color. There were "spools" too (that's what I believe you call them), only they were not made after the fashion you are accustomed to see. They were not round, and very thick of wood inside, as yours are, but composed of two splints placed across each other at right angles, and the thread wound "in and out" between them.

There were also woven strips of cloth, some wide, some narrow, and some of two, and even three, colors. Then there were pouches, plain and variegated, of different sizes, and all woven or knitted (I confess myself unable to say which—like the garment spoken of in the Testament, "without seam.") There were also needles of bone and of bronze. I would figure one of the latter, only it would be too like our modern bodkin. A fan, smaller and more delicate, and I should say—for the centuries maltreated colors—gayer in tint than that of the mother, was also stored away in the box. A comb, a little bronze knife, and some other articles, which I will not attempt to enumerate. Only I will say that there were several sections of the hollow bones of the pelican or other large water-birds, each carefully stopped by a wad of cotton, and containing pigments of various colors.

I assumed at first that all were intended for dyes of the various cotton textures we had discovered, but I became doubtful as to the roseate or pink when I found a curious contrivance, made of the finest cotton, and represented in the engraving, which my wife's hairdresser says is "a dab" (if anybody knows what that is) and "intended for the diffusion of bloom over the human countenance." So the little coquette of Pachacamac "painted," perhaps to attract the attention of some of her father's fishermen acquaintances—it may be, apprentices! It is not to be supposed had a coachman!

Yes, she certainly painted, for here, by the side of her novel cosmetic-boxes, we find a contrivance for rubbing or grinding the pigments they contain to the requisite fineness for use! It is a small, oblong stone, with a cup-shaped hollow on the upper side, in which fits a little round stone ball, answering the purpose of a pestle or crusher.

They did not have glass mirrors in those ancient days of Pachacamac, but they polished plates of bronze and silver, wherein the women admired themselves. The girl at Pachacamac was, perhaps, too poor to have one of these; she had, however, a substitute in a piece of iron pyrites, resembling the half of an egg, with the plane side highly polished.

There were many other curious things in the poor, withered girl's workbox, but among them, I dare say, none she prized in life more than a little, badly-crushed ornament of gold, evidently intended to represent a butterfly, but so thin and delicate that it comes in pieces and loses form when we attempt to handle it. There was also a netting instrument of hard wood, not unlike those now in use, indicating that, like a good daughter, the girl of Pachacamac helped make nets for her father.

The envelopes of the mummy of the girl were similar to those that enshrouded her mother. There were but few articles around her person. Her hair was braided and plaited around her forehead, around which, also, was a cincture of white cloth, ornamented with little silver spangles; a thin, narrow bracelet of the same metal still hung on the shrunken arm, and between her feet was the dried body of a parrot—brought, perhaps, from the distant Amazonian valleys, and which had been her pet in

life. There was nothing of special interest surrounding the body of the boy; but bound tightly around his forehead was his sling, finely braided from cotton threads.

The body of the infant, a girl, had been tenderly imbedded in the fleece of the alpaca, then wrapped in fine cotton cloth and placed in a strangely braided sack of rushes, with handles or loops at each end, as if for carrying it. I cannot resist the impression that the little corpse had been suspended for a time in the house of the fisherman, before being placed in the family tomb. The only article found with this tiny body was a seashell containing pebbles, the orifice closed with a hard, pitch-like substance. It was the child's rattle.

Beside the bodies, there were a number of utensils and other articles in the vault. Among them half a dozen earthen jars, pans and pots of various sizes and ordinary form. One or two were still encrusted with the soot of the fires over which they had been used. Every one contained something. One was filled with ground nuts, familiar to us as *peanuts*; another, maize, etc., all except the latter in a carbonized condition.

Besides these articles, there were also some others, illustrating the religious notions of the occupants of the ancient tomb, and affording us scant but, as they go, certain ideas of the ancient faith and worship. This article, however, is too long already, and I must reserve their description for another time, if not another place, feeling sure, in the interval, that what we have seen of the implements and arts, and deduced as regards the practices of the ancient inhabitants of Pachacamac, will furnish another proof of the accuracy of Mr. Lincoln's quaint averment that "there is and always was a good deal of human nature in mankind." It is clear that human wants and vanities are and ever were the same, and were met, more or less rudely, in like manner.

A CRYSTAL FOREST.

THE air is blue and keen and cold,
With snow the roads and fields are white;
But here the forest's clothed with light
And in a shining sheet enrolled.
Each branch, each twig, each blade of grass,
Seems clad miraculously with glass;

Above the ice-bound streamlet bends
Each frozen fern with crystal ends.

HILDA.

BY MISS MAY RUSSELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE last rays of the setting sun are streaming through the hopvines and lighting up the faces of the pickers— young faces, all of them, and round and rosy. They are gathered in knots of three and four, or more, for company, and all these knots keep well to the same quarter of the field.

The sound of their merry chatter, with now and then a snatch of song or burst of laughter, fills the air with the pleasant music of light hearts.

Yonder, with his long, swinging stride, comes the young master of the field: in the tall, muscular figure, strength to endure; in the rough-featured, powerful face, strength to command. His keen eye scans the field.

As the sun drops below the mountain, it darts one farewell ray across a patch of gold amongst the distant hopvines. The young farmer wonders what that may be. He

enters the long rows by the pickers, and many a bright face and saucy tongue bids him welcome. But on his brow there is a dark scowl, and he asks angrily for the meaning of the row they had that morning.

Then up speaks a pert, black-eyed damsel, with saucy toss of her pretty head:

"We hadn't no row; but that there white-faced seamstress wanted to come out with us in the wagon, and we just told her we didn't want no solemn pale faces 'long to spoil our fun!"

"Where is she now?"—angrily.

He is not addressing the girl alone, but the whole company, as the sweep of his glance indicates; and the whole company repays him with a stare of surprise.

He strides away toward that "t'other" side indicated, and finds that the bit of gold is the hair of the pale-faced seamstress.

The tall, slender figure is drawn to its full height, and both arms are stretched above her head in her effort to reach the blossoms that swing from the top of the pole.

"Never mind them; they're too high. Wait till the poles are pulled up."



FRUSTRATED SOCIAL AMBITION.

MISS LYON HUNTER (to Herr Bogoluboffski, the famous virtuoso, whose afternoon pianoforte recitals are the wonder of the world)—"A—by-the-by, Herr Bogoluboffski, we thought you might perhaps like to try the new piano."

CHORUS OF LADIES—"Oh, do, Herr Bogoluboffski! Pray do!"

HERR BOGOLUBOFFSKI (who has been asked to dine *en famille*, and spend the evening "quite in a friendly way")—"Ladies, if you would perhaps vish zat I should amuse ze gompany, kvite in a vriendly vay, I gan break ze poker on my arm, I gan schwallone ze duple-schboons, and I gan schdick a lighted dallone-gandle in my mouse visout pudding it ovet; but I cannot blay ze biano after tinner."

N.B.—On the strength of Herr Bogoluboffski's coming, Miss L. H. has cunningly invited just one or two very select friends to drop in during the evening, and the new Steinway Grand has been purchased at great expense for the occasion.

"Clean t'other side th' field. She came, after all—walked all the way ruther'n not, to spite us."

"Well, I'd have you t'understand that I'm goin' to drive the wagon to the village myself t'-night, and that seamstress is goin' t' ride along; and if any o' you've got remarks t' make, you'd best make 'em before she gets in, or you'll foot it yourselves, sure as I'm a living man. Why, last week she picked to Simon's, and Jim says she was the best picker there, and if you think I'm goin' to lose her for any o' your nonsense, you're mighty mistaken."

At the unexpected sound she starts, drops her arms, and turns around, her face not pale now, but flushed rosy-red with the heat and her exertions.

The sight of the young master sends the color up to her brow as she bids him a low "Good-evening."

"I've come over to tell you," he says, "that you're not to walk home to-night. If I'd known of it, you wouldn't have walked this morning. You needn't be afraid that they'll bother you. I'm going to drive in myself, and any one that can't keep a civil tongue in her head will take the consequence."



HILDA. — "THE TALL, SLENDER FIGURE IS DRAWN TO ITS FULL HEIGHT, AND BOTH ARMS ARE STRETCHED ABOVE HER HEAD IN HER EFFORT TO REACH THE BLOSSOMS THAT SWING FROM THE TOP OF THE POLE."—SEE PAGE 351.

"Oh, please don't say anything to them because of me. I can walk back after I've rested, and they wouldn't like it if I rode. I might spoil the fun."

"Then it'll be spoiled, for you're going to ride. I'd have 'em know I'm master here," and he looks very fierce and determined as he walks away.

An hour later he drives up to the side of the hop-field, and the pickers climb in, quite subdued, and not a little expectant.

They are all seated, but she whom they expect does not come.

George Wilson cracks his whip impatiently, and the heavy horses give a languid start, for which they are rewarded by a sharp cut; but still no seamstress.

In a moment, however, a small boy comes running up, who says, in answer to the question, "Where's Hilda Swaby?" "She's gone this half hour."

"Must say I like her spunk," thinks George, as the wagon rumbles off down the road.

The next morning he drives to the village for the pickers, and as he goes, he thinks of Hilda Swaby. As the figure of that comely maiden standing among the vines rises up before him, he exclaims, half aloud, "Blest if I know why they don't like her; she's enough sight prettier than any of the girls here. They say she's mighty poor; perhaps that's the reason, darn 'em! Got rooms to Granny Brown's, I think they said," and straight he drives to Granny's door.

In answer to the heavy knock of his whip-handle, the door opens, and Hilda stands in the doorway:

"Oh," she says, "you're very kind to stop for me, but I can't go this morning. I don't believe I can go any more at all. Allan's got one of his turns."

"Allan?" George asks, bewildered.

"Yes, my little brother. He's a cripple, you know, and when he has his turns I can't leave him."

She is the pale-faced young seamstress now, and her eyes are full of tears.

George thinks he never saw a sweeter face, nor such tender eyes; but he can only say he's sorry for the boy and go back to his wagon.

The rest of the morning he spends his leisure moments in calling himself a fool for not knowing how to comfort her.

And Hilda sits by the bedside of the little sufferer. While the needle flies through her busy fingers, her busy brain is weaving fancies to beguile the many weary hours for the child.

At length he falls asleep, and Hilda stitches on in silence. Presently she raises her face, and the swinging vines before the window catch her eye, bringing back the thought of yesterday.

She smells the healthful breath of the hops; she drinks in the warm, fresh air; she lives again that glorious Summer day. Wreathed in these pleasant memories comes the kindly face of George Wilson, and brings a faint blush to her face. Her hands lie idle in her lap, and smiles are playing about her lips.

"You look very happy, sister. What are you thinking of?"—in a low, moaning voice.

"My darling," snatching up her work, and turning toward him, "I thought you were asleep. I was thinking of the hopvines."

"Are hopvines very beautiful, sister?"

"Well, I scarcely know. Yes, late in the afternoon, when the sun is setting, they are beautiful, I think."

"Shall I ever see them?"

"I hope so, dear one."

"Do you like to sew, Hilda?"

"Not the best of anything in the world, dear," a pained look creeping into her face.

Hilda was to have been a teacher; but one night came misfortune and death, and in the morning Allan and Hilda were alone in the wide world. Allan could not be left, so Hilda laid down her books, and in their place took up the needle. A simple history enough.

The child sees the look, and instantly one little thin hand presses hers, caressingly.

"When I'm a man, Hilda, I'll work so you sha'n't ever have to sew. I'll be well and strong when I'm a man, won't I, Hilda?" anxiously.

"I hope so, my darling."

"Why do you say 'hope so,' Hilda? I don't like it. Why don't you say Yes?"

Here a spasm of pain distorts the poor little face, and Hilda says, "Yes, surely," and every other soothing thing she can; but he is too exhausted when the pain is gone to ask any more questions.

CHAPTER II.

GRANNY BROWN has gone to "meetin'"; Allan has fallen asleep, and Hilda sits on the front steps alone. Her head rests against one of the weather-beaten posts that support the porch. Her hands—there is no work for them to-night—lie clasped in her lap, and her sad eyes are gazing far away to the west. There, in a sea of liquid gold that the dying sun has tinted, hangs a pale crescent—a delicate promise, fraught with meaning. Do you see it, Hilda? Her eyes rest on the crescent, but its meaning is hidden from her sight.

The sound of a step that has grown familiar of late falls upon her ear. She turns in the direction of the sound, and already George Wilson is at the gate. Hilda rises to meet him.

"I just dropped in to see how the boy is," he says. That is always his excuse for "dropping in."

"Better to-night—a very little better—but not well. I don't know what to think of it," with a catch like a sob in her voice. "He has never been sick so long at one time before. It's a month now—I count it by the hop-picking—since the turn came on; and he's not been well a day since. And Allan is all that I've got. I asked the doctor about it yesterday, and he said—he said it's what I must expect. Oh! what did he mean? You don't think he meant—"

But she cannot give expression to the dreadful thought. She can bear it no longer; she buries her face in her hands, and cries as if her heart would break.

George Wilson's big heart aches for her; but words are not his forte. He shakes his head in perplexity. His face is a study in its concern and bewilderment.

Presently it lights up with resolve. She has walked away toward the gate, endeavoring to recover herself. He follows her; he comes close beside her and touches her sleeve.

"I say, Hilda, don't take on so! The little fellow'll be all right in a few days, depend on't. And what you say about his being all you've got ain't so; there's some one else besides the little lad that loves you. Hilda, will you be my wife?"

Hilda can only stare at him in utter surprise for a moment.

Gradually, however, reassured by his kind, earnest eyes, she is able to realize what he means. A bright, beautiful smile lights up her face, over which a flood of color is sweeping.

A startled, piteous cry breaks the stillness about them.

"Hilda! Hilda! you promised not to leave me!"

She rushes into the house. Allan is sitting up in bed, his large blue eyes distended, staring in terror straight before him, his arms held out in an agony of appeal.

"My darling, my darling, I have not left you. I am here. I have been near you on the steps while you slept!"

She folds him in her arms, and with a long, quivering sob, he nestles his head upon her breast.

"I—think—I was dreaming," he says, presently. "You put me in a little boat, on a wide river, so wide I could not see across; and you stood on the shore with one hand on the boat, and promised not to leave me. But just then some one called, and held out his arms to you; and you let go the boat, and went toward him. I could not see his face. Then the boat began drifting away from the land. I called to you, but you did not hear, because the stranger held you in his arms, and kissed you, and you had forgotten me."

Has Hilda been dreaming, too? Her eyes are wide and startled, and a red brand burns on her brow.

George Wilson waits patiently by the gate until she comes out to him.

"Allan is asleep again," she says, "but he's restless, and I must go back to him. Good-night."

"Not good-night till you answer my question, Hilda. Say Yes, and then I'll go," coming up to her and taking her by the hand.

"I—I cannot say Yes. Didn't you hear Allan? He had been dreaming; it was a warning," and she shudders. "When mother died she made me promise on my knees never to leave Allan, to give myself entirely to him, to suffer, to care for him always. And to-night, when—when I was going to say Yes—Yes, to you, a warning came to Allan in his sleep. Now I see that that would be a kind of leaving him. If I married you I would give what I promised should all be Allan's while he lives."

He tries to reason with her, to convince her that she could be just as much to Allan while most to him. But all that he can gain from her is a promise to think it over, and not give him an answer for one week. To this last she yields so readily that his hopes run high, and he steals a kiss from her at parting, "to keep him company till Sunday night."

CHAPTER III.

"SISTER"—it is the faintest whisper, but she bends her ear to catch the faltering word—"Sister—don't—cry—so. I—shall not—suffer—any—more. And when—when—you—stand—amongst—the hopvines, I—will—watch—you."

The little tired head sinks lower on her breast, and the moaning voice melts slowly into silence.

An angel has come in the night, and in the morning there is only Hilda.

CHAPTER IV.

THE soft, warm air of Spring blows gently over God's Acre, and lingers with a caressing sweetness about one small, green mound. Yesterday it pressed a kiss upon the brown turf, and the long, slender spears of grass have sprung to meet it in answering caress.

But other kisses press the grave to-day, and a slight, girlish figure is flung upon it in an *abandon* of lonely grief.

"Hilda!"

She starts, and raises her tear-stained face.

"I want you to come home with me, Hilda."

She rises, submissive as any child.

At the side of the road his buggy is waiting, and he bids her get in. Then he follows her, and turns the horses' heads to the north.

She looks at him inquiringly.

"Yes, Hilda, dear girl, I'm going to take you home at last. Just to think that you've been here within twenty miles of me all this time, and I not to know it. But I'd have found it out before now if I hadn't sprained my ankle and been laid up with it for months. Jim Simons happened to be here a week ago and saw you in the street; and yesterday he came over to tell me. It didn't take me long to find the house this afternoon, and then they told me where to find you. I tell you, Hilda, it made my blood boil to see that pile o' factory sewin' on the table, after what I'd heard. I just sent it back to the concern, and told 'em to look som'eres else for hands to finish it. For you'll never sew any more for 'em, my girl, while I've got a penny in the world."

Her poor little heart has been desolate so long that love and kindness are too much for it to bear, and it can only find relief in tears.

Dear, faithful Hilda, you shall be desolate no more. There is a strong arm around you, and your weary head is drawn to rest upon a heart strong and faithful as your own, that will for evermore stand between you and the misery of life.

For a long time there is silence between them, but it is the silence of full hearts. Then, "Hilda, dear, why did you run away from me, and leave no word?"

"Because," comes the faltering answer, "I knew I could not say No again if I waited till Sunday night; and I had promised mother, you know."

"But, my darling Hilda, weren't you afraid to go to a strange place?"

"No, because there was a factory there, where I knew I could get work; and it was easy to get to. We went down on the canal."

There is a strange moisture in his eyes as he thinks how this frail young thing at his side bore the burden of that promise. And he draws her yet closer to his heart, and presses his lips upon her golden hair.

In the East above the budding treetops, the full moon is rising. It sheds a silvery radiance across their path. Do you see it, Hilda?—the promise of the crescent realized?

The farmhouse-door is open, and on the porch a gray-haired, motherly woman is standing; on her kindly face there is a smile of welcome.

"Have you brought her, George?"

"Yes, mother."

And Hilda is lifted from the buggy and taken to that mother's heart.

But that's gone by a year ago last Spring. Again the setting sun sends its parting rays through the clustering leaves in the hopfield, and lights up the faces of the pickers. But with a peculiar brightness the dying glory lingers about a patch of gold in the midst of the dull-green hopvines. That gold is the hair of Hilda, the fair young wife of the master.

The pickers have stopped their work and come clustering round her, for in her arms she carries the king of the hopfield. Another Allan, rosy and plump and fair, with the big blue eyes of that other, but straight of limb and strong, and fashioned to be a farmer.

Yonder, with long, swinging stride and sunburned face, comes the master. He knows no fairer sight than that of the babe and its mother—she with her welcoming smile, and he with arms outstretched to father.

And Hilda's life? It is a sweet content.



THE HOLSTEIN GATE OF LÜBECK, THE CITY ON THE TRAVE.

THE CITY ON THE TRAVE.

It was one of the warmest days of a hot Summer when the *P. W. Dillberg*, a Swedish steamer, left Copenhagen for Lübeck; and pleasant was the sea air when we had got a little off the land. Everything about the *P. W. Dillberg* was bright and clean. The private cabins were roomy, the deck was broad, the seats comfortable. For the first hour or so all went well. Then the *P. W. Dillberg* began to rise and fall, in ominous fashion. Jokes were plentiful about land-lubbers who could not keep their sea-legs, and we spoke like tough salts: "Call this a sea!" We felt no fear; every man strode the deck with nautical tread, and metaphorically snapped his fingers at Fate.

Alas for pleasant boasting! A crash was heard, and cup and saucer slipped from a deck-table. Then a couple of camp-stools violently rushed down to the other side. There was a stampede of ladies. As we got more and more out into the open, the *P. W. Dillberg* lost all sense

of dignity, sometimes standing on her bowsprit, and sometimes, we feared, meditating a pirouette on her rudder. My friend, Frodsham, retired to his cabin, and pleasantly occupied himself with Andersen's "*Bilderbuch ohne Bilder*" when he was not endeavoring to extricate himself from the occasional avalanche of passengers' luggage which took advantage of his open door.

On deck it was pleasanter, though the sea swept over the ship and darkness crept on. The white cliffs of Möen long shone out, and then we settled in the blackness of a stormy sea. For four hours I shared the bow with a tall, gaunt, German schoolmaster, who did not seek the deck for the same reason as I did—which was simply fresh air; he struggled bravely, and, when his health permitted, was as genial a companion as could be desired. English he could not speak, but understood it well. His wife had been in England as a governess, and during the long Winter nights they read Shakespeare together at home.

Modern English literature, too, he knew. With Tennyson he was familiar. In this literary talk, interrupted over and over again by drenching floods of spray, we struggled on, until at last my companion went away, and I was left alone with the lookout man and the man at the wheel. The night was not a bad one, and I, at least, slept soundly until we were well up the Trave.

And this at last is Lübeck—once the head of the Hanseatic League, now chiefly a town of the past. Its citi-

zens were distinguished by public spirit, and admirable prudence and courage. The story of its rise and fall is instructive, sometimes even dramatic, from 1143, when it was founded by Count Adolph II., of Holstein, on the site of an early Wendish town. Its fall was largely due to the enterprise of Holland and England, and for the last two centuries Lübeck has declined in importance. Two centuries is a long time for a city gently to decay, and there is still much about the old Hanse town which reminds one that the ambition of its citizens was not only to make their

commerce great, but to make their Lübeck illustrious in art and architecture. Thus Lübeck preserves in its buildings not only the tradition of a splendid past, but the appearance of a prosperous present.

Among the many quaint cities of Northern Europe Lübeck must take a chief place. Let us sit on the broad terrace of the Staat Hamburg, on the Klingberg, under the shadow of white awnings, and see how the world wags at seven o'clock on an August morning. "Opposite"—I quote from an account written but three days afterward in another old town, the famous university one of Göttingen—"a fountain splashes and glitters in the hot morning sunshine, which casts broad shadows of leaves on the tiled floor, on the awning and on the wall. Already the rough,

springless, country-carts are jolting by over by the big-stone paved road. Each seems to have its own and peculiar rattle and roar; those that are going to market, with store-baskets full of fragrant greenery, have each a bronze-faced village woman beside the blue-bloused boy who whirls the long whip. A little later, and younger boys begin to pass to school; each a soldier already, wearing over his light linen clothes knapsack in place of satchel or strap. They pour from every cool archway in

troops of four and five and six into the sunshine, which the red, high-pitched roofs—each one surely the work of a distinct and original architect—seem to make more intense."

Some of the churches in Lübeck are well worth visiting, if only for the clocks. Who that has seen the clock, with nose and ever rolling eyes, in the cathedral, is likely to forget it, or the green-and-white angel which at each quarter hour strikes the bell, and the Death, who, clothed in blue and bones, marks the flight of every hour with turning hour-glass? To sit and watch this



A SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT LÜBECK.

perplexing superhuman clock is gentle recreation for a Summer day; to meditate upon odd themes and be interrupted by unfamiliar presences, dwarfish, childish, mechanical and yet fascinating. The clock in the Marienkirche dates from 1651, and is more elaborate. Only at twelve o'clock is the great performance; but at that hour little groups gather to watch and wonder, for small doors open, and, to the unending satisfaction of all, the Emperor steps out, followed by the Electors, slides past* an image of our Lord, and disappears within another door, to dream again in those venerable shadows where he has spent so much of the last three hundred and twenty years. Each figure, as it passes the Christus, bows, or, to be more exact, violently jerks its head in sign of deference.

Of course, it is not alone for such mechanical eccentricities that those churches are noted. They present invaluable illustrations of the history of Gothic architecture. Mr. Ferguson considers the buildings on the sandy plain of the Baltic as displaying but little artistic merit. "It is true," he tells us, "that in the hands of a refined and art-loving people, like the inhabitants of the North of Italy, brick architecture may be made to possess a considerable amount of beauty. Burnt clay may be molded into shapes as elegant and as artistic as can be carved in stone, and the various colors, which it is easy to impart to bricks, may be used to form mosaics of the most beautiful patterns; but to carry out all this with success requires a genuine love of art, and an energy in the prosecution of it which will not be easily satisfied. Without this the facilities of brick architecture are such that it can be executed by the commonest workmen, and is best done in the least artistic forms. While this is the case, it requires a very strong feeling for art to induce any one to bestow thought where it is not needed, and to interrupt construction to seek for forms of beauty.

In brick architecture the best walls are those with the fewest breaks and projections, so that if relief and shadow are to be obtained, they must be added for their own sake; and more than this, walls may be built so thin that they must always appear weak as compared with stone walls, and depth of relief is almost impossible. Another defect is, that a brick building almost inevitably suggests a plaster finishing internally; and every one knows how easy it is to repeat by casting the same ornaments over and over again, and to apply such ornaments anywhere and in any way without the least reference to construction or propriety. All these temptations may of course be avoided. They were so at Grenada by the Saracens, who loved art for its own sake. They were to a considerable extent avoided in the valley of the Po, though by a people far less essentially art-loving than the Moors. But it will easily be supposed that this taste and perception of beauty exerted very little influence in the valley of the Elbe. There the public buildings were raised as cheaply as the necessities of construction would allow, and ornaments were applied only to the extent absolutely requisite to save them from meanness. Thus the churches represent in size the wealth and population of the cities, and were built in the style of Gothic architecture which prevailed at the time of their erection; but it is in vain to look in them for any of the beauties of the stone Gothic buildings of the same period.

In the cathedral is a handsome font of 1445; a very valuable altar-piece by Memling, painted in the last years of the fifteenth century; several fine brasses; a St. Christopher of 1665; and a money-box with the inscription:

"Wer sich nach vermogen gibt Gottes haus
Zu Bessern und zu Bauen,
Der wird auch Gottes Bau und Hegen
An seinem House schauen."

The central aisle of the finer Marienkirche is 130 feet high, the side aisles are only half as much. This, as Mr. Ferguson says, allows space for a very splendid clerestory. Among its treasures are two pictures by Overbeck, who was a native of Lübeck; a font of 1337, richer, but somewhat rougher, Lübke considers, than that in the cathedral; a fine altar-piece; and a "Dance of Death," long erroneously attributed to Holbein.

Let us come from churches into the light of day, and, taking our stand at one of the windows of the Rathhaus, look down upon the crowd below. It is market-day, and so thickly planted are the stalls, that at first we can

scarcely see anything but umbrellas of all colors of the rainbow. But as we accustom ourselves to the crowd, we pick out at every stall quaint groups. Above her white cap each saleswoman wears a high-peaked Mother Hubbard straw hat, with broad green or blue ribbons. Tied neatly in huge bows under the chin are those ribbons if the wearer is old; if she be young and fair the ribbons stream over the shoulders. Green seems the favorite color, and "green indeed is the color of lovers," Shakespeare tells us. The purchasers are not themselves wanting in bright hues. Business is not conducted at a breakneck pace. There is little need for Lübeck man or maid to hurry. Things have not gone fast in business within the recollection of the oldest, and there is time enough for a chat with each old friend; time enough to make much progress with the stocking begun when the cart started for the market; the day is long, the sun is hot, a little money goes far, and life, if hard, is not without its pleasures. News there always is to be picked up, and if you and I would not feel much interested in it, neither would Frau Benedig or Mariechen care much for our æsthetic studies. Under the walls of the veritable building in which we stand many a busier scene has been in the past, and its good fruit is the stolid prosperity of the present calm.

It is now 438 years since the oldest part of the Rathhaus was completed; it is exactly 398 years since the staircase in the Breit-strasse first delighted the eyes of the citizens. The tidings of the marriage of Henry VI. with the fifteen-year-old daughter of René of Anjou, titular King of Naples and Count of Provence, were discussed below those walls with the same earnestness that Napoleon's battles evoked; without interruption its venerable ears have drunk in the gossip of four centuries and a half. Shakespeare had only completed his first group of histories when the building was finished; who can tell how much longer it will watch the parti-colored market crowds, and hear of empires, leagues and covenants.

In the wine-cellar beneath is a table said to have been made from a plank of the ship of the last admiral of Lübeck. To one vault brides were brought from the Marienkirche close at hand, and read the grim warning inscribed on the wall, which, translated, runs: "Many a man sings loudly when they bring him his bride; if he knew what they brought him he might well weep!"

Among the old churches and guild-houses of Lübeck I will not linger. The Church of St. Catherine partly gives house to the school of Lübeck; it is a beautiful early Gothic structure, with the curious peculiarity of a double choir. When we visited it two years ago it was, like most other Lübeck buildings, filled with mechanics and masons. The city library contains curious works and many historical papers.

A strange, half-sleepy, half-busy city, Lübeck is off the main track of tourists, and not much visited save by errant archaeologists and architects. Its prosperity can scarcely return, but it is a convenient stage on the way to or from Copenhagen; and here, by-the-way, we may remark that many of our tourists might do worse than take a run next Summer through beautiful and little-known Denmark. Traveling is cheap, the hotels are excellent, and the novelty of language and customs is pleasant and stimulating. The English are claimed almost as brothers by the close connection of the royal houses of Britain and Denmark, and the story of their frequent warlike attacks upon the capital is remembered only in guide-books. It will, however, be necessary that a traveler should know German, and it will be desirable that he

know a little Danish. Without German it is impossible to travel with any comfort in the rural parts of the kingdom; and Denmark only possesses one great city—its capital.

In Copenhagen one may hear English on all sides. Either by Lübeck, direct to Copenhagen, or by Hamburg, and through Schleswig, Fredericia, Odense, and Roeskilde, the art-centre of Northern Europe may be easily reached, and its manifold attractions, from Tivoli to Thorwaldsen's Museum, may well detain the not too hasty traveler for a few days; indeed, speaking very practically, its treasures cannot be seen in a couple of days, for all the exhibitions and galleries are not open on the same day. A very beautiful sail is that from Copenhagen to Helsingör; Helsingör of false poetic fame—for Hamlet's Elsinore was never the Helsingör of Denmark, though Hamlet's grave and Ophelia's brook are ready for the credulous—and of true poetic loveliness.

Sweden may be visited with expedition, for its coasts are close at hand. The bathing-places of Denmark are numerous and convenient. Despite the constant clipping to which the once mighty kingdom has been subjected, it still contains within itself much that is unique and precious, and the courtesy of its graceful women and stately men once experienced will never be forgotten. But Lübeck, full of such memories of the past as a commercial city can awaken, unlike its bustling sister, Hamburg, stands dignified and medieval in the end of the Nineteenth Century. The Sleeping Beauty of its commerce may not unfitly lie in one of those high-pitched houses, whence she had watched the two great towers of the Marienkirche, the placid Trave and its merchant fleet, the rich flat country all around, in other and better days. But will this Sleeping Beauty awake? or some night when the clock strikes twelve will not rather the whole city melt into fairyland?

SHAKESPEARE ON DEATH.

THERE are in Shakespeare's plays about ninety deaths, taking place either on the stage or immediately behind the scenes, so that the tidings are told or evidence is given directly after the fact. Twenty-five occur in this latter manner, but not at all for the classical reason that terrible sights were not to be represented before the people. In many cases, gory heads are introduced, far more ghastly than a whole murdered body; the plight of *Lavinia* in "Titus Andronicus" is proof that an Elizabethan audience was content to sup full of horrors, and the many battle-fields in the historical plays may well be supposed to have included representations of the dead and dying. The number above given is only that of named, and therefore important, personages; it might be increased by soldiers and attendants who are killed, as it were, by the way.

The modes of death are very various, and yet not quite all which we might naturally anticipate. Cold steel, the dagger or the sword, accounts for about two-thirds of the whole; twelve persons die from old age, or natural decay, in some cases hastened by the trying circumstances of their lives; seven are beheaded; five die by poison, including the elder *Hamlet*, whose symptoms are so minutely described by his *Ghost*; two by suffocation, unless, indeed, *Desdemona* makes a third; two by strangling; one from a fall, one is drowned, three die by snake-bite; and one, *Horner*, the armorer, is thumped to death with a sand-bag.

The modes of death of which we might have expected Shakespeare to speak are arrow and gun-shot wounds.

The English archers are said to have done so much execution in more than one battle of which we hear in the plays, that it is curious they are only twice named as employed in fight—

"Arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety.
Fly from the field,"

at the battle of Shrewsbury; and *Richard*, at Bosworth, cries,

"Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!"

It may be, of course, that a flight of arrows was a difficult and, indeed, a risky thing to represent on a stage; but this would scarce account for no mention of death by them, and it is probable that by Elizabeth's day the use of bow and arrow had so passed from reality into play, that it only occurred to the poet now and then, as adding a certain picturesque detail to his words. He makes the *Archbishop of Canterbury*, when counseling the too ready *Henry V.* to invade France, speak only of the pastime of archery.

"As many arrows loosed several ways
Come to one mark."

The other allusions are merely metaphor, as "Cupid's arrows," and—

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

Guns were still only pieces of heavy ordnance, and though *Falstaff* speaks of a bullet's swiftness, he is thinking of what we call a ball, probably of stone; and Shakespeare uses all words connected with explosive artillery simply in relation to the battering of walls, and not to the death and wounding of men. Not till the English civil wars did firearms play any considerable part in personal slaughter.

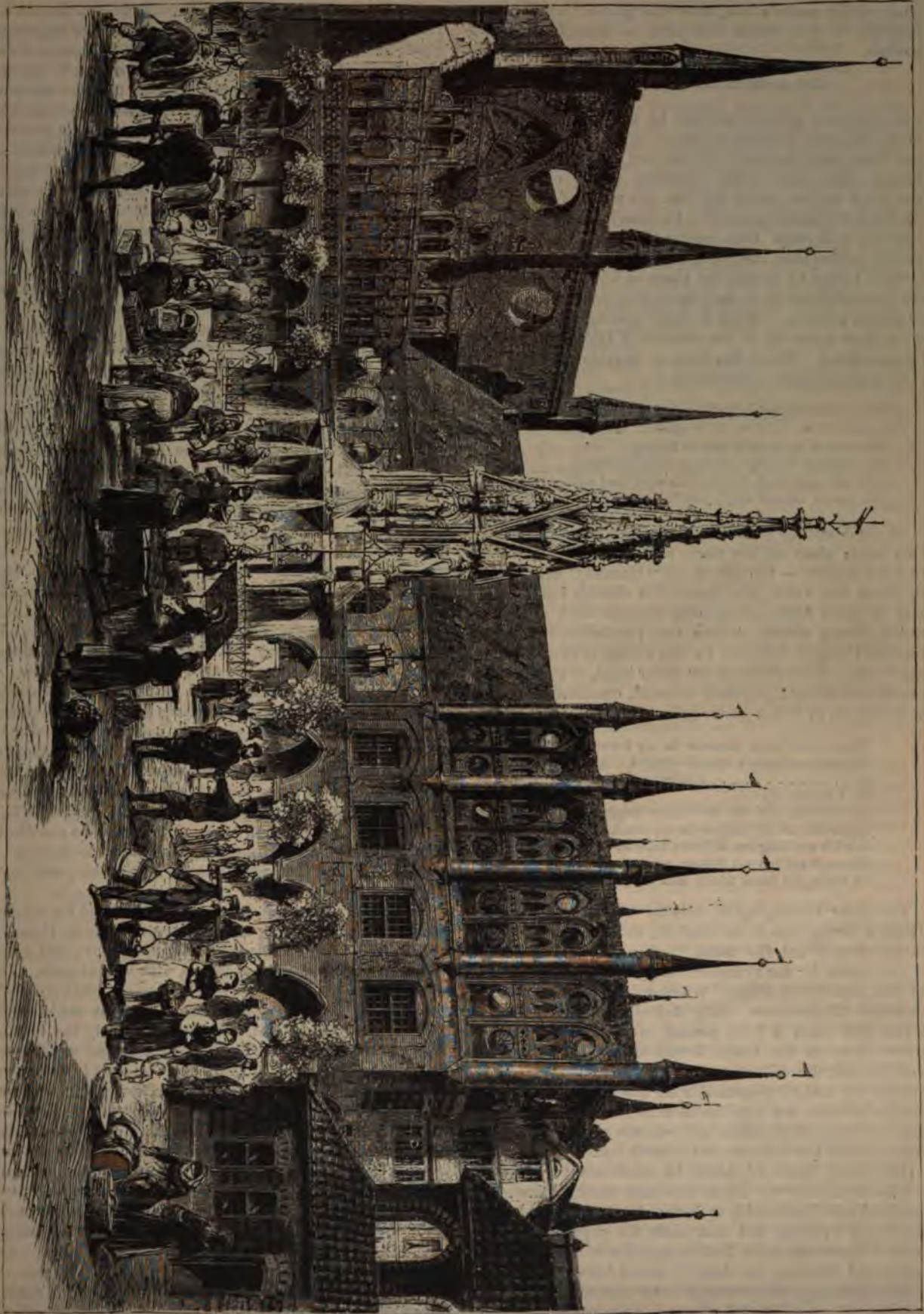
It may be interesting to examine how Shakespeare has dealt with death by these various means, and how far his description tallies with observed scientific facts. In *Arthur's* fall from the tower and *Horner's* death, the physical causes were the same; whatever the outward injuries, death resulted from failure of the heart's action, in consequence of some serious internal lesion, not from fracture of the spine, for in both after the injury is given there is time for one, yet but for one, short speech, and the end when it comes is instantaneous. "Hold, Peter, hold, I confess treason!" cries *Horner*, and is going to say more; there is no apparent failure of power, but he dies at once, abruptly.

There is nothing to be said of the cases of suffocation, since they are transacted off the stage, and no physical signs are described; nor, for the same reason, of the various instances of beheading. The single case of drowning is beautifully divested of all violence, and that which might be so painful is rendered peaceful. *Ophelia*, having lost her reason, is unaware of her danger; she is buoyed up at first by her garments, and then, as they grow heavy, she is dragged down by them gently and gradually, so that there is no room for struggle, and the waters close over her almost without a ripple. Who that ever saw Mr. Millais's early picture on the subject can possibly forget it, or fail to recognize that poet and painter had equally rendered the fact, and yet divested it of its most terrible elements?

In the deaths of *Cleopatra* and her maids, Shakespeare would seem to have been for once at fault. We say her maids, because the only way to account for the sudden death of *Iris* is to suppose that she had met and touched the incoming basket of asps, on leaving the presence to fetch her mistress's robe and crown. But, however this



THE CITY ON THE TRAVE.—INTERIOR OF THE MARIENKIRCHE, LÜBECK, WITH THE DANISH FLAO.—SEE PAGE 336.



THE BATHHAYS AND FOUNTAIN IN THE MARKET-PLACE, LÜBECK.

may be, Cleopatra and Charmian die almost instantaneously of the snake's bite, after the Queen "applies" the serpents to her breast and arm, as though they were leeches.

"Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?"

The poet was quite aware that he must make the effect of the asp very different to that of the viper's, which now and then might lame a horse, or, very exceptionally, kill a keeper, after some hours' suffering, in his own Arden. But there was no one to tell him the mode of death from the bites of Eastern serpents; his imagination is quite unfettered, and, with true poetic feeling, he makes the poison swifter than the cobra's, yet peaceful and painless. It were better he should not know or tell the agonies and the distortion which, in fact, must have marred the beauty of Egypt's Queen. What is there lacking in accuracy is more than made up in the account of Gloucester's death by strangling. There has been a terrible struggle, and every physical sign is intensified:

"See how the blood is settled in his face.

His face is black and full of blood,
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling,
His hands abroad displayed."

Of the deaths by poisoning, two are minutely described. One takes place off the stage, and is only named to us; two are sudden — the Queen in "Hamlet" and Romeo. In these last cases, the agent was clearly hydrocyanic acid in some form, a vegetable extract, such as laurel-water, killing almost at once, and painlessly, leaving no time for thought, but only for the certainty of quick-coming death. King John, on the other hand, is poisoned by a corrosive irritant, probably mineral, comparatively slow in its action, of which burning heat is the chief symptom:

"There is so hot a Summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
..... against this fire
Do I shrink up?
None of you will bid the Winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom, nor entreat the North
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips?"

The elder Hamlet, again, dies by vegetable poisoning. There is strong reason for thinking that the true reading of the drug is not the usual "hebenon," but "hebona" or yew juice, for the symptoms are precisely those caused by this, and by no other. Whether, in the then state of anatomy, Shakespeare really believed, contrary to the truth, that such a juice poured into the ear would so course through the body, is not clear. It is probable that he took the old story, so far as he needed to do so, but having made it responsible for the mode in which the foreign element was introduced into Hamlet's frame, used then his own observation and curious plant-lore for the efforts which the body made to cast it out.

The many cases of death by steel are very closely studied from nature. Those who have carefully examined the dead on a battlefield, or in the streets after an *émeute*, are struck with the fact that while the expression on the faces of those who have died by gunshot wounds is one of agony and distress, the dead by sword have a calmer expression, though their wounds often seem more painful to the eye. A very careful observer, who was through the Indian Mutiny, entirely confirms this. After giving several instances, he says: "A rapid death by steel is

almost painless. Sabre edge or point divides the nerves so quickly as to give little pain. A bullet lacerates." This is in entire accordance with Shakespeare's diagnosis. York, in "Henry IV.," dies "smiling;" so young Talbot in "Henry VI.," 1, "Poor boy! he smiles." In the great majority of cases, there appears to have been no acute pain; and such distressful sensations as were felt, when there was time to feel anything, were those of cold. Death, therefore, resulted from hemorrhage, of which an exceeding chilliness, without pain, is always the consequence. Hotspur and Warwick both speak of this chill, "the earthly and cold hand of death," the "cold, congealed blood." The only instances in which acute pain wrung "groans" from the sufferer were those in which death was long delayed, when, as with Clifford, "the air got into my deadly wounds"; and Montague also groans from the delay.

There is a most striking passage in Jeremy Taylor's sermons in which he speaks of wounds to the same effect, but attributes the painlessness of a wound at first, wrongly as it would seem, only to the heat and rage of the fighter, who has no time to feel. "I have known a bold trooper fight in the confusion of a battle, and, being warm with heat and rage, received from the swords of his enemy wounds open as a grave; but he felt them not, and when, by the streams of blood, he found himself marked for pain, he refused to consider then what he was to feel tomorrow; but when his rage had cooled into the temper of a man, and clammy moisture had checked the fiery emission of spirits, he wonders at his own boldness, and blames his fate, and needs a mighty patience to bear his great calamity."

Shakespeare carefully discriminates between the wounds which pierce the heart and are at once fatal, and those which allow a few minutes, or even moments, of life. A stab which causes instant death wrings from the dying person one sharp cry of momentary agony, or sometimes purely spasmodic and mechanical, and then all is silent; and with the cry there is a sharp, convulsive movement of the limbs. So, Polonius utters one loud "O! I am slain!" Aaron imitates the squeal of the dying nurse, "Weke! weke!" Prince Edward, in "Richard III.," "sprawls," after his first stab. Those who do not die at once, but bleed to death, or are choked in blood, speak a little, know they are dying, but are not in pain, and have no convulsive movements.

We now come to the deaths of old age, and by natural causes, and of these there are comparatively few. Comedy puts away from it the idea of death altogether; and great tragedies are, as a rule, concerned with violent ends. Yet here, where there is little seeming variety, Shakespeare's observation has anticipated that of modern skill. Miss Nightingale has pointed out how constantly the mental state of the dying depends on their physical conditions. As a rule, she tells us, in acute cases interest in their own danger is rarely felt. "Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state. But patients who die of consumption very frequently die in a state of seraphic joy and peace; the countenance almost expresses rapture. Patients who die of cholera, peritonitis, etc., on the contrary, often die in a state approaching despair. In dysentery, diarrhoea, or fever, the patient often dies in a state of indifference."

Now, in Shakespeare, the majority feel indifference or calm acquiescence; Gaunt "plays nicely" with his name; Henry IV. has no thought of the future, but only some faint interest still in the things of life; Mortimer cares only for his funeral; Bedford is acquiescent, neither hopeful nor fear-

ful. "Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please." There are a few exceptions, and they exemplify with force what Miss Nightingale has laid down. *Queen Katharine*, dying of long decline, has visions of eternal peace; while *Beaufort*, whose faculties are about him to the last, has the most vivid and keen remorse for murder, the only crime which the sinner, as a rule, seems unable to forget.

In Shakespeare, again, those who in perfect health know or believe they are to die take the conviction according to their physical temperaments, not according to their lives. If there be seeming exceptions, it is because some foreign conditions are introduced, as when *Richard* is visited with terrible dreams, and something like craven terror as the result of them. But he has been drinking heavily before he goes to rest, and recovers himself in the morning before and in the battle. As an instance of a contrast between two physical temperaments, we may take the terror of the sensitive *Claudio*, so full of young life and vigor, and the stolid indifference of the brutal *Barnadine*.

Of course, this whole subject is capable of being worked out in much greater detail, but at the present time, it has seemed well worth while giving a few hints for study, founded on what has occurred to the writer while reading Shakespeare through, under somewhat unusual conditions.

THE PALM-BIRD.

THE palm-birds of St. Domingo are so called because they build their nests among the branches of the palm; and they are also called the community birds, because they build larger houses, and all live together. When the time for building has come, half a dozen or more join together, and begin by laying sticks and leaves among the palm branches; and then they carry sand in their bills, and fasten all these things together by making a kind of mortar or glue. When they have made one nest, they arch it over, leaving a hole for a door, and line it soft as velvet with the fuzz or down of plants that grow all about. Some nests are large as a barrel, with hundreds of birds darting in and out, making such a noise as is deafening to hear.

By-and-by, when the nest gets too large, the palm branches break, and let the whole family of birds to the ground. Then there is a wonderful crying and lamentation for a little while. But they do not mourn long. Dividing into parties, they are soon at work again, making a dozen new communities. They are a black bird, not quite as large as those that pull up the corn in this country.

PARENTAL CARE IN ANIMALS,

AND MODES OF CARRYING THEIR YOUNG.

By C. FREDERICK HOLDER.

IN their care of offspring the lower animals, perhaps, approach nearer to the human standard than in any other respect. Even in the lowest forms, where action seems subservient to instinct alone, we find acts of maternal or paternal devotion curiously similar in their performance to those of man. What care exceeds that of the common spider, that, when alarmed for the safety of her progeny, grasps the silken nursery in her mandibles and rushes away, and when brought to bay fiercely contends against superior forces to the last, often being torn limb from limb before relinquishing her hold? The ball of eggs even resembles her in color, and the mother herself so

mimics the rocks and dry leaves among which she darts, that pursuit is rendered extremely difficult.

The young of a small black spider common in the New England States are protected in a curious manner. The mother carries them about on her back, the clinging mass often completely covering her; when alarmed and closely pursued, and it becomes necessary to render the flight less conspicuous, each of the young springs from her back in different directions, first having attached to her a silken cable, by which apron-string they find their way back.

A spider in the East envelops her eggs in an oval balloon, to which a silken rope is attached and made fast to a leaf or twig, and floats securely in the air, by its motion defying the most active of its enemies. In almost every family of insects the same care is noted; one of the centipedes actually sits upon its eggs after the manner of a hen, rolling them over and over with its many feet to remove any fungus that might adhere and prove detrimental to them later on.

The mole-cricket, that in all southern climates proves so destructive to young plants, attacking their roots and boring tunnels underground, shows remarkable intelligence in its domestic arrangements, and according to Maunder, who has observed them closely, they are exceeded by no animal in this respect. When the female is fecundated, she forms a cell of clammy earth, in which she deposits about 150 eggs; this nest, which is about the size of a common hen's egg, is carefully closed up on every side, as well to defend its contents from the injuries of the weather as from the attacks of carnivorous beetles, which, being themselves underground inhabitants, would certainly, but for this precaution, either devour or destroy them. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the care and assiduity of the mole-cricket in the preservation of its young. Wherever a nest is situated, fortifications, avenues and intrenchments surround it; there are also numerous winding byways which lead to it, and a ditch encompasses the whole, which few insects are capable of passing.

But the diligence of these little animals does not end here; at the approach of Winter they move their nests entirely away, and sink them deeper in the ground, so that the influence of the frost cannot retard the young brood in their progress to maturity. When the weather grows milder they raise their habitations, etc., in proportion, till at last they are brought as near the surface as possible, without being wholly exposed to view, in order to receive the genial influence of the sun; but should the frost unexpectedly return, they again sink them to their former depth.

Almost equally as solicitous for the welfare of their young are the ants. The leaf-cutting species of South America are often seen in long columns bearing pieces of leaves to their vast subterranean nests, that, when arranged as thatching or otherwise, become overgrown with fungi particularly adapted as food for the young, and eaten by them with great avidity. At the slightest warning, the young ants or eggs are seized by the workers and conveyed to a place of safety, and cared for with all the tenderness displayed by parents of a higher order of intelligence. Some of the large African workers will submit to all kinds of torture before releasing an egg. Their legs may be severed, body, and finally the head, which will retain its hold upon the unconscious offspring for hours after.

In Africa, Smeathman, the naturalist and traveler, found nests of the white ant fifteen feet high, and covering an area of twenty-five square feet. Their one object seemed to be the preservation and care of the young and



THE KANGAROO TYPE OF THE MARSUPIAL OR POUCHED ANIMALS.

the queen-mother. The room occupied by the mother in the nest is called the *royal chamber*, and resembles in shape half of an egg cut lengthwise. At first it is not above an inch long, but afterward is increased to six or eight inches, or even more, being always in proportion to the size of the queen, who, increasing in bulk as in age, at length requires a chamber of such dimensions. The floor and roof of this chamber are very solid, and are composed of hardened clay. Its walls are pierced by several doorways or entrances, at pretty equal distances from each other, and of sufficient size to admit the soldiers and laborers, but not large enough to admit the king and queen (the latter being, at full size, a thousand times the weight of the king) to pass out.

Surrounding the royal chamber are a number of others of different shapes and sizes, but all of them arched. These are occupied by the soldiers and laborers that guard the pair, on whose safety depends the happiness, and probably even the existence, of the whole of the community. These apartments, being connected together by openings and passages, form an intricate labyrinth, which extends a foot or more in diameter from the royal chamber on every side; and they are surrounded by the magazines and nurseries. The former are chambers of clay, and are always well fitted with a kind of provisions, which ap-

pear to consist of the gums or other thick juices of plants.

The nurseries, which are so called because they are invariably found to contain eggs and young ones, are entirely composed of wooden materials, seemingly joined together with gums. These nurseries are exceedingly compact, and divided into very small, irregularly-shaped chambers, not one of which is to be found half an inch in width. They are placed as near as possible to the royal apartments. When the nest is in the infant state, they are close to the royal chamber; but as, in process of time, the queen enlarges, it becomes necessary to enlarge this chamber for her accommodation; and as she then lays a greater number of eggs and requires a greater number of attendants, so it is necessary to enlarge and increase the number of the adjacent apartments, for which purpose the small nurseries that were first built are taken to pieces, and are rebuilt a little further off. The nurseries are always found slightly overgrown with mold, and plentifully sprinkled with white globules about the size of a small pin's head. These may at first be mistaken for eggs, but on being examined under a microscope they evidently appear to be a species of fungus, in shape like a young mushroom. The nurseries are inclosed in chambers of clay like those containing the provisions, but much larger. In the early state of the nest they are not larger than a hazel-nut, but in old hills are often as large as the head of a child a year old.

The queen deposits about 80,000 eggs a day, which are instantly taken from the body by her attendants (of whom there always are, in the royal chamber and galleries adjacent, a sufficient number in waiting), and carried to the nurseries, some of which, in a large nest, may be four or five feet distant in



MERIAN'S OPOSSUM'S CURIOUS MODE OF CARRYING ITS BROOD.



A HUNTED FOX CARRYING HER CUB.

a straight line, and consequently much further by their winding galleries. Here, after they are hatched, the young are attended and provided with everything necessary until they are able to shift for themselves, and take their share of the labors of the community. In what human nursery or seaside sanitarium are children attended with more care and solicitude than here?

The female scorpion bears her young about upon her back, and according to some authorities they repay this care by devouring the mother.

The habit of carrying young upon the back as a protection is seen in a large and varied class of animals. We have noted the spider and its young, and in strange analogy is the opossum, the common marsupial of the South. At first the young are retained in the pouch, often presenting a curious spectacle with their white heads and bead-like eyes peeping from the singular nursery. When not alarmed, they appear in various strange positions on the mother's back, their smooth, prehensile tails coiled about that of the parent that is perhaps bent over her back for the purpose; the tail seemingly serving the purpose of a fifth limb, intuitively clasp- ing branch or bough.

The great ant-eater, a thor-

oughly clumsy creature, walking upon the sides of its clawed forefeet, transports its young in a like manner, the writer having fortunately witnessed the performance. The young ant-eater clings to the rough fur, throwing its tail forward over its head, while over all comes the bushlike canopy of the mother, forming effective concealment to its long nosed offspring.

The huge hippopotamus has been observed by many travelers drifting down the sluggish streams of the East, bearing upon its broad platform-like back a pink, shapeless young, and often when in deep water the gigantic infant appears to be floating along lightly upon the very surface of the water. In a similar way young alligators are borne about, often thus becoming exposed while the parent is hidden below.

Among the tree-toads are several that carry about their young in a similar manner, especially those found in the islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique. In the latter, owing to a lack of swamps and water suitable for the proper development of the young, they are carried about by the parent, clinging to its back by some peculiar secretion.



THE DEER-MOUSE ESCAPING WITH ITS BROOD.

In the notorema there is a sac in the back that contains the young; but perhaps the most interesting case is that of the Surinam toad. In the breeding season the female deposits her eggs in some secluded place, and instead of leaving them, after the fashion of many mothers, she remains about the spot, and watches the male, who, with his broad, weblike feet, lifts them upon her back, where they are retained by some glutinous secretion. Now a curious change takes place. The eggs gradually disappear, seemingly absorbed, hexagonal-shaped cells forming around them. At this period the toad enters the pond and conceals herself in the mud; the skin that supports the eggs now becomes inflamed, and the cells finally become covered with a thick membrane, the eggs entirely disappearing, the back of the animal resembling a piece of honeycomb more than anything else, the cells being about large enough to admit a large horsebean. When the young have sufficiently grown, the mother leaves the pond and crawls upon the shore, when a strange scene is enacted. The young toads are seen leaving the cells in all positions—some head first, with legs and arms protruding; others clinging to her back as if loath to leave, while many more plunge off into the mud and water, becoming food for birds and fishes. In eighty days all signs of this strange performance has disappeared, the cells becoming absorbed, only reappearing on the return of the breeding season again.

In curious analogy to the above method is that of the aspredo—a South American catfish. During the breeding season, and after the eggs have been deposited, the fish passes over them, the eggs becoming attached to the ventral surface and fins in great numbers. Horny, stalked peduncles connect most of them, so that the eggs dangle like pendants, all traces of the curious nurseries disappearing after the young are hatched.

Another catfish, found at Panama, has a sacklike fold in the skin of the abdomen, in which the young are carried. In the seahorse this is even more striking. As soon as the young are hatched, the male, who is the possessor of the pouch, in some way receives them into it, where they are nurtured by its fatty lining, often as many as a thousand young colts, measuring about five lines in length, being so cared for. When, in the judgment of the parent, they are sufficiently grown to swim about in safety, the sack is pressed against a stone or shell, and the young brood are forced out of their nest, presenting a curious spectacle as they move along like a cloud by the rapid, vibratory movement of their minute dorsal fins.

A number of the echinoderms, discovered by the *Challenger* expedition, were provided with a similar nursery, called a marsupium. In some the spot was covered by thick plates, that were gradually forced up, forming effective protection to the young; in others the long spines were directed over the spot, embracing and imprisoning the bristling and spinous progeny.

Such instances are strangely akin to the habits of the kangaroo and various other marsupial animals. Their young are incomplete when born, sometimes being scarcely over an inch in length, and are placed in the pouch by the mother, where they immediately attach themselves to the teats; a modification of the respiratory organs existing bearing much resemblance to the permanent condition of those in the whales, allowing free communication between the lungs and the external surface, independent of the mouth—a provision that enables them to breathe while deriving the supply of milk. From this constant attachment to the teats, many persons, especially in the South, believe that they grow there; and one enterprising investigator, after vainly trying to obtain the publication of this

discovery (?) in a scientific magazine, published it in pamphlet form at his own expense. The same belief is current with regard to all marsupials in this country and Australia among the blacks. Long after the young kangaroos are able to leave the pouch they use it as a place of refuge, their curious heads peering out, as the mother bounds along, in a remarkable manner.

The deer-mouse, one of our minor animals, deriving its name from its long, deer-like bounds, has no pouch, but carries its young in a curious way clinging to its belly.

During his journey in Brazil, Professor Agassiz discovered a fish allied to the catfishes, that not only carried its eggs in its mouth and gill-folds, but the living fish were found there in great numbers. This is equally true of an East Indian species of *Arius*, and of a large and varied class of animals.

The devotion of the parent stickleback to its young must have been observed by all who have studied them in their native element. The nests are generally suspended from a root or fastened to the bottom. As the breeding season approaches, the male fishes seem to feel their importance, and show unusual activity about the locality in which they live. They assume brilliant colors—a striking nuptial garb—attaining an aggressiveness and pugnacity laughable in the extreme, readily attacking fishes several hundred times their size, and even the hand of the observer, if it is placed near the spot selected for the nest. The male—for it is he who undertakes the sole work of undification—now sallies forth in quest of material for the prospective edifice; fragments of plants, bits of material that have been washed from the neighboring shore, are all collected from far and wide, piece by piece. The foundation is first laid, if to be upon the ground. With his mouth the pieces are matted together, and as if to try it, the little builder presses heavily upon the flooring. If watching it closely through the glass of an aquarium, a peculiar quivering motion will be noticed, and the real motive of the fish seen. He is applying a cement or glue taken from a pore or pores near the vent. It appears like a silken thread as he spins it out, much as does the spider, and if we examine this under the microscope we find it composed of six or eight thin transparent fibres, and if the fish is examined, a large vesicle will be found near the vent, filled with a clear secretion, that, when brought in contact with the water, coagulates into the threads which, when spun artificially, lose their transparency and become white, assuming a tough and elastic consistency. After passing over the flooring repeatedly, as if to test it, he brings a small stone or particles of sand as ballast, particularly if there is a strong current. Now more solid timbers are brought, perhaps a slender twig or piece of weed, which is pushed endwise into the matting and taken out and tried again, until finally, after an immense amount of work in repeating the operation over and over again, the sides of the house appear. If a timber appears too weak or unfitted, it is taken out and carried away. The sides finished and firmly glued by the viscid threads, the roof is next considered, and similar pieces are brought and arranged so as to leave a single or two orifices, and the gluing operation repeated, with occasional additions, until the home is declared complete.

If the nest is above the bottom, the operation is necessarily different. Here the little builder will be seen to force himself through the interstices, in and out, fashioning it on all sides by the curious threads with which nature has supplied it. Now he will pass entirely around the nest a number of times, attaching circular bands that tend to hold it in the desired shape; then, as if tired, will

rest, but soon returning to the work with renewed vigor. The opening that is sometimes at the top, and again extends completely through, is kept in place by continuous plunges of the fish into it, that finally molds it into a satisfactory form. The time taken in the erection of these nests varies in different species. Some complete them in four hours, others in more, but rarely in less time.

The home finished, the male goes off in search of the expectant mother, who is accompanied to the nest with many acts of devotion, and finally takes her place in it. The eggs being deposited, the female departs, leaving the nursery to the patient male, who mounts guard in the nest, not suffering even the mother to approach after her first desertion. At any time we may visit the nest the little guardian will be found steadying himself over the eggs, aerating them gently by continued movements of its fins. Upon the slightest movement he rushes to the fore, and if fishes, seizes them by their fins, darting at their eyes, slaying smaller intruders with his sharp dorsal fins.

This care is most necessary, as, is the nest left, a watchful horde of other fishes bear down upon it and spread devastation, destroying the nest and devouring the eggs.

The curious crustacean *Arcturus*, common in Arctic seas, bears its young upon its long antennæ that are raised above and before its head.

The domestic cat is a more familiar example of animals that bear their young in their mouths, the mother often performing wonderful feats in the way of transporting her family, carrying the weakest between her teeth, while encouraging the others to follow. An interesting case came under the writer's observation, showing their persistence.

A dog arrived at a farmhouse unfortunately at a time when the old family cat was engaged in the earliest maternal duties. The next day she and her litter of five were missing, and word was brought from the nearest neighbor, a mile away, that the old cat was there. The family were brought back home and watched, and almost immediately the mother seized one of the kittens in her mouth, and, head high in air, started off through the fields to the friendly neighbor's that did not keep a dog. In the course of the day the entire family were safely removed a second time, the cat having traveled during the transportation ten miles. Suffice it to say she was allowed to remain until the departure of the possible enemy.

Certain authorities claim that the night-hawk has been seen to bear its eggs away in its mouth, that certainly is capacious enough for such an act of devotion.

Hunters in India have observed the tiger, generally so ready to stand her ground, slink away with something in her mouth, at first supposed to be prey, but closer examination showing it to be her young, and in all the cat tribe the same trait is seen.

Even rats and mice have been observed in time of danger removing their offspring in a similar manner.

Among birds the most painstaking endeavors are seen in the erection of their nests, that are built in a variety of ways, to afford all possible protection to the young. Many of the humming-birds' nests are covered with moss taken from the tree upon which it is built, and so skillfully adjusted that it mimics the tree, and can scarcely be distinguished from it. Others are fastened upon leaves that, constantly moving, afford them protection.

Certain birds related to the raven cover their nests with a *chevaux-de-frise* of briars that protects the young from predatory animals. In Africa others that are preyed upon by snakes build long pendent nests over the water, the opening being below. One of the grebes builds a floating nest that rises and falls with the tide, and can be

paddled away by the mother. But perhaps the most astonishing instance of maternal care among birds is that observed in the woodcock. The mother bird has been seen by a number of sportsmen, when closely followed by them, to rise with the single young between her feet and fly heavily away.

The common snipe displays almost equal intelligence. When her nest is approached she feigns lameness, and hops off clumsily in an opposite direction, and when the nest is far behind, she assumes her natural gait, takes wing and flies off to regain it by a roundabout way.

Many of the penguins have a pouch in which they carry their single egg until hatched, thus bearing their nest about with them. At this time their motion is a hop, the feet being kept together to hold the egg in place, but when the young is hatched they walk as do other birds.

The albatross, although it builds a high nest, also conceals its egg in a fold in the skin, so that it is difficult to ascertain whether they are sitting even when lifted from the ground.

Many of the stormy petrels rear their young underground after the fashion of the burrowing owl. Here, however, the young birds have a natural outlet, but in the Celebes bird *Maleo* (*Megacephalon rubripes*) the eggs are buried several feet in the sand along the beach, exactly as are turtle eggs, the bird showing great cunning in destroying her tracks to the eggs, a peculiarity that the writer has noticed in the green turtle. The eggs are finally hatched by the heat of the sun, the young birds digging their way up to the surface, and, strange to say, they are enabled to fly immediately, a necessary provision, as the maternal duties end with the burial of the eggs. These strange birds are allied to the mound-building *Megapodius* that has similar habits.

Among the seals and other marine mammals the young are often held or supported by the flipper, so that when standing upright in the water embracing their curious young, they bear much resemblance to the typical mermaid. To such occurrences are we indebted for many of the marvelous tales related by the mariners of the olden time, who, no doubt, believed that such evidences of affection were impossible among common animals.

Whales bear their young upon their flippers or fins, and when pursued shield them to the last.

Even among the shells, wonderful provision is seen for the protection of the young. In the argonaut the eggs are fastened to the interior of the pearly home. The violet snail forms a raft to which its eggs are attached, the entire family floating along in company. Other shells carry about their young on the capacious foot. The natica molds them in a collar of sand, while the great land snails of South America, as the *bulimus*, form regular nests of leaves in which their great birdlike eggs are deposited. In some cases they are laid in rows upon a single leaf, the latter being rolled up over them. In the crabs the eggs are generally attached to the abdominal limbs, while others deposit them in the sand, or carry them in the immature state, clinging to the parent's back.

The wonderful foresight of insects in depositing their eggs in places favorable to the young when hatched, is called instinct, but many observers see thought and intelligence in the action. A wonderful instinct (?) is that which causes certain insects whose young depend upon the hives of honey-bees in which to pass a period of their existence, to deposit their eggs on certain flowers, so that the young larva may clasp the visiting bee, and thus be transported to its storehouse.

Many of the ichneumon flies penetrate the bark of trees, beneath which a grub is snugly ensconced. The



A FEMALE HIPPOPOTAMUS CARRYING HER YOUNG.

egg is placed in it, the young feeding upon the victim later on; and thus millions of caterpillars and grubs become living nurseries and future food for the young of many species.

Some of the wasp tribe capture other insects, paralyze them, and deposit in the body an egg, all of which is buried, the insect remaining fresh but motionless until the birth of the young wasp, when it is slowly devoured.

Some insects, knowing that their young require dead wood, deposit their eggs in a limb, and carefully girdle the branch below them, thus preventing the flow of sap, and by the time the eggs hatch they are in a dead limb, through which the larvæ work with ease. The moths



THE DUGONG HOLDING ITS CUB.



PUSS CARRYING HER KITTEN.

sesiidæ deposit their eggs upon the bark of trees, into which the young bore as soon as hatched, living in the wood for two years, more or less, finally making their way to the surface, changing into a chrysalis, and finally flying away, leaving the old shell obstructing its door.

The gall insects are provided with some secretion that is deposited with the egg in a tender branch, causing an abnormal growth about it, forming perfect protection for the coming larva, and more especially the exact food that it requires.

In all these cases, and many more, instinct seems to play an important part; yet, if corresponding foresight and precaution existed among the lowest bushmen, it would immediately raise them to a much higher standard of intelligence in the opinion of the ethnologist. The ant is vastly superior, mentally, than the lowest human, yet we are prone to term the actions of the one instinctive and the other intelligent, when, in point of fact, the difference would seem merely one of degree.



A RAT'S MODE OF CARRYING ITS YOUNG.



NOT HIS FAULT. — "A TERRIBLE FEAR CAME OVER HER. FAINTER AND FAINTER CAME THE PULSATION OF HIS CHEST. SHE FASTENED HER EYES ON THE DOCTOR'S FACE. 'SPEAK!' SHE CRIED."

NOT HIS FAULT.

"Do you love me?"

"How could I be so cruel to say, 'No'?"

"But *do* you?"

"Do I not love every one? Am I not an artist, and must not all true artists love all their species, or cease to be imbued with the true soul of art?"

"Will you marry me?" she asked.

"No."

"Then I am answered American-wise," she said, and reddened even through the rouge upon her cheeks, and clinched her little hands tightly; and the man looked cheerfully at her as he went on eating his ice.

The *café* was full to-day, and, as a matter of course, the

American element predominated. What other nation sent such money-spending representatives as America? Who had their way, were so overcharged, were so positive of being not taken in, as these scions of the free *Etats Unis d'Amerique*?

George Shepard was, like most young men, visiting the great capital for the first time—he went ostensibly for art-study; to live, as his fond parents dreamed, in the Louvre, and to come back master of all intricacies which genius never yet conquered, but which argued all the better for him, because he was the greatest genius of them all.

He plunged, as a commencement, into the dissipations

which the place presented, and no place on earth could offer more than Paris. Riches and beauty are the key-notes which set the symphony of all gay life into accord, and hurries us on through a perfect cataclysm of sound to the vortex, and there leaves us unfinished and too full of fault for redemption. The opera was visited—he had expected something fine; the art-galleries alone were all that he had thought to find them. He met many, like himself, disappointed and satisfied in the same breath.

At last—instead of at first, the usual mode—he visited a music hall, and there saw Mademoiselle Estelle dance, and just for the fun of it he went night after night, threw bouquets to her, and was smiled upon in return, and then effected an entrance to the green-room.

Now, he had no thought of her beyond the few minutes' pleasure of the evening, when sitting in the hall he watched her execute a difficult *seul*, and saw the flowers which he had sent her fastened in her hair and abbreviated diaphanous skirts.

He did not even know where she lived. She did not speak of her wild, feverish life here, where she was born, nor of her humble origin. He knew nothing of her—why should he? *Ciel!* She did not remember her mother and father, even, for she had been brought up by strangers for the stage, and off it, what need had she to remember?

Yet when she first saw this young American she looked upon him as upon so many of his countrymen, who had been bolder toward her than the proverbially bold Frenchmen, her compatriots, and she had not paid more attention to him than she had to the others—that is, she only tried all that she could to gain his attention and did not attempt impossibilities.

But she saw that beneath his laughing face and gay manner there was a purity which made her more than once experience a guilty, strange sort of pang; and one night, when she was putting on her cloak in going from the theatre, she missed his usual visit, and then felt badly all the way home. The next night he did not come either, and she felt worse.

A French woman hates a bad feeling, so she went in the morning to one of the galleries of the Louvre and found him busy at work producing a hideous malformation of a painted divinity.

She went close to him; he looked up at her, and then resumed his brush; he did not recognize her out of her diaphanous draperies.

"*Mon ami*, George," she said, softly, placing her hand on his arm.

"Heaven! why, it's Estelle!" he cried, jumping up.

"*Oui*, Estelle—little Estelle. Where have you been so long, Monsieur George?"

"So long," he repeated; "what do you mean?"

"I have not seen you for two whole nights."

"Oh! you mean that I have not been to the theatre? No; too busy—settled down to business like a steady old man; funds short. Move aside, Estelle, just a little; you're shading me too much;" and took up his brushes.

She sighed.

"Good-morning Monsieur George," she said; "shall I see you to-night?"

"To-night?—well, yes. I've nothing to do. I guess I'll drop in."

Then she went away.

That night she saw Monsieur George in the box and smiled toward him like an angel. She did not see him to speak to afterward, for he went off with some men. She was peevish to the manager, to her maid, to every one.

"Oh, Estelle has the *grande passion*," said her associates, "and it is the handsome young American."

"*Oui*," said she, "he is a god!"

Again she went to the gallery and saw him.

"Now, look here, Estelle, you must not come here. All the fellows will remark upon it," he said.

"Oh, I do not care for remarks," she answered, pleasantly.

"But I do," he said, "and you really must not come. What do you mean by it, anyhow?"

"I do not know what I mean," she answered, sullenly.

"I hope you're not in love with me," he said.

"No!" cried she, savagely.

"And don't expect any presents."

"*Peste!*" she said.

"For I'm poor as Job's turkey," he said.

"I don't know him, this Job's turkey, but I am not poor!"

"Glad to hear it, Estelle. Good for you, as we say over at home. But you really must not trouble me."

"I will not trouble you, Monsieur George; but why do you trouble me?"

"I trouble you? Why, I scarcely say anything to you."

"That is my trouble," said the *danseuse*, and left him.

That was her trouble! He thought was it possible that this girl could love any one, and him in particular? Pshaw! it was only another of the many ruses he had heard and read of.

Anyhow, he had a good mind to go to the theatre to-night. When a man has a good mind to do anything of a questionable goodness, he does it. So, of course, he went.

After that, Monsieur George went again and again, always saying indifferent things to the girl, thereby tightening his meshes around her; for it is this indifference in those we love which makes our passion so helpless and so much stronger.

She no longer came to the galleries where he worked, but he saw her on the boulevards, walked with her, led her through all the mazes of a feeling so utterly new to her that she was bewildered; only her former acquaintance with anything that was true made her more intense.

She grew pale, and rouged yet more thickly; she read the frivolous, dangerous literature that came in her way, in order to be more intelligent; but it rather made her maudlin in her tenderness. She was sullen and hasty when he was not by, and bright and radiant when he was.

And he—well, he was flattered, all the fellows told him he ought to be. Good enough in motive, alone in the great city from any gentle influence, and with a young man's desire of profiting by the almost classic advice of doing in Rome what the Romans did, he really felt pleased at this attention of Estelle, and became more exacting toward her; for he thought what a paragon he must be, when she, who had been thrown with so many, and who was known to be fastidious in her acquaintances, should choose him as the only one who had made any impression upon her. She told him all that, of course; and he had laughed, and escorted her into a *café* where he had set ices before her, and they indulged in the conversation set down in the beginning of this sketch. She sat there watching him till he had finished, and they then went out.

He left her at the theatre, and proceeded to his lodging to smoke a pipe with some Bohemians, and there to tell all that had happened during the day, not forgetting about Estelle, exaggerated a little to make his history more interesting. But after this the girl was really unbearable; he was pestered by ill-spelled notes from her; he dared not walk out without being almost certain to encounter her, and he resolved to break with her.

He had become poor here in Paris, for he had gambled in the polite way of betting, and all his resources were exhausted; his father was not particularly wealthy, and the income he allowed his son was only far more respectable than that son. Hence, there must be a change somewhere.

A brilliant idea! He had always desired to travel around the provinces, and it would be cheaper than staying in Paris; and then, by this means, he would get rid of Estelle, and for that, at least, "Oh, let us be joyful," said George Sheperd.

He had painted two awful pictures, which he thought were quite neat, and he resolved to dispose of them. No one would purchase, though, and he rather lost his conceit. At last he found a dealer who would take them and try to sell them.

The artist lost all conceit, and determined more than ever to give up all foolishness and devote himself to true study. Away with all dissipations and all dalliances with any more Estelles!

Now he put his hat down over his eyes, and felt a thrill enter his breast at the thought of yet doing something well. He would leave Paris next week, stay from it, gradually with his slender means work himself on to Rome, and with the knowledge gained here would work and work till he should redeem himself yet.

He went to the dealer who had his pictures, determined to recall and destroy them. Aghast, he was told they were sold. Conceit came back.

"Whom to?" he asked,

He was told a young woman, who gave an exorbitant price for them. She had seen them from the window, had come in and asked after the artist, whose name was in the corner of each, had purchased them, and now had them.

"What was she like?" asked Sheperd.

And then, from the description, he knew that Estelle had his daubs, and he thought less of himself than usual.

He took the money, and resolved to see her and restore it, and have his failures again. But, then, he had made up his mind never to see her!

"Oh, well," he laughed, "she had the pictures, had paid her own price for them, and he really had no right to interfere, and maybe make a fiasco of it all."

The next day he left Paris.

Estelle, rapturous over her pictures, was penniless for the time being; she had given every *son* she possessed in the world for them, for she knew that Monsieur George had of late been in very embarrassing circumstances, and had said he was as poor as some dreadfully named creature—a Yankee, without doubt—and he should not be so if she could help it.

She had determined to send him money in a letter, without any name attached, but she was afraid to do so. And he had told her he had finished two pictures, which he would sell. She traced them. She went the round of all the dealers, and at last found the object of her search, and here they were.

She sent word that day to the manager of the theatre that she was ill, and could not possibly dance. He was in agony. She was obdurate. And the manager explained things to her, and she explained things to him. Result—she must have more money, or she would never get well. That night she danced as usual. "For one must live," said she.

Now, Monsieur George Sheperd traveled by beautiful, quiet ways, beneath the clear blue sky, sketching as he went the quaint old houses, ruinous castles and so on. Having shaken off the yoke of gay, dissipated life, he

would now be an anchorite, and all that he had never hitherto been.

Pastoral now, he worked faithfully. For three months he sketched and laid up the nucleus of what afterward made him famous.

Often in sitting down to his delightful labor, he would think with repugnance of his life in Paris, and more repugnantly than all, of the dancing girl; for he blamed her for having wasted many an hour, although she had harmed him in little.

We always blame our pleasures in our pains. He wondered where she was, and how she had got over his departure; if she still had those pictures.

Then he thought of home, and his brow flushed at the idea of associating so much gentleness with so much of the opposite.

However, *l'homme propose, le Dieu dispose!* as he found out; for one day he came home to the little house where he had a room, feeling tired and heavy; and the next day the world had passed away from him and left him in that other world of delirium. He was ill unto death. Unknown, with little money, among rough, ignorant people, he stood small chance of ever getting well.

Raving in his fever, he called on the name of Estelle, as being in his thought so often. The old country doctor hearing this, and seeing his luggage marked with his initials, with more forethought than precaution sent an advertisement to the Paris papers for a woman whom G. S., a sick artist, at such a village, called by the name of Estelle.

One day passed, no answer. Two days passed. On the third a white, haggard woman presented herself at the farmhouse.

"I am Estelle," she said.

"Are you his wife?" asked the doctor.

"No."

"His sister, perhaps?"

"No."

"Any relation?"

"No—his friend!"

They stepped back from her, these plain, ignorant people. Yet what could they do? They could not nurse an utterly moneyless man; and then what if he died—who would bear the expense, and even responsibility? This woman, then, might stay, for she had established some sort of claim by coming here to nurse him.

She did not look altogether bad; she was pale and quiet and nervous. Yes, she might stay. And she did.

She sat there day after day, night after night, holding cooling cloths to his burning head, making him comfortable and easy, and doing all that a woman loving her charge could do.

The old doctor, cold and curt at first, for he knew all about these women, gradually thawed into kindness when he saw that she was doing more than he did, while he was getting all the praise.

With a lavish hand she dispensed money, and every luxury was insufficient to her idea of the needs of the sufferer. Once she was told that the artist might not live. She had started up, put her hand to her head, then fell on her knees before the man of medicine, and prayed to him.

"Pray to some higher power than mine," he said to her, gently.

She—she, the girl, the outcast of society; she of the dissolute French stage; she who had come here voluntarily in a bad light, and who had taken on this new shame where, at least, she was innocent—she pray!

Love is pure, no matter whether it inhabits a temple

dedicated to holiness or a hut where vice breeds. Fearful and awed, she said awkward, strange words to God, for she was not used to speaking with Him; and yet human souls are not towers of Babel in heaven.

She arose from her kneeling position, and sat down calm and gentle by the bedside. She watched him breathing heavily, and waited and waited till she saw his breath growing fainter and fainter, and at last the large drops stood out on his forehead.

A terrible fear came over her. What did this portend?

Fainter and fainter came the pulsation of his chest, and at last the doctor took his weak, nerveless hand.

She fastened her eyes on the doctor's face.

"Speak!" she cried.

"It is over!" said the old man.

"What?" she gasped.

"The fever has broken—he will live."

Then, with a strange cry, she threw her arms about the doctor's neck, kissed him, and fell fainting to the floor.

* * *

When Sheperd opened his eyes, and after a strong, awful pull with death, knew that he yet had a lease on his life, he met the gaze only of the woman at whose house he was.

Looking for something pleasanter, he

saw fresh flowers on the stand by the window, where the cool breezes wafted their perfume toward him. He noted various little improvements in the room, from the pleasant muslin curtains at the windows to the basket of fruit.

His senses were not so feeble but he understood that strangers were responsible for this, so he asked:

"Where did all these come from?"

"The lady."

"The lady?"

"Yes; you called for her when you were ill, and we sent for her."

"Who is she?" he asked.

"Estelle," said the woman.

He lay back on his pillow after that, shocked, and at odds with himself and her.

Again, the next day, he summoned up courage enough to say:

"Where is she?"

And the woman said:

"In the next room. She is ill of the fever, but is getting on nicely."

After that he never mentioned her name. The room next his was quiet, and only once or twice he heard the

rustling of garments there. In all her sickness she never cried out or spoke a word in murmur.

Changed utterly, she stood no chance of an engagement for the next season. He could imagine all this as he lay there convalescent; he could imagine how miserably he had acted when he had caused her to care so much for him; he could think with a little pleasure, not unmixed with pain, that there was something good in her, after all.

Something good! He dreaded the time when he should see her again.

"Poor girl!" he thought. "I am not worthy of such devotion from one like her; and how much better should I

be to deserve such devotion from those better than her?" Then once came a letter from his father, telling him to come home now, for they wanted him. He forgot all about her then, and, glad and feverish, he wrote a fond answer to America, saying that he had been ill, but now, by a remarkable providence, he was getting well, and would join them in a few weeks. He did not say his providence was a woman. How could he?

He got along finely after that, and one day he left his chamber, and walked in the pleasant green lane outside. There he met Estelle, leaning on the doctor's arm, weak and fearfully altered; he would scarcely have known her. No rouge now, no kohl under the eyes now; pale and



"YOU CAN'T HAVE MY BREAKFAST, CARLO!"



GATHERING MUSHROOMS IN NORMANDY.—SEE PAGE 376.

attenuated she tottered along—and she had gladly taken all this for *him*!

He stepped to her—

"Estelle, how much I owe to you!"

"You are well again," she said, smilingly, but strange.

In her illness, caught from his, she had understood many things never known before. She knew that her love—never caught from his for her—was utterly hopeless as to any better end than to live in itself.

She learned, this dancing-girl, that even angels were created by the same hand that had fashioned her; that maybe these angels had one time had hearts that burned and ached like hers—who was to know otherwise?

It had been a bitter, bitter thing to understand at first, but now everything was clear. And so she had mechanically said:

"You are well again."

"And all from your great help," he answered. "Can I ever thank you? Forgive all the past, Estelle—"

"Forgive!" she interrupted. "There is nothing to forgive."

"And," he went on, "always think of me as the grateful man who would that he could do anything in the world to repay you, if that were possible. I must leave France in a very little while, and may never

see you again; but need I say I shall always remember you?"

"Remember me!" she said. "Yes, that is good."

"And, Estelle," he continued, "I shall be so glad, when far away, to think of you as being better than you used to be"—she flushed up even to her hair—"and that you were holy when you came here and nursed me, a perfect stranger."

"Yes," she replied. "*Entre nous*, Monsieur George—perhaps there is purity sometimes where we least expect to find it. But you—when do you return home?"

"In two weeks. Home, Estelle, where all I love is centred—my mother, my father, and even some one dearer."

"Ah, some one dearer! You spoke in your illness, you know. Your intended wife, perhaps?"

"Yes; and I never told you that, Estelle, in the old times; but now, when I can talk to her of you, and I know she will pray for you, I tell you; and consider how differently I regard you when I can tell you."

"Yes," she said; "and I am glad that you go from here directly to what you love so dearly; it will make you well at once."

"And you—where do you go from here? To Paris?" he inquired.

"One must live, Monsieur George, surely."



EGG-MUSHROOM, SHOWING THE INTERIOR STRUCTURE.

"If I could only——" he began, looking at her, pityingly.

"Voilà tout!" she said, laughing. "There is one good man to whom I go. He is my butcher. He says to me often, 'Be my *femme*, Estelle?' So I shall marry him when I go back. The good doctor here has seen him, and arranged for me."

"I hope you may be happy, Estelle; it is not my fault if you are not."

"Surely not. Oh, yes, I shall be happy. One must live, you know."

So she nodded to him, and the doctor helped her along. And early in the morning, as he had run away for Paris, Mr. Sheperd ran from this little place, feeling even guiltier than at that other time—and yet he knew not why—and vowing that it was not his fault. Neither was it.

THE DISCOVERY OF GRAPE SUGAR.

At the present time, glucose, or artificial grape-sugar, is being made in such quantities, and so much has been said and written for and against it, some regarding it as identical with the natural sugar of fruits and honey, others as differing from it physiologically, if not chemically, that our readers will be interested in the early history of the substance.

The first mention of it was made by T. Lowitz, in an article published in Crell's *Chemische Annalen* for the first half of the year 1792. This journal, then one of the leading scientific periodicals, is now so scarce that no public library in New York city is in possession of a set of it.

Lowitz discovered a peculiar kind of sugar in honey, and gives in that journal a quaint but interesting description of the manner in which he discovered and prepared it.

We may conclude, says Lowitz, that honey owes its sweetness to the abundance of sugar that it contains, but that no one knew how to separate this from the other constituents. This separation was the chief object of his experiments. First he succeeded in removing the peculiar taste, odor, and color by filtering the diluted honey over charcoal, but on attempting to concentrate the solution by evaporation, it turned brown, and showed no tendency to crystallize.

"After several months," he continues, "there appeared in my honey, which had been treated with charcoal and again concentrated, some very small, white, shining bodies of crystalline nature, which gradually increased in quantity, and finally filled out, for the greater part, the whole mass of the honey. In order to be able to investigate the nature of this granular substance, it was necessary to carefully remove from it the brown, thick, sticky substance. This succeeded best by washing it with cold, highly rectified spirits of wine (alcohol). I was delighted to see that by mixing strongly together, the alcohol dissolved the adhesive matter without perceptibly attacking the white granular particles, which were finally entirely cleansed from it by frequent washing with fresh alcohol. The sugary substance that remained on the filter, after gently drying, could be rubbed to a fine and perfectly white powder, which did not attract moisture from the air and possessed an agreeable, sweet taste."

The author goes on to state that all his efforts to obtain regular crystals were fruitless; that the crystalline masses always resembled cauliflowers (or warts), and consisted of very fine needles. He also found that the solution was

lime, an acid remained. This sugar was also decomposed by other caustic alkalies, he says.

After discussing the difference in the action of this sugar and other sugar toward alkalies, Lowitz adds that the other substance extracted from the honey-sugar by alcohol differs from it in no other respect except that it cannot be obtained in a dry form by any means; that to this latter substance honey owes its property of turning brown by heat, for when the honey-sugar has been freed from it the solution can be boiled over the fire without browning. Moreover, this sweet, sticky substance resembles honey-sugar in all other properties, as well in taste as in its action toward caustic alkalies and quicklime.

He concludes with the assertion that there is no hope of our ever being able to make sugar from honey, as something more is necessary than to merely remove the foreign substances.

Reading these remarks with the light that ninety years of research have thrown upon them, they stand forth as remarkable instances of correct observation. The crystals which he obtained were dextrose, or ordinary glucose, while the uncrystallizable sugar is now known as levulose—a mixture of the two constituting fruit-sugar as it exists in honey.

Ten years or more elapsed before Kirchhoff discovered the now important fact that this form of sugar could be made from starch by the action of dilute acids; and a half a century rolled away before the manufacture of sugar from starch became one of the large—very large—chemical industries.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

It was an ancient privilege allowed to the clergy of claiming when accused of felony to be delivered up to an ecclesiastical judge—always favorable to his own Order—for compurgation, instead of being tried in the ordinary way before the lay judges of the land. In ancient times few persons, except those in Holy Orders, could read, and accordingly the test for an accused person claiming benefit of clergy was his ability to read. If he could not, the court would not part with the defendant, but proceed to try him as if he were a layman.

Afterward, when education became more general, other persons besides clergymen were able to read; and so, in the reign of Edward III., Parliament extended the privilege of clergy, as it is called, to clerical laymen until the reign of Elizabeth. Women were not allowed their clergy until the reign of William and Mary, when Parliament extended the benefit to them. In the reign of Henry VII., however, a blow was aimed at this singular privilege as enjoyed by laymen, and a statute was then passed against "diverse persons lettered, who have been more bold to commit murder, rapes, robbery, theft, as well as all other mischievous deeds," which enacted that persons "not within Holy Orders" accused of these offenses, and convicted thereof, were in cases of murder to be marked with the letter "M" on the brawn of the left thumb, and in all others with the letter "T," to denote, it is presumed, that the person had been guilty of theft. In cases of high treason benefit of clergy was never allowed to be pleaded.

It is stated that when an accused person claimed his clergy, it was usual to test his learning by requesting him to read the first verse of the fifty-first Psalm, which in Latin begins with the words, "*Miserere mei Deus*." In addition to the extraordinary character of this proceeding, in which a touch of grim humor seems perceptible, its absurdity is apparent, for of course men might easily have coached themselves up in the required test.

The ecclesiastical judge, who was generally the bishop, might, however, have given the defendant anything else to read; and in either case, in the event of his inability to comply, might have handed him over to the law, and this proceeding generally meant death. A custom which favored criminals solely on account of their good education appears to us, who live in times when it is justly thought that superior intelligence adds a stain to criminality of any kind, to be in the highest degree absurd; yet we are told by able writers that the benefit of clergy, or learning—for "clergy" is here tantamount thereto—was not so ridiculous as it seems. Without saying more on the subject, it may be stated that the privilege was abolished in the reign of George IV.

FIRE STRAIGHT—1810.

BY SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

You'll fire straight, comrades! They gave me
Five minutes, the officer said;
Five minutes, and when they are counted,
I shall lie at your feet there, lie dead!
I shall know all about it; what's coming,
And what it has meant, and the rest;
I shall know, but not come back to tell it;
You'll aim at the head and the breast!

"Time for a prayer, my poor fellow."
God bless him! his blue eyes were dim;
I'd have followed him, choose where he led me,
So they spared me for battle and him.
Prayer! I don't know, it's something like funking
To pray when all else is too late;
Like a rat driven into a corner,
I mayn't bite for my life. You'll shoot straight?

I remember the prayer that she taught me,
The old mother, up in the north;
She'd kneel where nor'easters were blowing,
And the cobble was out in the Forth;
But for all that she prayed the squall caught them,
And swamped them, both skipper and boat:
It cheered her when I took the shilling—
'Twas better than going afloat.

Was it? Maybe. My stripes—will you ask him,
When you've fired, and all of it's done,
If she, the old woman, may have them,
For the sake of her ne'er-do-well son?
Could he say I was "shot"? She's nigh fourscore;
Might she think—with my face to the foe?
There's no need she should hear of this morning,
And the "firing-party," you know.

And I was no coward—eh, comrades?
'Twas the blink of a dark Spanish eye
That lured me from post and from duty;
Oh, yes, it is fair I should die!
I'd like to have lain 'mid the heather.
Here's the coat and the watch, take 'em, mate;
Time's up, the great Captain is Mercy;
All comes right under Him. Now, shoot straight.

AN ANGRY TREE.

A GENTLEMAN of Virginia, Nev., has a tree which is a species of acacia. It was grown from a seed brought from Australia. The tree is now a sapling some eight feet in height, and is in full foliage and growing rapidly. It is leguminous, and very distinctly shows the characteristics of the mimosa, or sensitive plant. Regularly every evening, about the time the "chickens go to roost," the tree goes to roost. The leaves fold together, and the ends of the tender twigs coil themselves up like the tail of a well-conditioned pig.

After one of the twigs has been stroked or handled, the leaves move uneasily and are in a sort of mild commotion for a minute or more. All this was known about the tree, but it was only recently that it was discovered that the tree had in it much more life and feeling than it had ever before been credited with. The tree being in quite a small pot, one which it was fast outgrowing, it was thought best to give it one of much larger size. It was therefore transferred to its new quarters. It resented the operation of its removal to the best of its ability.

Arriving at his residence about the time the tree had been transplanted, the gentleman found the house in grand commotion. On asking what was up, he was told that they had transplanted the tree according to orders, and that the operation had "made it very mad."

Scarcely had it been placed in its new quarters before the leaves began to stand up in all directions like the hair on the tail of an angry cat, and soon the whole plant was in a quiver. This could have been endured, but at the same time it gave out an odor most pungent and sickening—just such a smell as is given off by rattlesnakes and many other kinds of snakes in Summer when teased. This odor so filled the house and was so sickening that it was found necessary to open the doors and windows. It was fully an hour before the plant calmed down and folded its leaves in peace. It would probably not have given up the fight even then had it not been that its time for going to roost had arrived.

A MAGNIFICENT CHURCH.

THERE is in Lisbon an institution known as the Misericordia, whose object is to alleviate all kinds of distress. One peculiar duty which the directors undertake is the care of criminals. From the time that the death-penalty is decreed the criminal is allowed three days to prepare for death. During this time he is in charge of the Misericordia. When the hour comes he is clothed in white by the brothers, a cord is put round his neck and a crucifix in his hand, and, accompanied by a priest on either side, he proceeds to the place of execution.

Connected with this establishment is the Church of St. Roch, which contains probably the most sumptuous chapel in Christendom. The story goes that Don John V., struck with its bareness and the fact of its dedication to the saint of his name, resolved to make it a marvel of splendor. It was erected in Rome regardless of cost, and, when completed, put up in St. Peter's, where the Pope first officiated on its altar. It was then shipped in pieces to Lisbon.

The wall on the outside of the principal arch is coral, the arch of alabaster. The pavement is rich mosaic, inlaid with porphyry. The altar steps are of porphyry and bronze, the rails of verd antique. There are eight columns of lapis-lazuli, their bases being alabaster studded with amethysts, their capitals bronze. The altar is of lapis-lazuli, jasper and amethysts. The lamps are of exquisitely wrought silver. The chapel is further enriched by entablatures of high art in silver, and magnificent pictures. Napoleon contemplated the removal of the whole to France, but before it could be arranged his star waned.

WE are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the litigation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps.



CAVE-CULTURE OF MUSHROOMS IN FRANCE—FORMING THE BEDS.

A MUSHROOM.

BY WORTHINGTON G. SMITH.

THE common edible mushroom grows in short, rich pastures, and, as a rule, nowhere else. It has a very pleasant odor, and may be readily distinguished from all other agarics by the following characters: the chief parts being the cap, or top, and stem. The cap is very seldom more than three or four inches in diameter, and its inner substance is white, or slightly pink, moderately firm, and never thin, brittle or watery. The top of the cap is white, whitish, or pale-brown or buff, dry and slightly flocculose, never smooth, never viscid. The covering or skin of the top depends from the edge as a narrow, regular frill, and if this frill-like edge be taken between the finger and thumb, the top of the mushroom can be entirely peeled. The gills underneath the cap are at first rose-color, then purple-brown, at length almost black; they are never permanently rose-color, or white, and never black in a young state. The gills never actually touch the stem. The stem is generally about three inches high, neither solid nor hollow, but lightly stuffed up the middle with a somewhat loose pith. The stem is furnished with a ring

round its middle, which becomes ragged with age. The dust-like spores or seed-like bodies which fall from the gills, and to which we shall afterward advert, are purple-brown, or almost (never quite) black in color. The common edible mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*, L.) is one

of the best known and most cosmopolitan of plants. It grows freely in all parts of the world, though more frequent in temperate than in tropical regions. It everywhere grows on grassy plains, commonly the plains of level countries, and in places where flocks of sheep and herds of cattle are pastured, hence the correctness of the Latin specific name, *campestris*, given by Linnæus. As a rule, the mushroom never grows in true meadows, where grass is grown for hay, but in short, rich pastures, and on flat downs, where the grass is continually eaten off by animals. The strong growth of high meadow grass would be fatal to the growth of the true mushroom. In addition to the genuine edible mushroom, empirically known by its small size and place of growth, there are numerous varieties of the true mushroom known to botanists, horticulturists and mushroom-growers. There is a small, genuine and excellent mushroom with a brown and scaly top, sometimes found in pastures and amongst the short grass of roadsides. When broken, the flesh of this variety turns to a pale carmine, or pink color. This is the *Agaricus pratensis*. There is a close ally named *A. rufescens*, Berk., in which the flesh turns to a much brighter red when bruised or broken. There are two varieties, named *A. vaporarius*, Otto and Vitt., distinguished by minute botanical characters, and there is the woodland variety known as *A. silvicola*, Vitt., with a smooth cap and long, bulbous stem. This form grows in woods, but its botanical characters and its place of growth are suspicious. The horse mushroom (*A. arvensis*, Schæff.) is the "field

COMMON MUSHROOM (*AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS*).

THE MOREL.

mushroom" of botanists. This plant grows in fields and meadows, and often forms large fairy rings under and near trees. It frequently attains a very large size—all "gigantic mushrooms" are "horse-mushrooms." This form has a tawny, scaly top, and its flesh turns to a yellow or brownish color when bruised

pertain to the true mushroom and its numerous congeners. Colored drawings are of great aid in the determination of doubtful forms.



HORSE-MUSHROOMS (*AGARICUS ARVENSIS*).

or broken. It is a coarse species, or variety, generally wholesome, but occasionally indigestible or bad.

The mushroom of our markets and of professional mushroom-growers has been named *A. hortensis*, Cke. It is generally described as a variety of the true edible mushroom, but it is



CULTIVATED MUSHROOM (*AGARICUS HORTENSIS*).

much nearer in all its qualities to the inferior horse-mushroom (*A. arvensis*, Schreff.). The mushroom of our mushroom-beds (*Agaricus hortensis*), whatever it may be, species, variety or hybrid, has been mainly selected for cultivation for its ready and prolific growth on dung-heaps and in cellars, outhouses and dark places. The true pasture mushroom, as a rule, refuses to



THE CHANTARELLE (*CANTHARELLUS CIBARIUS*).

grow in such positions. There are several other allied species and varieties of mushroom, well known to botanists, with qualities, in some instances, certain, in other cases unknown; but it would be beyond our province to describe them all in the present paper. Occasionally varieties are seen that differ from every described species. Such forms appear to be genuine hybrids. It is almost impossible to describe in words all the shapes and colors which ap-

CAVE-CULTURE OF MUSHROOMS—WATCHING THE BEDS.



Mushrooms, and especially such as are cultivated on mushroom-beds, frequently grow in an abnormal manner,

and these forms are very puzzling to beginners. Occasionally they put on a puff-ball character, with gills inside and no stem. Sometimes the gills grow on the top of the cap instead of underneath; at other times the gills form a spongy mass, instead of being regularly disposed in radiating plates from the stem. Sometimes the stem is ringless. One of the commonest aberrant forms is termed the proliferous condition. In this state a second mushroom grows in an inverted position on the top of the original mushroom, and it is not uncommon to see even a third mushroom growing on the inverted stem of the second.

The artificially-grown mushrooms of our markets and gardens are certainly not the same with the genuine mushrooms of our pastures. The naturally grown mushrooms of the street-venders are simply the fungi gathered promiscuously by the venders themselves in fields and plantations. Genuine mushrooms are rarely present in hawkers' baskets. The horse-mushroom, however, frequently appears, together with several poisonous and non-poisonous species (to be hereafter referred to), and easily distinguished by a fungologist.

The reason that fatal accidents do not more frequently occur from the consumption of these dubious mushrooms is that the poisonous properties, when present, are more or less dissipated by the fire in cooking, or neutralized by the salt, pepper, bread, and other articles consumed at the same time with the fungi.

The general proportions of the true edible mushroom are accurately shown in Fig. 1. The parts consist of the cap (*pileus*), A; the gills (*lamellæ*), B; the stem (*stipes*), C; and the collar or ring (*annulus*), D. The same parts are shown in section in Fig. 2. The top of the true mushroom is furnished with a somewhat flocculose cuticle, skin, or veil (*velum*), which readily separates from the flesh of the cap, as at E, Fig. 1. The veil is, during the infancy of the fungus, continuous with the ring of the stem, and serves to wrap the very young plant in one continuous wrapper, as in the section at F, Fig. 2. The clothly veil or skin is shown at the moment of rupture at G, Fig. 2. The remains of the ruptured veil are generally seen in the form of a narrow dependent margin to the cap, as shown at J J in Figs. 1 and 2. The cap in the mushroom is never thin, watery, and brittle, but always firm and fleshy. The gills are somewhat crowded together, at first whitish, then rose-color, at length dark-purple, brown, or almost black. The gills are sub-deliquescent, but never truly deliquescent.

A point of considerable importance in the determination of the true mushroom is the presence of a small channel round the top of the stem, at the point of insertion of stem into cap, seen at H H in Fig. 2. In the true mushroom the gills do not touch the stem, and the stem readily breaks away from the cap, leaving a hollow at the point of insertion. The stem of the mushroom is stuffed, neither solid nor hollow, but loosely packed with a cottony pith. The collar round the stem at D D (Figs. 1 and 2) is one of the characters upon which the correct determination of the mushroom depends, and the absence of a collar is a fatal objection to any mushroom-like fungus.

A true mushroom is always dry, never wet or viscid. It also has a pleasant odor, very different from the nitrous or offensive smells peculiar to some of the fungi which resemble the mushroom in form and color. If these characters are taken, with the general nature of the true habitat—viz., rich and airy pastures, little fear of error in determination need be apprehended. Edible mushrooms never, as a rule, grow in woods, never in wet meadows, never on rotten stumps and palings, and seldom on dung or under the shades of trees.

The structure of a mushroom is very simple, and it possesses none of the complicated parts found in some flowering plants, ferns, and mosses. A mushroom is wholly built up of cells or semi-transparent bladders of extreme minuteness. So small and light are these cells that it takes one and a half million of millions (billions) of them, with their contained water, to form every ounce of the mushroom's weight. Some of these minute bladders are sausage-shaped, others are round, whilst a third set, on and near the gills, ultimately get colored and otherwise differentiated, till at last the dark-colored spores (the minute reproductive bodies analogous with seeds) are produced.

The stem of a mushroom is entirely composed of an infinite number of microscopic, sausage-shaped cells or bladders, placed end on end, and slightly interlaced. As these bladders approach the cap, and especially as they approach the surface of the gills, they gradually get rounder and denser. Water is a large constituent in the mushroom; it forms ninety per cent. of the whole plant, and passing through the walls of the cells permeates the whole fungi.

All the more interesting structural points in a mushroom are to be found in the cap, chiefly in and upon the gills. To make an examination of the minute structure of the mushroom, the first thing necessary is to cut off the stem, and then cut a slice off the edge of the mushroom, as seen at A, Fig. 3. When this small slice is removed, the gills will be seen cut across as in the diagram, and the gills now seen in section will resemble a number of teeth naturally outlined with a dark line, as shown. This dark line is a section of the *hymenium*, or hymenial surface, and this surface is studded all over with the seeds or spores destined (under favorable circumstances) to reproduce the species. The hymenial surface or layer covers and follows all the folds of the gills, and it can in some fungi be peeled off and laid out flat like a handkerchief, or be floated in water as one continuous film. It may be compared in some fungi with the external layer on the convolutions of the brain of animals. A pocket lens, or even a low power of the microscope, will show us little or nothing of the minute parts of a mushroom. To see even the constituent cells we must begin with a power of about 120 diameters.

Our object now is to understand the structure of the gills in mushrooms, as seen in the section exposed at A, Fig. 3. For this purpose we must slice off an extremely thin and transparent fragment, such as might be inclosed in the very small square at B, Fig. 3. It should be said here that this square is represented at least ten times as large as the square the gills would naturally present. The drawing at Fig. 3 is a diagram, and necessarily conventional. The gills in nature are really as thin as sheets of writing-paper, and the atom to be seen in section would only well cover the point of a pin. When we get this transparent slice from the exposed surface of one of the gills, place it on clean glass, and magnify it 120 diameters, we see it as in Fig. 4. We here perceive the minute constituent cells or bladders quite distinctly. The longer and looser ones running down the middle (A A) belong to the *trama*, tramway or passage down the middle and between the two sides of the gills. The rounder and more compact cells at each side of the figure (B B) are the slightly-tinted cells of the *hymenium* or spore-baring surface. The minute hollow dots running up the extreme edges on both sides are the spores. In some black-spored agarics the spores are so large that they can be clearly seen with a Coddington lens, but in the pasture mushroom they are so small that a power of 120 diameters is

perfectly useless for making them out. Fig. 5 shows us what can be seen with a magnifying power of 1,500 diameters.

It is needful for us now to direct our attention to the very edge of the section only, so that we may understand the nature of the hymenial surface. The cells at and about A A, Fig. 5, are the ordinary cells or bladders of which the plant is built up; but as these cells approach the surface at the left edge they become "differentiated" (as botanists say), or become possessed of peculiar properties not possessed by the ordinary cells of the plant.

The more important of the hymenial cells are shown at B B. These bladders are termed basidia, sporophores, or spore carriers. At first they resemble the ordinary cells, but they speedily become furnished with four small horns (C C C C), spicules, or "sterigmata." These horns bud at the pit (D D), and the buds speedily grow into spores (E E). The spores are at first white, then rose-color, at length almost black. Two spores appear at a time diagonally on the spicules of the basidia, and as the two other spores on the remaining spicules quickly appear, they push off the two that were first formed in the manner shown at F F. Each spore is furnished with a minute projection at its base, analogous to an umbilicus. This projection indicates the point of attachment to the mother mushroom.

We may pause here for an instant to say that when, a few years ago, the great controversy was going on about "spontaneous generation," one of the leaders of the movement illustrated a spontaneously-generated spore. The spore was illustrated with a projection of this nature, plainly showing (by the umbilical spot) that it must have fallen from a true mother fungus. The sporophore, or spore-carrier, is clearly analogous to a female organism, but the presence or not of a male organism in the mushroom is much disputed. Many botanists, including the writer, believe male organs to be present in the cells, H H, named cysts, or cystidia. These cystidia are present (though often obscure) in all mushroom-like fungi; they are abundant on the hymenial surface, though less in number than the spore-carriers. The basidia, or spore-carriers, are about equal in number with the simple cells that are exposed on the hymenial surface. The cystidia are about one-quarter the number of the basidia; they are filled with protoplasm, and carry excessively minute granules in suspension. In some species there is a cover, which at a certain period of the growth of this fungus, flies off the cyst, and the minute granules sail out. Some botanists look upon these granules as analogous with the pollen in flowering plants, and the antherozoids of algae, mosses and ferns.

Returning to the spores, they are each furnished with a distinct coat, which is at first white, becoming rose-color, at length (from oxidization) purplish-black. They are filled with condensed protoplasm, and are destined (after the manner of seeds) to reproduce the parent plant. When ripe, they drop away, or are pushed off from the hymenium, and if they fall in any suitable place they speedily burst. The bursting commonly takes place at both ends (H H), and the contained vital fluid, or protoplasm, pours out in the form of a fine thread. The spores burst readily enough on glass, damp linen, paper, and on various other materials in moist air. In a ripe mushroom, the spores of course fall from the hymenium to the earth in tens of thousands, and if the ground is suitably damp, and the air warm and moist, tens of thousands of fine mushroom threads will be produced on and in the ground, and this thready interlaced material, when incorporated with old dung and earth, is the "mushroom-spawn" of the mushroom-grower.

A good way to see mushroom spores is to cut the stem off a mushroom close to the cap, and place the cap gills downward on a sheet of white writing-paper or glass. If left all night in this position, a plentiful deposit of the spores will have fallen on to the paper or glass by the morning. In the mushroom the ripe spores are deep purplish-black or purplish-brown in color, and this is one of the essential characters of the plant. Spores are short-lived, and when shed in an unsuitable place speedily perish; they cannot withstand any extremes of heat, dryness or moisture. Not so the spawn; this, when once formed, can remain in a quiescent or resting condition for several years, though a superabundance of humidity or drought will, no doubt, injure or at length destroy it. The spawn, like the fungus which arises from it, is wholly cellular, and it carries the growth of fungi on from year to year in the same way as does the quiescent resting-spore of the fungus of the potato disease.

Mushrooms are commonly looked upon as amongst the most rapid growing of all known plants; but this idea, correct on the whole, requires some little modification. It must be remembered that the ripe spores of the mushroom fall to the ground in October, and at that time burst and begin to form the perennial mycelium. The growth of this spawn or mycelium goes steadily on in the ground all through the Winter, and all through the succeeding Spring and Summer. This spawn gradually gets denser and denser, and forms more and more cells whilst it is still hidden in the earth. When the Autumn comes once again it is commonly forgotten that a whole year's subterranean growth of the mushroom has been going on unseen, and that bulb-like growths of the mushroom are present underground (like bulbs of lilies), ready to start into rapid growth on the advent of proper and favorable conditions.

The warm and moist air of October is highly favorable for the development of mushrooms from the dense masses of living and mature subterranean fungus-spawn. From June to October mushroom "buttons," ranging from the size of a pin's point or head to that of a hazel-nut, may always be seen if the earth is turned over in mushroom-producing pastures. These buttons, if dissected, will be found to have all the parts of the mushroom in a firm and consolidated state. The warm Autumn rains soon distend the cells of the "buttons" to ten times their Summer size, and then the young mushrooms peep out of the ground as white buttons the size of a large marble. The warm air of one or two days is sufficient for further growth, and the complete expansion of the umbrella like cap.

The supposition that mushrooms come up in a single night is founded on imperfect observation; the young plants are hidden by the grass and earth, and get overlooked. Experienced fungologists know perfectly well where the Autumn agarics will appear even during the Spring months; the condition of the pasture grass gives a clear indication. It is exactly the same with truffles; fungologists know at a glance, far better than any truffle dog, where truffles are certainly to be found; the neighboring trees, the semi-open spots, the soil, calcareous or otherwise, give unerring indications.

Several fungi are frequently mistaken for true mushrooms by inexperienced persons, and the greatest stumbling-block is, no doubt, *Agaricus, fastibilis*, Fr., and its close ally, *A. crustuliniformis*, Bull. These two agarics generally grow in woods. They are clammy to the touch, have a very disagreeable smell, and the clay-brown but never black gills distinctly touch the ringless stem. The cap has no distinct hanging frill at the edge, and the

spores or seeds are clay-brown in color. These agarics look considerably like horse-mushrooms to an inexperienced observer, and they are sometimes seen exposed for sale with mushrooms in markets. They are highly poisonous.

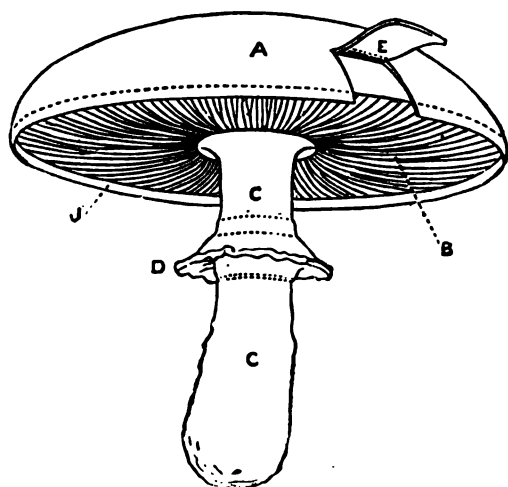


FIG. 1.—THE EDIBLE MUSHROOM (*AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS*).

A trustworthy account has been published of the dangerous *A. fastibilis*, Fr., invading mushroom-beds and ousting the bed-mushrooms. Whether an incident of this

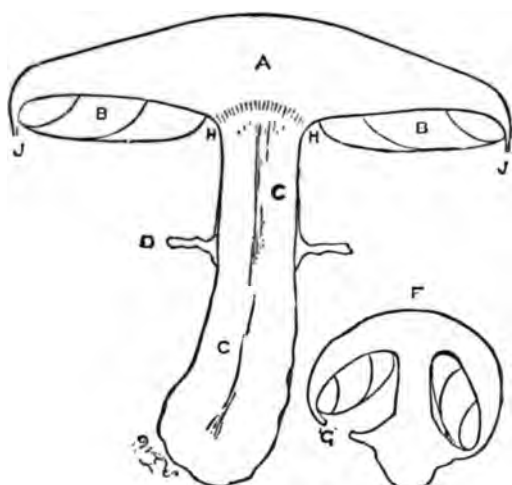


FIG. 2.—SECTION THROUGH A MATURE AND "BUTTON" EDIBLE MUSHROOM.

class occurs rarely or frequently no one knows just now; but it certainly adds a serious difficulty to the correct determination of fungi, edible or otherwise, bought from

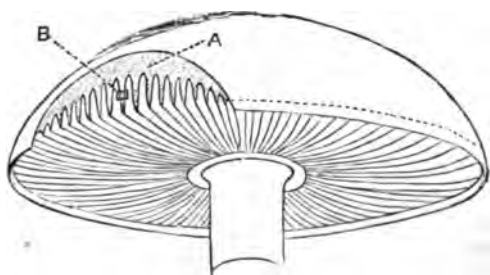


FIG. 3.—SECTION REMOVED FROM THE EDGE OF CAP OF EDIBLE MUSHROOM PREPARATORY TO MINUTE EXAMINATION.

dealers. Much more like a true mushroom is *A. cervinus*, Schæff., but this plant almost invariably grows on rotten stumps. The stem is perfectly ringless, and there is no

hanging frill round the edge of cap. The gills are white, then permanently pink, never black. This is a suspicious species, belonging to a dangerous class. Not far removed from the true mushroom is *Agaricus velutinus*. This plant resembles a slender, thin-fleshed mushroom, with a hanging fringe round the edge of cap; and brown, at length black, gills, which in this species distinctly touch

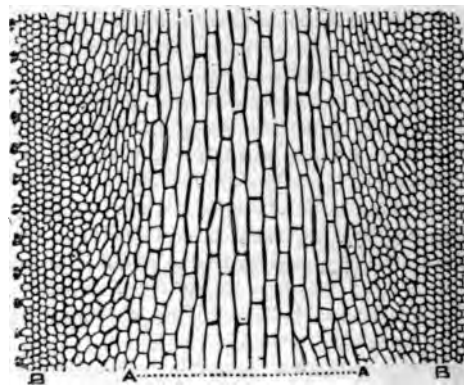


FIG. 4.—TRANSVERSE SECTION THROUGH FRAGMENT OF GILL OF EDIBLE MUSHROOM, SHOWING CELL STRUCTURE.

the ringless hollow stem. It generally grows about rotten stumps, about dung, and in gardens. It is commonly exposed for sale with mushrooms, and like the next

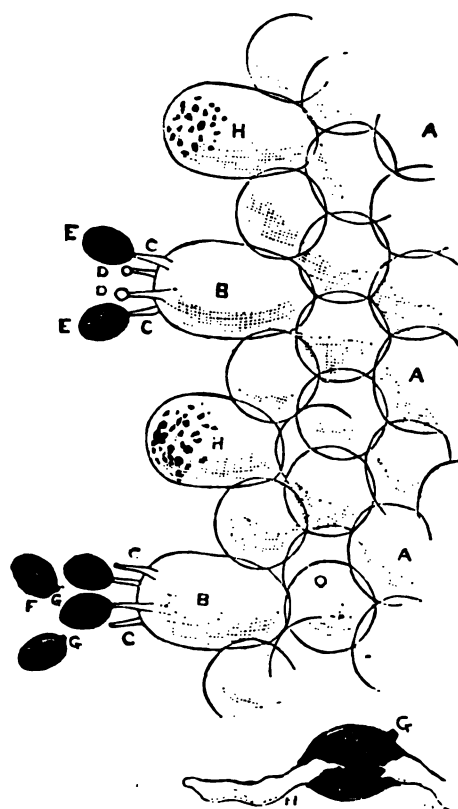


FIG. 5.—SECTION THROUGH SURFACE CELLS OF GILL OF THE EDIBLE MUSHROOM, SHOWING SPORES, ETC., ENLARGED 1,500 DIAMETERS. GERMINATING SPORE AT FOOT ENLARGED 3,000 DIAMETERS.

is largely used for ketchup-making. It, however, belongs to a suspicious cohort, and is probably dangerous.

A. lacrymans, Bull., is frequently seen in mushroom-baskets. It is an ally of the last, but more like a mushroom. It grows in the same places with the last, and is as fleshy as a true mushroom. The gills, however,

distinctly touch the hollow stem, and are generally studded with drops of moisture like tears, hence its name. This is, no doubt, a very doubtful if not dangerous plant.

The writer has investigated at different times many cases of poisoning from the consumption of "poisonous mushrooms," and in nearly every case the poisoning has arisen from fungi totally different in every respect from true mushrooms. One serious case was where a man had gathered a lot of scarlet-colored fungi from a wood, and with his wife and family had consumed them for supper. The taste of the species (*Russula fragilis*, Fr.) is hot, like fire. Perhaps some of the pungency was dissipated in cooking, but a fiery-hot taste is often put down to "too much pepper."

Another person gathered a basket full of semi-putrid

vomiting and purging ensue. A few years ago the writer was called upon to identify some fungi which had nearly killed an engine-driver. The fungi were gathered at Hendon, in England, and belonged to *Agaricus stercorarius*, Fr., an ally of the edible mushroom, but very much smaller in size, and always found growing on dung. The engine-driver ate a pint of these things; in half an hour he had severe pains in the head, with giddiness and oppressed breathing. He soon began to stagger as if tipsy, and said he felt like "passing through an arcade." In three hours he became somewhat convulsed, with twitchings of the muscles of the face. At this period a strong mustard emetic was administered by a doctor without effect, and the doctor hastily left the patient to fetch some sulphate of zinc. The doctor had only left a few moments when the engine-driver became greatly excited, and



PRINTING A NEWSPAPER BY SUN-POWER.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

fungi from rotten stumps, and cooked and consumed them, with unpleasant results. A third went into a London park, and gathered innumerable minute specimens from dung. When cooked this repast also had a disagreeable ending. A good test for an edible mushroom is its pleasant odor and its agreeable taste when raw, for most of the dangerous species are highly disagreeable to the nose and pungent to the palate when first gathered. Some act in another way, and cause speedy constriction in the throat. Cooking often causes the more serious poisonous properties to pass away from dangerous fungi. It must, however, be confessed that some of the most dangerous and insidious species are almost scentless and tasteless both when raw and cooked.

The symptoms of fungus poisoning are various. Effects similar to narcotic poisoning from laudanum, etc., are common. Giddiness, delirium, pains in the limbs are frequent, whilst at other times intestine irritation, excessive

rushed wildly out of the house into the street. Two doctors who followed found the poisoned man in a prostrated and lethargic state in a neighbor's house. Twenty grains of sulphate of zinc were now given, and this dose produced vomiting, and pieces of the poisonous fungi were brought up. Soon after the emetic the patient was again seized with sudden excitement, and he again rushed wildly into the street. Emetics were again administered, and the stomach was entirely cleared with the stomach-pump. In the course of a few hours, the patient recovered. He said he had experienced no pain in the stomach or bowels at any time, but when the convulsive paroxysms came on he felt an irresistible desire to run.

A bilious feeling and great nausea are common and early symptoms of fungus poisoning. In the absence of medical advice (or even with it) doses of sweet oil are an excellent palliative in mushroom poisoning. Repeated

doses of oil are harmless ; they almost invariably produce vomiting—which is, of course, what is primarily required—and have a tendency to lessen the irritation of the throat and intestines caused by the noxious fungi.

PRINTING A NEWSPAPER BY SUN-POWER.

At a popular *fête* in the Tuileries Gardens (writes a correspondent of the *London Times*) I was struck with an experiment which seems deserving of the immediate attention of the English public and of the military authorities. Among the attractions of the *fête* was an apparatus for the concentration and utilization of solar heat, and though the sun was not very brilliant, I saw this apparatus set in motion a printing-machine, which printed several thousand copies of a specimen newspaper, entitled the *Soliel Journal*. The sun's rays are concentrated in a reflector, which moves at the same rate as the sun, and heats a vertical boiler, setting the motive steam-engine at work. As may be supposed, the only object was to demonstrate the possibility of utilizing the concentrated heat of the solar rays ; but I closely examined it, because the apparatus seemed capable of great utility in existing circumstances. Here in France, indeed, there is a radical drawback—the sun is often overclouded.

Thousands of years ago the idea of utilizing the solar rays must have suggested itself, and there are still savage tribes who know no other mode of combustion ; but the scientific application has hitherto been lacking. This void this apparatus will fill up. About fifteen years ago Professor Mouchon, of Tours, began constructing such an apparatus, and his experiments have been continued by M. Pifre, who has devoted much labor and expense to realizing M. Mouchon's idea. A company has now come to his aid, and has constructed a number of apparatus of different sizes at a factory which might speedily turn out a large number of them.

It is evident that in a country of uninterrupted sunshine the boiler might be heated in thirty or forty minutes. A portable apparatus could boil two and one-half quarts an hour, or, say four gallons a day, thus supplying, by distillation or ebullition, six or eight men. The apparatus can be easily carried on a man's back, and on condition of water, even of the worst quality, being obtainable, good drinking and cooking water is insured. M. de Rougaumond, a young scientific writer, has just published an interesting volume on the invention.

I was able yesterday to verify his statements, for I saw cider made, a pump set in motion and coffee made—in short, the calorific action of the sun superseding that of fuel. The apparatus, no doubt, has not yet reached perfection, but, as it is, it would enable the soldier in India or Egypt to procure in the field good water and to cook his food rapidly. The invention is of special importance to England just now, but even when the Egyptian question is settled the Indian troops might find it of inestimable value. Red tape should for once be disregarded, and a competent commission forthwith be sent to 30 Rue d'Assas, with instructions to report immediately, for every minute saved may avoid suffering for Englishmen fighting abroad for their country. I may, of course, be mistaken, but a commission would decide, and if the apparatus is good the slightest delay in its adoption would be indeed deplorable.

If you feel angry, beware: lest you become revengeful.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

HEARING IN INSECTS.—The sense of hearing in insects has been recently studied by Herr Gruber. Of air-insects he found the cockroach (*Blatta Germanica*) very sensitive. On sounding a violin-note, when a cockroach was running across the floor, the creature always suddenly stopped. Again, a number of these cockroaches were inclosed in a glass vessel, and on making a strong sound, there was evident agitation and excitement ; some would fall down from the glass, as if paralyzed. A cockroach was hung by a thread from its hind leg ; when it was quiet, a bow was drawn sharply over the violin-strings at the distance of about four feet, whereupon the insect was greatly excited, and struggled round, getting its head uppermost. Beetles also were readily affected by sounds ; but grubs and ants gave no certain indications. Of aquatic insects, various kinds of *Corixa* were tried. These would often remain quite quiet for several minutes, but on tapping the glass with a glass tube, they rushed about in much agitation. A disk at the end of a long rod, drawn to and fro in the water near a quiet *Corixa* produced no effect ; but on conducting the sound of a struck bell into the liquid by the rod, there was lively reaction ; similarly, when a glass bell, stroked with a bow, was brought to touch the water. These creatures were also sensitive to high violin notes in air, to the sound of a metal plate struck with a hammer, etc. Still more sensitive to sound were various aquatic beetles (*Laccophilus*, *Laccobius*, *Nepaeoneres*, etc.) On the other hand, various larvae, especially of ephemeroidea, were unaffected ; but these were sensitive to mechanical agitation of the water. Herr Gruber considers the response the insects made to sound an indication of true hearing, and not mere reflex action.

INDIA-RUBBER OIL.—Dr. Beckert, of Spandau, has patented in Germany an india-rubber oil, which is intended to serve as a protective against rust. According to the description published in the German technical press, the rough oils obtained in the dry distillation of brown coal, peat or other bituminous substances, are subjected to a further distillation. Thinly-rolled india-rubber, cut into small strips, is saturated with a fourfold quantity of this oil, and is let stand for eight days. This mass thus composed is subjected to the action of vulcan oil or a similar liquid until a homogeneous, clear substance is formed. If this substance is applied in as thin a layer as possible on a metal surface, it forms, after slow drying, a kind of skin which insures an absolute protection against atmospheric influences. The durability of this covering is said to be most satisfactory. India-rubber oil is also said to be effective in the removal of rust which has already been formed, though we do not see in what way it can operate to do this.

CRIMINAL statistics are remarkably even, where accurately kept, as in France. Take the proportion of men to women guilty of crime there, for instance—it remains the same as it did thirty years ago, viz., eighty-four per cent. male to sixteen per cent. female. But in one respect there is a remarkable change, which is proof of what we have often maintained—that mere book-learning will not diminish crime. The proportion of criminals able to read and write to those unable to do so has, of course, with the dissemination of education increased. It has done so, however, to a surprising extent. In the first quinquennial period the proportion was sixty-one per cent. unable to read and write to thirty-seven per cent. able to read and write, two per cent. having received a superior education. The proportion has gradually become inverted, till, in the last quinquennial period, the proportion is thirty per cent. unable to read and write to sixty-six per cent. able to read and write, four per cent. having received a superior education.

PROFESSOR CRUDELLI, of Rome, points out in the *Pratitioner* that the keeping of plants in ill-ventilated rooms may cause malarious infections even in regions where malaria is unknown. Professor Eichwald, of St. Petersburg, reports the case of a lady who was attacked by true intermittent fever while lying in a room containing plants, yet after the removal of the flower-pots a cure without relapse was effected. The unwholesome influence is said to be due not to the plants, but to the damp earth in which they grow.

M. D'ABRABIE has observed that the elephant-hunters who frequent the miasmatic districts of the Soudan protect themselves from fever by the daily use of a fumigation with sulphur. He has also found that near the sulphur mines there is a remarkable absence of miasmatic fevers. It has been asked : If sulphur fumes are a prophylactic against zymotic disease, may not the coal smoke of London and elsewhere have a sanitary value ?

A LARGE REFRIGERATOR. The Quincy Market Cold Storage Company, of Boston are said to have the largest refrigerating building in the world. It is of stone and brick, 160 by 80 feet in size, and 70 feet in height. The capacity is 800,000 cubic feet, the cost \$200,000, and the ice chamber holds 600,000 tons of ice. It will be used for storing dressed beef and mutton. The Chicago refrigerator cars unload at the door.

AN eminent authority on illuminating gas, Mr. Sugg, insists that one point of great importance in the construction of a gas-burner is that the gas should not be heated until it arrives at the point of ignition. The body of the chamber below that point must, therefore, be made of a material which is a bad conductor of heat, to prevent an undue expansion of the gas and maintain the heat of the flame.

CASKS may be freed from their soluble matter by being two-thirds filled with clean, pure water, and adding a pound or two of common soda. When this is dissolved the cask is to be filled to the bung, and allowed to stand ten or twelve days. After this it should be repeatedly rinsed with clear water.

A FRENCH chemist claims to have discovered a method of overcoming the danger threatening vineyards from the ravages of the phylloxera. His process is to inoculate the vines with the phenol poison. The phylloxera do not attack plants thus treated, and are extirpated for want of food. The vines are in no way injured by the inoculation process.

SOME experiments by M. Gautier appear to prove that human saliva possesses, in a milder degree, the same poisonous property as that of serpents. The human saliva injected under the skin of a bird caused death, with symptoms very closely resembling those resulting from serpent bites.

DIAMONDS, A. B. Griffiths considers, had been formed by the action of highly heated water or water-gas, aided by great pressure, on the carbonaceous matter of fossils in the sedimentary rocks, followed by cooling and consequent deposition of carbon in the crystalline condition.

MILK powder, mixed with powder of beef, is reported as having been used successfully by Dr. Dujardin-Beaumont in keeping up the strength of consumptive patients. For use, both articles are dissolved in ordinary milk, and the stomach is said to be very tolerant of the mixture.

WITH even a length of 600 yards of cable, divers have been able to communicate with persons above water, to receive instructions, to ask for tools, to report investigations, and the course of submarine investigations, all by telephone.

IF potatoes are peeled and treated with eight parts sulphuric acid and 100 parts of water, and then dried and pressed, a mass is obtained very like celluloid, and which can be used instead of meerschaum or ivory.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A SMALL leak will sink a great ship.

CUNNING is a fool's substitute for wisdom.

UNDERTAKE no more than you can perform.

"JONES, why do you send your wash to a Chinaman?" "I don't?" "You don't?" "No, he comes and gets it."

HALF of the trouble in life is caused by taking too much exercise. Both men and women would be happier if they would "jump at conclusions" less frequently.

"WELL," remarked a young M.D., just from college, "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt a good location, and wait for something to do, like 'Patience on a monument.'" "Yes," said a bystander, "and it won't be long after you do begin before the monuments will be on the patients."

A STORY is told of a rich tradesman who was about to build a mansion. Visiting the private house of a great publisher in order to get some ideas, the clothier and his wife were shown into the library. A happy thought occurred to the lady. "By-the-way," said she, appealing to her husband, "why can't we have books?"

A LETTER written by Prosper Mérimée during his Eastern travels, in 1841, has just been unearthed, which contains a compliment by a Turkish pasha to the press. "Great invention, newspapers," said the pasha to his visitor; "they afford an excellent way to pass the time." "But you Orientals have the pipe, which is infinitely superior." "I don't know about that," answered the pasha. "You see, when you smoke, sometimes it inspires you with gloomy thoughts, whereas, when you read the French newspapers, you never find anything to think about at all!"

"Is this woman your wife?" asked the justice of a colored man. "Is what my wife?" "Is this woman your wife?" "I don't see no 'oman; I sees a lady, and de lady is my wife." "Is this man your husband?" "Dat gen'lman is my husband." "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I have investigated this case, and have decided to send this lady and gentleman to jail for six months."

FOR the benefit of the boys who may have forgotten the recipe for our favorite army dish, we reproduce it, as it may be needed at our reunions: "Take a pail of water and wash it clean; then boil it till it is brown on both sides; pour in one bean; when the bean begins to worry, prepare it to simmer; if the soup will not simmer it is too rich, and you must pour in more water; dry the water with a towel before you put it in; the dryer the water the sooner it will brown."

THIS is a true one—A lady went into the kitchen to give her cook instructions about dinner. Turning to say a word to her servant, she discovered she had left the room. The mistress waited, but the cook did not return. Going up-stairs, she saw her calmly seated in the parlor. "What does this mean?" asked the indignant lady. "It means," responded the help, "that if you intend to be cook I will be lady." "In that case I will be both. Pack up your things, and out of my house on the instant."

LET US SPEAK BY THE BOOK.—(Scene—Glasgow post-office. Enter Tonalt with a highland paper in his hand, which he wishes to post to Tugalt, who is in England.) Tonalt to office policeman—"Where will she put a paper for England?" O. P.—"In there," pointing to a box marked "English Newspapers." Tonalt—"It's not an English paper at all, and she is not such a fool as she can't read whatever!" He dashes the paper into the box marked "Scotch Newspapers," and walks away, scowling at the smiling office policeman.

THERE is no luck like p—luck.

THE sting of reproach is the truth of it.

EVEN the laziest boy can catch a licking.

THE fourth of a man—A quarter-master.

THE keynote of good breeding is B natural.

"WILL you tell me," asked an old gentleman of a lady, "what Mrs. X's maiden name was?" "Why, her maiden aim was to get married, of course!" exclaimed the lady.

A SCHOOLBOARD inspector asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists, and was promptly answered, "Land and water." He varied the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, and asked, "What, then, does land and water make?" To which came the immediate response—"Mud."

CORNERED.—"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted a man to his wife the other day. "Yes," replied she, in a winning tone, as she held out her hand; "for instance, a husband who is always ready to hand some money to his wife." The moralizer was cornered, and this is why the wife appeared at church last Sunday with a brand-new bonnet.

MADAME G. called at a friend's house on a wet day, and her feet being damp, she said to her friend: "My dear, will you let your maid bring me a pair of your slippers?" "My love," replied her friend—there were several people in the room—"do you think my slippers will fit you?" "Oh, I think so, my darling, if you will tell her to put a cork sole inside of them."

"SARAH, dear," said a waggish husband to his wife, "if I were in your place, I wouldn't keep that babe so full of butter as you do." "Butter, my dear! I never give it any butter." "No; but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on the knee for nearly two hours. If it don't contain a quantity of butter, it isn't for the want of churning."

THE LAY OF THE LAST VORTEX-ATOM. Melody—Lorelei.

The Vortex-Atom was dying
The last of his shivering race—
With lessening energy flying
Through the vanishing realms of Space.

No more could he measure his fleeting—
No milestones to mark out his way;
But he knew by his evident heating
His motion was prone to decay.

So he staid in his drift rectilinear,
For Time had nigh ceased to exist,
And his motion grew ever less spinnier
Till he scattered in infinite mist.

But as his last knot was dissolving
Into the absolute naught—
"No more," so sighed he resolving,
"Shall I as atom be caught."

"I've capered and whirled for ages,
I've danced to the music of spheres,
I've puzzled the brains of the sages—
Whose lives were but reckoned by years.

"They thought that my days were unending,
But sadly mistaken were they;
For, alas! my 'life-force' is expending
In asymptotic decay!"

A GOOD story was told *à propos* of a noble lord who was recently returning from the races. In the adjoining compartment were eight bookmakers, who, cleaned out by successive failures, were traveling without tickets, hoping by a turn of good luck to escape payment. At last one of them, during a stoppage, hit upon a brilliant idea. Pulling his cap down over his eyes and buttoning his coat he went to the carriage of the noble lord and his friends, and, assuming an official air, collected all their tickets. These he distributed among his own friends; and, on the train reaching London, the noble lord had a narrow escape of seeing himself and his friends taken into custody for attempting to defraud the railway company, for, despite their assurances, the officials declined to believe that any one had been audacious enough to collect any of the passengers' tickets. "On the face of it," the thing was too absurd. It was only by paying their fare a second time that the noble lord and his friends escaped from the clutches of the railway servants.

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FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.

ALTHOUGH the United States is now unquestionably the richest country in the world, its energy is mainly expended in securing comforts for the common people, rather than in displaying the grandeur of the few. The finest residences of our millionaires are still inferior in finish and equipment to the palaces of Europe, owned by men of half their income; and our churches, theatres and public buildings do not compare in stateliness and beauty with corresponding structures in England, France and Germany. In other words, as might be predicated of a new country, our art has not kept pace with our wealth. Opulence has outrun taste. The flat-faced dwellings, with Greek quoins at the corners and Corinthian columns

flanking the front door, which were erected on Bleeker Street two generations ago, have been matched by the flat-faced dwellings of Murray Hill, with shy Doric or composite columns in half relief, and but little more ornate. Yet it is to be said that the long vistas of our avenues, and the lateral vistas of our side streets, with their vanishing perspective of brown five-story buildings, constructed of one of the handsomest stones in the world, compare very favorably in appearance with the residence portion of London, or even with the gray monotony of Paris; with miles of white limestone walls, uniform in architecture and decoration. It is chiefly in public buildings and in the most costly private residences that we have been



VANDERBILT MANSION, FIFTH AVENUE.

surpassed. A score of magnificent buildings, law courts, city halls, theatres, etc., have been erected in Europe during the last five years, with which we have, as yet, nothing to compare. We mention this only as a fact, not necessarily as cause for regret, for it is better that luxuries should not be had at the expense of comforts.

Yet it is to be added that this country has made greater progress in architecture during the last decade than in any previous ten years of its history, and this is peculiarly true of New York city, with which we have to deal.

The Greek style, which was adopted for all the public buildings of the country in the first half of the century, has been superseded, and in the place of its plainness and severity we have the elegance and beauty of the Victorian Gothic, or the Renaissance, in almost all the public buildings recently begun. We are beginning to have forms adapted to modern uses, and decorations suggestive of our own fields and woods. The American school of architecture will be a composite, of course, like the American people themselves; but it will have in it much of the lightness and grace of the sylvan architecture of the North, whence our chief ancestry sprang, instead of being reconstructions of the ruins of the Roman Forum or the Greek Acropolis. The courthouse built under the Tweed régime is probably the last of its kind to be erected in New York city for several generations.

One of the potent causes of the radical modifications which architecture has recently undergone is the great increase in the variety of materials used. Formerly a building could be faced only with marble, brown sandstone, granite or brick; and it was not thought in good taste to use more than one of these on a single façade. Railroads and enterprise have opened up hidden quarries of beautiful stone, of every color and texture, in all directions, adding enormously to the resources of the architect and builder; and these are now united in picturesque relations upon the same front. Terra cotta, too, has become an important and attractive adjunct. On the clay banks of the Kill Von Kull a village of terra cotta workers has sprung up, and their handiwork is seen mingled with other decorations on many new and expensive buildings of the Renaissance style. We give sketches of some of the recently completed public buildings, which show at a glance the sharp contrast with those finished before 1870.

The new Produce Exchange is a building of imposing proportions on Broadway, at Beaver Street. It is 300 feet front, 150 feet deep, and 110 feet high. Its style is a sort of eclectic Renaissance, and the material is brick, stone, and iron, with terra cotta capitals to the columns, and a terra cotta zone running around above the second floor. It is fireproof throughout, and the arrangements for heating and ventilation are considered to be perfect. In the rear is a private court. The cost of the whole was about \$2,000,000.

The new Barge Office is located at the Battery, and occupied by the Deputy Surveyor and the Custom House Inspectors. The main building has a frontage of 108 feet, and an average depth of fifty feet. It faces north. The tower on the east end is eighty-six feet high. The building is of Maine granite, backed with brick; the rooms are plastered with a grayish finish, and the woodwork is of white pine. The floors are of yellow pine, over brick arches sprung between iron beams, and the roof is of slate and copper, over an iron frame. There are plate-glass windows in front, and the headlights of all exterior windows on the first and second floors are of cathedral glass. The building is on made ground, and cost \$350,000.

Those who were acquainted with the filthy, dangerous,

and pestilential condition of Fulton Market during the last generation will be able, by a glance at the picture herewith presented, to comprehend what an enormous change has been wrought at that locality. The new market has one continuous floor; is of the Renaissance style of architecture; of brick and iron, made bright with terra cotta ornamentation; one story high, with only rooms enough above for the accommodation of the officers and persons in charge. It is constructed on the general plan of the new Paris and Philadelphia markets—low and easily ventilated and kept clean; and one cannot conceive that it will ever degenerate into the unwholesome and squalid condition of its predecessor, in which, twenty years ago, a woman was attacked by rats one night, and saved her life only by the timely arrival of a dog.

Jefferson Market, on Sixth Avenue, now being rebuilt, is on the same general plan, but in the Victorian Gothic style—very pretty and satisfactory, without being ornate.

Another of the striking and substantial buildings erected within the last two years is the new Manhattan Hay and Produce Exchange, which occupies the site and covers all the space of the old Manhattan Market at Eleventh Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. It is of enormous area, as the engraving herewith indicates. The immense arching roof has disappeared, and along either side of the block inclosed by Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Streets extends a roof of lofty, roomy stores for the storage of hay, and produce of all sorts. The last census shows that hay is the third crop in money value which the country produces, amounting in 1880 to \$371,000,000, and yet the New York City dealers in this great staple, numbering nearly 600, have hitherto had no adequate facilities for the transaction of the traffic. Hereafter the embarrassments and losses arising from the absence of a regular Exchange will be avoided.

To these may be added, among buildings erected with the money of taxpayers, the new Post Office, which is a stately building in its general proportions, but faulty and almost grotesque in detail. Granite does not yield gracefully to the requirements of art, but it is by no means certain that the rather clumsy method adopted with the Post Office is a fair method of its limitations.

Columbia College, that time-honored institution of learning, is at last sheltered in comfortable and beautiful quarters, on Madison Avenue, at Forty-ninth Street, and, with the School of Mines, on Fourth Avenue, the building forms a very marked contrast to the familiar pile from which so many eminent men have been graduated. The buildings, which were erected and originally used for a Deaf and Dumb Asylum, never answered the broad and complicated requirements of a high class institution of learning. The present building is of the modified French-Gothic style of architecture, and the long façade is broken and decorated by chimneys in relief, bay and dormer windows, and a circular tower at the corner. The whole amount of property now controlled by the trustees of Columbia College is nearly \$6,000,000, including the Law School, the Medical School and the School of Mines. The last named department was begun in 1864, as an experiment, on condition that it should not become a burden upon the funds of the college; but it soon justified its right to live, became a source of strength rather than of weakness, and proved a remarkable example of rapid growth and prosperity. The general library of 17,340 volumes is valued at \$46,000; the Law School library of 4,000 volumes at \$8,500; the Mining School library of 6,000 volumes at \$22,000; the Herbarium, with its botanical library, at \$29,100; and the chemical, philosophical and mathematical apparatus and cabinets (four-

fifths of the same belonging to the School of Mines), at \$151,500. The Academic department has nine professors, the Medical department ten professors and twenty assistants, and the School of Mines eight professors and eighteen assistants.

One of the handsomest and best buildings added to the architectural wealth of the city during the last two years is the new Union League Club-house, Fifth Avenue, at Thirty-ninth Street. It is on a granite base, the superstructure being Philadelphia brick and Long Meadow brownstone. It measures 84 feet on Fifth Avenue, and 152 feet in total depth on Thirty-ninth Street, where the chief entrance is. On both streets it has four stories above the basement, and both faces are broken into three chief depressions by four columns near the centre. Those on Thirty-ninth Street are of sandstone, entirely disengaged, built up in drums and crowned with Corinthian capitals. Those of Fifth Avenue are square, and projecting from the wall in half relief; they form a superb frame of the three great bow-windows of the library. Above the cornice on the street, opposite the fifth story, the windows projecting from the mansard roof are framed in sheet-iron. The sixth and seventh stories rise into the roof, the whole being topped with a central pyramid, which forms a vast, tall garret. The exterior of the club-house is eclectic—a compromise between the massive solidity of the Grecian and the airiness of modern styles.

The main interior features are the great dining-hall, the lecture and assembly hall and the picture-gallery. The kitchen is at the top. All the floors are reached by three flights of stairs and three elevators.

The hallway is decorated with small triangles of silver-leaf, which have an Oriental effect. The walls and ceiling have a subdued glitter and iridescence; the fluted iron supporting columns are silvered. To the right is the billiard-room; to the left the reception-room, richly papered and curtained. Overlooking Fifth Avenue is a solid, comfortable, practical-looking reading-room, well equipped and most attractive.

On the second floor is the library, on the Fifth Avenue end, a handsome, high-ceilinged room, rich with carvings and colored glass and portières, and comfortable with cozy fire-places. The ceiling is dead-gold, with floral ornamentation. At the other end of the house is the picture-gallery, running north and south, lit by two skylights tapestried with yellow cloth. Beyond it is the lecture-hall or theatre, with a small but convenient stage. A large part of the third floor is filled with bedrooms and smoking and breakfast rooms, bright with Japanese decorations.

One of the most imposing and beautiful church edifices in New York city is the Catholic Church of St. Francis Xavier, in Sixteenth Street, near Sixth Avenue, recently completed. The church practically extends through the block, the sacristies being in the rear of the chancel in Fifteenth Street. The extreme length is 190 feet, and the length of the nave and aisles is 178 feet. The breadth of the nave at the intersection of the transepts is 136 feet. The sanctuary is 45 feet deep, which leaves an immense area of 11,000 square feet for the accommodation of worshippers.

The picture presented herewith shows that the church is of the classical Roman style of architecture in both its exterior and interior, with some modification in details. The façade is of the blue granite of New Hampshire, rock-faced, and the trimmings of mottled granite. The interior—a Latin cross—is constructed on the principle of the pierarch, the arches supported on pilasters, which are veneered with Italian marble and topped with foliated

Corinthian capitals. The whole interior is belted with a horizontal entablature above the arches, rather ornate in finish, and above this another series of pilasters support the arches of the roof. The effect is lofty and inspiring, but the gloom usually associated with churches of the Gothic type is greatly ameliorated by the brightness and cheerfulness of the decorations, the five elaborate altars, the paintings on the walls, and the frescoes around the apse. Wood is visible only in the pews, the confessional and the organ-case—an oak of beautiful fibre—but the coldness imparted by the exclusive use of marble in the floor, altars, chancel and wainscoting, is modified by the fine frescoed medallions of the ceiling and the bright panels on the sides. The organ is far the largest in New York, and includes the very newest improvements. It contains 80 stops and 4,390 pipes.

Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant has erected a noble monument to his deceased wife in the new Protestant Episcopal Mission Church on Tompkins Square, completed at a cost of \$150,000. It includes a free circulating library, equipped with the principal periodicals of the world, mission schools accommodating 1,000 children, a kindergarten and a *crèche*, where, while out at work, working-women can leave their children. An idea of the exterior of this fine edifice is conveyed by the engraving on page 392.

There is no more creditable sign of progressive civilization, and no more auspicious omen for the future than the improvements now being made in tenements erected for the industrious poor of New York. The old tenement houses are too well known in their squalor and wretchedness to need description; human hives, uncomfortable, filthy, unventilated, disorderly, abounding with nuisances, and often schools of vice, where even the cleanly cannot keep clean, where all ambition to be respectable is constantly trampled on, ambition at last perishes, hope dies out, the temper becomes soured, and in the riot of shiftlessness and destitution, virtue becomes an unattainable luxury, and crime naturally succeeds recklessness. The people for whose restraint law is made are they who are herded together in loathsome tenements, without proper air, light, food or privacy.

Philanthropists have often bewailed this dangerous evil, but not until lately have systematic efforts to abate it been begun by providing something better. The block of new buildings erected to this end is on First Avenue, extending between Seventy-first and Seventy-second Streets, put up by the Improved Dwellings Association. We present herewith a view of a portion of the exterior. The sides front on three streets, the ground floor of the avenue being occupied by stores, supplying pretty nearly all human wants. The stores and shops all have openings to the great court in the rear, which is accessible from all the houses.

The size of the structure may be judged from the fact that it is capable of containing 230 families. There are now 171 families in occupation. The suites contain from two to four rooms, at a rent varying from \$1.82 per week to \$16 per month, payable in advance. These suites mostly consist of one large room, used for cooking and eating purposes, and smaller rooms for sleeping. The separate family life is provided for as completely as possible. Each family has a compartment in the cellar in which to keep wood and coal; and elevators are used to carry these articles to their final destination. Ash-shoots and water-closets are provided liberally. The garbage is all burned, and the cellars and ash-pits are cleaned every day. Baths are furnished constantly—five cents for a cold and ten cents for a hot bath.

The interior court is equipped as a pleasure ground for children. Every sanitary precaution is taken. On one of the hottest days of Summer the agent reported only four persons sick in all the buildings—two women and two children—out of probably seven hundred people. During the entire Summer there were but three deaths out of four hundred children, and only five deaths among the adults, one of whom died of old age, another of consumption, and a third of an abscess on the brain.

There is a well-furnished free reading-room and library,

paralleled in this country. In the past the finest buildings have been distinguished mainly for massiveness and durability, little exterior decoration having been attempted; but the architects of the present decade not only seek a lightness and vivacity of style, in the modern adaptations of the Italian and the Gothic, but they strive to express beauty in outward ornamentations, variety of elegant materials, hanging windows, doors of colored glass, and stone carvings and florescence relieving the walls of thin bareness. In the finest buildings, whether



BARGE OFFICE, BATTERY.

and a room for writing, and games of chess, cards, dominoes, etc. Most of the families have a parlor, and an air of respectability and cleanliness pervades the whole place. Every room in the block is light. The capitalist philanthropists who started the project expect a return of five per cent. on their investment, and rents are adjusted on that basis.

Never before in the existence of New York city have there been so many private dwellings indicative of good taste, high art and opulence as those recently completed or now in progress of construction. Within the last few years Murray Hill has been enriched with a display of architectural device and a prodigality of means quite un-

for commercial or domestic purposes, the æsthetic is as obvious as the useful. In both classes we now have, thanks to the enlightened liberality of wealthy citizens and corporations, structures that are not only massive and durable, but are unique in their elegance of design and beauty of finish, and an embodiment of the most advanced sanitary laws.

When the late A. T. Stewart finished his great marble residence on Fifth Avenue, at Thirty-fourth Street, and furnished it with the wealth and artistic trophies of Europe, Asia and America, it was correctly called a palace. But we now have other dwellings which, in cost-

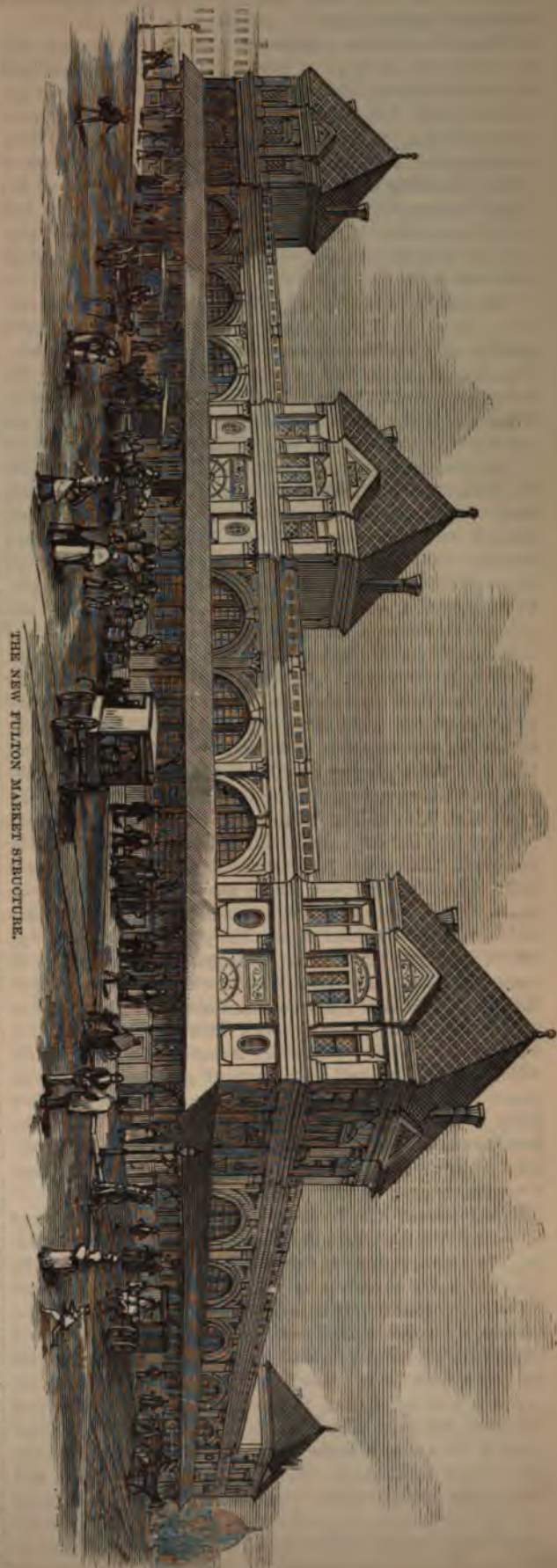
liness, architectural embellishment and elaborateness of finish and equipment, far surpass that famous white pile. Mr. Stewart, and the magnates who have succeeded him in building, have made one conspicuous mistake in setting their mansions out upon the street, instead of in the interior of a square. If Mr. Stewart had used half of the square for his homestead, and set his dwelling a hundred feet from the avenue, embowered in trees and surrounded with flower parterres, hospitably revealed to the public eye, the place would have been ten times as attractive, even if the building itself had not cost a quarter as much. The same might be said of the Vanderbilt houses. It is to be hoped that some wealthy New Yorker will, in vindication of his own taste and intelligence, soon learn that, after all, nature is the most graceful and lavish decorator, and act upon the lesson.

The aristocratic centre of the city moves steadily northward, along the line of Fifth and Madison Avenues. Fifth Avenue, from Thirtieth-fourth Street to Central Park, has for years been the choicest site for costly residences. Along this line are gathered the Roman Catholic Cathedral and Orphan Asylum, the Dutch Reformed Church, St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's and Dr. Hall's, the Vanderbilt mansions and other superb private dwellings. The aristocratic quarter of the city now focuses about Fifty-seventh Street, on which many of the most elaborate and expensive buildings in the city have been erected. Here we have abandoned the monotony of plain five-story brown-stone houses, "all in a row," and have learned the use and beauty of color, irregular façades and variety of material.

We present an engraving of the Vanderbilt palaces on Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-third Streets. The building in the foreground (northward corner of Fifty-first Street) is that of William H. Vanderbilt, and the two further north, on the same block, are those of his married daughters. That in the distance, upper side of Fifty-second Street, is that of his son, William K. Vanderbilt.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's residence is a magnificent square structure, eighty-eight feet wide by 116 feet deep. The double houses of the daughters, beyond, are 100 by eighty feet, and they are connected with the paternal mansion by a spacious covered corridor of brown-stone, with carved panels and fluted pillars corresponding to the peculiarities of style common to both of the great dwellings. The visitor can enter at the centre of the block, where a carriage is seen to emerge, and mount a broad flight of steps, and he is there directed to the left or the right as the call is upon Mr. Vanderbilt or his daughters.

The foundations of these houses are in solid rock, and the front, side, and rear walls are of Connecticut brown stone, with highly decorated panels. They are ornamented with wide bands of carving. The ribbon of grapes and grape leaves around the first story is broken by the broad projecting windows. The belt of floral scroll-work on the third story is cut here and there by round-topped, sunken windows. Along the second story the carving is over the windows, and consists of a little block of simple design, a thousand times repeated. Fluted columns spring up between these bands. The roof line seems to be at the top of the third story; above this is a heavy and richly designed brown-stone balustrade which marks the fourth, or servants' floor. The heavy stone lattice-work conceals the windows. In all these respects the houses are very nearly alike. They differ principally as to the fronts. Mr. Vanderbilt's house has a frontal projection thrown up to the top of the second story, as if the original idea contemplated an entrance there. In the house for his married daughters this



projection rises only in front of the first story, while in the centre of the next story there is a richly designed and delicately carved panel.

The cost of these buildings—that is, for ground and structure—is set down at \$700,000. When furnished and supplied with the paintings, statuary, and works of art owned by Mr. Vanderbilt, and largely augmented by purchases during the past Summer in Europe, the three buildings will represent a sum of more than \$1,000,000.

The dwelling of William K. Vanderbilt is built of Indiana limestone, and is eighty-four feet front by 121 feet deep, four stories high, and surmounted by a combination of peaked and mansard roof. The cost is estimated at \$300,000.

The residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt is on the north-west corner of Fifty-seventh Street. The basement is granite, and the superstructure of brick and limestone. The dimensions are forty-eight feet front, 100 feet rear, 125 feet deep, and five stories high. The best work of Louis Tiffany and the Associated Artists has been lavished on the interior decoration of these buildings.

The principal feature of the interior of Cornelius Vanderbilt's residence is the great drawing-room, from which small parlors open off, and the decoration of this one room is said to have cost \$50,000. The ceiling is entirely a mosaic of iridescent glass, giving a splendid effect at night. This glass was brought from the ruins of Thebes, Pompeii and Cyprus, where it had lain for ages, and acquired the brilliant tints which time alone can give. The scintillant bits are arranged in butterflies, orchids, and other delicate forms. As there is a fine picture-gallery above, there are no paintings in this room, and to supply their place the walls are covered with hand-woven silk tapestries, representing a dance of naiads, nymphs, and fairies to the piping of the shepherds. These figures are nearly of life-size, in delicate pink and life colors, and the effect is striking and beautiful. The architraves, pilasters and wainscoting are inlaid with brilliant devices in silver and gold. The carpet, made especially for the room, is said to be the most expensive of its size ever brought across the ocean; it has a dark-blue centre, and a border of tan-and-brown running into pink. The portières and hangings are of delicate yellow satin, with profuse embroidery of roses and lilies. The central feature of the room on which the eye first falls is a flowing fountain of water instead of a fireplace. The water trickles into an elaborate urn, which is held aloft by dancing nymphs of silver in full relief. A background of iridescent glass represents the dance of butterflies, and the water runs underneath into a basin of growing flowers and trailing vines. Over the fountain is a handsome cabinet filled with antique ceramics and rare curios from the ends of the earth. The furniture is elegant, but simple.

The residence of E. W. Stevens is opposite the mansion of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and is a grand and beautiful building, for which, it is said, the owner has refused \$1,000,000. Its solid walls, turrets and towers remind one of feudal times. In dimensions it is seventy-four feet front on the avenue, by seventy feet deep, three stories high with a mansard roof. It is built of brick, with Cleveland stone for trimmings. The interior is finished in hard wood, in a rich and substantial manner, with solid paneling and elaborate carving. The house is provided with an elevator worked by water, a hydrostatic lift, which goes from the first to the third story. Practically, it is self-acting, and runs night and day all the year round. The conservatory occupies a prominent position on the second floor, communicating directly with the chief dwelling apartment. The dwelling is a museum of art. The walls of one

room—the dining-hall—are covered with old Moorish saddle-bags of figured leather, collected by Mr. Stevens during a visit to Spain.

The new residence of Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, is on the Madison Avenue side of the same square that contains the Cathedral. It is of marble, four stories high, Gothic style, fifty-five feet by sixty-five, and equipped with the latest improvements.

One of the notable dwellings in the city is that of Samuel J. Tilden, just finished, on Gramercy Park. The façade is a combination of colors, including a pinkish sandstone set off with dark bands of polished granite. The whole front is very ornate, the front posts being profusely carved with foliage and birds and creeping things, and the granite sands being a labyrinth of vines. Full-sized allegorical busts are over the vestibules, and portraits of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Franklin and other poets and philosophers being set in a tablet between the windows. The decoration of the dining-room cost \$30,000. The ceiling is of gold-and-blue tiles, and the walls are most elaborate carvings of foliage and animated nature in satin wood.

The finest structure in the world devoted to deaf mutes is the new building at Lexington Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, recently completed. Sign-language is discarded, and pupils are taught to understand each other by the movement of the lips, and to speak intelligently. The imposing edifice cost \$130,000, and there are more than 150 pupils.

Other new structures are the Furniss Cottage, used by the Ladies' Association of Sheltering Arms, to whom it was given by Miss S. C. R. Furniss, and the Manhattan Ear and Eye Hospital, on Park Avenue and Forty-first Street, built at a cost of \$120,000.

The mania for "flats" has resulted in the erection of several hundred piles of these individual dwellings, and as the island is narrow and real estate expensive, the tendency to lofty buildings has constantly increased. There are now twenty or thirty nine story flats in the city, and three twelve story, while a contract has been made for a pile fourteen stories high. The elevator removes all difficulties, and it would not be surprising if there were not an eighteen or twenty story building erected here within the next five years. The tremendous progress that has been made in the architecture of New York city within the last ten years justifies high hopes of the future, and it cannot be many years before New York is, in its individual buildings as well as in the aggregate, the handsomest city in the world.

FELICIA: A SHORT STORY.

YOUNG Mrs. Hardon felt it incumbent upon her to speak to her brother. On the strength of six months of married life, she arrogated to herself the function of keeping a watchful eye on all his dealings with her own sex, and this afternoon, when she had met him at Brighton Station, the fact that he had carefully deposited a fellow-traveler in a fly before even turning to shake hands with her, had naturally aroused her suspicions.

"Who was your companion down, Frank?" she inquired, as soon as they had reached her pleasant rooms, and were sitting over the five o'clock tea-table.

Frank Neville, a tall, finely-built young man of about seven-and-twenty, rose from his seat and leant against the mantelpiece as he answered, with a laugh:

"I must say, Loo, you don't beat about the bush when you are inquisitively inclined. Suppose I say I don't know

"But I see you do," persisted Mrs. Hardon.

"Not exactly," he replied. "She is a Miss Dale, and after traveling all the way from Victoria with her, I made her acquaintance at Preston Park, where she discovered that she had either lost or accidentally come without her purse. Some one or other had taken her ticket for her, and apparently forgotten to give her either that or the purse. The guard began to be rather insolent, and I couldn't well avoid paying for her, to shut him up. I also heard that she had come to Brighton to nurse a sister just recovering from a long illness at school, and that is all I know about her. I should think now, Loo, it would be an excellent thing if you would call and take her out for a drive occasionally; a girl of that age is sure to get out of sorts if she is left to mope in a sick-room all day."

Mrs. Hardon's face had all along expressed a prudent disapproval of his conduct, but at his last suggestion swift alarm and amazement raised her eyebrows, and opened her lips wide.

"My dear boy, where *do* you get your extraordinary notions from?" she exclaimed, dropping her handscreen and throwing herself back in her chair. "Will you kindly make clear to me what possible business it is of mine to look after the health and spirits of a girl who is a complete stranger to me, and practically to you, merely because it has fallen to her share to nurse an invalid sister?"

"Oh, pooh, Loo!" returned her brother, more euphoniouly than courteously. "Don't excite yourself. I can answer for her being a lady; you couldn't do better than make her acquaintance."

Mrs. Hardon puckered up her pretty face wisely.

"I dare say you are right, dear; but I confess that I prefer to make my friends in a rather less casual fashion."

"Very well," observed Neville, shrugging his shoulders: "I put it in your way to do a kindly action, and you turn Pharisee and decline. I have no more to say."

Mrs. Hardon deftly turned the conversation, but she had noted with real concern his unusual resentment, his curt words, and impatient gesture. A few days passed without any further reference being made to his fellow-traveler; then, one morning on the pier, he drew her attention to a girl in a bath-chair, accompanied by her sister.

"That is the Miss Dale I came down with," he said, with a shade of pride in his voice, as though that fact alone conferred distinction on him.

The sisters were at some little distance, and Mrs. Hardon, while only replying to his remark by a careless "Indeed!" was able, without rudeness, to take careful stock of them both. The invalid was a pretty, mischievous-looking child of fourteen or fifteen, but there certainly was a singularly charming air about the elder one. She was simply yet gracefully dressed, and the clear-tinted, delicately chiseled face, spoilt by no painful adjacency of unbecoming color, seemed stamped by candor, sweetness and refinement. Mrs. Hardon was seized by a desire to make the acquaintance she had so recently scouted, and the discovery that the lady in charge of the girls was her own old schoolmistress rendered it easy for her to obtain an introduction. She crossed over to the quiet little group, and soon Neville was blissfully occupied in making small talk to Miss Dale, and noting fresh ways in which she was different and superior to any girl he had ever met before. Everything about her was exquisite—her face, her voice, her dress, and, above all, her manner, which, for all its ease and unconsciousness, was just appreciably distant, as became a lady, to his thinking.

After this meeting the acquaintance made rapid pro-

gress, and was watched over by two sisters with eager curiosity and interest.

"Felicia, what do you think of Mr. Neville?" inquired Lily Dale of her sister one evening, taking an invalid's liberty of speech.

Felicia hesitated a moment, then answered without embarrassment:

"I like him. He is not clever, I dare say; but there is something very English and straightforward about him."

"You *like* him," repeated Lily, screwing up her eyes and looking intensely knowing; "anything more, Fay?"

"If you were not still a bit of an invalid, I should answer that very impertinent question by a good scolding," said Felicia, laying her hand lightly over the child's lips.

"As it is, I will pass it over, on condition that you do not transgress again."

Lily sighed. Confidences were so delicious, she wished her sister would not be so chary of them.

In truth, Felicia could not have given the question any very definite answer had she wished to. The daughter of an eminent Q. C., whose delight it was to gather in his drawing-room men of note in every calling, she had been accustomed from her childhood to society of exceptionally high intellectual level, and Neville could not fail to compare unfavorably with many rising men in her father's circle of friends. On the other hand, the chords of her woman's admiration for manly physique and vigor, and of her woman's responsiveness to sincere, honestly manifested love, were both struck by Neville, whose best qualities were his simplicity, pluck, and power of devotion.

If he had only waited he might have been spared many troubled hours, but he was not sagacious enough to bide his time, and when the last day of his stay at Brighton arrived, he blurted out a declaration of love, which was met by a gentle rebuke and refusal.

However, he was not so cast down as the circumstances might have warranted, for he saw that his error had been chiefly one of over-precipitation, and determined to try again later on. He crossed over to Ireland to pay a promised visit to a Mr. Stedall, and soon afterward both the Dales and the Hardons returned to town for Christmas.

Felicia did not forget her love episode at Brighton, for doubt is as persistent as hope, and it was constantly borne in upon her that she had made a mistake.

One quiet Sunday the terrible report spread like wild-fire over London of an assassination in Ireland. "Murder of Mr. Neville!" roared the newspaper criers up and down the reverberating streets. "Gallant struggle of Mr. Frank Stedall with the murderer!"

Felicia Dale was sitting with her mother and Lily when she heard the horrible words. A cry of sudden anguish burst from her blanched lips, and she fell forward in her chair, covering her face with her hands.

Mrs. Dale looked at her daughter in astonishment, but Lily understood in a moment, and hastily whispered an explanation to her mother, who, in great anxiety, led Felicia up-stairs to her own room.

The shock had been a terrible one, and all night long the girl lay, not restless or sobbing, but in a deathly stupor, conscious of nothing but that she loved Neville, and that for some indistinct, awful reason, nothing but pain could ever come of her love.

Next morning Lily came rushing into the darkened room with a morning paper in her hand, and then, as Felicia neither spoke nor moved, the quick-hearted child flung her arms round her sister's neck, and cried, with happy tears in her eyes:

"Fay, darling, don't be miserable, it is all right; the first telegrams jumbled up the names. It is Mr. Stedall



MANHATTAN HAY AND PRODUCE EXCHANGE, ELEVENTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET.

who is killed, and Mr. Neville who struggled with the murderer. He is only badly hurt, not killed."

Life and color returned rapidly to Felicia's face, and she sat up to read for herself the corrected account, in which Neville was praised to the skies for his capture of the murderer at the imminent risk of his own life. The girl gave open vent to her happiness, too



ST. MARK'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AVENUE A AND TENTH STREET.

thankful at this moment to show any false shame at the remembrance of her betrayal of feeling before her mother and Lily, with whom she knew her secret would be safe.

"Lily, if he had been killed I could not have borne it," she whispered, breaking into a sob of relief.

It was about a fortnight after this that Neville, with his arm in a sling, and a great scar on his forehead,

entered his sister's pretty drawing-room in Kensington. She welcomed him with a great demonstration of pride in his prowess, and delight in his safety, and then began, nervously:

"Frank, you know I hadn't asked you to my musical party next Tuesday, because I expected the Dales, and—and I thought you would rather not meet Miss Dale.

"Really, dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardon, delighted; "that is an immense relief to me. You see, I couldn't well put off Miss Dale, because she has promised to sing; and I didn't know what to do."

Neville assured her it was all right, and waited impatiently for Tuesday evening. At last it arrived, and at last Mr. and Mrs. Dale and the Misses Dale were an-



COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

But now that you are the hero of the hour, your absence would be so commented on that I hope you will come. Would you find it very awkward?"

"My dear Loo," replied her brother, "I was coming anyhow; don't flatter yourself I should have staid away merely because I wasn't invited. Besides, you are quite out of it in supposing that I have the least reluctance to meet Miss Dale; there is nothing I am more anxious to do than to meet her."

nounced. Frank saw only one of the group—Felicia, far more beautiful than he had ever dreamt her, in her evening dress, with a brilliant light in her dark eyes and a flush upon her cheek, occasioned, had he only known it, by his presence. For the moment he had no chance of exchanging more than a hasty greeting with her, for every one who arrived was anxious to congratulate him on his recent exploit, and he could not, without *brusquerie*, fail to respond cordially to the many expressions of goodwill.

Presently Felicia was called upon to sing, and there was a general hush, for such a voice as hers was not to be heard every day. Never in her life had she felt so nervous, so incapable of steadying the coming and going of her breath, yet never had she sung with more effect, for the just perceptible tremor in the pure contralto voice lent it even more sweetness and pathos than it always possessed, and made exquisitely perfect her rendering of the simple old English ballad she had chosen.

Immediately the song was over Neville seized his opportunity and led her out of the room, on the pretext of procuring her an ice. But when they reached the hall he suggested that it was pleasantly cool there—should they wait and listen to the next song? Felicia inclined her head in assent, and then, as she leant back in a convenient recess, Neville had his say.

I need not repeat either his words, or hers in answer; but when, later on in the evening, after an unconscionably long absence, they returned to the drawing-room, Lily's remonstrances and inquisitive glances were met by a triumphant whisper from Neville:

"Don't you interfere with Felicia any more; she has put herself into my hands for good and always."

THE SPIRIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

THY greatest knew thee, Mother Earth: unsoured
He knew thy sons. He probed from hell to hell
Of human passions, but of love deflowered
His wisdom was not, for he knew thee well.
Thence came that honeyed corner at his lips,
The conquering smile wherein his spirit sails
Calm as the God who the white sea-wave whips:
Yet full of speech and intershifting tales,
Close mirrors of us: thence had he the laugh
We feel is thine, broad as ten thousand beeyes
At pasture: thence thy songs, that winnow chaff
From grain, bid sick Philosophy's last leaves
Whirl if they have no response—they enforced
To fatten Earth when from her soul divorced.

How smiles he at a generation ranked
In gloomy noddings over life! They pass.
Not he to feed upon a breast unthanked.
Or eye a beautiful face in a cracked glass.
But he can spy that little twist of brain
Which moved some weighty leader of the blind.
Unwitting 'twas the god of personal pain,
To view in eurt eclipse our Mother's mind,
And show us of some rigid harridan
The wretched bondmen till the end of time.
Oh, lived the Master now to paint us Man,
That little twist of brain would ring a chime
Of whence it came and what it caused, to start
Thunders of laughter, clearing air and heart!

THE DESCENT OF THE BRITISH CROWN.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

THE established law regulating the succession to the British crown works often in what seems an arbitrary manner. If the succession is to be hereditary, it would seem that at least sons should succeed father in the order of their birth; but scarcely so, as in the case of Queen Victoria, that a niece should succeed an uncle, while there were living brothers of the deceased King. Yet the law, as now clearly defined, is perfectly intelligible, and there is no reasonable probability that, when a sovereign dies, there shall be any question as to the successor, among the scores to whom, in some contingency, it might possibly fall, all related to each other by every conceivable

tie of consanguinity. The law, briefly described as "Semi-Salique," is based upon these three cardinal principles:

First. The inheritance to the crown is only by direct descent, and in no manner by collateral consanguinity. Brother may indeed happen to succeed brother; nephew or niece may succeed uncle, and so on through all degrees of relationship; but in no such case does the successor inherit from his immediate predecessor, but from some common ancestor who had worn the crown or had become heir to it, perhaps generations before. Thus Victoria succeeded her uncle, William IV., not as his heir, but as heir to his brother, the Duke of Kent, who was next in succession, although he never lived to wear the crown.

Second. By British law, as distinguished from that of most other monarchies, females inherit and transmit the succession equally with males, with only this difference, that males in the same degree of consanguinity take precedence of females, irrespective of order of birth; while females of a higher degree of consanguinity take precedence of males of a lower degree. Thus the youngest son of the present Queen has precedence over all his older sisters, while they, in order of birth, have precedence over all others.

Third. The actual heir to the crown is the next heir, and although he may never have worn it, transmits it to his descendants, to the exclusion of all other possible claimants. Thus, should the present Prince of Wales die previous to Queen Victoria, the crown falls to his own son, and not to any other son or daughter of Victoria; and should all the sons of the Prince die childless, his daughters, in order of their birth. And should all the posterity of Victoria become extinct at one blow, there are still means of going back for generations and settling without question what man or woman, according to the existing law, stands next in succession.

The existing Kingdom of Great Britain dates back a little more than eight centuries—that is, to the year 1066, when William of Normandy conquered England, assuming the crown by sole right of conquest. Since then there have been thirty-five recognized sovereigns, all claiming the crown by virtue of descent from him. Plantagenets succeeded Normans; Tudors succeeded Plantagenets; Stuarts succeeded Tudors; Guelfs succeeded Stuarts, and Coburgers may succeed Guelfs, but the hereditary claim of every man and woman of them is based upon the fact that in their veins runs some drops of the blood of this bastard conqueror of England. The dilution has in the course of eight centuries come to be almost infinitesimal; but we imagine that the present Prince of Wales has about as much of it as any other living man.

But the thread of hereditary right has never for many successive generations run quite smoothly from the shuttle. Broken threads have from time to time been tied together in a manner more or less satisfactory to genealogical historians. But, in spite of all their elaborate tables, the fact remains that of the thirty-five English sovereigns fully one-half have occupied the throne by very questionable hereditary right; and of these more than a half by the unquestionable usurpation of hereditary rights to which there were other living persons who had a better claim. For example, Stephen ruled without right. John had no right except what he gained by the murder of his nephew, Arthur. Henry IV. was an undoubted usurper, and his transmitted claim to his son and grandson was worthless. The result of the War of the Roses set that aside. Whatever right Richard III. had, accrued to him only by the murder of his nephew, Edward V. Henry VII.,

who followed Richard, was not even the representative of the House of Lancaster, whose claim to the crown was baseless; but his marriage with Elizabeth of York tied several broken threads in the succession, and gave to their son, Henry VIII., a better title than was vested in any other man. At all events, it was never fairly questioned except by a couple of impostors. Edward VI. had all the rights which his father could transmit. But when he died childless, the rights of his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, were more than questionable. If the highest judicial and ecclesiastical decisions were worth anything, neither of them was born in lawful wedlock, and were thus incapable of succeeding. In either case, if one of them was legitimate, the other could not be.

The case of James I. rested upon different grounds. He succeeded, not as the heir of Elizabeth, or of Edward VI., or of Henry VIII., but as the nearest in descent from Henry VII., dead wellnigh a century before. It is by no means certain that there were not then living more than one person whose claims were better than those of James. But no formal opposition was made to the accession of this James Stuart. The truth was, that the English nation had come to a pass in which they did not care much who their King was, so long as he had some fair show of hereditary right, and was not a Catholic. Moreover, the accession of James, by placing the crowns of England and Scotland upon the same head, would most likely put an end to the internecine wars which had for many a generation wrought evil to both kingdoms.

Had James I. been wiser than he was, or had his son, Charles I., been less faithless, the course of English history might have run in a different channel. There would have been no Long Parliament, no Commonwealth and no Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell. Even when Oliver died there seemed no good reason to believe that the dynasty sprung from him might not have been as lasting as that of the Plantagenets. But his son and successor was unequal to the task laid upon him. The people of England, as now more or less represented in Parliament and elsewhere, having got all real power into their own hands, thought it best to go back for the nominal sovereignty to the ancient hereditary theory. So they called back Charles II., son of the man whose head they had cut off, styled him King, and looked forward to an era of peace and prosperity.

Charles II. had not learned much during his long years of exile. But there was one lesson which he had thoroughly mastered: he would not go off again upon his travels in foreign lands. It was better to be King of England, with quite limited powers, and with revenue doled out by Parliament, and conditioned mainly upon his own good behavior, than to be King of nowhere, and with no revenue at all. So upon the whole, good-natured Charles, notwithstanding many a private scandal, got along tolerably well with his nominal subjects, who were rather sorry when he died, leaving no legitimate son, but plenty of illegitimate ones, for most of whom he had, in one way or another, made ample provision.

The English people did not mourn very bitterly for this second Charles. He might have been a very much worse King than he had been. But they had learned to distrust his brother James, who would succeed him. The root of the distrust lay in the fact that James, during the long years of exile which he had shared with his brother, had become a Catholic, while the majority of the people had come to be thorough Protestants of one type or another, differing in almost everything else, but agreeing in a common hatred of what they called "Popery." Before his conversion James had married Anna Hyde, daughter

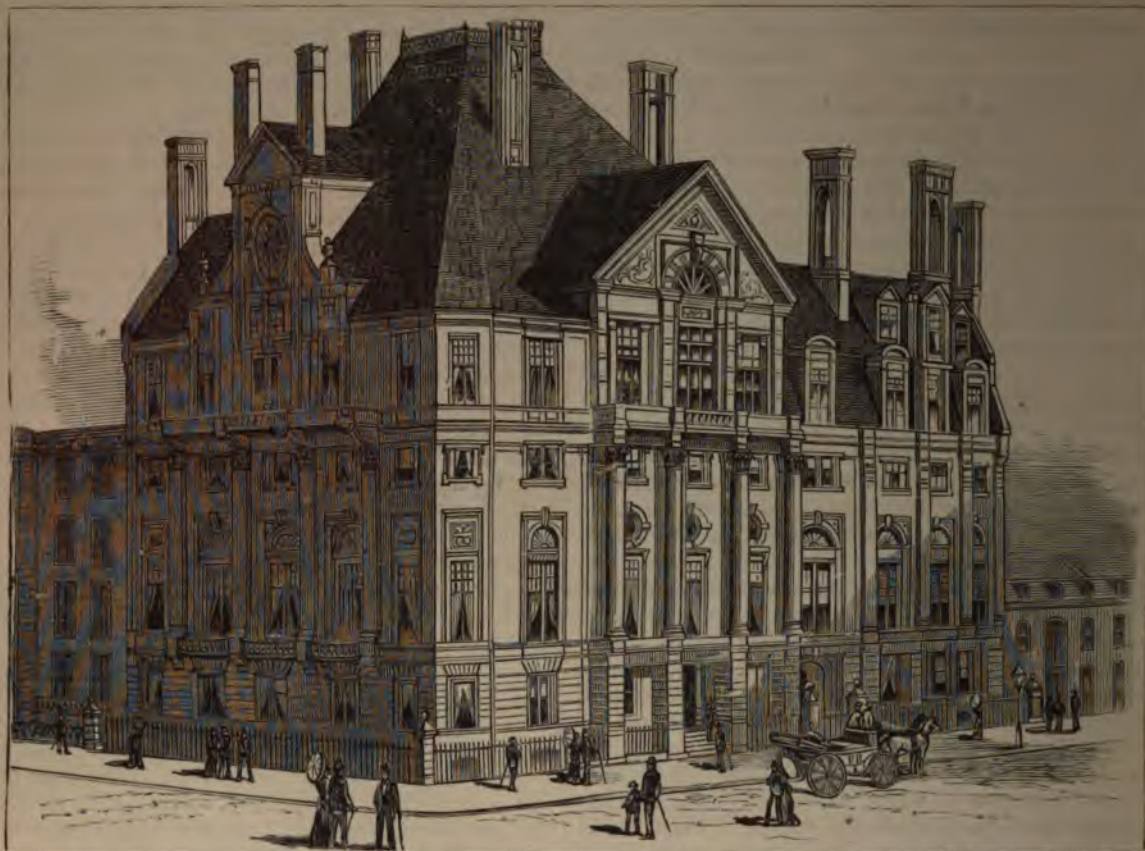
of the Earl of Clarendon, who bore to him two daughters, Mary and Anna, who were educated as Protestants. Afterward he married an Italian princess, who bore to him, after he had become King, a son, who, by all existing law, was heir-apparent to the throne.

The brief reign of James II. (1685-88) was destined to bring about a great change in the possible working of the law of the descent of the British crown. James managed to make himself odious by a hundred measures, no one in itself of any special importance. The people called over from Holland William of Orange, who had married Mary, the eldest daughter of James, to take charge of the government. He came, accompanied by a considerable armed force, but one by no means sufficient for the conquest of the island. The partisans of James fell away from him like leaves before an Autumn gale. He fled to France in terror, and his flight was construed as an act of abdication, involving the renunciation of the crown not only for himself, but for his infant son; surrendering it to the people as represented by Parliament, to be settled in such manner as they should choose.

Parliament acted upon this theory. The crown was settled in the first place upon William and Mary conjointly, and upon the descendants of either of them. There was little likelihood that there would be any such descendants. In default of these, the succession was to pass to Anna, the younger sister of Mary, married to Prince George of Denmark, and her descendants. But there was grave reason to doubt whether Anna would leave an heir. Children had, indeed, been born of her, but none of them had survived infancy. To provide for this probable contingency Parliament had to look far and wide through several generations.

James I., who died in 1625, had a daughter, Elizabeth, who had married Frederick, Elector of the German Palatinate. The Elector aspired to the Imperial crown, and as a preliminary endeavored by force to make himself King of Bohemia. He failed, and was driven into inglorious exile. His two sons, Maurice and Rupert, went to England, where they won no little renown fighting for their uncle, Charles I., against the Parliament; but both were dead long ago, leaving no heirs. Their sister Sophia had married the worthless Elector of Hanover, and upon her and her heirs the heritage of the English crown was settled next in order by Act of Parliament.

William III., surviving his childless wife, died also childless, and Anna became Queen-regnant in 1702, and reigned twelve years. Before her death the old Electress, Sophia, had passed away, leaving a son, George. Anna had no reason to favor the accession of her distant Hanoverian kinsman, whom she had never seen or wished to see. Her heart yearned toward her young brother, formally excluded from the succession; and in her later years she was implicated in the Jacobite plot to bring him over to England. Had this been done, it is more than probable that the crown would have been placed upon his head, and there would have been a James III. in the list of English Kings—more Jameses and Charleses, but no Georges; more Stuarts and no Guelphs. But the sudden death of Anna put an end to the scheme. George of Hanover came over, and was crowned as George I. So the great Parliamentary Act of Settlement, the true palladium of a constitutional British monarchy, remains in force as it is to-day. The framers of that Act builded better and more wisely than they knew. It is by sole virtue of that great Act that the present dynasty inherits the crown. The Guelphs hold the crown just because the English nation took it away from the Stuarts, and gave it to them. It follows, by strict logical sequence, that since 1688 the



THE ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.—THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 385.

right to the British crown rests upon the original appointment and continued assent of the British people. They chose wisely for their generation—and, we think, wisely for the generations which succeeded, and more which are to succeed—that the crown should pass by blood in a single family. It is certainly not a light matter that decay and death have so wrought among families that Queen Victoria is the most direct living representative of all the Houses which have in succession ruled England—of Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs. Genealogists go even further, affirming that she stands in most direct descent from Alfred the Great and all the Saxon Kings who preceded and followed him. Whatever of good—and there was

much of it—lay in the theory of hereditary right, was retained in the Act of Settlement. But behind this was the vital principle that hereditary right was henceforth in itself to be based upon the consent of the people. The Act of Settlement implies all that is explicitly stated in our own Declaration of Independence: That “Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the

governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.”

That is, there is a



INSTITUTION FOR THE IMPROVED INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES, LEXINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET.

right of revolution. The throne of Great Britain, as it now stands, is based upon a revolution rightfully wrought by the people. What they had rightfully and for good reason set up, they can as rightfully and for as good reason throw down. If they displaced one Stuart for another, they can displace one Guelph for another. If they could

set Stuarts wholly aside for Guelphs, they can with equal right set Guelphs and Coburgers aside for anybody else. If they can establish a hereditary executive, they can establish an elective one. The very acknowledged existence of this right of revolution is perhaps the best guarantee that it will not soon need to be brought into exercise. Any sudden revolution in civil polity is an evil in itself; at best it is a choice between a lesser evil and a greater one.

We do not think that for many generations to come there will be good reason for any substantial change in the form of the British Government. We presume that it will remain a hereditary monarchy, and with a hereditary peerage.

But there was a time within the memory of men now living when there was good reason to apprehend that a change must soon be made in the order of succession to the crown. George IV. became King in 1820. Two or three years before this he had lost his only child, the Princess Charlotte, who died in giving birth to an infant who scarcely saw the light. One who reads only our current histories will fail to comprehend the sorrow which this event



MANHATTAN EYE AND EAR HOSPITAL, PARK AVENUE AND FORTY-FIRST STREET.

caused in England. It was not merely the death of the young heiress of the crown and of her babe, who should in the course of nature have continued the succession. It foreboded the more than possibility of a revolution in the state, which, once begun, might end no one knew where.

George IV. was nearly sixty, and could not long reign. Next in

succession was Frederick, Duke of York, two years younger, married, but also without children. Then came William, Duke of Clarence, unmarried, but with a brood of illegitimate offspring. Next came Edward, Duke of Kent, a man verging upon fifty, unmarried, and in feeble health. Should all these survive in the order of their birth, each would successively wear the crown, which upon the death of Edward would fall to the next son of George III. This was Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, a burly man, not far past middle life, but of a reputation so spotted that his name was a byword and reproach. He was even popularly believed to have been guilty of crimes for which the modesty of our language has scarcely a name. Yet he would become inheritor of the crown should his elder brothers die childless; and to all forecasting men it seemed unlikely that the British people would ever accept him as their King. This contingency would be averted should either of the elder brothers have an heir born to him. The Princess Charlotte was scarcely in her grave before the Dukes of Clarence and Kent bestirred



CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, SIXTEENTH STREET.

themselves in this direction. They hied to Germany, each in search of a wife—by preference, a widow of suitable age, the mother of children, thus giving hope that there would be others born to somewhat elderly husbands in second nuptials. Both of them succeeded partially in their patriotic mission. The consort of the Duke of Clarence bore two children, both of whom died soon after birth. The Duchess of Kent bore one daughter, who lived, and is now Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India. The infirm Duke of Kent died a few months after the birth of Victoria, and upon the frail life of this girl the hope of the kingdom seemed to hang for half a generation.

George IV. died in 1830. Frederick of York was already dead, and the heirless Duke of Clarence ascended the throne as William IV. He died in 1837, and Victoria became Queen-regnant by undisputed title. She was nineteen years of age. Should she marry and have children, the succession would be perpetuated in them to the exclusion of the Duke of Cumberland. One beneficial result of the accession of Victoria was the separation of the crown of Great Britain from that of Hanover. The law of Hanover is Salique—that is, females do not inherit; so while Victoria remained Queen of Great Britain, the Duke of Cumberland, as next heir of George III., became King of that Hanover which, within our own day, has ceased to be a separate kingdom, having been first seized by Prussia and afterward absorbed into the overshadowing German Empire.

Three years after her accession to the throne Queen Victoria was married to her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, six months her junior. The nation was soon relieved from all apprehension that the direct royal line would become extinct. Children were born in unusually rapid succession. The first was a daughter, now Princess Royal of Prussia, and prospective Empress of Germany. For a year she was heir-presumptive to the British crown, but the birth of Albert Edward, the present Prince of Wales, removed her from that dignity. The Prince is heir-apparent to the crown, which he must wear in case he should survive his mother, the Queen. Should he die before her—which is not altogether improbable—the succession passes not to his next brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, but to his own children—sons first, then daughters, in order of their birth; always with the proviso that "the heir of the heir is the next heir."

Few families, whether royal or not, have as fair prospects of perpetuating themselves as that of Queen Victoria. She was little more than forty when her consort died, but she had borne to him four sons and five daughters, all now living except the Princess Alice, and all married save Princess Beatrice, several of them having children. If our memoranda are correct, there have been thirty grandchildren, of whom only three have died; so that at sixty-three years of age she can now look upon thirty-seven direct descendants of her body. Should she live to the allotted three score and ten, more grandchildren, and more great-grandchildren—there are already two—will be added to the list. Rarely at the doors of so numerous a household has the angel of death so seldom knocked. If, as is most likely, the British nation shall continue for ages to uphold a hereditary sovereignty, we trust that it will be long before they will need to look elsewhere than to the descendants of Queen Victoria in order to find the true heir to the crown.

We see furthest into the future—and that is not far—when we most carefully consider the facts of the present.

STRANGE STORIES OF THE SEA.

THE romance of the ocean is inexhaustible. Strange stories of the sea are for ever cropping up in the newspapers, to be as cursorily read and as quickly forgotten as the most commonplace items of intelligence in the morning's chronicle of passing events, but for all that worthy, when found, to be noted.

In 1873, the schooner *Energy*, on her passage from Rarotonga to Tahiti, picked up a boat with a man in it. He proclaimed himself a native of the Pomurto Islands, who with three others had left their own particular island in an open boat for a sail to another of the group, at no great distance from it. Before they had got far on their way a heavy squall took them unprepared, the boat capsized, and two of its crew sank to rise no more. Struggling hard for dear life, the others managed to right the boat, scramble into it, and bail out the water, but failed to secure any of the boat's gear; and so lacking any means of propulsion, they drifted and drifted for nineteen days, a few coconuts their only sustenance. Then, either from madness or sheer despair, one of the sorely-tried men went overboard and was drowned.

It was three days after this that the boat and its solitary occupant was picked up. Captain Campbell could scarcely believe it could have drifted so far from its starting-place in the time, the distance being no less than nine hundred and six miles; but on reaching Tahiti his ocean waif's statement was verified by several residents there recognizing the man as belonging to the Pomurto Islands, and the builder of the boat identifying the work of his hands.

As is the custom of his kind, a young Brazilian negro went one morning to try his luck at fishing, just off the coast. The wind, setting in freshly from the land, drove the lad's raft a couple of miles out; then the trade-winds carried it and him still further from his home. After buffeting with wind and water for three days and nights, the poor boy gave himself up for lost, when, fortunately, his raft was desecrated by the lookout of a Norwegian ship, and he soon found himself safe on board, to be kindly cared for, and, as one of her crew, become acquainted with lands he had never heard of in his native Brazil.

Another involuntary voyager was Mrs. Davis, the wife of an American major, who, staying at Galveston in October, 1879, went with a party of friends to an island in the Gulf to enjoy an evening's bathing. When the time for the steamer's departure came, Mrs. Davis was not forthcoming. Her sister had seen her up to her chin in the water shortly before, and it was supposed she had gone down. A large reward was offered for the recovery of the body without any result, and the lady was mourned for as dead. Several months afterward Major Davis received a letter from his lost wife, who had landed in New York, after a seemingly endless cruise in a merchant vessel, by which she had been picked up. She had gone beyond her depth while bathing, and floated with the tide for an hour, when her moans attracted the attention of those on board the ship as it passed out of Galveston harbor bound for Brazil.

The steamship *Jacora* came to utter grief on Cape St. Mary, when her commander supposed himself to be several miles from that promontory. He was an experienced officer, and was puzzled to divine how he came to be so far out of his reckoning. Mr. James Oliver, of Fray Bentos, attempted to elucidate the mystery by recounting his experience in the same quarter in the year 1848, when on board the *Mitlaides*, a schooner engaged in seal-fishing between Lobos Island and Castillos. About four o'clock one afternoon, when the *Mitlaides* was lying some five

miles from shore, in nineteen fathoms of water, a dead calm came on; but when, at eight o'clock, Mr. Oliver came on deck, he fancied the schooner was much nearer the shore. It was a bright moonlight night, and he was soon aware of the fact that, although there was no current up or down, and not a breath of wind stirring, the schooner was drifting landward at the rate of a mile an hour. Calling his shipmates to his aid, by the use of the oars they succeeded in turning the bow of the vessel seaward; but again and again it swerved round toward the land, as if obeying some invisible but all-powerful agency, and spite of the efforts of her crew, the *Miltiades* slowly but surely drifted nearer land, until a light breeze suddenly sprang up and relieved the anxiety of the perplexed mariners by carrying the schooner out to sea. The curious occurrence was duly reported to the authorities at Monte Video, without anything coming of it. Later on Mr. Oliver sought to enlist the curiosity of the British admiral on the station, but without avail; so he had to rest contented with attributing the extraordinary behavior of the *Miltiades* to the existence of a magnetic mountain, and he set down the loss of the *Jacora* to her being drawn out of her proper course by the same influence.

In the Autumn of 1867 the schooner *Explorer*, having a crew of two, captained by John Waddel, left Chatham, Ontario, for Georgian Bay. Toward the end of November the captain arrived at Goderich alone. The schooner had gone down in a sudden squall, taking her crew with her. Waddel escaping in the yawl-boat. His story was not impeached, and the money for which the vessel and her cargo were insured was duly paid. Then the captain took up his residence in Goderich, and became in the habit of taking trips to the north shore, accompanied by his twelve-year-old son, until one of them ended in the capsizing of the boat and the drowning of its occupants. Some years afterward a fisherman discovered a schooner in about a hundred feet of water near Cape Hurd, but no attempt to raise the sunken vessel was made until last year, when Captain Jey, of Port Huron, undertook the task, and accomplishing it, proved those who thought the *Explorer* had been willfully lost were right in their suspicions. She had been stripped of her canvas, and her cargo was represented by some tons of stone. Twelve auger-holes were found close to the keel, and the body of a sailor lay in the locked-up cabin.

If ships have been strangely lost, they have been just as strangely saved. The *Hortense*, from New Orleans to Massachusetts, was nearing the Florida Straits. Before turning in for the night her commander warned the mate not to omit calling him at three o'clock, as they would then be approaching the double-headed Shot Keys, a large and dangerous rock. The night wore on. The mate went below to get something out of his chest, sat down upon it, and was soon fast asleep. The men on deck, thinking all was right, dropped off one by one, leaving a Spanish lad at the helm to keep a solitary watch. The wind changed, a stiff breeze sprang up, and the *Hortense* sped swiftly on toward the dreaded rock. The captain's terrier was on deck, and wide awake. Rushing to his master's cabin, he jumped upon the sleeping man and woke him. Told to be quiet, Nep only barked the louder, till the thoroughly-roused captain thought he might as well go on deck. He was just in time. Right ahead lay the rock, and seizing the helm, he put the vessel about. Three minutes later and the *Hortense* would have been a wreck.

A perilous feat of navigation was performed by the captain, mate and captain's wife of the steamer *Edgar*, when, every man of the crew being rendered helpless by sick-

ness soon after leaving Senegal, the skipper turned engineer, the mate fireman, and the captain's wife acted as man at the helm. The plucky three brought the ship safe home to England.

In 1872 a Boston ship was struck by a storm on the Banks of Newfoundland. Captain Wilson had his shoulder-blade broken by the fall of a mast, and the first mate and part of the crew were at the same time disabled. No sooner, however, had the captain been carried to his cabin than his wife, a woman of one-and-twenty, hurried on deck, told the men to work with a will, and she would take them into port. The wreckage was cleared, the pumps manned, and the gale was weathered. Then a jury-mast was rigged, the ship put before the wind, and in twenty-one days reached St. Thomas. After repairing damages there, finding her husband still helpless, the indomitable woman navigated the ship to Liverpool. Captain Wilson was never able to resume work, and for seven years his brave wife supported him and her child by working as clerk in a drygoods store. Then he died, and Mrs. Wilson was deservedly appointed to a Custom-house inspectorship by Secretary Sherman. Such women are still to be found.

In a newspaper of 1880 was to be read: "The brigantine *Moorburg* left Foochow, in China, in October last, for Melbourne, carrying a crew of four, exclusive of the captain—whose wife was with him—and the mate. During the earlier part of the voyage the crew fell sick, and, one after another, died. This left the entire management of the ship to the captain, the mate and the captain's wife. The heat was frightful, and, as if there were not sufficient difficulties already, a leak was sprung; the mate was reduced to a skeleton, and almost helpless from sickness; the captain was covered with sores, and his legs painfully swollen. The captain's wife, a small, and by no means robust woman, kept her health; and not only did she nurse all the sick in turn, and look after her baby, but she took the wheel in the regular watches, and did her share of seaman's work besides. The captain, in spite of his dreadful condition, managed to let himself overboard and stopped the leak; and so, at last, after all her troubles, the *Moorburg* got into Bristol half full of water, with two sick men on board and a woman at the helm. More than this, the gallant woman not only brought the ship safe into port, but her baby, too."

Strangest of all is our last story of the sea. In December, 1873, the British ship *Dei Gratia* arrived at Gibraltar, with the *Mary Celeste*, an American brigantine, found derelict in latitude 38°20' N., longitude 17°15' W.; but without any apparent cause for her abandonment. The Admiralty Court ordered a special survey. The exterior of the ship's hull showed no trace of damage, nor was there any appearance of her having struck on any rock or ground, or been in collision. The stern, sternpost and rudder were in good condition. As with the exterior so it was with the interior of the derelict. A minute examination proved conclusively that no accident had befallen her, and that she had not encountered very heavy weather; for the pitch in her waterways had not started, and the hull, masts and yards were as perfect as they well could be. There was not a crack in the paint of the deck-house. The seamen's chests and sundry articles of clothing on board were quite dry; moreover, a small vial of sewing-machine oil, and a reel and thimble over it, had not even been upset. The harmonium and the rest of the cabin furniture stood in their proper places, the music and books scattered about had evidently never been wetted. The barrels of spirits, forming the ship's cargo, were all well stowed, and, saving one that had started, were intact.



THE ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS OF NEW YORK CITY.—RESIDENCE OF F. W. STEVENS, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET.
SEE PAGE 385.

and in good order. No bills of lading, no manifest, rewarded the industry of active searchers. They found, however, abundant evidence of the presence of a lady and a child on board the brigantine. The last entry in the log showed that at eight A.M. on the 9th of November she had passed to the north of St. Mary, one of the Azores; but, for divers reasons, it was inferred that she was not abandoned until some days later. Why had the *Mary Celeste* been abandoned? A very terrible answer was suggested by the finding of a sword appearing as though it had been stained with blood and afterward wiped; and the discovery that the top-gallant rail bore marks of the same ominous character, while both sides of the ship's bows had been cut by some sharp

instrument. The captain was well known in Gibraltar, and nobody believed him capable of lending a hand to the perpetration of any foul play. "Up to the present time," said the *Gibraltar Chronicle* of January 20th, 1874, "not a word has been heard, not a trace discovered, of the captain, or the crew, or the lady and her child. It can only be hoped that by giving the utmost publicity to the circumstances, some light may be thrown upon them." Im-

mediately on the reception of the news, the home press did its part in spreading the story far and wide, but as far as we have been able to ascertain, the hope expressed was not realized; and the abandonment of the *Mary Celeste*, and the fate of those belonging to her, are still among the many unsolved mysteries of the sea.



EXTERIOR OF IMPROVED TENEMENT.



DREAM AND FACT.

A CLAIRVOYANT MYSTERY.

HENRY WILSON was the second child and only son of an English mercantile family settled in Bremen. At the age of eighteen he had quitted the University of Göttingen, and was returning with one of his companions, also a native of it, to that city. The two young men had, with the knowledge of their parents, delayed on their way, for the purpose of making a short trip down the Rhine.

Young Wilson, with his friend, had been passing the morning in one of those ruins of the old castles with which the *Rhine-gau* is literally studded. July had warmed up the river with its wealth of sunshine. Below them were the vine-terraces, piled one upon the other, on the rocky sides of the hill. Couched amid those fragments of crumbled stone were the moldering ruins of the old baronial residence. No spot could have been found on the whole of the romantic stream more adapted to awaken past memories, and contrast them with present industry. For, lower down than the vineyards were the

DREAM AND FACT. — "HAD NOT KARL THROWN HIS STRONG ARMS AROUND HIM, AND DRAWN HIM VIOLENTLY BACK, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN HURRIED WITH THE GIRL INTO ETERNITY."

pointed roofs of a village, the conical summit of its gray tower, in the olden time, a dependent upon the ruined fortalice above them; and out in the river were flat-bottomed boats, an occasional raft of timber, with the huts of the men who had hewn it, now floating it down the stream to some one of the cities on its banks.

It was a picture to prompt as well as awaken reflection. The young man and his friend were sitting in a nook of the broken masonry of the castle, lost in their voluptuous enjoyment of the quaintly antique yet busy scene. While his eyes rested on it, half closed and dreamily, voices were heard above them. His friend turned his head, and raising it, gazed upward. Two young girls were standing on the very brink of the wall which rose above them. They were evidently not Germans.

Henry felt his friend's hand laid upon his own arm, and was roused from the dreaming world in which his young senses had at the moment been rambling.

"What is it?"

"Look!"

The monosyllable of the reply was uttered in a low tone of voice, as if he who spoke feared by his utterance to dispel some vision.

Henry followed his friend's uplifted finger with his eyes, and in a moment they were almost spellbound by a greater beauty than they had ever before looked upon.

Both the strangers were handsome. From their singular likeness, they were probably sisters. The one, however, who appeared to be the eldest, and who was standing with her arm encircling the waist of the other, was a brunette. The other was a blonde, so rarely and delicately fashioned she almost appeared some fabulous creation of the imagination. Her hair—her bonnet was removed from her head, and hung from her wrist by its knotted ribbons—fell round her neck in a shower of those golden curls which seem, as they meet and reflect the sunlight, almost to efface it with their glancing brilliance. Not the azure of the cloudless heaven could have been bluer than her round and tender eyes. The warm skin of the peach would have been shamed by her downy and delicately-molded cheeks.

"Is not the brunette lovely?"

"She is."

But Henry scarcely knew to what he had replied. His whole heart was absorbed in the contemplation of the beauty of her companion.

"If my dreams were always to be such as this," murmured Karl Birgfeldt, "I could sit here and dream on for ever."

"Listen. They are speaking."

"Is not this landscape beautiful?" was the exclamation which burst from the lips of one of the two girls, as she extended her hand—how delicate and white were those taper fingers!—toward the river.

"What is she saying?" asked Karl.

He did not understand French, and she had spoken in it. Henry motioned him peremptorily to silence.

"It is glorious, indeed, Louise!" was the reply. "Does not all the glory and wonder of the past seem awaking anew in the Summer sun? Could you not fancy this old castle was telling its tale of the ancient times to the broad blue heavens which arch it in? Can you not seem to hear the murmur of its voice thrilling around us in fragmentary utterance? Do you not catch the audible tongue of the broad and tawny Rhine as it murmurs on its path? What stories might they not tell us of the walls we stand on, could we only understand their murmurs!"

Before she had spoken, Henry Wilson had been half in love with her. As he heard her words, they seemed to quiver through his soul. It was as if he had dreamed of melody, and at last that melody had found a voice. But even as this thought was sweeping through him, a third tongue added its sounds to those which he had heard. These were by no means so musical.

"What are you doing here, *mes enfans*? Do you wish to break your necks, and make your old father miserable for life? Come down at once!"

"Yes, papa," said the elder, as she turned.

"See! They are going, Henry!" exclaimed Karl, as in his impatience he partially arose.

The noise of a fragment of stone as it rolled from the wall and rattled down, or, haply, his voice, must have startled the younger of the two girls.

Turning suddenly, her eyes met the upturned glance of the young German, whom she had not before seen. With a slight cry of astonishment, she turned partially around, incautiously placing her foot on a crumbling portion of the wall. She tottered, extended her arms involuntarily, as if to save herself, and in another instant fell from the brink of the broken parapet.

Had no hand been stretched out to save her, she must have been crushed on the rocks some eighty feet below them, for the descent from the base of the wall was precipitous.

Karl uttered a cry of horror. For the moment, he was paralyzed. But even as her white robes were flashing before his eyes, his friend leant from the edge of the recess in which he had been seated, and had seized them. One arm was twined around an ashen sapling, rooted in a crevice of the wall. The impetus and weight of the falling figure dragged him forward, while the young ash bent and snapped from its roots in his sudden clasp.

Had not Karl, who had now recovered from his momentary terror, thrown his strong and muscular arms around him, and drawn him violently back, he would have been hurried with the girl into eternity.

In another moment, the affrighted and fainting maiden was lying on the broken and chipped granite between the young men, in the recess where they had previously been sitting.

When she first fell, in the extremity of her fear, her sister had uttered a piercing cry, and stood as if she had been a statue, riveted to the spot above. Her startled black eyes were gazing down the abyss.

Scarcely had she breathed that scream of anguish than the voice of her father was heard in a yell of agony. Then followed, after a few moments, the hysterical sobs of a woman's voice, which Karl supposed must proceed from her mother.

When her sister perceived that the girl was saved, her limbs relaxed, and she sank on the wall where she had previously been standing. She was very evidently losing consciousness in the sudden reaction of her feelings. As Karl saw this, without pausing to reckon the risk of doing so, he climbed up the broken and shattered stone beneath her, and passing his arm around her, raised her gently. It was no easy matter for him to descend on its inside, laden as he was with her scarcely conscious figure. He, however, accomplished it, and had the satisfaction of placing her in her father's arms.

The old man saw at once, or, rather, discerned—in such moments, our deductions never come from our senses—that Karl was a German, and addressed him, in that language, the most touching thanks for his service. But while doing so, tears filled his eyes, his voice broke, and he was unable to refrain from groaning aloud.

Karl laid his hand kindly upon the stranger's arm.

"Your other child, sir, is safe."

Louise was unable to speak. She could as yet only sob. Her sobs were, nevertheless, sobs of joy.

"Safe?" was the exclamation which broke from the mother's lips.

"She is, *madame*."

"Is this true, young man? Or do you wish to break the shock of our great affliction? If so," cried the father, impetuously, "you do us a false kindness."

"As there is a Saviour for all men, sir," answered Karl, "I tell you the simple truth."

Scarcely had he uttered these words than Henry Wilson emerged from the passage leading to the spot on which he and his friend had previously been seated. With a gentle hand he led the trembling form of the fair girl, as yet but partly recovered from the fright occasioned by her narrow escape from death, toward her parents.

Her mother fell on her neck, and, amidst the mingling tears and smiles of her passionate joy, blessed her young preserver.

The father raised, in the impulse of his thankfulness, his hands to Heaven and thanked it fervently for its abundant mercy shown him in the preservation of his youngest child.

It now became a task of no little difficulty for the two trembling girls to descend the narrow and broken road from the castle to the shore of the Rhine, which in the morning they had ascended so blithely and easily.

With the care and assistance of the two young men, this was, however, accomplished.

Then, in the same boat which had on that morning borne the Alsatian family to the walls of the crumbling tower, they crossed to Bingen, at which place the strangers had been tarrying.

Need it be said that such an incident as this was well calculated to make the young men intimate with the family, or that the love which Henry Wilson already felt wakening in him for the youngest of the two sisters grew rapidly?

For some two weeks they remained in the *Rheingau* with their new friends. It was a period pregnant to the two young men with more delight than they had yet known, and when at length they were compelled to return to Bremen, it was understood between Henry and Mary Latour that they loved each other.

How could it be otherwise? Both young and impulsive, the service he had rendered the girl drew her toward him. Her gratitude completed the fascination her beauty had begun. Indeed, a partial consent had been obtained from Monsieur Latour that their love should be considered as an engagement, subject only to the approval of the elder Mr. Wilson. Without this—so he explicitly told the young Englishman—he would not consent to their union.

This gentleman received his son, on his return home, very coldly. He had divined from Henry's letters that he was in love, and in addition to the distaste his countrymen entertain very generally for early marriage, he had already selected a wife for him.

Consequently, he repressed every attempt the young man made to speak of it; and when at length Henry determinedly made a formal avowal, not only was his disapprobation pointedly expressed, but he flatly and emphatically refused his consent to their union.

Of course, Henry Wilson was compelled to write to the parent of Marie, telling him what had passed.

At the same time he implored him not to forbid him all hope, as time, he said, must ultimately soften his father's will, and he was determined to gain his consent. At the same time he wrote to Marie.

The old man's answer did not come quickly. Nor was it one calculated to give much consolation to the young, ardent, and impassioned lover.

Old and young regard such matters from different standpoints. These feel, while the former reason. Until Mr. Wilson gave his positive consent, the Alsatian said he

must decline allowing Marie to receive letters from or to correspond with him.

He had allowed her to read the letter written by him to her, but it must be the last. She was young enough to forget him, while he himself would, in all probability, speedily reconcile himself to her loss.

This letter was shown by the young man to his friend.

For several days after its receipt—nay, for several weeks, he was deeply dejected. After this he slowly recovered his spirits, although he was now less prone to indulge in the common amusements and gayeties of his age and station in life. Greatly to his father's satisfaction, he appeared to have gradually forgotten her.

This state of things continued on his part for more than a year, when France began to heave with the premonitory throes of the approaching Revolution. The Bastille was taken and destroyed by the insurgent spirits of Paris. The ax of the popular will had stricken its first blow against the existent order of things.

Shortly after this, young Wilson was sitting with his friend Karl in the apartment of the latter, who noticed that he appeared unusually depressed.

"What is the matter, Henry?" he at length said, noticing that his friend wished to speak with him, although he seemed to hesitate about doing so.

"I scarcely dare tell you."

"Why?"

"You will laugh at me."

"You cannot think so, *lieber* Henry?"

"Or you will think me mad."

"What on earth can make you imagine that?"

"Because I am not unfrequently tempted to believe myself so."

"Indeed," uttered Karl, laughingly. "Your confidence must, then, be strange."

"You remember the Latours?"

As Wilson suddenly asked this, he looked full and earnestly in Karl's face, and might have noticed his sudden start.

He, however, said nothing, but waited for his answer. It came at last.

"Most certainly I do."

"The disturbances in the French capital make me uneasy upon their account," said Wilson, slowly.

"Good God! why should that be? They are in Alsace."

This reply was made with such an evident want of belief in its assertion, it would have arrested the attention of his friend had he not been preoccupied.

"You have not forgotten Marie, then?"

"How could I?"

"And you correspond with her?"

"Yes, I correspond with her." He paused, as if in hesitation, but then continued, "Nightly, in my dreams."

"How strange!" muttered Karl.

"You do not, then, doubt what I tell you?"

"Not in the least."

"I feared you would not have credited me."

"Alas! my friend, singular as it is, I have but too much reason to listen to and believe you."

"Why?"

"I also have had a dreaming correspondence."

"With whom?"

"Louise Latour."

"Good heavens! Then you, too, know she is in Paris?"

"No; but I have dreamed it."

"You love Louise?"

"Heaven help me, but I do."

"Yet," said Henry, reproachfully, "you would not tell me that you did so."

"It was but lately, dear friend, that I have realized it."

"What do you mean?"

"This: I love my dream now, and love it far better and far more truly than I had fancied I could love herself while I was with her in the *Rhein-gau*."

Henry buried his face in his hands, but, after a short time, looked up again and spoke.

"I can now understand what Marie told me a few

had received the answer to his letter from Monsieur Latour that the form of Marie had appeared to him in his slumbers, and seemed to tell him, so long as he loved her, her soul should be chained to his, and visit him nightly. At first this had been believed by him only a vision, but, as the dream, varying in its details, was repeated regularly, he had imagined that it was a real and spiritual presence, until at last his real life had shrunk into dream-land, while in his dreams alone he had appeared to himself palpably to live. At first he had wished to speak



EDINBURGH.—VIEW OF THE CASTLE FROM THE KING'S MEWS.—SEE PAGE 410.

nights since—that Louise had always loved you, and that you had but gradually awakened to her love."

Karl stared at his friend as he uttered this, for, singular as the coincidence in their dreams was, he was not disposed to invest them with such a consistent reality as his friend was. However, as their speech became more confidential, and Henry told him everything which had been recently passing in his own mind, dwelling especially on his primary unwillingness to place any faith in the visions which had now become, with him, so singularly confluent and regular; hard as was the German texture of Karl's brain, he began to marvel whether his friend did not fancy he was at present in his dream-life, and whether his sleep did not seem to him his actual existence.

It seemed that it had only been a few nights after he

of this to Karl—nay, once or twice he had attempted to do so. A natural fear of his friend's ridicule had, nevertheless, prevented him from carrying out this intention. Latterly, since he had been led to believe through his dreams that the girl was in Paris, a cloud had seemed to veil her beauty. Her blue eyes were frequently bathed in tears. He had asked her, or, rather, his phantasy, why she wept so much. This she seemed unwilling to explain. Then, through her presence, he had been informed of the taking of the Bastille some three days previous to the receipt of the intelligence through the mails.

This, when subsequently confirmed, gave him—at least so he thought—conclusive warranty of her actual presence. He had then felt compelled to mention what he believed her periodical visits to his friend. As he arrived

at this point in his strange narrative, Karl gave him a fiercely inquiring look. He was inclined to doubt Henry Wilson's sanity. But as he gazed steadily into the quietly

Until some six months later Karl became the constant confidant of his friend's singular experiences. Then four days elapsed without his seeing him. On the fifth,

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sad and wearied eyes of the young man, and saw no flush upon his cheek, nor detected any hurry in his intonation, he again relapsed into thought.

Wilson again called upon him. His face was deadly pale, and it was with an action resembling terror that he sank into a chair at the side of Karl.

His friend saw that he was strongly moved.

"Do not be astonished. To-night I start for Paris," were his first words.

"And why, in heaven's name?" ejaculated Karl.

"Four nights since I saw Marie. She was weeping. Her father was in prison. He had been placed there through the influence of a friend or instrument of Mirabeau."

"For what?" asked his friend.

He had been forced into belief by the singular air of conviction with which this intelligence was given him.

"I know not. You have heard of Mirabeau?"

"Who has not?"

"Well, since that period I have not seen her. I am miserable. I go to find her."

"How very singular!"

"What is?"

"Since that period, Henry, I have not looked on the shape of Louise."

"The shape!"

"Well, then, I have not seen her. When I last saw her she was violently agitated, although she did not weep."

Henry looked at his friend with a mournful air of triumph, as though asking himself how so strangely correlative a coincidence in their dreams could be explained. At present it would, of course, be attributed to some one of the thousand fashions in which the mesmeric *rappor*t is conceived to exist, or to one of those strange theories which have been so logically evolved by shrewd thinkers from unexplained physical phenomena. Then, it was obvious to both of the young men that it arose from some unintelligible union between their souls and those of the two *demoiselles* with whom they had a year since become so curiously acquainted.

"Will you accompany me?"

Karl answered, "I will."

"We must mention our departure to no one."

"What money have you?"

"Almost the whole of my last year's allowance. A strange prevision seems to have been upon me. I have been economical."

"I have three hundred and—yes, three hundred and seventy thalers."

"It will be more than enough."

"But our passports?"

"They are already provided," replied Wilson. "I have cared for and seen to them."

He then told Karl these indispensable requisites for Continental traveling were drawn up under the names of Jacques Desarge, a French *commis-voyageur*, and Emmanuel Horn, a German merchant; and it was settled that they should not quit Bremen by the *diligence*. It started at six in the evening, and if, by any chance, their parents became aware of their departure, they might take measures to arrest them before they had passed the Prussian frontier, or even while yet in the city.

Therefore it was determined that Henry should tell his family he intended to pass the night with Karl, who was, in most respects, a freer agent than his companion, and that they should not leave the house until the relatives of the former had retired to rest.

Accordingly, shortly before midnight, they dropped from the city walls into the dry moat; found at a cottage a quarter of a mile off two horses, which they had purchased and placed in charge of the peasant who lived there during the day, and were, by the gray dawn of the early morning, some five-and-thirty miles upon their road.

Traveling was, in those days, by no means so rapid,

even on horseback, as it is now. Consequently, it was only at the termination of the noon on the fourth day—they had met with so many obstacles it was impossible to have foreseen, and, if foreseen, to have avoided—that they found themselves entering Paris. They rode to a hotel in the neighborhood of the *barriere*, through which they had entered the city, and in half an hour after, as they sat down to the meal which had been hastily ordered, and noticed the rough and uncourteous manner of their attendants, as well as the insolent indifference of their landlord, possibly realized for the first time the actual difficulty of the quest upon which they had embarked. They possessed no address, nor had they the slightest clue to obtain one, unless it were the certainty Henry Wilson believed he had that the Alsatian was imprisoned. This, however, would be worth nothing to them until all other means to discover the family had failed.

Jacques Desarge, as Henry was now called, did not nevertheless, despair of finding them.

He told his companion that it was unlikely they should have been guided so far upon their search unless they were destined to succeed. It was, therefore, determined, as Karl was fatigued with their long and tedious journey, while he himself had been wonderfully sustained through its continuance, that Henry should quit the hotel and commence his search immediately their dinner was terminated.

Half an hour later, having counseled his friend to lie down and take some rest, he descended into the streets of Paris alone, and a complete stranger in that, even then, vast capital.

It was in less than an hour and a half that he returned, and rushed into the chamber, where Karl, with his coat thrown off, was stretched upon the bed sleeping. The impatient summons of his friend at once aroused him.

"Rise, Karl! Put on your coat and hat and come with me."

"Where to?"

"God was with me. I have found them."

No sooner had he heard those words than his friend leaped from the bed. In another instant he was ready to accompany Wilson. They descended the stairs of the hotel, crossed the court in its interior, and emerged upon the street.

It was, indeed, an extraordinary hazard, if there are any hazards in life, by which the young man had discovered the objects of his search.

He had been wandering through the streets of Paris for more than an hour, when he found himself in that portion of the city close to the Garden of the Tuileries, then, as it may be now, called the Rue Richelieu. A methodical inquiry, or search, he had not thought of making. He was under the impression that he was guided by some Power superior to human prudence or skill. This he must undoubtedly have been, unless the direction of his steps are attributed to those occult sympathies which have since been generally classed under the name of *Clairvoyance*.

As he paused near the entrance to the Garden, a dog sprang upon him, and attempted to lick his hand. It was a small black-and-tan spaniel, of that breed which has been christened after King Charles. He fondled it, and seemed to remember it. All at once his memory assumed shape and form. It was a spaniel which had belonged to the mother of the two girls. Immediately he looked round. At no very great distance from him Marie Latour was walking slowly along.

As his eyes embraced that well-known figure it seemed but to continue the loving passion of his dreams. For the instant he forgot the purpose which had brought him

to Paris, and, in his waking joy, realized what had been the feeling of his slumber. When his eyes had last actually looked upon her, she had been no more than a fair child. Now her promising life had ripened into a well-nigh matchless beauty. The trace of lately-shed tears dimmed her eyes. This only softened—it could not erase—her matchless loveliness.

He advanced toward her. But, when startled at his approach, she raised her head, and her look met his, there was little or no astonishment traceable in it.

She extended both her hands, which were grasped by his, and said:

"You have come at last, Henri! I expected you."

She had then conducted him to the house in which herself and sister, with Madame Latour, were dwelling, and dismissed him at the gate, bidding him return with his friend, as Louise was convinced he, too, would have accompanied young Wilson.

It will be unnecessary to linger long over the details of this interview.

It seemed—so at least the girls told them—their parent, who had been a wealthy merchant in Paris until some few years since, when he had retired from business, had possessed the chance of doing Louis XVI. a great service, at the time when he was the Dauphin, and had availed himself of it. Latterly he had been filled with an ominous dread, which prefigured in his mind the approaching horrors of the Revolution. Some seven months since he had, consequently, repaired to Paris with his family, for the purpose of realizing that portion of his funds which had been allowed to remain in the hands of his old partners.

The fall of the Bastille and the disturbed state of the city had prevented his affairs from being settled as speedily as he had proposed. No sufficient reason appeared to have been given for this delay by his former associates.

But one morning, some two weeks since, or perhaps less, the officers of the police had entered the suite of apartments of which he was *locataire*. The old man was arrested. He had been accused by a man named Verneuil, a follower of Mirabeau's, of having been employed by Louis to carry on a secret correspondence with Austria.

Marie and her sister believed this accusation, although brought by an apparent stranger, had been planned by the heads of his old house of business, for the mere purpose of gaining time in settling their indebtedness to him—perhaps of canceling it, as it had been intimated, would either of them consent to receive the addresses of the senior partner, a man of more than sixty years, the accusation would be quashed.

"The old scoundrel!" ejaculated Karl.

"When was it he is said to have been employed by the king?" asked Henry.

"At the very period we first met you upon the Rhine," was the reply.

"If so, our evidence will prove that this could not have been."

"You forget," observed Karl, "that our passports are not made out in our names."

That night Wilson and his companion slept but little; they were resolving what had best be done. Unable to come to any decision, on the following morning Henry visited the Prussian Consul at Paris, who chanced to be, as he knew, a long-tried friend of his father's. To him he told all.

The consul reproved him for having left Bremen, and advised the immediate return of himself and friend. Being, however, a man of warm impulses, when he found Henry determined not to quit the French capital, he made up his mind how to act. Accordingly, under his instruc-

tions, an affidavit was drawn up by Henry, in conjunction with his friend, stating how and where they had first met Monsieur Latour. The exact time was specified. An account of the manner in which each day had been spent, a complete and full detail of the contents, with the date of Henry's letter to him in Alsace, and his own letter of reply, which the young man carried in his pocket-book, were subjoined. This affidavit was left in the consul's hand.

The young men then returned to Marie and her sister, who were already more cheerful. The sisters, were possessed by the belief that they would succeed in their efforts to liberate their father.

On the following day the young men accompanied the two girls on their daily visit to the prison in which Monsieur Latour was confined.

A great change had come over the old man. Instead of that sturdy age by which he was marked when the friends first met him, he had almost lapsed into that premature childishness so often eliminated in the aged by unexpected trouble. His head was bowed; those locks, which had only been slightly grizzled, were now perfectly blanched. His keen, bright eyes were now fatigued and dull. Ruddy Autumn seemed to have merged into hoary Winter. When he saw the young men, however, a new life seemed to reanimate him. His form straightened under the sudden impulse, and the failing man seemed once again to be summoned into renewed life.

After having been told by his daughters all which the young men had done, he said, pressing Henry's hand as he did so:

"If I should be unliberated, and die in prison—the old cannot wear long when deprived of air and light—I make but one request. Bear away Marie and Louise with their mother. So they cannot lose all."

"But, my father!" exclaimed the youngest girl, "you will be free in a few days."

"Who can say?" sadly asked the old man. "Life and freedom are in the hands of the Almighty."

In the meantime the Prussian Consul had reconsidered the subject, and come to the conclusion Marie and her sister intuitively arrived at. So taking the affidavit, he waited upon Latour's former partners, and explaining for what purpose it had been drawn up, laid it before them, stating that he himself was personally acquainted with the young men, and was prepared to substantiate its truth before the necessary tribunals.

The elder partner listened attentively. Then, pushing the unopened papers back to him, said it was useless to apply to them, as they were not responsible for the imprisonment of their former associate. Whilst he was saying this the consul detected a furtive glance which he interchanged with his younger partner. When he was preparing to rise the latter motioned him not to do so.

"Will you allow me to glance for a moment at those papers?"

"Most certainly," was the reply.

For a short space the younger of the two was occupied in reading the affidavit. His thin, pale lips curled contemptuously as he was thus occupied. When he came to the signatures, however, he suddenly raised his head with a look of intense vexation visible in his face, which he strove in vain to conceal.

"Who is this Karl Birgfeldt?" he asked, pointing to the second signature. The elder partner changed color as he heard this question.

"The son of a merchant in Bremen."

"Not Hans Birgfeldt?"

"The same, monsieur."



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An exclamation of very unpleasant surprise made itself audible from the head of the firm, but was instantly checked by a glance from the younger man. Herr Hans Birgfeldt was the principal in a wealthy German house in that city, with whom they transacted a great deal of business. Indeed, at this very time they were engaged in a heavy mercantile affair with it, whose gigantic proportions rendered it absolutely necessary for them to remain on good terms with him.

"You must allow us to consult together for a short time," he said, rising.

"Certainly," said the consul, bowing.

He saw the name had seemed entirely to change the color of the

affair. Taking up a journal lying on the table, he turned to peruse it, as the partners quitted the room together.

After a somewhat long absence the second of the two—who, it would appear, was the managing, although not the nominal, head of the firm—returned, alone. The consul, who had thrown aside the journal, and was then occupied in staring out of the window, at the paving-

stones of the courtyard on which it looked, turned toward him. With an air of the most profound French suavity, the latter drew up a chair toward him, and motioned the Prussian to be seated.

"My dear sir," he said, "it appears to me this affair can be arranged."

"It must, monsieur."



A LEVEE AT HOLYROOD PALACE.



EDINBURGH.—THE REGALIA OF SCOTLAND.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"The word 'must' is an ugly one."

"In this case it is necessary."

Unable to divine why it was so, the German felt he was now master of the situation.

Forgetting his politeness, the Frenchman scowled as he heard this. He evidently felt at a loss how to proceed.

"Listen to me," said the consul. "A word from your lips would secure the release of Monsieur Latour. Would it not?"

"You, monsieur, are pleased to say so."

"But he has funds in your hands it would at present be inconvenient for you to have removed out of your business." Here he paused.

"Monsieur has reason."

"How large a portion of it could you at once offer him?"

"Four hundred thousand francs in five days of time," was the hesitating reply.

"And that will leave about—"

"Eight hundred thousand in our hands."

"How long do you wish to retain this sum, monsieur?"

"Six years."

"It is far too long."

"I regret you should find it so," replied the merchant, rising.

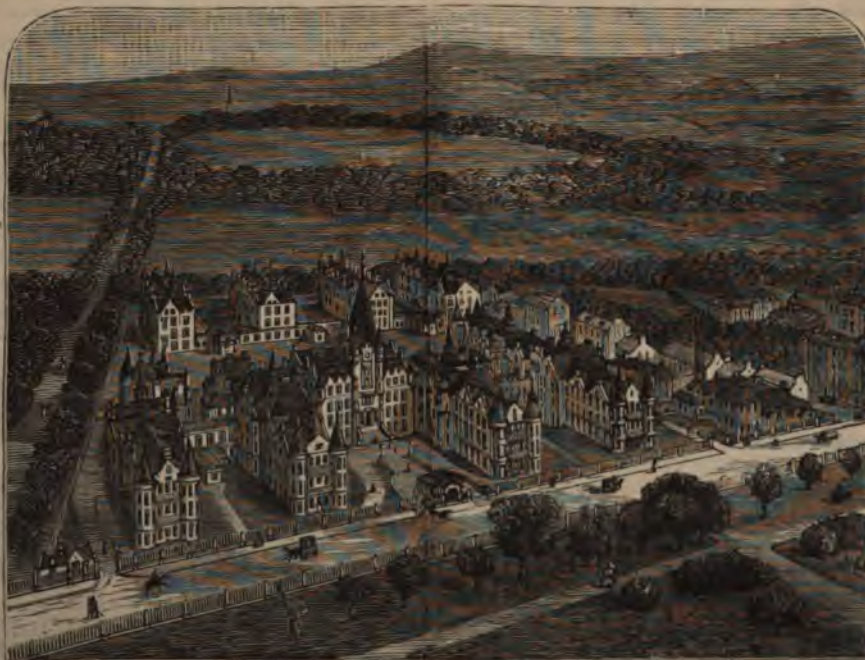
"Well, then," said the Prussian, with a drolly expressive French shrug of his shoulders, "I shall regret being compelled to write to Herr Birgfeldt that I could do nothing with you, and must take other steps."

The merchant seemed to reflect.

"If half the remainder is paid in three years, will Monsieur Latour give us six to cancel the balance of his claim in?"

"I think it is more than probable."

Consequently, it was with this understanding that an arrangement was effected, and on the second day following the interview Latour



THE ROYAL INFIRMARY OF EDINBURGH.

released from confinement. On the fifth day from it four hundred thousand francs were paid him, and an obligation was signed by the principals of his old firm for the liquidation of the remainder at the terms agreed on. This, it would be needless to say, the subsequent troubles of the Revolution compelled him to receive in *assignats*, which were of little more value than waste paper. A handsome remuneration was tendered by him to the Prussian Consul for his service, which, it is needless to say, that official cheerfully pocketed. Prussian official salaries at that time were doled out on a small scale.

In eight days from the date of the arrival of Henry Wilson and Karl Birgfeldt in Paris, the Alsatian family had quitted it with them for Bremen, where they had agreed to proceed with the young men.

It is unnecessary to descant upon the astonishment and trouble experienced by their parents upon finding their sons had quitted this city. This was, however, greatly increased when they had traced them upon the road to Paris, and lost every vestige of the fugitives after they had crossed the French frontier.

Herr Birgfeldt had written to the Prussian Consul, imploring him to search them out. This letter had crossed them upon their road homeward. It, indeed, may be probable that when this official was opening and reading it, young Wilson and Birgfeldt were receiving two tolerably severe lectures from their respective and respected parents.

Nevertheless, in spite of this, scarcely three months had elapsed ere the two young men led Louise—we give her precedence here as the eldest—and Marie Latour to the altar. The Prussian Consul from Paris—he had been luckily removed from his consulate before the younger partner in Latour's old house of business became a prominent member of the Montagne—danced at the ball given in honor of their wedding.

Not more than some ten years since there was still a wealthy mercantile firm in Bremen under the names of Wilson & Birgfeldt. In it the capital which had been saved for the Alsatian had more than quintupled its amount. The original partners had, however, long retired from business.

Henry Wilson had died in England, Karl Birgfeldt in a country-seat in the neighborhood of Bremen. They were both old men, and Marie and Louise were at the time, it is to be hoped, waiting for them in Paradise.

EDINBURGH.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

EDINBURGH is situated in the northern part of the County of Midlothian, about two miles from the Firth of Forth. Its length and breadth are nearly equal, being about two and a half miles in either direction. The site is hilly and irregular, the elevation of the lower portions being about 100, and of the higher from 200 to 250 feet above the level of the sea. It is divided by an open valley into Old and New Towns, the former being marked by a picturesque irregularity which contrasts well with the symmetry of the latter.

Edinburgh was originally a hamlet of Angles, placed on the sloping ridge of rock, upon the summit of which King Edwin pitched his "burgh." It formed part of the Northumbrian kingdom for four centuries after its foundation, and its church (dedicated to St. Cuthbert) was subject to the Bishop of Lindisfarne. In the early part of the eleventh century it was, with its castle, added to the Kingdom of the Scots and about a century later, when King

David I. granted a charter founding the Abbey of the Holy Rood, he refers to his Burgh of Edinburgh, and to his garden, close to the Castle.

Edinburgh was the favorite capital of the Stuart Kings. James II., in 1450, fortified it by a wall, a remnant of which (called the Wellhouse Tower) still remains below the Castle rock in the West Princes Street Garden. The wall had several handsome gates (or ports), all of which have disappeared. In gratitude for his liberation from the Castle, where he had taken refuge, the same King conferred on the chief magistrate the dignity of Hereditary High Sheriff of the city. He also gave the trades "The Blue Blanket," a standard or banner, which is still carefully preserved.

To James V. Edinburgh is indebted for its courts of law, called "The Colledge of Justice," and the ceremony of institution is commemorated by a modern stained-glass window in the Parliament House.

The New Town took its rise at the end of the eighteenth century, the first plans being published in 1768-1774. After this it rapidly increased, until the original burgh came to be only a minute portion of the extended city. So rapid a transformation is difficult to conceive in a town unaided by manufactures. In the course of a century the area, which was less than a square mile, had increased its borders sevenfold; and the old-fashioned town with its ancient wall had burst forth into the modern city, with squares, gardens and monuments, rivaling in beauty even Athens of Greece.

This resemblance between Edinburgh and Athens, which had often been remarked by travelers, suggested the title of "Modern Athens." I have visited both cities, and I prefer—Edinburgh.

As Edinburgh has no very extensive manufactures, it depends for its prosperity on its courts of law, colleges, and schools, as well as on its general amenity as a place of residence.

The climate is, on the whole, healthy and favorable to longevity. The average rate of mortality is about 19 per 1,000.

The population of Edinburgh at the census of 1871 amounted to 196,500, while that of the adjoining seaport of Leith was 44,177. The census in 1881 showed it at 227,451, and Leith at 58,330.

The environs of Edinburgh hold out many attractions, and few cities have the advantage of such delightful drives and walks. These include Roslin and Hawthornden, Hopetoun House, Portobello, Newhaven, and Trinity.

I shall first take the readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY to Edinburgh Castle, the ancient "Burgh" of Edwin, King of Northumbria, which stands on a precipitous rock 383 feet above the level of the sea. It is accessible only on the eastern side; the northern, western, and southern sides being precipitous, and in some places almost perpendicular. Before the invention of gunpowder it was considered almost impregnable; but now its strength is more apparent than real. The buildings, which are principally modern, are used as barracks for foot soldiers, and have accommodation for 1,200 men, and an armory for 30,000 stand of arms. The principal or Half-moon Battery faces the northeast, and is mounted with guns of various sizes, which are fired on holidays and festive occasions. The usual approach is by the High Street and Castle Hill, which emerge into the Esplanade.

Crossing a drawbridge over the moat, we enter the Castle through the old Portecullis Gate, and underneath the old State Prison, where the Marquis and Earl of Argyll, and numerous adherents of the Stuarts, were confined previous to their trial and execution.

Passing next the prison and St. Margaret's Chapel, we reach the old Palace Yard, containing the Crown Room, in which are deposited the Regalia, the insignia of Scottish royalty, consisting of a crown, sceptre, sword of state, and Lord-Treasurer's rod of office. The Honors of Scotland, as these insignia were called, have an interesting history; and, as Scott remarks, we cannot wonder at the fond desire which Scottish antiquaries have shown to refer their date, in the language of national song, to

"Days when gude King Robert rang."

James V. added to the crown the two concentric circles, surmounted at the point of intersection by a mount of gold, and a large cross *patée*, upon which are the characters J. R. V. The sceptre was also made in the same reign—most probably during the King's visit to Paris in 1536—as appears by the J. R. V. engraved under the figures of the three saints which are placed upon the top of it. James, when preparing for his alliance with France by marrying one of her princesses, might be naturally induced to repair and augment the splendor of the national regalia, and the advanced state of the arts at Paris afforded him the best opportunity of doing so.

The sceptre performed its last grand legislative office by ratifying the treaty of Union with England on the 16th of January, 1707. The Earl of Seafield, then chancellor, on returning it to the clerk, is reported to have scornfully applied the vulgar phrase, "There is an end of an auld sang."

The sword of state has an earlier date than the sceptre. This beautiful specimen of early art was presented to King James IV. by the warlike Pope Julius II., in the year 1507. It was accompanied by a consecrated hat; and both, as we are informed by Lesly, were delivered with great solemnity in the Church of Holyrood, by the Papal Legate and the Abbot of Dunfermline.

Adjoining the Crown Room, but having a separate entrance from the square, is Queen Mary's Room—a small apartment on the ground-floor, at the southeast corner of this wing of the quadrangle, where Queen Mary gave birth to James VI., in whom the crowns of England and Scotland were united. The event is commemorated by the initials H. and M., and the date 1566 over the doorway. The room is small and irregular in form, and has lost much of its antique wainscot paneling, some of which has been but rudely replaced. The original ceiling remains, and the initials I. R. and M. R., surmounted by the royal crown, are wrought in the alternate compartments of the panels. On the wall is the following inscription, surmounted by the Scottish arms:

"Lord Jesu Chryst, that crounit was with Thorne,
Preserve the Birth, quhais Badgie hair is borne,
And send Hir Sonne successione, to Reigne stille,
Lang in this Realme, if that it be Thy will.
Als grant, O Lord, quhat ever of Hir proceed,
Be to Thy Honer, and Praise, sobied.
19th IVNII, 1566."

Situated on the highest part of the Castle rock, close to the Mons Meg Bomb Battery, is St. Margaret's Chapel, an interesting relic of Norman architecture, named after the Saxon princess, Queen of Malcolm Canmore. As usual with chapels of that date, it is very small, and as Queen Margaret died in 1093, it must be one of the oldest in Scotland.

Close by, on the Bomb Battery, is Mons Meg, a gigantic piece of artillery, made at Mons, in Belgium, in 1476, celebrated in the history of the Scottish Jameses, and not forgotten in Drummond's "Macaronies":

"Scout! Mons Megga crackasset."

It is coopered of thick iron bars, hooped together, and is about twenty inches diameter in the bore. The inscription on the carriage states that it was supposed to have been used at the siege of Dumbarton, 1489, and at Northam, 1497, reign of James IV. It is not unusual for the male tourist to toss off a "quatch" of Glenlivet or Farintosh, the head being concealed in the bowels of Mons Meg. I have gone through the fiery ordeal.

Immediately under that part of the Castle known as the Holyrood Rocks stand the ruins of the Wellhouse Tower, which formed a part of the first town wall erected in 1450. It served also as an outwork of the castle, and, as its name implies, secured to the garrison access to a spring of water at the base of the rock.

Edinburgh Castle has many interesting associations, and has been the scene of various daring exploits.

The Castle has frequently served both as the residence and the prison of the Scottish Kings. James III. was confined here by his subjects for the space of nine months, till released in 1482 by the Duke of Albany, assisted by the citizens of Edinburgh, who surprised the Castle. In 1650 the Castle sustained a siege for above two months against Cromwell, and at last surrendered on honorable terms.

Retracing our steps to the Esplanade, we commence a gradual descent of the High Street to Holyrood.

After passing through classical ground, we reach the Parliament House, the ancient meeting-place of the Scottish Parliament, which has been appropriated since the time of the Union to the use of the Supreme Courts. The present building was erected between the years 1632 and 1640, but subsequently, with the exception of the great hall, almost totally renewed. The public entrance is at the southwest angle of the square, and there is free admission.

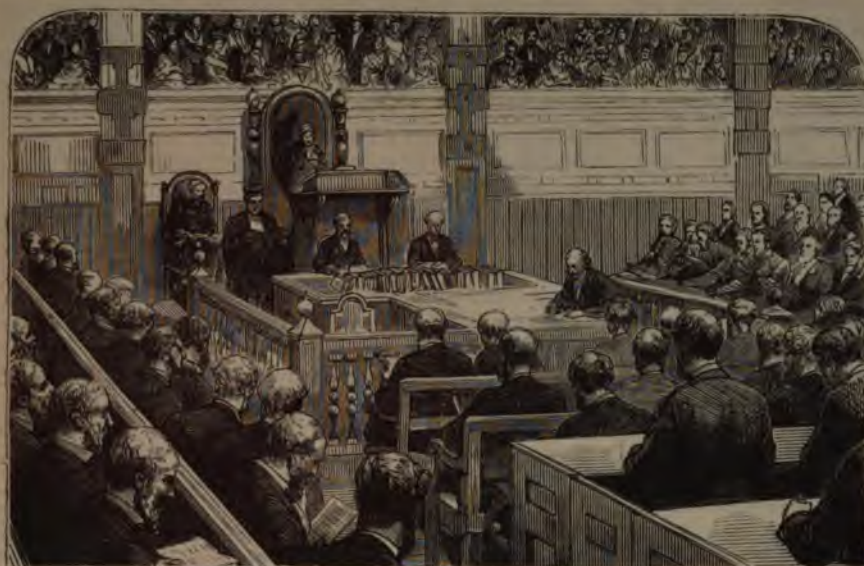
The Great Hall, or Parliament House, a large apartment 122 feet by 49, with a lofty roof of carved oak, was finished in 1639. It now serves as a hall for practitioners in the courts, and is ornamented with statues and portraits of distinguished lawyers more or less connected with Scotland.

The Outer House, where the Lords Ordinary sit, consists of four small courts, where civil cases are tried for the first time. The Inner House is divided into two divisions (First and Second), where appeals are heard from the Outer House and Sheriff-Courts. The High Court of Justiciary is the supreme criminal tribunal of Scotland, and is situated in another part of the building.

Connected with the Parliament House is the Advocates Library, one of the five libraries in the United Kingdom entitled to a copy of every book published in Great Britain. It contains the most valuable collection of books in Scotland, the printed works amounting to some 300,000 volumes, including exceedingly rare and curious works in Scottish poetry, of which there is a printed catalogue, extending to seven quarto volumes (1867-1879). In one of the lower apartments may be seen Greenshield's *sic sidebat* statue of Sir Walter Scott, the original manuscript of Waverley, and the Confession of Faith signed by James I. and the Scotch nobles of the Privy Council (1589-90), to appease his Presbyterian subjects.

The Signet Library, adjoining the Advocates', is a most elegant and spacious building, excellently kept. It contains upward of 50,000 volumes, and is rich in the archaeological department, more especially in British and Irish history. This library is supported exclusively by the contributions of the writers to Her Majesty's Signet.

The City or Council Chambers are situated nearly opposite the Parliament House, and form part of a building called the Royal Exchange. Here the municipal



GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE KIRK AT EDINBURGH.

affairs of the magistrates and Town Council are transacted.

We now reach John Knox's house. This house, which protrudes into the street on the north side, was the manse provided for the Scottish reformer in 1559, when he was elected minister of Edinburgh; and there he resided until his death in 1572. Over the door is the following admonitory inscription:

Jose. God. above. al. and. your. nichtvor. as. yi. self.

and close beneath the window from which he is said to have preached is a rude effigy pointing to the name of God, carved upon a stone above in Greek, Latin and English. Nearly opposite Knox's house there is a tall, narrow tenement, from which Thomas Baskandyn, the celebrated printer, issued his beautiful folio Bible and Sir David Lindsay's poems, 1574.

A little below Knox's house are St. Mary and Jeffrey Streets. The latter diverges



HOLYROOD CASTLE.



A CRIMINAL COURT IN SESSION.

northward in a curve, and contains the reconstructed Trinity College Church, which originally occupied a site lower down on the line of railway. This old church was founded in 1462 by Mary of Gueldres, consort of James II. The original stones were carefully numbered when the church was taken down, and thus the whole fabric, containing many fine specimens of carved work, was preserved.

At this point, extending downward to Holyrood, commences the Canongate—a narrow street, along the main access from the palace to the city, and where many of the ancient nobility of Scotland once resided.

In the churchyard of the Canongate Church—a large

square building on the same side—are interred Adam Smith, the author of "The Wealth of Nations," Dugald Stewart, David Allan, the artist, and Ferguson, the poet. Burns himself erected the simple stone over Ferguson's tomb, "to remain for ever sacred to his memory."

At the foot of the Canongate we emerge into the open space in front of Holyrood Palace. This venerable seat of Scottish royalty was originally a convent, as its ordinary name, The Abbey, implies, and like so many other monastic establishments, it calls David I. its founder. The legend connected with its foundation is preserved in the

armorial bearings of the borough of Canongate to this day.

The King, it seems, was hunting, in or about the year 1128, in the forest of Drumsheuch (now incorporated with the western portion of Edinburgh), when he was thrown to the ground and attacked by a stag which had been brought to bay. A cross was suddenly interposed betwixt the defenseless monarch and the incensed animal, which fled in dismay at the sight. The cross, the substance of which could not be ascertained, remained on the place, and was regarded, of course, with the highest veneration.

In the eventful years 1745-6, Charles Edward Stuart was resident at the Palace for some time before and after the battle of Prestonpans. More lately (till August, 1799) the deserted apartments served to accommodate the exiled Comte d'Artois, afterward Charles X. of France, with the emigrant nobility who were attached to his person, including the well-known Comte de Coigny. When again driven from his country by the Revolution of 1830, the same unfortunate prince, with all the imme-

diate members of his family, found refuge once more in the Palace of the Stuarts until 18th September, 1832. George IV., on his visit to Edinburgh in 1822, held levees in the Palace, and it is still used as an occasional royal residence. The entrance is under a handsome cupola, surmounted by an imperial crown executed in stonework. The visitor turns to the left, and the first door leads to the Picture-gallery and Queen Mary's apartments.

The Picture-gallery, the largest apartment in the Palace, measures 150 feet long by twenty-seven broad. Upon the walls are suspended about one hundred portraits or fanciful representations of Scottish Kings, from the time of Fergus I. to James VII., by De Witt, the most interesting being the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. The election of Representative Peers for Scotland takes place in this room.

Queen Mary's apartments are the most interesting in the Palace, and remain to some extent in the same state as when last occupied by the unhappy princess. Passing through the Audience Chamber, we enter Queen Mary's bedroom, with some ancient bed and other furniture. The roof of this is divided into panels, on which are painted various initials and coats-of-arms. On one side of the room is the door of the secret passage by which the conspirators entered, and adjoining is the cabinet or closet where they found their victim, Riccio. It is said that he was dragged out from this to the



THE GREAT HALL OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, EDINBURGH.



THE INNER GATEWAY OF THE CASTLE.

door of the Audience Chamber, where he was finally dispatched, the spot where the body lay being still marked by the stains of blood.

After visiting Queen Mary's apartments, you descend the staircase to the Chapel Royal, a fragment of the ancient abbey of Holyrood House, founded in 1128 by David I., whose prodigal liberality to the clergy drew from James VI. the pithy observation that he was "a sair sanct for the crown."

After the murder of Riccio, Bothwell and others of the Queen's adherents made their way out of the Palace by a window on the north side, and passing through the garden, escaped, it is said, by an old house still extant, named Queen Mary's Bath, situated at the northern corner of the Palace courtyard.

Arthur's Seat, which rises up immediately from Holyrood, is 822 feet in height, and easily accessible from various parts of Edinburgh. No tourist should omit the ascent after the proverbial Scotch breakfast, and I recommend the Drive to Dunsappie Loch, and up the hill from that point.

On the shoulder of the hill overlooking the Palace are the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel. The chapel has been a plain Gothic building, but its history has not been handed down. From the foot of a high rock, which rises behind the cell, there gushes a pure and plentiful fountain, dedicated to St. Anthony. There is an entrancing view of Edinburgh from the ruins, and the scene is otherwise interesting from its association with incidents in Scott's "Heart of Midlothian."

A pile of stones, near the east park gate leading to Piershill Barracks, commemorates Muschat's Cairn, where Jeanie Deans, the heroine of that novel, met the ruffian Robertson.

The University of Edinburgh dates its existence from the year 1582, when James VI. was sixteen years of age, and had been for fifteen years King of Scotland. Till that time there had been but three Universities in Scotland—St. Andrews, Glasgow and Aberdeen. The site was originally a kind of suburb, consisting mainly of gardens and straggling buildings, but containing the Church of St. Mary in the Fields, or Kirk o' Field, well known as the scene of the ghastly murder of Darnley.

It is four stories in height, and rectangular in form, the east and west sides being 255 feet in length, and the south and north sides 358 feet. It presents its main front to the South Bridge, and forms an entire side respectively of Chambers Street and South College Street. The entrance is by a portico supported by four large elegant Doric columns, each twenty-six feet in height, and formed of a single block.

The inner quadrangle presents rather a handsome appearance with its continuous range of massive buildings in a semi-Grecian style of architecture. An elegant stone balustrade forms a kind of raised gallery all the way round; at the angles, and on the west side, there are spacious piazzas.

The library occupies nearly the whole of the south side of the square; the principal apartment or hall measures 198 feet long by fifty feet in breadth, and its beautiful gilded arched ceiling is more than fifty feet in height. A series of marble busts is arranged along each side. The library contains upward of 138,000 volumes, and about 2,000 manuscripts.

The Museum of Science and Art, a branch of the science and art department of London, is situated immediately to the west of the University.

At the west end of the street we reach George IV. Bridge (which crosses the Cowgate, near its junction with

the Grassmarket), and here faces the entrance to the Greyfriars Churchyard, named after the ancient monastery established here at an early period. The original church was of ancient date, having been built in 1612, and it was here that the first signatures to the National Covenant were appended in 1638.

At the south end of George IV. Bridge may be seen a neat monument erected some years ago by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, to "Greyfriars Bobby," a dog of typical fidelity, and that died of grief on its master's grave in the adjoining churchyard.

The Royal Infirmary, a noble range of buildings, occupies a gentle slope facing the meadows, the entrance being from Lauriston, opposite Heriot's Hospital. The plan is according to what is known as the pavilion system, the principle of which is to secure the freest possible circulation of air around and within every portion of the structure; and the style is the old Scottish baronial, its characteristic features being most exhibited in the main frontage, which presents a three-storied central elevation 100 feet long, surmounted by a tower and spire, reaching a height of 134 feet.

From each side of this central building there run out three tiers of corridors, giving access to the wards of the pavilions. These pavilions are divided between the surgical and medical departments; the former measure severally 128 by 33 feet, and the latter are somewhat longer, measuring 173 feet. The two together are calculated to accommodate a total of about 600 patients. The surgical hospital forms a pile of buildings extending in its main frontage to 480 feet. A space of 195 feet, traversed by a covered way, separates the surgical and administrative departments from the medical hospital, which embraces four pavilions standing parallel to each other. Each block embraces (besides basement and attic) three extensive floors, and every floor constitutes a ward complete in itself, and capable if need be of being isolated and worked independently of the rest of the hospital. Standing somewhat apart at the northwest corner of the grounds is the pathological department, with a spacious lecture theatre, seated for 220.

After paying a flying visit to Heriot's Hospital, we come to the New Town, and take a stroll down the most beautiful street in the wide world.

Princes Street is the principal street in Edinburgh, and the one in or near which most of the hotels are situated. It extends nearly in a straight line from east to west for about a mile, and being built only on one side, it partakes of the character of a terrace facing the Old Town, from which it is separated by a wide valley, laid out as public gardens.

In the eastern gardens stands the monument erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. The outer arches in the diagonal abutments resemble those of Melrose Abbey, from which building the architect is said to have borrowed several of his details, including the groined roof. The principal niches are filled with figures of Scott's heroes and heroines, and underneath the central canopy is placed a marble statue of Scott by Sir John Steell. A stair conducts to the top, which is 200 feet above the ground.

The building was completed in the year 1844; and cost £15,650.

In the same division of the Princes Street gardens, and in a line with Sir Walter Scott's Monument, there are three bronze statues. A little to the east stands that of Livingstone, the African traveler; and as we proceed westward we pass first that of Adam Black, and secondly, that of Professor Wilson.

The Royal Institution and National Gallery are two of

the principal institutions in Edinburgh. Their objects being akin, they stand in convenient proximity to each other.

The Museum, formerly the private property of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, was gifted by them to the nation in 1851, and subsequently transferred to this building, under the trustees of the Board of Manufactures. Its special object is to illustrate the progress of civilization and culture in Scotland. The earliest vestiges belong to the culture of a people possessing no more suitable materials for tools, weapons or ornaments than flints and other hard stones, from which they made axes, hammers, knives, saws, chisels, gouges, spear-heads, arrow-points, beads and pendants.

Among the miscellaneous objects of later date which will be viewed with general interest, are the branks, an ancient Scottish instrument of punishment made of iron, and fastened upon the head, for the purpose of serving "as a corrector of incorrigible scolds"; the thumbikins, a well-known instrument of torture, much used against the Covenanters.

The ancient Scottish beheading machine, known as the "maiden," that "dark lady," as Coleridge might have called her, who bestowed her fatal caresses on some of the noblest and best men that Scotland ever produced; John Knox's pulpit from St. Giles's Church; original copies of that *Godly Banil* of 1557, the progenitor of all the Covenants; the National Covenant of 1638, signed by Montrose when he began his career as a Covenanter; the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643, with the subscription of Archbishop Leighton; one of the banners of the Covenant borne by the Covenanters at the battle of Bothwell Brig; the blue ribbon worn by Prince Charles as a Knight of the Garter when in Scotland in 1745, and a parting ring given to him by Flora Macdonald.

The Sculpture Gallery comprises casts from the best ancient works, with some of modern date, and an admirable set of busts of celebrated Greeks and Romans, known by the name of the Albacini Collection.

In the school of design, carried on in the same building, most of the artists of Scotland have been educated.

The National Gallery (open every day of the week from ten to four), of which the foundation-stone was laid in 1850 by the late Prince Albert, is situated a little to the south of the Royal institution. The collection consists of the combined cabinets of several public bodies, together with many valuable gifts and bequests almost yearly made to it by patriotic citizens. Among the old masters there are good specimens of Vandyke, Veronese, Zurbaran, Tiepolo, Watteau, Greuze, Van de Velde, Teniers, and many others, both of the Italian and the northern schools. In modern art the principal pictures are of the Scotch school.

Throughout the galleries there are some good marble busts by modern artists; but the statue of Robert Burns, facing the entrance, which was originally placed in his monument on the Calton Hill, is by no means a good specimen of Flaxman's art. In the last octagon will be found a collection of bronze and marble statuettes, and fragments antique and medieval, among which an antique Torso of Venus, in gray marble, is especially beautiful. Here, too, are three models in wax, time-discolored and worn, but undoubted works of Michael Angelo.

The west garden is ornamented by a tasteful kiosk, where military and other bands perform on occasions; and if the regiment be a Scottish one, a "skirl" of the bagpipes will be the *pièce de résistance*.

At the east end of Princes Street stand two handsome buildings—the Register House and Post Office.

The street continuing Princes Street eastward is called Waterloo Place, and is carried over the Low Calton by the Regent archway, the open colonnades of which are admired for their lightness.

The Calton Hill with its monuments forms one of the most striking features of Edinburgh. It rises somewhat abruptly to the height of 355 feet above the sea-level, and forms a distinctive termination of the New Town toward the east. The principal access is by a flight of steps diverging from Waterloo Place opposite the prison. Close by is the Royal Observatory, under the charge of the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, and adjoining it is the monument to the late Professor Playfair, the mathematician. The unshapely building a little to the west is the old Observatory. Upon the summit of the hill stands Nelson's Monument, a structure more ponderous than elegant. The top of this monument, which can be gained by a circular stair, is 460 feet above the level of the sea, and commands an extensive view. The monument is now used for the time signal, which is given by a ball falling from the top of the flagstaff at one o'clock P.M. simultaneously with the firing of a gun from the Castle.

A hill like the Calton is rarely found so accessible in a large city, and its walks and grassy slopes afford agreeable recreation-ground for the public. The views presented from various points are striking and extensive. I would advise a cold lunch on the visit to Calton.

Looking westward from Dugald Stewart's Monument the eye is carried along the vista of Princes Street to the Corstorphine Hills. To the south (looking beyond the High School, Burns's Monument and the Jail, a large castellated building) are the crowded and dingy buildings of the Old Town, covering the ridge that slopes from the Castle to Holyrood. Over this grim assemblage of roofs and chimneys broods a cloud of smoke, from which the town acquired the name of "Auld Reekie." To the north are the symmetrical streets of the New Town, and the seaports of Leith and Granton. On clear days Ben Lomond and Benledi are visible. Eastward, beyond Arthur's Seat, are Portobello, Musselburgh and Prestonpans; North Berwick Law, the Bass Rock, and in the distance the isle of May.

Between the Observatory and Nelson's Monument stands the National Monument, a partial reproduction of the Parthenon of Athens, and erected by subscription to commemorate the heroes who fell at Waterloo. The extent of the projected building was worthy of so patriotic a cause, but the ambition of the projectors was in advance of their pecuniary resources, and the building remains unfinished.

At the side of the Regent Road, opposite the High School, is Burns's Monument, a building in the style of a Greek peripteral temple, the cupola being an exact copy from the monument of Lysicrates at Athens.

We now return from the eastern part of Edinburgh to Princes Street, and turn up the first cross street (St. Andrew Street) leading into St. Andrew Square, one of the principal places of business in the city, and containing several banks and insurance offices.

From St. Andrew Square we emerge into George Street, the second in importance after Princes Street, and with which it runs parallel. It is remarkable both for its breadth and length, the latter being exactly half a mile, extending in a straight line from St. Andrew Square to Charlotte Square. At the intersections of Hanover and Frederick Streets occur bronze statues of George IV. and Pitt—both by Chantrey, the former erected in 1833, and the latter in 1831. About the centre of the easternmost division is St. Andrew's Church, famous as the scene of

the Disruption.

St. Mary's Cathedral may fairly claim to be one of the most important ecclesiastical buildings erected in the country since the Reformation. The architect, the late Sir Gilbert Scott (who died a year before its completion), founded his design on the early pointed style. The plan consists of choir, transept and nave, with north and south aisles; a lofty spire at the intersection of the transepts, and two western spires, the latter, however, not yet erected. A library and chapter-house are appropriate adjuncts. The total length of the building externally is 262; the breadth across the west front 98 feet. The height of the central tower and spire, including the iron cross on the summit, is 295 feet. The interior is beautifully finished, and there is a fine peal of bells in the tower.

The south side of Edinburgh embraced the districts of Newington



THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.



QUEEN VICTORIA DEDICATING THE ALBERT MEMORIAL, EDINBURGH.

Bruntfield, Grange, Morningside and Merchiston, which are now covered with streets and villas. No part of the town has a more agreeable southern exposure, and the large open spaces of the meadows and Bruntfield Links contribute both to its health and amenity.

The space of ground which extends from Morningside to the bottom of Blackford Hill was formerly called the Borough Moor. Here James IV. arrayed his army previous to his departure for the fatal battle of Flodden (1513). The Bore Stone, immediately adjoins the Morningside Church.

Edinburgh repays a visit in the truest sense of the term. A more picturesquely situated city there does not exist, and from the moment the tourist touches the Waverley station—I cordially recommend the restaurant—till he bids the Modern Athens adieu, it is one scene of tranquil and educational enjoyment.



MY HORSE AND MY WARD. — "THERE LAY MY BEAUTIFUL PET, STRUGGLING IN THE AGONIES OF HYDROPHOBIA, AND STEIN WAS CRUSHED DEAD BENEATH HER." — SEE NEXT PAGE.

TO MY LADY'S EYES.

MADRIGAL.

(From *Gutierre de Cetina*.)

O Eyes, serene and clear,
That are to me so dear,
Whose sweet aspect so wins the general praise,
Why, only when on mine
You turn your gaze divine,
Should anger and disdain seem flashing in your rays?

When best soft tenderness
Their beauty doth express,
Why should for me alone your look be pitiless?
Yet, Eyes, serene and clear,
That are to mine so dear,
If in your glance for me,
Nothing but scorn must be,
This only boon I pray,
Look scornful on me still, rather than look away!

MY HORSE AND MY WARD.



HEY came to me at the same time. Sylvie, my snow-white filly, was a gift from an uncle, and little Laure, my ward, was the legacy of my dying friend, Harry Bassintown.

Sylvie was a beautiful gift. She had never been in harness, but would carry a rider as a tree-bough sways in the wind. But the little girl, with her pearl of a face set in waves of dark hair, brought by her black maid, Agate, was the most precious gift of the two.

"Are you going to love me, little Laure?" said I, holding her fine pearl hand.

"I think I shall," she answered, with evident simplicity and truth.

She was twelve years old. There was a brother, a little older, who had been sent to school. At first Laure pined for her brother; but when she became accustomed to Linnet Lawns, grew familiar with me, and learned to love the garden, she seemed contented. My aunt and house-keeper, Mrs. Sibley, would have had a governess provided for the child, but when I saw how anxiously the child's brown eyes watched my face while the matter was under discussion, I decided in favor of teaching her myself, and had her come to me daily in the study. So docile and sweet-tempered a child I had never known. She was like a beautiful flower set in the house.

As I watched her, month by month, and year by year, growing into new graces, is it any wonder that I trembled at the thought of losing her? It made me almost cry out with pain to think that a younger and a better man would some time take her from me. Eight years before, with a sore heart, I had retired from the world, to live among my books and flowers at Linnet Lawns. If I was not happy, I had attained a state in which there was no positive suffering. But the child, Laure, with her eyes brown and bright as a bird's, smote the rock of my heart, and living waters gushed forth. Mrs. Sibley stared to hear me jest and laugh again.

I bought a sidesaddle, that Laure might ride Sylvie; I played with her at croquet and gracehoops on the lawns; I went botanizing with her; I installed her my amanuensis. We talked and read and walked together. In short, she was all the world to me. On her sixteenth birthday her brother, Leon, was expected at Linnet Lawns. For

four years the brother and sister had not met, and Laure was full of anticipation.

"I am so glad, for Leon's sake, that it is so beautiful here, guardy," said Laure, slipping her hand under my arm to detain me, as I strolled, for a moment, on the piazza where she was sitting. "I have written him about the garden, and that you would go hunting with him. You will now, won't you, guardy?"

"You say I will."

"Well, you most always do what I want you to."

Little puss! had she found *that* out?

Just then a carriage came rapidly up the drive. Two young men alighted—one, a youth of twenty; the other, four or five years older. I was somewhat in doubt which to accost as Leon Bassintown, when Laure decided the matter by flying past me and throwing herself into the arms of the younger.

Young Bassintown presented his companion, Mordant Stein.

"I took the liberty of bringing my friend on account of the gunning, you know," said this modest lad.

Being wealthy, and nearly uncontrolled, the boy was annoyingly imperious and consequential, but I found him generous and manly in spirit, and forgave him this. Though his friend, Stein, I did not like. His well-favored face bore an expression of crafty cunning, and he had not been in the house three days before I privately pronounced him an incipient scoundrel. Yet he was my guest, and as such, I treated the fellow courteously.

At night a groom came up by stage with the young men's hunting-dogs and guns. Young Bassintown had a string of handsome hounds, but Stein's dogs consisted of a pair of ill-tempered pointers. The poor beasts had been punished so much that they were unnaturally surly, and growled at the friendliest hand. To Stein they cringed fearfully.

"Dant," said Leon Bassintown, "what ails Jim?"

The animal had already attracted my notice by his peculiar restlessness—lying down, then rising, to change his position, every half minute.

Mordant Stein dragged the dog by his collar toward him, and examined his head, where was a slight wound.

"He got bitten yesterday. I don't know whether anything was the matter or not with the dog which attacked him."

On learning these facts I insisted that the animal be tied up for a season. We gave him to the groom with these directions.

Mordant Stein was well-read, well-traveled, and very witty. Though I did not respect his character, I could not help being amused by him.

We were at breakfast one morning, the glass doors open into the garden, when there arose a terrible shouting and hubbub upon the lawns. Before we could begin to understand it a foaming dog, closely pursued by a man, darted in at one door and rushed out at another. Laure and Mrs. Sibley shrieked in terror, but I snatched my pistol and ran out, closely followed by the young men. The poor, mad creature, Stein's pointer, had been struck down by a servant's club when I shot him. Everybody was ready to faint with relief.

"He gnawed his rope in two and got into the stables," said Leon Bassintown's groom. "I chased him out of there, and then he made for the house. I shouted 'mad dog,' as hard as I could; but, Lord? I thought some of yer 'ud be bit afore I could get at him."

That evening Laure came into the study to show me some superb pink laurel which the young men had brought her from the hills.

"Leon says that Mr. Stein climbed up the steep face of a rock, forty feet high, to get it for me. He was very good; wasn't he, guardy?"

"Mr. Stein was polite; but the young man is not a favorite with me, Laure."

She looked startled. Then a burning blush crept up to her brown hair, as she turned away.

I noticed, about that time, that Laure seemed singularly beautiful and brilliant. And reproaching myself that I had allowed her to lack society, since she so evidently enjoyed it, I invited other young people to the house, in extemporaneous gatherings. There might have been a dozen young girls and men at my house one evening, when Mrs. Sibley came to my side.

"Where is Laure?" she whispered.

"I do not know. Is she not here?" I answered.

"Nowhere to be found, Howard. Something is wrong."

"Nonsense! Why, how long has she been missing?"

"Nearly an hour. I tell you, Howard Alnwick, that all is not right. Mordant Stein has gone, too, and Sylvie from the stable."

"They are riding by moonlight on the lawn," said I; but, with a beating heart, I started in search.

The party had been playing croquet under the trees by moonlight, but all were within doors now, gathered around the piano. The night without was blue and lonesome. I went silently to the stable. Only a man's saddle was gone.

I don't know what I thought, but I bitted a horse, jumped bareback upon him, and started for the station, five miles distant. I remembered that the down train was due in fifteen minutes. The great animal stretched away under me as I shook rein at the gate. We galloped like the wind down the road.

The first two miles I must have done in six minutes. I remember hearing the village clocks striking nine as we rushed madly on. If the train were delayed five minutes, as it often was, I should be there in time.

We thundered over a bridge. Just then I caught sight of them—the white horse, Sylvie, ridden by Mordant Stein, and with the small figure of Laure in the saddle before him. With her incomparable lope, Sylvie was flying like the wind.

With a shout, I thundered down upon them. It maddened me yet more to see Stein beating my delicate horse. The wind bore his curses back to me as he discovered that, with his double burden, he was not gaining, and must be overtaken.

Suddenly lifting his arm, he let Laure fall from the saddle. She lay among the dust.

As I drew rein, I expected to see the villain flying away, but Sylvie stopped, staggered under the whip for a few paces, then fell in the road. There lay my beautiful pet, when I could go to her, struggling in the agonies of hydrophobia, and Stein was crushed dead beneath her.

Laure clung to me silently as I bore her home. I carried her into the deserted, moonlit parlor.

"My child, what madness has possessed you?"

"Oh, it was—it was madness," she sobbed, "for I thought I loved him. But when I saw his raging face, and heard his fearful oaths, I prayed him to let me go. He dropped me under Sylvie's very feet. She nearly trod on me. Oh!"—covering her face with her hands—"it seems like some horrid, horrid dream!"

I was silent; too grieved and hurt by what she had done to speak to her.

"Guardy, guardy, don't say you are going to send me away from you; that would kill me," she moaned, kneeling at my feet. "Oh," she sobbed, wildly, kissing my

hands, "if you only knew how I love you! If you cast me off I shall never find any one so good again. Oh, for heaven's sake, speak to me!"—in agonized tones.

"Laure, I am not going to cast you off. I love you too well for that."

No further words were spoken, but I felt she knew, as I drew her to my heart, how I loved her. I gave her the kiss of forgiveness before I left her, to summon aid in returning to the scene of disaster.

Sylvie had writhed off Stein's dead body, and was yet struggling faintly by the roadside. I drew my knife across her throat, thus mercifully ending her sufferings.

Thus I lost one of my treasures, but I gained—my wife.

EGYPTIAN FURNITURE.

At the time of Joseph (that is to say, about 3,800 years ago), the art of chair-making was brought to such a state of perfection that chairs were elaborately decorated, made without any underframing, and the exquisite patterns of the luxurious coverings of the *fauteuils*, etc., are even pirated at the present day.

The reception-room of the ancient Egyptian was generally better furnished than any other apartment in the house, and it was here he was required to show his taste in the decoration and distribution of those articles which constitute the furniture of the room. The walls, which were generally of stucco, were ornamented with decorations executed in flat tints without any attempt of shadow or shade, and always treated in a very conventional manner. The ceilings were also decorated after the same manner as the room, or perhaps more elaborately, the patterns being divided into parts, after the manner subsequently adopted by the Greeks.

Among the usual furniture of their apartments were ottomans, couches, *fauteuils*, chairs, foot-stools, tables, etc., while mats or skins covered the floor. The paintings upon the ancient papyrus-leaves, which are preserved in the British Museum, give a close, concise idea of the furniture and fittings of the interiors of an Egyptian house.

ARMADILLOS—LIVING AND EXTINCT.

Most people have a general idea that an armadillo was a little animal with a shell on its back, but that was about all that was known of it by many. Few have acquired any distinct idea of the appearance, structure and habits of the different kinds of armadillos and of their relations to other animals.

The name armadillo is of Spanish origin, and has reference to the most obvious external characteristic of the creature, which distinguishes it from all other mammals. Many reptiles and fish have a bony external covering, but no other mammals, although some may have hard coverings of scales, as the pangolin, or of thickened skin, as the rhinoceros. The armadillos differ, however, from these in having the external covering composed of plates of true bony tissue embedded in the skin, and covered with a thin layer of horny epidermis. There is always a large dorsal shield, or *carapace*, covering the back and hanging over the sides, and which is, in the living species, composed of a solid anterior part covering the shoulders, and a similarly solid hinder part covering the hips, and of a variable number of movable rings, connected by soft skin between, which allow the animal to curve its body, and in some cases to roll up into a complete ball. Besides this, the top of the head has a shield, and the tail



THE GIANT ARMADILLO IN MOTION AND COILED UP IN ITS ARMOR.

and outer side of the limbs are also covered with plates. The under surface of the body and inside of the limbs are generally smooth and hairy. The limbs are short, but provided with very strong claws, well adapted for scratching and digging. Their teeth are confined to the side of the mouth, are small and uniform in character, not divided into canines, molars, etc., as in most mammals. In nearly all species there are about eight on each side, above and below; but in one, the largest of the group (*Priodon gigas*), there are altogether as many as ninety or one hundred teeth, though all very small. This is the largest number of teeth known in any land mammal, though exceeded by some cetaceans. The existing species are all of small or moderate size. They are mostly, though not universally, nocturnal in their habits. They are omnivorous, feeding on roots, insects, worms, reptiles and carrion. The large species just referred to has the evil reputation of digging into newly-made graves, for the purpose of feeding on the corpses contained in them.

The burrows in which they live are generally about thirteen or fourteen feet in length, descending in an abruptly sloping direction for some three or four feet, and then taking a sudden bend, and inclining slightly upward. In these subterranean homes the mother armadillo produces and nurtures her young, which are on an average about four or five in number.

Digging these animals out of their retreat is no easy business. According to Mr. Waterton, the method adopted is simple, though laborious. As the armadillos burrow like rabbits in a warren, the first point is to ascertain whether the inhabitant is at home. This is done by

pushing a stick into each hole, and watching for musquitos. If any of these troublesome flies emerge the inhabitant is at home; if not, there is no use in searching further. When the presence of an armadillo is satisfactorily ascertained, a long rod is thrust into the burrow in order to learn its direction, and a hole is dug in the ground so as to meet the end of the stick. A fresh departure is taken from that point, the rod is again introduced, and by dint of laborious digging the animal is at last captured.

Meanwhile, the armadillo is not idle, but continues to burrow in the sand, in hopes of escaping its persecutors. It cannot, however, dig so fast as they can, and is at last obliged to yield. Mr. Waterton mentions that he has been obliged to work for three-quarters of a day, and to sink half a dozen pits before a single specimen could be secured.

If an armadillo should be surprised, and its retreat to the burrow intercepted, it at once sets to work at sinking a fresh tunnel. So fast, indeed, does it excavate, that if a horseman sees one of these animals, he must almost tumble from his steed if he wishes to capture the active creature. And, when he has grasped it, he must be careful about his hands, or he will suffer severe wounds from the powerful claws of the armadillo. As with the pichicigo, the coat of mail, which appears so hard and stiff in the stuffed specimen, is perfectly flexible during life, enabling the limbs of the animal to enjoy their full play, and even permitting the owner to roll itself into a ball when it is threatened with danger.

They are harmless and inoffensive creatures, offering no

resistance when caught; their principal means of escape from their enemies being the extraordinary rapidity with which they can burrow in the ground, and the tenacity with which they retain their hold in their subterranean retreats. Notwithstanding the shortness of their legs, they can run with great rapidity. Most of the species are esteemed good eating by the natives of the countries in which they live. They are all inhabitants of the open plains or the forests of the tropical and temperate parts of South America, with the exception of one species (*Tatusia peba*), which ranges as far north as Texas.

As many as sixteen species of living armadillos are known, grouped into six genera, called *Tatusia*, *Dasypus*, *Xenurus*, *Priodon*, *Tolypeutes* and *Chlamyphorus*, the distinguishing characters of which were pointed out. The last is a very remarkable little animal, differing greatly from all the others in the structure of the carapace.

Fossil remains of the armadillos have been found by Lund and others in the caves of Brazil in deposits of the pleistocene age. Some of them are attributable to genera still existing, but others are assigned to distinct modifications of the type called *Euryodon*, *Chlamydothidium*, *Eutatus*, etc.

In the same region, but still more abundantly in fluviatile deposits which cover the country in the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres, are found the remains of one of the most remarkable forms of mammals yet discovered. The first known example of this group received, in 1839, the name of *Glyptodon* from Professor Owen, and of *Hoplophorus* from the Danish naturalist, Lund, almost simultaneously,

but by the former name they are usually known. They differ from the existing armadillos in their large size, and in having the carapace composed of one solid piece (formed by the union of a multitude of small dermal scutes), without any movable joints in the middle part, and in having also a ventral piece, or plastron. The teeth are eight in number at each side of each jaw, as in most



GIANT ARMADILLOS AT WORK AT A GRAVE.

existing armadillos. The vertebral column is almost entirely united into a solid piece, but there is a complex joint at the base of neck to allow the head being retracted within the carapace. The limbs were very strong, and the feet short and broad, resembling externally those of an elephant or tortoise.

The animals to which the armadillos are most nearly related was next considered, and these were shown to be the anteaters and sloths of South America, and, though far more remotely, the pangolins and African anteaters. These altogether constitute the order called *Edentata*.

Beyond the glyptodonts of a comparatively recent geological period, paleontology had not hitherto revealed any forms with which the armadillos were nearly related, and from which they may be supposed to be directly descended.

FALSE COLORS.

BY REDDING WEBB.



MAN is the creature of circumstances," said a profound writer, and I firmly believe I am the foremost living exponent of the truth of the axiom.

Let me introduce myself, Richard Blythe, at your service, American, aged thirty, gentleman of leisure; with a decided fancy for yachting and an insatiable appetite for adventure, particularly if to the latter be added a slight element of danger.

I may add, parenthetically, that the above description more accurately indicated my chief characteristic at the time of which I write than it does at present. I am not now so fond of "a life on the ocean wave" as formerly, while my liking for perilous adventure has undergone considerable modification, mainly attributable to the experiences I am about to relate.

The month of October, 1873, found me in enforced idleness at Kingston, Jamaica, and extremely anxious to terminate my involuntary sojourn in that semi-tropical seaport.

I had been cruising among the West India Islands in my own yacht, the *Phantom*, for several months, and had finally started for home, only to encounter a terrific cyclone, in which my unlucky craft had been dismantled, compelling me to run into Kingston under jury-masts to repair damages.

The refitting of the schooner progressed with provoking slowness. I had exhausted all the lions of the vicinity, and become reduced to ennuied attendance at prosy dinner-parties, fishing excursions on the bay, strolls on the parade, or lounging about the steamer-pier, watching the vessels in the harbor, or observing the comical antics of the negro laborers.

Two weeks of this sort of existence had reduced me to a state of utter disgust with the place and all in it, and I viewed the prospect of remaining until the repairs to the yacht were completed with feelings the reverse of pleasant.

One morning I had strolled down to the pier, according to my usual custom, to try and kill time for an hour or two. Seated on the pier-head, I lighted a fragrant Havana and was enjoying a quiet smoke, when my attention was attracted by a small, rakish-looking steamer anchored about three hundred yards out in the bay, and evidently a new arrival.

In these rather dull West Indian seaports every strange

vessel is decidedly an object of interest, and I turned in search of some one who could enlighten me as to the newcomer. Sitting on the string-piece of the wharf, I espied the very man who could undoubtedly give me the desired information in the person of Rodney, a negro pilot, whose knowledge of all vessels frequenting the port was extensive and peculiar. Beckoning to him to approach, I put the question, and, as I expected, found him fully "posted."

"Dat vessel, Massa Blythe? Dat's de *Loosell*. Seen her befo', I is! She's frum New York an' boun' to Aspinwall, dey say. Mighty nice little boat, ahuah, sir! she kin run away from anything in the West Indy waters."

Something in the darkey's manner impressed me with the belief that he knew more about the vessel than he cared to disclose, and stimulated my curiosity; but I refrained from further questioning, and handed him a small *douceur*, which he received with a "Tanky, massa," and immediately proceeded to expend it in the nearest spirit-shop.

On again turning to look at the vessel, I observed that she had lowered a boat, which was pulling toward the pier. As it drew near I noticed a face and figure in the stern-sheets that seemed suspiciously familiar, and a moment later all doubts on the subject were set at rest by a hilarious recognition, shouted in a voice I had every reason to remember.

"Dick Blythe, by all the gods! What, in the name of the prophet, are you doing in this part of the habitable globe?"

"Why, Dave Radford, old man, is it really you?" was my responsive exclamation, as a bronzed and bearded, but decidedly good-looking, specimen of the American sailor sprang upon the pier and fairly hugged me in the exuberance of his feelings.

"What on earth brought you to this flat, stale and unprofitable shore? How long do you stay? Where are you from, and where are you bound? How and where have you been, any way, all these years?"

"There, there, my son, don't get excited. Compose yourself, and I'll endeavor to answer your multitudinous inquiries *seriatim*, as Bob Withers would say. But first walk up to the Custom House with me while I go through the necessary formalities, and then we will retire to some secluded bower, where I will a tale unfold, etc., etc. Come along, and possess your soul with patience meanwhile."

I complied, and half an hour later we were seated in my room at the hotel, a bottle of Lafitte before us, our cigars lighted, and all prepared for an old-fashioned *symposium*.

"Before I unbosom myself," said Radford, "first tell me what you are doing here?"

"Perishing of ennui," was my encouraging rejoinder. "In fact, Dave, I'm so accustomed to good company, that when I have to keep my own I'm in danger of becoming a gibbering idiot. Seriously, I'm waiting for certain repairs to my yacht, the old *Phantom*—you remember her—to be completed. You can see the bark from the window there."

"I see," said Dave, after a glance from the window; "dismasted, eh? So you've been in a blow? Well, judging from my experience in this charming port, you're booked for a month's stay, at least."

"A pleasant prospect, truly," said I. "But come, reel off your log, and let me know what you're driving at, anyhow."

"Well, Dick," said my friend, confidentially, "I'll let you into a secret. My boat yonder, the *Lucille*, is bound

to Cuba. I've got what they call an 'expedition' on board—about a hundred daredevils, besides arms and ammunition, and I'm going to land the entire cargo on the southern coast—that is, if our Spanish friends don't interpose a veto on the operation. Afterward I shall return here for orders. Now, why can't you join me? You're fond of adventure, or else you've changed mightily since I saw you last. There's no danger, to speak of, for my little craft can show her heels to anything the Dons have in these waters. I think I can insure you a pleasant trip, and, at any rate, we'll have a lively time. What do you say?"

"That I'm your man! I feel an ardent desire to aid the cause of *Cuba Libre* already. Sort of a gush of sympathy, as it were; and, Allah be praised! I'll have so much less time to spend in this Sahara of dullness. When do you start?"

"To-night, and you must get aboard before sundown. Now I must leave you, and see to getting a pilot. I'll return in an hour or so."

With this my volatile friend departed, and I hastily made my preparations for the trip. Explaining to my sailing-master that I would be absent only three or four days, and directing him to hurry up the refitting of the *Phantom*, I packed a few things, and went on board the *Lucille*.

About six o'clock Radford came off, accompanied by a very solemn-looking Cuban—who, I soon learned, was Colonel Castillo, the commander of the expedition—and also by my friend Rodney, who was to pilot us to our destination. The latter individual grinned as only a West India "nigger" can, and with a "Yah, yah! Massa Blythe gwine make de trip 'long wid Rodney. I fotch you back safe, shuah," he followed the captain and Castillo to the cabin, where the trio were soon deep in consultation over the chart.

Darkness came on with the suddenness peculiar to tropical climates, and in half an hour more we weighed anchor, and steamed quietly out of the harbor.

Proceeding cautiously, and keeping a wary lookout for Spanish cruisers, the passage consumed a much longer time than ordinarily, since we were frequently compelled to change our course to avoid the enemy's gunboats, whose approach was indicated by distant columns of smoke on the horizon.

About eight o'clock on the following evening our dusky pilot ran the *Lucille* into a small bay on the southern coast of the "ever faithful isle."

The adjacent district seemed almost uninhabited, the shores were rocky and densely wooded, and the bay in which we had anchored was desolate and forbidding in the extreme.

We had come to anchor within about one hundred yards of the shore, the water being deep close up to the rocks, and the work of disembarking our passengers and landing the cargo was quickly accomplished. When the last boatload had reached the shore, the party soon completed their preparations for the march inland to the insurgent camps, and, with a cheer for "*Cuba Libre*," filed off through a defile in the rocks.

Day was just breaking as we weighed anchor, congratulating each other on the successful issue of our enterprise, and anticipating a quick and safe return passage.

Alas for the uncertainty of sublunary hopes! The engine had made scarcely three revolutions when the crank-pin snapped short off at the head—the sudden jar to the machinery caused one of the eccentric-rods to break—and we were totally disabled.

There was nothing for it but to come to anchor and

make an effort to repair damages. Captain Radford sprang down into the engine-room as the engineers examined the broken parts of the machinery, and awaited their decision with evident anxiety and impatience.

After a brief investigation, the engineers decided that they could repair the damage sufficiently to proceed in four or five hours. The captain looked rather dismayed at this intelligence, but directed the engineers to get to work at once, and employ all hands, if necessary, to make the repairs.

They commenced operations without a moment's delay, and for several hours the engine-room resounded with the clink of hammers as the men proceeded with the work.

Those of the crew who were not actually busied with the labor gathered about, anxious to assist, for all knew the danger of our position. It so happened that the deck was left to the sole occupancy of the lookout man, and he, wearied with the severe toil of the previous night, had, as we afterward discovered, fallen asleep at his post.

The repairs were almost completed, when we heard the sound of oars, and before we could reach the ladder something grated alongside, and we heard footsteps upon the deck. We tumbled up without ceremony. It was too late! Within three cable lengths of us a Spanish gunboat was hove-to; two of her boats were alongside, and the crew of one of them had already gained our decks.

We were but eighteen, all told, and unarmed; our enemies were at least thrice that number, and rushed upon us, cutlass and revolver in hand. Resistance was out of the question; there was nothing for it but to surrender at discretion, and we did so.

The officer in command, whose name we learned was Martinez, and whose uniform indicated that he held the rank of *teniente*, or lieutenant, ordered us to muster in the waist. We stood in a single rank, with our backs to the bulwarks, while the Spanish officer, after asking a few questions of the captain, examined the ship's papers. Handing them to a subordinate officer, with a contemptuous smile and a muttered "*Filibusteros ladrones!*" he commenced taking our names and respective rank in the *Lucille's* crew. This proceeding occupied some time, and gave me opportunity for reflection, as I had fortunately placed myself at the extreme left of the line. I enjoyed a very vivid recollection of the many cruelties which had, since the outbreak of the insurrection, disgraced the Spanish arms. I knew, too, that the settled policy of the Spanish rulers of Cuba was one of extermination for the insurgents and their allies. We would doubtless be taken to Havana, or possibly to Santiago, where a drum-head court-martial and instant execution was the certain fate that awaited us.

All this passed through my mind with the rapidity of thought, and my determination was as quickly made. I would make a bold stroke for liberty. I might fail, but in any case I could but die, and it was better to be shot down at once than to undergo the tortures of suspense and the nameless cruelties that would surely accompany imprisonment.

My resolution was no sooner formed than executed. Thanks to the friend of my youth, Herr Ollendorff, I possessed a moderate, what might be designated as a *very* moderate, knowledge of the Spanish language. I have been from boyhood a fearless swimmer. The ship lay close in shore. I might reach it by a bold dash; and if I could once gain it, I felt confident I could baffle pursuit. Aided by my familiarity with the Spanish tongue I could doubtless make my way to one of the coast towns, where I fondly imagined the American consul would render all needed protection and assistance.



"MUSIC'S MELTING, MYSTIC LAY."—THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The lieutenant had about reached the centre of the line, when I turned quickly, sprang upon the rail, evading the grasp of the nearest of my enemies, and took a "header" into the sea.

I swam under water as long as possible, and thus gained fully one-third the distance separating the ship from the shore.

The moment I came to the surface a dozen shots were fired at me from the deck of the steamer, the bullets striking the water all about me, but fortunately missing their mark. I at once dived again, and on reappearing received another volley, which was also ineffectual.

In the meantime several of the sailors had jumped into one of the boats and were pulling lustily in my wake, but before they were half way to the shore I had reached it, and, scrambling up the rocks, plunged headlong into the dense forest that crowned the heights.

Forcing my way through the thick undergrowth, I pushed on with all possible speed until I judged that I had put at least two miles between me and the shore.

The sounds of pursuit grew fainter as I ran, and soon died out altogether.

Reducing my pace to a sharp walk, I kept on in a northerly direction, reflecting on my perilous position, and the extreme probability of my falling into the hands of the Spanish soldiery, and being shot without ceremony as a spy.

Truly my friend's promise of "a lively trip" had been realized far beyond our expectations, and I felt that I would willingly endure all the dullness of Kingston to be out of my present predicament.

Moralizing after this fashion, I passed out of the forest and entered a more open country, dotted here and there by clumps of trees. The evidences of cultivation indicated that I was approaching a plantation, and I momentarily expected to come upon some of the inhabitants.

Noticing a considerable eminence on my right, I determined to ascend it and get some idea of my whereabouts.

Nearing the brow of the hill, I plunged into a dense thicket and emerged from it into a small clearing, only to find myself in the very midst of a small body of Spanish cavalry, who were apparently in bivouac in the opening.

Then there was a grand rumpus. Sabres were drawn,



FALSE COLORS.—"I SPRANG UPON THE RAIL, EVADING THE GRASP OF THE NEAREST OF MY ENEMIES, AND TOOK A 'HEADER' INTO THE SEA."



FALSE COLORS.—"I PLUNGED INTO A DENSE THICKET, AND EMERGED FROM IT INTO A SMALL CLEARING, ONLY TO FIND MYSELF IN THE MIDST OF A BODY OF SPANISH CAVALRY."

carbines cocked, shouts and exclamations uttered, and in about half a minute I was the centre of an excited group, all jabbering and gesticulating in a manner calculated to dissipate what small remainder of self possession the unexpected rencontre had left me.

Presently an officer made his appearance, and, imperatively commanding silence, proceeded to interrogate me concerning my name, nationality and business in that quarter of the Spanish dominions.

I had anticipated such questioning, and had, accordingly, concocted a pleasing little fiction which I profoundly hoped would satisfy my querist, especially as he was a very pleasant-faced young fellow, and not at all bloodthirsty in manner or appearance.

I briefly stated that I was Don Ricardo Blythe, American citizen, and had been on a pleasure cruise in my own yacht among the West Indian Islands. That I had fallen overboard from my vessel on the previous evening, and though fortunate enough to catch a life-buoy hastily thrown from the deck, had been swept away so rapidly by the waves that the efforts of my crew to rescue me had proved futile.

I dwelt feelingly upon my sufferings, during the long hours of suspense before I had finally been cast upon the shore, and concluded by throwing myself upon his hospitality.

As I proceeded with this veracious recital, the brow of my military friend gradually cleared, and when I had finished he hastened to introduce himself as Don Rafael Moriones, captain of volunteers, in the service of Spain, and to assure me that he was proud to offer me the hospitality of his home, which, he added, was close at hand.

Leaving his troop—which it seemed was an outpost picket—in command of a subordinate, he ordered horses to be brought, and we were soon riding toward the plantation.

From our conversation as we rode along, I soon gathered that Don Rafael was an ardent adherent of the Spanish cause, and looked with a very unfriendly eye upon sympathizers or abettors of the insurgents.

This gave me my cue. We soon came in sight of the plantation, and a turn in the road brought us to the entrance, an avenue of considerable length, at the further extremity of which the Hacienda Moriones was visible.

As we continued our course up the noble avenue, lined on either side with orange-trees clad in a mist of fragrant blossoms, it was a matter plain to the simplest comprehension that these haughty dons should hold tenaciously to such noble patrimonies, and shed the last drop of their vaunted *sangre azul* to retain possession of the same.

In fact, I had a sort of brevet idea that I, Dick Blythe, should not mind being the owner, in fee simple, of an odd thousand acres in Cuban real estate.

As we approached the house, with its wide, cool verandas extending around its four sides, with an ease-inviting hammock swung at the corners, I was not half-sorry I had fallen in with the Spaniard. I mentally decided—luck permitting—I should be in no hurry to abandon the fleshpots of the worthy don.

This virtuous resolve was in no way lessened when, as we dismounted and entered the *casa* (how the Spanish flavor colors one's reminiscences!), I saw about the completest divinity, framed in a tangle of poetic drapery, that it is the fortune of not many men to encounter. She melted into her brother's arms in the most entrancing manner, but was quite sly and reserved when it came the Don Ricardo Blythe's turn to have the pleasure, etc., etc. It required but a few moments, and a modicum of unadulterated Castilian, for the worthy don, her brother, to reiterate my pleasant little fiction; and I need only add that I almost believed my own story, so truthfully did it sound as told at second-hand.

It becoming apparent to the young lady that I was no dog of a Cuban sympathizer, her manner underwent a melting change, and I could not have been better received had I been the captain-general in person.

My Spanish was not of the best, and it was with difficulty, when I happened to need a creature comfort (thanks to that old duffer, Ollendorff), that I refrained from asking the sister of her brother's father for just a trifle more coffee.

Like the chameleon, I adapted my color to the prevailing political complexion of my hosts, and rather out-heroded Herod in my praise of the "peculiar (Spanish) institution," and expressed a merited contempt for anything that savored of *Cuba Libre*.

I presume one would, of course, be accused of partiality in describing one's wife, but I do think that Nina Moriones was, and is, about the fairest specimen of womanhood extant.

Born in Spain, she had the blue eyes and auburn hair of the daughters of Andalusia, and her complexion rivaled the lily in purity and whiteness. But what is mere carnal beauty? An accident of birth. It was the incomparable expression, the ever-varying change and play of feature, that enthralled one, and in my case led captive a too willing imagination.

These were verily halcyon days; rides, drives, even croquet, were made subservient to the pleasures of the hour, and time sped on the wings of fancy all too quickly.

I must, however, confess to having had occasional twinges of conscience regarding the duplicity of my conduct. These *quart-d'heures du diable* would usually occur as I lay prone on my back in my fairylike chamber, with the slanting rays of the morning sun lazily falling on the floor and making the most fanciful arabesques and combinations on the parti-colored matting.

It was at such moments that I reviewed my conduct of the previous twenty-four hours, analyzed the gestures, salient points and particular words of conversations that had passed between Nina and myself, drawing comfort here, perplexity there, and wondering what all this was going to lead to.

It was of the first importance, too, that I should remember my story, and con the putative details as a precaution against embarrassing contradictions.

I had almost persuaded myself that I had a tongue, like Richard's, that could "wheedle with the devil," and, from constant iteration of a falsehood, had come to believe that I was actually what I seemed. These reflections were usually broken into by the appearance of Pedro, whose sable head, like the sun in eclipse, would peer through the draperies that served as a door, followed by a body bearing the customary cup of black coffee that constitutes a very grateful substitute for what, at home, we fondly dub an "eye-opener."

It was my custom to rise early, and take a placid ramble among the shrubbery for a double purpose. It was the most delightful part of the day, and the chance of meeting Nina, who also had good ideas about the proper time to take her walks abroad, made it an extra inducement to take ante-prandial exercise.

I had indulged this habit, and our meetings had become so frequent that the dear girl would flush with a delicious consciousness as we met. But of late I had observed a shyness and apparent avoidance of my society that puzzled me not a little; in fact, it had grown so pronounced of late, that I determined to ask an explanation, and learn wherein I had offended.

Man is a very simple creature, and, where a woman is concerned, it would seem that actions only too plain to another of the sex have actually to be spelled out before his dull comprehension grasps their subtle meaning.

I had endured this shyness as long as I could, and, mustering up courage, had concluded to solve the mystery.

"Don Ricardo," I muttered, "you are not the enlightened adventurer I take you for, if you allow trifles to stand in the way of your love. Courage, my boy, and bear in mind that faint heart, etc.—you comprehend? Now act!"

I seized the first opportunity, and one charming morning, catching a glimpse of a white robe flitting among the flower-beds, I took my courage in both hands, shut my teeth tightly to prevent my foolish heart from actually leaping out of my mouth, and advancing toward Nina as nonchalantly as if treading on fragile china, accosted her with:

"Good-morning. You look as fresh as the dew that has kissed the petals of the flower you hold in your hand."

I don't suppose I could have said anything more insane if I had tried for a century, and, in point of fact, I felt as startled and constrained as if I were a quarto dictionary.

"Really, Señor Blythe, you talk like a book of selections from the best authors," she replied, in a mocking vein.

"It was rather high-flown," I returned; "but if you had been as natural lately in your manner as you are now, I could have greeted you more naturally, I dare say."

"My manner—and unnatural lately!" she cried, lifting her eyebrows. "I scarcely comprehend the señor."

"Then we've been playing at cross-purposes. I certainly was led to believe you—my society was not precisely congenial, in short."

Nina had seated herself, and seemed more constrained than ever. The flowers she had in her hand were undergoing a cruel demolition, and she appeared to be laboring under great excitement.

I was no less excited, but perhaps more determined. I felt an absorbing love for her, but was equally well assured in my own mind that if I wavered but for a moment my present state of exaltation would severely suffer col-

lapse, and then—but no, perish the thought. I advanced, and seating myself by her side, slipped her hand into my own.

"Why continue this comedy?" I pleaded, in a voice husky with passion. "I love you—love you with a devotion that is ready to sacrifice all, everything, to gain just one small word of encouragement. Cannot you vouchsafe that word, my darling?"

A profound silence. I seemed to awaken out of a reverie. I became unusually aware of my own presence. Trifles exaggerated themselves. My senses seemed preternaturally alert. I noticed and magnified trifles. A fly on the lapel of my coat seemed of elephantine proportions.

Would she never speak? I held her hand in mine very much as if it was some object that had been placed there by mistake, and I was at a loss what to do with it.

A gentle pressure—just the faintest and most fleeting imaginable—brought me to my senses in a magically short space of time. A smile wreathed her lips—a convulsive throb, and—

"Nina!"

"Ricardo!"

We were clasped in each other's arms.

What followed, of course, is not of especial interest to the world in general. I doubt even if we were at all conscious that anything sublunary existed.

A man servant announcing that breakfast waited dispelled our illusion, and we returned to the house.

Entering the breakfast-room, I was at once made aware of the presence of a stranger.

"Blythe, let me introduce you to an old friend of Nina's, Don Pablo Martinez," cried Moriones.

It required but a glance to discover in the mutual friend my lieutenant of the Spanish gunboat. The recognition was mutual.

"I think I have met the señor before," he said, significantly.

As it would have been vain to feign non-recognition, I quickly decided that it was best to own up.

"Yes, the don and myself have seen each other before, although I must say the acquaintance was so brief that I scarcely had time to discover those amiable qualities that have secured his kind recognition here."

"One rarely seeks in pirates the amenities that obtain among gentlemen, and I have no doubt the illustrious señor, true to his instincts, sails under false colors in this household," said the irate Spaniard.

"False colors! Pirates! Pray explain yourself, Martinez!" cried Moriones, whilst consternation was depicted on the faces of all.

"My meaning is quite simple. The man you see before you is an enemy to our cause; he escaped the punishment he so richly deserves, spite of the bullets of my fellows; and I now claim him as my prisoner in the name of Spain!" and, rising, he approached me with drawn sword.

"The señor uses brave words!" I exclaimed, "that are quite in keeping with his valorous actions, and confronting a defenseless man sword in hand is altogether worthy of one who plucks his laurels from bloodless fights."

"*Carrambo!* Vile dog of an American, you shall die for that insult!" And, suiting the word to the deed, he rushed upon me, a seething, bilious mass of rage and garlic.

I received the point of his sword in my arm, and, wrenching it from his hand, snapped it in twain; then, rushing upon him, I delivered a blow at his ignominious little head which gave him a temporary quietus.

But the entire household were now in arms, and first

among them was Moriones, who rushed at me, infuriated by the scene just enacted.

"A rare villain we have sheltered, truly!" he shouted; "but you shall not escape my vengeance, traitorous Cubano!"

What he would have done I know not, but just as he pointed his revolver at my breast, Nina, with a piercing shriek, threw her arms about my neck, crying:

"For shame, brother, thus to attack a defenseless stranger, and under your own roof! How do you know but that Don Pablo may be mistaken. Truly ye are brave men; I am proud of my race. Such valor! such magnanimity!" Then, appealing to me—"Speak, Ricardo! say it is not so—that it is some mistake."

"Nina, it is true, and it is not true; and I shall very gladly explain if these fierce gentlemen don't deem it expedient, meanwhile, to make the presence of a coroner of first importance."

I knew how very difficult it would be to clear up, even to the satisfaction of a partial listener, my share in the *Lucille* affair, and I was casting about for some practicable means of escape from this Ariadne maze, not observing, meanwhile, that the firebrand Martinez had recovered from the stunning blow dealt him.

A little, half-paralyzed shriek from Nina caused me to turn in the direction indicated by her glances, but only in time to receive with its full directness a murderous thrust delivered with devilish precision and malignity.

My last recollection was of a fearful din, in which were commingled cries, "*Carrambos*," and a general uproar in very excellent Spanish.

An eternity of time may have elapsed before I awoke to a rational idea of recent events, and found myself swathed so completely, not to say picturesquely, as a gentleman of the time of Ptolemy.

I soon discovered that I was in my own room, that it was artificially darkened, and at my bedside was a most imposing array of bottles, glasses, etc., which were silent witnesses to the unconscious agony I had undergone.

I try and collect my thoughts, try to remember the sequence of events, and have a confused notion that I am engaged in desperate combat with legions of *Dagos*, who are marshaled by Martinez, and that I am creating the most frightful havoc among the serried hosts with no more potent weapon than a straw, when I am startled by an apparition which nears me—a being of ineffable gentleness, whose very presence seems to distill a fragrance that is as subtle as it is pleasurable.

A cool hand is laid on my brow as gently as a falling snowflake. It is Nina.

"Truly a visit from angels," I manage to murmur, as I clasp her dear little hand, and think that almost any misery is worth so pleasant a reward. The hand is drawn gently but firmly away. I look up surprised. She interprets my look, and, with a manner half shyness, half pride, and full of gentle dignity, says:

"Don Ricardo is not aware, doubtless, he is addressing the sister of Don Rafael Moriones."

"But, my dear girl!" I exclaim, quite bewildered by this manner; "to be sure I am, and a happy fellow it makes me; but I shall be doubly blest"—here I gently depress one eyelid, and squint with the nether optic—a trick much in vogue among rather low people, and expressive of shrewd and covert knowledge, which they are pleased to term "points"—"when I can call her Mrs. Blythe."

"That can never be, señor. A daughter of Spain can have no— Oh, why did you so deceive us, Ricardo?"

Here was perplexity. I could not have been more



FALSE COLORS. — "CARAMBO! VILE DOG OF AN AMERICAN, YOU SHALL DIE FOR THAT INSULT! AND, SUITING THE WORD TO THE DEED, HE RUSHED UPON ME."

dumbfounded if a polar iceberg had trickled serenely down my spinal column.

"I don't understand, Nina. Pray explain. Deceived? Who and how have I deceived?"

"Ah, señor, those words are not expressive of your real thoughts. You know too well how unhap—the grief you have caused your friends."

"Ah! I see. That jaundiced scallawag, Martinez, has been regaling your ears with delectable accounts of my total depravity; but I trust, Nina, when I'm permitted to explain, you, at least, will acquit me of being the worthless fellow he paints me. The absent are always wrong, you know, and I have to bear the added humiliation of being wronged by the one of all others who should have suspended judgment until I could tell my story."

Quick as a flash, she drew herself up with the mien of a duchess, her bosom heaving with half-suppressed emotion.

"*Dios!* you know not what you say! Who has strenuously championed you, spite the sneers, jeers and revilings of her own kin and friends? Who has pleaded, entreated, commanded, with a persistence that had for its reward scorn and contempt? Why are you here at this moment, instead of being immured in the hideous cells of the hated Morro? Have your enemies bribed the guard who is at this moment at your door? And is it indifference—ah! *ingratee*—that brings me to your side, like a thief in the night, against the stern commands of my justly outraged brother? Ricardo, your words are ill-chosen, *amigo mio*, and I am a foolish g-g-girl!" and with this she burst into passionate weeping, that shook her frame like an aspen.

I felt like the most abandoned wretch in five counties, and would have committed *hari-kari*, or crucified my tongue, for delivering me into the hands of such absurd ill-luck.

"Nina!" I cried, half rising from my couch, "my own darling, I have done you a great, very great injustice. Can you, will you, forgive—once freed from this?"

"But you are not free, and not likely to become so."

"Well, what is the intention of the enemy?"

"To send you under guard to Havana as soon as you are convalescent."

"Will Moriones submit to this breach of hospitality?"

"Alas! my brother is even more *farietico* than Martinez."

"How far is it from here to Cardenas? I will communicate with our consul."

"He was shot yesterday."

"Jove! admirable island! Pray, are there any foreigners remaining alive besides myself?"

"You jest on a serious subject, señor."

"True; but life is a jest, and if I could but lay hands on Martinez I am of the opinion I should make it a screaming farce."

"He is vindictive—but enough of this idle talk. I wish to aid you to escape. I have secretly made arrangements. To-night horses and assistants will be concealed among the plantains. At ten o'clock the guard will become very sleepy. Pedro will enter, assist you to robe, and, by following him, you will by sunrise be beyond pursuit, among the rebels."

"But you, Nina—can I, must I leave the one object that makes life worth living?"

"We must part, Ricardo. My place is here."

"We shall not part! I will go to the Morro first! Do you imagine liberty has any charm without you? No, my darling! you must leave this house with me or go I will not."

"Go you must and will! Hark! a step! some one approaches! *Adios!* Oh, my darling!—darling! I love!—I love! I love you!"

And before I could reply she had fled before the approaching footstep.

A dark form stood for a moment in the shadow of the hall, then all was still.

It would weary the reader to recount the adventures of the next few hours. How, at the appointed time, Pedro came, and, pursuant to his mistress's orders, almost carried me bodily through the deserted halls; how the faithful sentry slept on his post (with one eye open), and was made oblivious to all that transpired by the soporific influence of Spanish gold; how we gained the open, and were greeted with a howling chorus from the hounds, who were quieted only by the low voice of the negro, who seemed to be on familiar personal terms with each one; how we found the horses ready, and cloaked figures mounted awaiting our coming; how we rode swiftly and silently for leagues, skirting ravines of hideous depth, and climbing mountains of almost impossible ascent; how I



FALSE COLORS. — "WITH A PIERCING SHRIEK NINA THREW HER ARMS ABOUT MY NECK, CRYING: 'FOR SHAME, BROTHER, THUS TO ATTACK A DEFENSELESS STRANGER!'"



HUNTING THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.—DRIVING PRAIRIE HENS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

was a prey to the most poignant anguish at the thought of leaving, in the heart of Cuba, the queen of my heart; the quixotic plans I formed for reclaiming my darling, spite of Spain and her minions; how the mysterious conduct of one of our party was a source of never-ending conjecture.

Finally, as the morning mists cleared before the piercing rays of a tropical sun, and we halted to gain much-needed rest for horses and men, the cloaked figure turned suddenly, and almost before I was aware of it, Nina was in my arms, her darling little head resting on my shoulder, and doing the most comfortable hysterics that the scene and circumstances demanded.

Then we continued our flight, about as happy as mortals can be in this sublunary planet, and finally we reached the insurgent camp, and cast in our lot with the gallant rebels for six dreary months.

The scene changes. We are in cozy apartments in New York. Dick Blythe reposes gracefully in an easy-chair; slippers of a wonderful and complex manufacture incase his delicate pedal extremities; at his side, one arm resting on his knee, sits the pearl of women.

Blythe (loq.): "I see, dear, by the paper, that our friend, our dear, particular friend, Martinez, has——"

"Is he dead, dear—the horrid man?"

"No, my angel, but he has been playfully tampering with his country's revenues, and is about to be relegated to the tender mercies of a platoon of his devoted countrymen. Not dead, exactly, but holding a first mortgage on——"

"Well?"

"Yes, I think so, but we spell it with an 'H' in this country."

PEASANTS IN BRITTANY.

In this long whitewashed room there is a display of toilets such as have rarely been seen. The girls are in white dresses, with muslin or China-crape embroidered shawls. The picturesque cap is of light lace, made up with something like a horn at the back of the head. The white dresses are relieved by silk aprons, with bibs of the most delicate colors—pale-blue, sea-green, lilac and gray mingling with charming grace. We especially noticed one young, recently married woman, for the almost Eastern luxury of her toilet. A dress of white satin, rose-colored stockings, ribbon of the same color round her waist, trimmings embroidered with roses, a muslin shawl and apron, lace headdress and silver ornaments. She was pretty as well, with a delicate complexion and fine brown eyes. The men are much less conspicuous. Their coats are of a very sombre hue, and they wear broad-brimmed hats. The two violinists who formed the orchestra played the old air of the *branie*. The dancers took each other by the hand in files of twelve, and executed a dance of the country known as the *gavotte*. Each file, led by a man, gravely described half-circles, in the form of the letter S. All these garlands of men and women move lightly, crossing, turning, gliding adroitly around each other, and never departing from the most ceremonious gravity. In this country manners and customs are deeply rooted; nothing has changed; they dance as they did in the days of Louis XIV.

THE best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

WE are never ruined by what we really want, but by what we think we want.

HUNTING THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

BY ORVILLE DEANE.

PERHAPS there is no sport which so lingers in the hunter's memory and affords such pleasant reflections as that of chicken-shooting on a Western prairie.

The forest and shore have each some points of advantage, but whenever I try to compare the three I find myself almost invariably voting for the prairie. There is this drawback to the forest, for example—that you often lose sight of your game by intervening trees just at the moment when you would shoot; and this hindrance meets you at the shore—that frequently when your bird has fallen, it will be in the water beyond your reach.

But on the prairie there is nothing to hinder you in seeing your game as it rises, and nothing prevents securing all you may shoot. Besides, there is a certain indefinable sense of pleasure in watching the movements of an intelligent dog as he scents or points his birds, and in the thought that probably your companions may be looking at you as you fire.

I presume I need scarcely say a word regarding this bird, for most of my readers already know that it is a species of grouse, and that its proper name is the Pinnated Grouse; it was once called the heath hen, but is now universally known as the prairie hen, or chicken. It formerly existed in most of the Atlantic States, but is now exclusively confined to the West.

My experience has been chiefly in Iowa and Nebraska, and of these States I now propose to speak. Almost anywhere on the prairie chickens may be found, but for real first-class shooting a peculiar combination of circumstances is required.

In the immediate vicinity of a populous town birds may be frequently found in abundance; but they are generally very wild from having been frequently shot at by boys. On the other hand, it is of no use to go very far back from civilization; for though you will always find some birds, these will be exceedingly wild for a reason the very opposite of the others—the one from seeing too many human beings, the other from seeing none at all.

Choose a country where one wheatfield, or cornfield, can be seen from another, where the prairie-grass has not been cropped by herds of cattle, where there are undulations of hill and valley, and if you do not find birds in abundance it will be a marvel indeed.

In some parts of Iowa the hillsides are covered with a sort of scrub-oak, growing only as high as the grass, but affording most admirable cover for birds in the hottest part of the day. In such places, I think, I have had better success than anywhere else.

The next point of importance is to secure a good dog. It does not follow because a dog has been well broken for forest-birds that he will therefore do well on the prairie, for the conditions of success are so very different, and it is better to obtain a dog who has had experience here.

For my part, I prefer a setter to a pointer. The latter may perhaps range a little more widely, but my observation has led me to believe they are inferior as retrievers and in some other respects. A dog to be really enjoyable must both make a good point and promptly and carefully bring in the game. Such a creature I never tire of watching. Over what a vast territory one will range in a day! With what certainty he will tell whether there are birds in a given stubble-field! There is something perfectly wonderful in his operations.

A really fine dog will detect the presence of birds a hundred yards distant on a quiet day, and with a favorable wind he will scent them three hundred yards off.

When he has located the game, and is near enough for a shot—a matter that he understands as well as his master—the dog “comes to a point” by standing still, with his nose pointing to the bird, his tail extended, and his whole body as rigid as though cut in marble. A well-trained dog will hold a point in this way for half an hour, till the hunter approaches and shoots the bird as it rises.

But now let us go out for a day's sport. Shall we go on foot? Not unless the grounds be close at hand, for there is walking enough to be had in following your dog. Shall we take ponies, and shoot from the saddle? Many do so, and it is a very satisfactory way if you are a quick shot, and have a thoroughly trained animal beneath you, who will obey the slightest word or motion.

The best plan I have ever found, however, is for three hunters to secure a double-seated open wagon, drawn by a couple of horses that will stand fire, and driven by a man who knows the ground thoroughly.

With such a team you need make no account of roads, but can drive anywhere across the prairie. You can shoot from the wagon when weary, and when the party are scattered the driver can follow along on the ridges, and so always be in sight and ready to drive down for your game.

It was in this way that a party of three of us set out one morning from the little village of L—, bound for hunting-grounds some eight miles away. The sun was bright; the September air was bracing; men and dogs were in the best of spirits, and in a short hour we left the main road, and drove toward a vast rolling prairie where the hillsides were covered with oak-scrub, and the valleys with wheat and cornfields of enormous extent.

In order to lay out a general route, we rode to the top of one of the highest hills. Ah! what a scene spreads out before us! I never tire of looking at the picture, but each time it fills me with a sense of wild freedom as I look.

“These are the deserts of the garden—these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful.
For which the speech of England has no name.
The prairies! I behold them once again,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell
Stood still, with all his billows fixed
And motionless for ever.”

“If we don't find birds here it will be very strange,” says H—, as he takes his gun from the case, and prepares for business.

Indeed, we did find them. Before we left the wagon we started quite a number, but they all rose in front of the wagon, and, as we were descending, it was not easy to shoot without endangering the horses' heads.

Our driver concluded that we couldn't shoot from the wagon, and rather challenged me, as I sat on the front seat, to shoot at the next one, saying he would take all risk for the horses.

Up rose a bird from almost under foot, and I immediately shot it, but in doing so I had to fire exactly between the ears of one of the horses, and actually below the tops of them, too. This satisfied the driver, and on we went.

Having reached the point desired, we dismounted, and prepared for a tramp. I can only speak in general terms of what my companions did, but I can and will detail my own experience somewhat, for I very well know that the
a hunting excursion are the interesting

In passing through a corner of a large cornfield, I started one bird, which I shot at long range, and brought down another that was flying over, perhaps started up by one of the other men. Then, on the prairie my dog made a fine point, and as three birds rose, I stopped two of them. In five minutes more I repeated this.

In passing a bit of meadow—Western people call it a “Draw”—I shot the largest chicken I have ever seen. Then, my dog pointed, and, as a single bird rose, I fired both barrels without bringing her down. But I could see that she had been hit hard, and was flying blindly, so I stood and watched her. She flew straight on for a long distance and dropped on a hillside. I had no idea of going after her, but it now turned out that my dog “Joe” had also been watching, and no sooner was the bird down than he started for her at a tearing pace. He went straight to the spot, picked up the dead bird, and came back with a look which seemed to say, “Wasn't that well done, master?” Indeed it was well done. It was a fate I have never seen equaled, for I found the distance to be a trifle above one-third of a mile.

But all this was the merest skirmishing. Greater things were in store for us. On a sudden Joe began to move very cautiously, snuffing the air in every direction, and occasionally looking at me, as though he would say, “Careful, master; we are near them.” I returned the compliment with, “Steady, Joe—steady,” and with careful steps we advanced.

A stray bird rose on the hillside out of range; then another, and another, and another, till the air was alive with them in every direction. But I was sure the main flock had not started yet, and giving Joe the signal, we stooped and ran straight onward about twenty-five yards, to be nearer when they should rise.

We were fortunate in getting the right spot. The dog worked splendidly; the birds rose in small bunches, and in almost less time than it has taken me to tell it, I had shot twelve without moving a rod. Bang, bang, bang, went the guns a little way off on either side of me, and I knew my comrades were having plenty to do as well as myself.

The birds were here by hundreds, but they were quite wild—large flocks are always more wild than smaller ones—and by alighting on the hillsides they could see us for quite a distance. But we had fair success, for when we came back to the wagons we found we had above forty birds to show for the two hours' sport.

By this time we were all hungry, and after a royal lunch, eaten behind a stack of hay, newly cut and fragrant—a meal made doubly palatable by a jug of nice cold milk, obtained at a farmhouse near by—we were at it again. And a grand time we had of it that afternoon. Many a fine covey we struck, and many a fine bird came to swell the number already in the wagon.

But perhaps the choicest bit of experience was that which K— and I had in securing one smart bird. Several times she outwitted both dogs by doubling on her trail, and then springing to one side and running away for rods through the grass in an entirely different direction.

We became interested, and determined to shoot her if it took till night. Again and again she fooled both ourselves and the dogs, constantly starting up where we did not look for her, and always out of range, until she seemed to get tired of it, and made a long flight to a distant hillside.

It was nearly a mile, but we followed her, determined not to be beaten. The hillside was covered with oak-scrub. We crept up carefully to a point near where she struck, and then let go the dogs. But she was not there. For more than fifty yards the dogs followed her, and we were

every moment close at their heels. Then they appeared to lose the trail in the scrub, and we were carefully looking about when both dogs suddenly came to a point directly facing each other, and not more than twenty feet apart. Close beside them stood K—— and I, also facing each other.

But where was the chicken? We knew she must be there; but we were prepared for some new trick, for who ever saw a bird lie in cover like that? Does she think to hide away from the setters, or is it that she sees no chance to escape our guns, and prefers to be caught alive?

"Careful, Joe! Steady, Blink!" is what we say to the dogs, and "Look out for her! She mustn't get away this time!" is the language we use to each other.

There was scarcely an unbroken bone in her body, and if all the shot which struck her had remained in the flesh, some King Charles would have puzzled the philosophers of our own day by declaring that that chicken weighed more when dead than when alive, and by asking them to explain why.

DELICIA.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

SHE was so exquisitely beautiful, it was actually provoking that there shouldn't be the least romance about her. Waves of pale-golden hair rippled away from her pearly forehead, and were gathered into a superb knot at



HUNTING THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.—"THE BIRDS ROSE IN SMALL BUNCHES, AND IN ALMOST LESS TIME THAN IT HAS TAKEN ME TO TELL IT I HAD SHOT TWELVE WITHOUT MOVING A ROD."—SEE PAGE 430.

Now we are not ten feet apart, and still no bird appears. But the dogs stand like statues, and we know she is there.

K—— puts his foot into a cluster of oak-leaves, seemingly not large enough to hide a bird, when out she comes with a terrific rush. We let her get about twelve feet away, when I fire, and she falls. I notice the smoke around K——, and ask:

"Did you shoot?"

"Of course," he says. "Did you?"

"I should think so," I replied, and K—— adds:

"Well, if we both fired, I guess she is dead at last."

We had fired so simultaneously that neither one heard the other's gun. When we had picked up the bird, however, we realized that two shots had been fired, for she was nearly blown to atoms.

the back of her head. Such a blue gleamed in her sweet eyes, such a lovely pink mantled her soft cheek, such a smile parted her ripe mouth, that, well-bred as you might be, you could not have refrained from staring at her, and then, thinking of strawberries and cream, have longed for a silver spoon with which to eat her.

But for all this there wasn't the least romance connected with her. Though three-and-twenty, Delicia had never had a lover. She lived in a quiet farmhouse among the White Mountains with her father and mother all the year round. She loved them dearly—was happy with them and her horse, Joan of Arc.

Joan was beautiful, high-spirited; and Delicia, who cared nothing for dancing or flirting, and could neither sing nor play, was passionately fond of horseback-riding. There was a spirit of pride and daring in her which made



DELICIA. — "WITH A FLASH IN HER BLUE EYES, DELICIA SNATCHED A SILVER-MOUNTED REVOLVER FROM A SHELF, THREW WIDE THE HALL-DOOR, AND FIRED. THE BRIDLE FELL FROM THE MAN'S RIGHT HAND."

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her a superb rider, and caused the young men of the very bare neighborhood to call her haughty.

The delights of her life were the pine-scented woods, the Winter landscapes of ermine snow and glittering ice, the dreamy sweetness of the Autumn orchards.

At twenty-three, Delicia had been content with an existence lived in comparative solitude.

Then came a terrible calamity. Her father was killed by a runaway horse, and her mother, frail and unable to endure the shock, sank slowly but surely, until, one mockingly bright, beautiful day, Delicia found herself entirely alone.

Outsiders then called her cold, for no one saw her weep. She only trembled so excessively beside the open graves that old Aunt Thankful, who had nursed her dead mother, was obliged to support her to keep her from falling. Otherwise she was composed, only her sweet eyes had a look in them pitiful to see.

A change had come over Delicia's serene life; the dear home-love was gone, and the girl's content had gone. With a native courage and reserve peculiar to her, she made no complaint. She asked Aunt Thankful, rather wistfully, to stay and keep house for her, and then turned to her books and horse and maiden meditations.

But Delicia's dreams were troubled now. Life's grief had touched her; she knew that sorrow was in the world; she feared the future.

The strange, sad Summer passed. One fine November day, Bob, the hired man, led Joan of Arc prancing to the door, the side-saddle on her back.

"I have to go to the village, miss, to buy the new milch-cow. I'll not be back till noon. You'll not mind letting Joan stand with the saddle on a little till I come?"

"No," said Delicia, absently.

Her beautiful oval cheek was white under her velvet cap. There was a sadness quite unmistakable in her beautiful eyes as she turned Joan's head toward the hill-road.

Yet who, to have seen her beautiful, spirited figure loping along the uplands, would have divined the rare heart of the heiress of Wheatlands?

She did not, perhaps, understand herself, and did not know she had asked her own soul, "Am I to be all my life alone? Will no one great and good ever ask me to be his dearly beloved wife? If not, I shall perish off the face of the earth."

The girl was purity itself, and as unconscious of the ignoble aims of life as the lily in her chamber-window. To marry for any reason but for love, pure and worshipful, had never entered her mind as a possibility.

"I never had sister or brother; my father and mother are dead; I must have some love or I shall seek death!"

You must have guessed rarely to have guessed how deeply ran the still waters of that idyllic life. You would not have guessed it from anything in her perfect, proud face as she turned it toward a passing carriage. The occupants were a blasé-looking man of thirty, perhaps, and a very young and pretty girl.

A single glance told the story—that the young girl was loving and unhappy; that the man, for some reason, found her desirable of possession.

He had hard black eyes that repelled Delicia; yet the sight of the two seated so closely gave her a vague, painful feeling of solitude and desolation which not long ago was utterly unknown to her.

The carriage glittered by, and Joan loped softly along the woody road, soundless with a thick carpet of pine-needles.

She made a circuit, and came back to the main road.

Suddenly unusual sounds attracted her attention. A crash and violent screams reached her ear, and as she rode forward, a strange sight burst upon her view.

The carriage had gone over an embankment, and was a perfect wreck. The horses lay prostrate—one of them killed, the other struggling desperately, but unable to rise; and prone beneath the broken vehicle was stretched the senseless body of the dark, handsome man.

Over him bent the girl, screaming no longer, but sobbing violently.

Delicia slipped from her horse, and was at her side some moments before she realized her presence.

"Wallace! Wallace! for heaven's sake, speak to me! You cannot—you cannot be dead! Oh, dear Wallace—see! it is little Alta! Only speak to me!"

Then, with a despairing cry, the young girl fell upon the pulseless breast.

Then, starting to her feet to look about for help, apparently, she saw Delicia.

"Oh, she gasped, snatching at her arm, 'look at him! see! he is dead! The carriage fell upon him, while I—I am not hurt at all. Oh, heaven, what shall I do?'"

The white, still face told Delicia that the man at her feet would never breathe again.

Hearing wheels, she sprang back into the road, and encountered old David Green and his son, the keepers of the village hotel.

Summoned to view the scene, they disentangled the senseless body, placed it in the carriage, and turned to Delicia for further directions.

"Get a doctor immediately that you reach the village, Mr. Green. I will take this young lady home with me, and bring her back to the hotel as soon as I can put Joan to the phaeton. Come with me, my poor child! I will take care of you," to the *petite*, white-faced girl; and throwing her riding-skirt more closely over her arm, she led Joan by a short-cut back to Wheatlands.

By the way she tried to question her companion; but the girl, almost transported with grief, made such incoherent replies that she could only learn that she had been riding since the middle of the previous night; that they were on their way to Conway; that they intended to be married there.

"Were you—were you," said Delicia, gently, in involuntary amaze, "running away from your friends?"

Alta nodded.

"From my brother, Guy Vannevar. He did not like Mr. Munroe. Yes, we were to be married against his will, and now—oh, Wallace, Wallace!"

Throwing Joan's bridle over the gate-post, Delicia led the trembling girl to the door. It was locked.

The key hung in the secret place known only to the family, for Aunt Thankful had at last executed a promise to visit a sick neighbor some quarter of a mile distant. Bob had not yet returned, for it wanted still an hour till noon.

To Delicia's consternation, the unhappy girl no sooner entered the warm parlor than she fainted.

At length Alta Vannevar again drew her breath.

Passing through the hall to procure a restorative, Delicia saw a man just in the act of vaulting upon Joan. It was not Bob, though the saddle had been removed and lay upon the ground; it was a man in a ragged coat, evidently a tramp.

With a flash in her blue eyes, Delicia stepped back, and snatching a silver-mounted revolver from a shelf, threw wide the hall-door and fired.

The bridle fell from the man's right hand, and Joan—three steps beyond the gate—stopped.

To Delicia's surprise, the man instantly dismounted, and turning quickly toward her, lifted his hat.

"I am effectually stopped, young lady; but, believe me, I did not intend to steal your horse, and certainly left an equivalent, though now in a sorry condition."

Bewildered still more by the courteous words and cultured tone, Delicia turned in the direction the stranger pointed with his left hand, and saw within the yard a dusty buggy and panting horse.

"I am trying to overtake my young sister, who has eloped with a scoundrel," said the man, who was both young and handsome, "and my horse broke down hopelessly just before I reached your door. Otherwise, in less than an hour I should have probably overtaken my sister before she was married and her life ruined. So near the object of my long and desperate drive, I could not be balked of its object for want of a horse. I knocked three times at your door, intending to beg or hire yours, which I saw, fresh, standing at the gate, but for some reason I could summon no living being. Knowing that my horse was more than equal yours in value, though now almost killed by hard driving, I resolved to take him, and, after overtaking the man who is running away from me, to instantly restore your property to you; but"—with a little bitter laugh—"you have effectually prevented that. I think I am bleeding to death."

His voice closed faintly; the blood was spurting from his wrist. He sank upon the step at her feet.

Delicia's cheek grew white, for she knew the danger of that terrible bleeding. Unless it were stopped, the man would in a few moments be dead.

Springing to the side of the now unresponsive stranger, who seemed unable to utter another word, she snatched her handkerchief from her pocket, and tying it about the wounded arm, inserted a stick picked from the ground, thus making an effectual ligature, and, to the abatement of her terror, saw the frightful jets of blood subside.

The stranger's white face, the deluge of red blood, the sudden relief from spurring terror, turned Delicia suddenly faint. Then she struggled hard against a terrible reeling sensation, and held her own.

She thought wishfully of the glass of cordial upon the hall-table, but her feet refused to stir.

Suddenly steps sounded at the gate. To her inexpressible joy and thankfulness, Aunt Thankful and Bob appeared.

Delicia explained to the former, briefly, though her voice sounded far away to herself.

"Wounded—hurt—bleeding awfully! Bob, ride for a doctor fast as you can go!" cried the old nurse, instantly in her element.

The wounded man was making visible efforts to keep from swooning, but when Aunt Thankful had administered a glass of brandy, and bathed his temples in cold water, he rose and walked weakly into the house, where, at her solicitations, he stretched himself upon a sofa, and then unexpectedly fainted.

"I don't in the least understand who this man is," remarked Aunt Thankful, steadily applying restoratives; "but such a ragged coat and fine shirt I never saw together before. Wanted to hire a horse, did he? What did you shoot him for? Of all strange actions——"

The driving of the doctor's buggy into the yard stopped her remarks, when Delicia returned to Alta Vannevar, to find her in a wandering delirium.

Three strange days were devoted to nursing the invalid. A burning fever made the young girl unconscious.

Aunt Thankful's charge was conscious, but very weak

and silent. Indeed, he seemed to himself to be in a dream half full of delights, but pervaded by a great trouble which he could scarcely name.

The radiantly lovely face of Delicia, the rustle of her dress, the sound of her footsteps pervaded his consciousness like a blessing, while his desperate quest and misfortune were only half realized by him in the bodily weakness and inaction of brain caused by excessive loss of blood.

"How long have I been here?"

Delicia sat by him, having taken Aunt Thankful's place for a few moments, and started from a momentary absence of thought to find Guy Vannevar's eyes fixed piercingly upon her.

"This is the fourth day. Are you better?"

"I am not sick, only in a sort of dream which I cannot wake myself from."

"You are very weak."

"It was you I saw when I came here, wasn't it?"

"It was I who shot you," replied Delicia, blushing.

"I—I remember. Oh, my sister Alta!"—trying to rise upon his elbow.

"Lie down, please. You must not exert yourself. I have something to tell you," said Delicia.

"I have been here four days, you say. Good God! what will become of her?"

"Drink this coffee and try to be quiet. Alta is safe."

"How can you know?"

"I have her in my care. Wallace Munroe is dead—accidentally killed."

"And they were not married?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

He could talk no longer, but was visibly better in a few hours.

The next day, pale, wasted, but strong, in a simple earnestness, he said, quietly, to Delicia:

"How wonderfully beautiful you are!"

Something in his eyes kindled hers, and for the first time in her life Delicia felt within her pure breast the warmth and sweetness of love.

Half alarmed by her emotions and the growing power of the beautiful eyes bent upon her, she rose from her place beside him.

"You can see Alta to-day, you know, if she is better. I will go and see."

Alta Vannevar was better in body, but suffering in mind.

She looked like a living wraith in one of Delicia's long white wrappers, and turned from her brother's kiss and sat down in Delicia's lap like a tired child.

"Oh, if I could die! I know you love me, Guy; but you did not love Wallace. And he is dead. Oh, Delicia, you understand—you are a woman. I loved him!"

Guy Vannevar looked down at the two figures buried in the great easy-chair, the serene woman folding the suffering child to her bosom, and a look inexpressible filled his soft, dark eyes. And Delicia, glancing up, saw it and knew it was for her.

I cannot tell you how, in a few days, these two grew together; but when Guy Vannevar had told her of his position as a gentleman and the son of a gentleman, and discarded his disguise, which had facilitated his pursuit of Wallace Munroe, the atmosphere of mystery and suspicion was entirely dispelled, and as weeks and months brought their developments and occurrences, Delicia realized that the prayer of her secret heart was granted—one, great and good, loved her, and had asked her to be his dearly beloved wife.

LÉON GAMBETTA.

A CONSPICUOUS figure in French politics has passed away. After having been famous for twelve years, Léon Gambetta has died at the age of forty-four. Seldom, if ever, has there been a famous man who, earning fame so early and retaining fame so long, has left it so difficult to say on what his fame rested; yet his fame was the fame of greatness. That a famous man should also be held to be a great man is a pure matter of feeling, and is, therefore, incapable of

analysis. France felt M. Gambetta to be great, and Europe recognized that France was right. There was in France no one like him, or second to him. When he died, the poetry of French political life died too, for the time, and nothing but homely prose, honest or dishonest, remained.

In holding that some very few men are larger, more fertile, more original than their contemporaries, the general judgment of mankind never errs. Men are great because they are felt to be great; and to be affected by this feeling is not in any way necessarily to sympathize with them, to approve them, or to be guided by them. His death was but the last of a series of incompletenesses. In his public ambition, in his private ambition, in his ambition for the future, he failed; and yet he went nearer to his object than any man of less force could have done, and he left on those around him no impression of failure. Almost a private citizen—for it is only by straining words that we can assign to him at Bordeaux any legal position—he strove to expel the Germans, raised armies from the ground, discovered generals, ministers, and diplomatists, fought great battles, raised great loans, and fixed himself in the hearts of Frenchmen as the one man who never

despaired of the Republic. No man could be more successful, in a sense; but he did not expel the Germans, or deliver France, or even win a campaign.

The son of a grocer of Cahors, only half educated, and without political training, he raised himself before he was forty so high that all Frenchmen regarded him as the natural President, and the world invented absurd reasons to explain the fact of his being less than first; while he

himself, it is now well known, regarded the Presidency as the only goal worth reaching. No ambition could be more successful, in a way, but he never was President of the Republic.

A Premier who had fallen, he yet so dominated the mind of France that he was able to set to himself as an object revenge on Germany; so impressed all Germans that they regard his death as a relief from an apprehension; yet he had done nothing when he died toward the *revanche*, had won no battle, secured no alliance, prepared no insurrection, had, indeed, as there is reason to fear, from the



LÉON GAMBETTA.

Tunis Expedition, organized no army strong enough to be his instrument in such an undertaking. The greatest of Republicans, he did not found the Republic, and though he may be said to have saved it in the great contest with MacMahon, the Constitution he saved was not the one he would himself have framed. His was no spoiled career, in the ordinary sense of the words; but it was a career which, great as it was, and full as it was, and, on some sides, noble as it was, was marked throughout by a note of incompleteness, of failure such as comes to a man in whom the something is wanting which conciliates Destiny.

Many men have said many things of Léon Gambetta, who has been described as a genius and a lunatic, a statesman and a wordmonger, a patriot and a self-seeker; but no man in the wildest hostility or the basest adulation ever said of him that he was fortunate. He was always the Dictator who was deserted, the great statesman who could not pass his Bills, the financial genius who paid too much, the "reserve force for France" whose destined hour was never to arrive.

One great defect was that he did not choose men well. They were effective under him, but they were nobodies alone. Chanzy was not a first-class soldier; De Freycinet is not a great administrator; General Faure, not an organizer of strong armies; Paul Bert, not a man who could defeat the spiritual forces of the Church. He chose the half-efficient—for Faidherbe was too old—and he tolerated, under some illusion we do not pretend to understand, the positively bad. He stole nothing, but he bore with plunderers. His *entourage* when in power was scarcely better than that of Napoleon III. The greatest of orators, the most persuasive of demagogues, a man occasionally of magical insight into the minds of huge classes, he could bind all Frenchmen to follow him, except the Deputies of France and the Ultras, who had first raised him to power.



HOUSE AT CAHORS WHERE GAMBETTA WAS BORN.

He had the art of conciliating soldiers and extorting their confidence and admiration in a degree scarcely ever given to a civilian, but he never quite bound them to the system to which he was devoted, never secured to his military lieutenants the adhesion granted so readily to himself.

His power of insight, great as it was, did not proceed either from sympathy or reflectiveness. He understood part of the French nature, without quite understanding the whole. The refusal to continue the German war surprised him, the dislike of the peasants to adventure perplexed him, the regard felt for M. Grévy—an incarnation of a perpetually recurring French type—was to him permanently unintelligible.

It was characteristic of him that, himself preferring a rather bourgeois type of life, a life of lax and irregular comfort, he did not see the Frenchman's respect for asceticism, and at the Palais Bourbon wearied himself with the tawdry grandeur and vulgar luxury of the Second Empire; and perhaps even more characteristic that, though thirsty for information and justly confident in his diplomatic powers, he was proud to know no language except his own. There was something of smallness in that great nature which will not be thoroughly explicable until the secret memoirs of our time see the light, but which we imagine to have proceeded from a certain grossness inherent in the French bourgeois, and a limitation of the sympathies in a sympathetic man, such as keen observers often attribute to all men of Jewish descent. He simply could not be as just, and therefore as wise, toward Bonapartists as toward Legitimists, toward Germans as toward Englishmen, toward Clericals as toward any others with whom he disagreed. There was something, too, in him of the Southern or even Oriental temperament, to which all periods of relaxation are injurious, in which rest, that so strengthens the Northerner, brings out some flaccidity of mental and bodily tissue.

Gambetta's brain, like his body, degenerated in ease. It was only when he was in full motion; when there was a superior enemy, like the Germans, to defy; when there was a reactionary soldier-president, like Marshal MacMahon, to counteract in his own army; when there was a raging populace, like that of Belleville a year ago, to subjugate into reluctant confidence, that Gambetta rose to true grandeur, and displayed the smelting fire that glowed in his unwieldy, gross, yet Titanic nature. *As ease, and*



FAMILY TOMB OF THE GAMBETTAS IN THE CEMETERY AT NICE.

free from any need for effort, the bourgeois streak in him came out, as it did not in Thiers.

The family of Gambetta was of Genoese descent, and he inherited a liberal share of the audacity and enterprise which for so many ages characterized this race. At the age of thirty he was already one of the foremost spirits in the little knot of adventurous spirits who dared, in 1868, to discuss the affairs of France in a way that boded no good to the dynasty of Louis Napoleon. It was a time of uncertainty—the air was still with the hush that precedes the storm; only the low muttering of the thunder was heard.

Léon Michel Gambetta had been born in Cahors, in 1838; he had passed his preliminary schooling, had completed his legal studies in Paris, and had been for nine years a member of the bar. But he had gained during those nine years no more of fame or prominence than falls to the lot of young barristers in any large city. His opportunity came in the political prosecutions, when he became the counsel of the defendants. The agitators of Paris had devised, in 1867, a new plan for the propagation of their political creed, in the celebration of the anniversary of the martyrdom of Baudin, the deputy killed on the 3d of December, 1851, at the barricade erected in the Faubourg St. Antoine to resist the *coup d'état*.

A subscription was started by the republican press to erect a monument to Baudin in Père la Chaise, and to make a demonstration on the anniversary of his death. The gathering was held, the gendarmes seized several of the participants, and when their trials came on, Jules Favre, who had been selected as their advocate, found himself, at the last moment, unable, through illness, to appear. He must have a substitute, and almost at a venture he hit upon this shabby, loud-talking Bohemian. Gambetta sauntered into the courtroom an unknown man. In twenty-four hours his name was in every mouth in Paris, and was ringing like a trumpet-blast throughout France. For when he addressed the imperial judges he launched forth into such a burst of overpowering eloquence as no Frenchman of this century had heard. He held the crowded courtroom spellbound from the first sweet accents of his exordium to the thunder peals of the terrible philippic with which he closed. It is a literal fact that the imperial judges trembled on their bench. The crowd was fascinated and charmed into breathless silence. The prosecutor could not find tongue to stammer forth a protest against the lava torrent of seditions eloquence which poured hot and seething from the advocate's lips.

This speech threw open to Gambetta, in the elections of 1869, the doors of the Chamber, both Paris and Marseilles returning him. The French nation, debauched and enervated by the corruption of the second Empire, was "ripe and rotten ripe" for revolution, and an almost contemporaneous writer, depicting the gatherings at the Café Procope, in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, found this to say of M. Gambetta: "He was an almost briefless barrister then—a dark, Italian-blooded young Frenchman, blind with one eye, not over well dressed, but with a voice sounding as brass. It was the magic of the man, this voice. When silent, he looked insignificant enough; but once he began to speak, the rather Bohemian crew of friends round him woke up to a man. The desultory customers scattered about the other tables would prick up their ears, and the landlord would hurry up in a scared fashion, to beg the impetuous orator to speak lower, because—and here a whisper. But he with the ringing voice would shrug his shoulders at the "because," even when there was Pietri's name tacked on to it. He held

the evening newspaper in his hands with the report of a speech delivered by some one of that twenty-three—say Jules Favre or Ernest Picard—who breathed in the Corps Législatif the mob of M. Rouher's blatant henchmen, and, until the speech had been read through from end to end, with sonorous bravos at the telling points, there was no stopping him with dread of eaves-droppers. Then, when the paper was laid down, more drinking of beer would ensue than, perhaps, the matter strictly required, and the young barrister would blaze out into flashing comments on what he had read, adding what he would do and say if the chance were afforded him. Nor did his Bohemian friends smile at this. Each man among them felt in himself that limitless confidence which impetuosity begets, and they were also firmly persuaded that if their companion could only find the opportunity, he would soon set men's tongues rattling about him. The companion did find the opportunity; and next day the name of Gambetta was famous from one end of France to the other."

The war came, and with it Gambetta's opportunity. On the day after the fall of Sedan, Gambetta felt that the time for action had come. The chamber was crowded. Jules Favre rose and moved the deposition of the Napoleonic dynasty. The motion passed, and then Gambetta, in a stentorian voice, moved the establishment of the republic, which was instantly decreed. A provisional government was formed, whose principal members were Jules Favre, Gambetta and General Trochu. In a few days more Gambetta was the ruling spirit.

He remained in Paris for some time, but, being anxious to stir up the provinces, he managed to escape from the city and pass over the Prussian besiegers in a balloon. He landed at Amiens and proceeded to Tours, where he became head of the war department. He assumed unlimited powers, and made every effort to incite the provinces to relieve Paris. He preached war to the bitter end against the Germans, and denounced Bazaine's capitulation of Metz as treasonable.

As war minister, his boundless energy and strong executive ability enabled him from October 10th to the end of January to raise, equip and send to the front 600,000 men; his dauntless courage impelled him to declare for continued resistance, even after resistance was in vain. Stigmatized by Thiers as a "fou furieux," he fairly won the respect of the nation by his services in the crucial period, and, though he soon retired from the military service of the republic, his work as a statesman was thenceforward to make a profound impression upon the destinies of France and Europe.

When the National Assembly was resolved upon in 1871, he sought to give it by decree an exclusively republican character, by declaring that no official of the second empire should take part in the elections. This decree was canceled at the instigation of Prince Bismarck, and Gambetta resigned. He afterward entered the Assembly as a member for Paris, and became a leader of the extreme left, and to the violence of a speech which he delivered at Grenoble is largely attributed the reaction which set in against the Republican Government and the retirement of Thiers. After this, his political action became more moderate and skillful, and to his leadership the Republicans of France largely owed their success, and the defeat of the conservative attempts to deprive them of their prestige.

January 30th, 1879, President MacMahon resigned rather than subscribe to the measures proposed by the ministry regarding military commands. Jules Grévy was elected President on the following day, and Gambetta was

chosen President of the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 314 out of 405.

On the 27th of November of the same year, the French Legislature met in Paris for the first time since 1870, and Gambetta, in a brilliant speech, congratulated the House on the restoration to Paris of the legal capital of France. In the Fall of 1881, he resigned the presidency of the Chambers to become premier, which position, however, he held but a few months. Since then he has continued to sit as a deputy.

Gambetta led the most simple of lives while he was studying law in the Quartier Latin, and the same style, or rather absence of style, was continued when he was elected deputy, under the empire. Gambetta made so little profit out of his position as chief of the committee of the national defense, that he was actually in debt, when he retired for a time into comparative obscurity. The complementary elections of July 2d sent him, indeed, to the Versailles Assembly; but he took his place there without any show or parade, and without any semblance of giving himself airs over his colleagues.

The first step to fortune of a pecuniary character was the founding of that powerful and ably conducted journal, the *République Française*, by Gambetta, assisted by a few intimates. Yet even here money, the one thing needful—for brains there were in plenty—was not easily to be had, and the rising deputy had to appeal to every single one of his friends before he could succeed in raising the modest sum of \$25,000 with which to set the stone rolling. Gambetta was political director of the new concern, Spuller, editor. The first office was in the Rue du Croissant, and there, in spite of weather and distance, Gambetta was to be found night after night, always at his post, until the *République Française*, now a flourishing paper in every sense of the word, moved to its new and abiding quarters in the Chaussée d'Antin.

With success came a petty love of show. He loved the kind of sublimity which only just escapes the ridiculous; he was ready to lead the wildest charges of political cavalry; he had the love of excitement, the love of pleasure, the finesse, and the exuberant joviality of the traditional Parisian who is twenty and lives in a garret. He was always and to every one *bon enfant*. Many hated him, but it was impossible to dislike him. He had the childishness and the utter absence of all shyness regarding the emotions of vanity or tenderness that make the typical Frenchman seem so strange to Englishmen. He liked the little trappings of wealth; he enjoyed, and owned he enjoyed, having a military guard with real swords and musical instruments when he was President of the Chamber; he let the papers know, not only that the Prince of Wales breakfasted with him, but what was the breakfast he ordered for the Prince of Wales.

His passions and appetites he could not control, but gave full license to every whim. He burned the candle at both ends, and the flame has gone out with one swift, disastrous flash.

"Was it worth it?" exclaims one of his admirers. "Oh, was it worth it, dead statesman, once the hope of France, and lately still the strongest pillar of the Republic, to have wasted in dissipation and excesses the vital force that should have borne you triumphantly through the future, and probably through the grandest, years of your brilliant career?"

In December last he was confined to the house he occupied, known as Les Jardies, at Ville d'Avray. Many stories and rumors were afloat as to the cause of his illness. He had received a pistol-wound in the hand, but whether from a pistol in his own grasp, unskillfully taken

up, or discharged in passion by some one close by him, none could certainly say. But his whole system was disordered, and ready for any serious ailment to batten on. His tastes he would not control, and rich dishes, prepared with all the skill of the French *cuisine*, were devoured instead of the cooling and sanitary diet prescribed. The whole circulation soon betokened the presence of poisonous elements, and Léon Gambetta died on the 31st day of December, 1882, amid all the gayeties of the holiday season.

His death was a blow to the Republic. He possessed a sort of neutralizing power, which was exerted in turn against excess on either side. His funeral, on the 6th day of January, showed how his death was felt.

All the great public bodies, the members of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, the judges and the members of the bar, the Municipal Council of Paris, the Council-general of the Seine, the Ministers, the Corps Diplomatique and the delegates from the different cities and towns of France, had all their places assigned in the procession.

The hearse was specially constructed for the obsequies of Gambetta, from designs drawn by MM. Becker and Bastien Lepage, who also superintended the construction of it. In form it was an immense catafalque placed on a rolling platform. In the four corners were placed incense-burners. The coffin was covered with tricolor flags, and at the base were piled garlands and bouquets.

The pall-bearers were MM. Fallières, Minister of the Interior; Billot, Minister of War; Brisson, President of the Chamber; Peyrat, Vice President of the Senate; Metivier, representing the electors of Belleville; Falateur, representing the bar of Paris; Sirecs, Mayor of Chors; Dr. Fieuzel, and Etienne, Deputy, representing the family; and Martin Feuillet, President of the Union Republicaine. All the troops of the garrison were under arms to do honor to the man who, as a member of the Government of the Defense, saved the honor of the country. The body reached the cemetery of Père Lachaise at half-past one.

After the coffin had been placed at the entrance, M. Deves, Minister of Justice, on behalf of the Government, said he saluted the remains of a great citizen. The loss of such a man caused a national grief. The Fatherland mourned one who loved and defended it passionately. The deceased had loved France, and had had faith in her destinies even when hope seemed to be a defiance of fortune. His resolution not to let her abdicate her place among nations would be ever remembered; apart from his heroic defense, his political principles and profound veneration for the will of the nation, commanded admiration. His life was employed entirely for France and the Republic. Though he descended prematurely to the grave, he left his country free—the master of its destinies. Under a respected popular government the Republic at home is pacific and the dignity of France abroad henceforth is beyond attack. The memory of Gambetta will remain in the hearts of all patriots.

As the father of the deceased statesman wished his son's remains interred in the family tomb at Nice, they were subsequently, in compliance with his desire, removed thither, and there rest the mortal remains of one who will live in history as little more than a name.

LAZINESS grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

MILITARY HISTORY OF A DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN.

To give a truthful history of this most remarkable arm, I must e'en search the dusty archives of my memory, away back into the period when the army was in its fresh emergencies from the chrysalis of its organization; when our cavalry, consisting of two scant regiments, without an established tactics, was still in its infancy; light artillery, and an ordnance corps, *nul*—a period when economy ruled the hour to such an extent that quartermasters were enjoined by their chief in Washington to practice economy in all things, even to the collecting of cast horse and mule shoes along the route of marching columns; and surgeons, in like manner, were forbidden the too frequent use of quinine, and were enjoined to rely more on the herbs and roots of the region they happened to be serving in.

Such was the condition of the army when I first "donned the brevet" of Second Lieutenant in the Second Regiment of Dragoons, in the year 1838, and joined my regiment

in Florida from New Orleans, *via* old Fort Brooke, Tampa Bay.

A mere stripling in appearance, with scarce the *soupcou* of a mustache—a distinguishing mark, in those days, of identity with the Second Dragoons, that ornament being strictly forbidden in all other regiments—I was, nevertheless, fully imbued with all the dignity and consequence of my rank and position.

General Zachary Taylor, who had known my family in Louisiana in years gone by, commanded the department, and had his headquarters at Tampa. I paid my respects to him, as a matter of course, not only in the

frippery of my new-fledged uniform, but socially, as an old family friend. He received me with kindness and affability, and on leaving advised me to provide myself, by all means, with a double-barreled shotgun from the ordnance officer, to protect myself against Indians in crossing the peninsula, which I must needs do to join my regiment. Accordingly, I called upon that official, who issued to me a shotgun, taking my receipts therefor in duplicate, and giving me invoices in exchange.

This was the first piece of my Uncle Samuel's property

committed to my safe-keeping, and hence its veracious history thereafter is given for the edification of the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

Crossing the peninsular over gentle slopes of the pine ridges and low-lying swamps and hummocks, through which the road ran, bordered with evergreen vines and creepers, the odor of whose flowery sprays mingled with the exhalations from the decayed vegetation, had a sickening effect; alert, as every tyro is, expecting a shot from every tree and stump and bramble; every nerve strained to the utmost tension, Don Quixotte, I venture to say,



LÉON GAMBETTA HARANGUING THE SOLDIERS AT TOURS, IN DECEMBER, 1870.
SEE PAGE 436.

never experienced such sensations in all his adventures. Thus I journeyed for five days before I reached my destination, Black Creek. The military post at which the headquarters of my regiment were established was situated on the right bank of this stream. Dark, deep and narrow, its coffee color derived from the "bay galla" at its source, and the roots of cypress and vines through which it flows contributing its quota of color and impurities to the St. John's, it served as a highway to the steamers *Santee* and *General Clinch*, plying between the post and Savannah.

Equipped with my double-barreled shotgun, I reported

myself to the colonel of my regiment.

Ah, that double-barreled shotgun! How well I remember it, even at this day! Its brown stub and twist barrels; its ebony ramrod, with black horn butt; its mahogany stock, varnished so bright that it mirrored one's entire person; the percussion locks—then a novelty—of burnt steel, scarce emitting a sound in cocking; a gem, in fine, and direct from the workshops of my Uncle at Springfield. I had borne it across the country with the utmost care, each barrel charged with fifteen buck-shot. Its weight and embarrassing length, hitherto compensated by the gravity of the situation, now that its rôle of confidential friend and protector was finished, seemed to me, who never was fond of gunning, doubled and quadrupled.

Besides, it was not exactly *en règle* in the Second Dragoons for officers to carry any other arms than a pair of spurs—habitually worn, mounted or dismounted—sabre, and a pair of horse pistols, brass mounted, so I lost no time in relieving myself of the intolerable incubus by turning it in to the ordnance officer at the arsenal across the creek.

Ignorant of the methods and red-tapeism of the bureaucrats in Washington—ignoring, indeed, their very existence, I quietly lit my pipe—God help my verdancy!—with the duplicate receipts I had received in exchange for the gun, and thought nothing more of the transaction.

If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.



THE PALAIS BOURBON, OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF GAMBETTA AS PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBERS.

How little I knew then of the ways of the various departments of the Government! and how innocent and green! Just emerging from the gray and bullet buttons of the cadet, to the blue and eagle of the officer, what cared I then for the "cits" in Washington? Ah me! I was soon awakened from this baleful slumber. Pursuing the glittering course of my destiny, careless of the mundane events of the outer world, and thoughtful only of the joyous life of

"The dragoon bold, who scorns all care,
As he goes the rounds with his uncropped hair."

The witless dupe of an easy reliance, little did I know of the workings of that mysterious and ever-wakeful laboratory in Washington, the very essence and eyes of the Treasury Department—the auditor's offices! Auditors, in truth, for they feel the pulsations, distant and unobtrusive though they be, of every functionary in the service of the Government.

I had not then realized the fact that my military education was in the short clothes—so to speak—of its existence; that I had merely entered upon the borders of my destined career; that I had barely commenced the battle of life; and that, as I grew older, the responsibility would become more onerous, and bow me down finally with the weight of armies in the field.

Apropos to this subject, I cannot but observe now the almost criminal neglect of the authorities at West Point



GAMBETTA ADDRESSING THE ELECTORS OF BELLEVILLE.

in fitting the graduates for the important duties in regard to property responsibilities which will inevitably devolve upon them after they enter the army.

The young fledgeling, green from the academy, enters the army, and may have all the responsibilities of commanding officer of an isolated post, with the concomitants of quartermaster, commissary and ordnance officer thrust upon him at once, with all the post returns, abstracts and field reports enacted at the end of every month and quarter by the auditor; and unless he has been educated in bookkeeping he finds himself bewildered and involved in an interminable and fruitless correspondence, harassed with the persistent returning of them to him for correction, ending with a frightful "Statement of Differences."

But let us return after so many "Returns," to the history of our own dear double-barreled shotgun.

I had lost sight of it; buried it in the vaults of the arsenal at Garey's Ferry. But a day of settlement, like the last judgment, must come. There came by the post, one day, a long yellow document, indorsed at the right hand corner, "P. Hagner, Second Auditor."

Breaking the seal with a feverish impulse, I found a letter from that august functionary, notifying me that no return of ordnance had been received from me for the last quarter. I had never reflected that nothing is lost to the Government. The warders, the auditors, maintained a keen scrutiny, and never lost sight of the least item of public property. In my heedless nature I had lost both "invoices" and "receipts." My double-barreled shotgun was irrevocably lost to me, but it was found each succeeding quarter by the Argus eyes of the accountants in Washington. I was deficient—they had a surplus gun. Like Mario Uchard's "Barbasson Pasha," who, in consequence of his reported death in France, and his will, in favor of a favorite nephew, being executed, refused to be resuscitated, and insisted on being *feu* Barbasson. So my ill-fated shotgun became a "*feu* shotgun." You may believe there was no let up! Every "quarter" brought the reminder in the shape of a yellow envelope. At first I would be seized with a terrific nightmare about the period of its coming. In my dreams I would see nothing but shotguns ranged in review, the auditor in their midst, a surplus gun poised in his hand, which, with ferocious aspect, he constantly pointed at me!

I would scream with terror, and awaken to find that it was "all but a dream at the worst." In my simplicity, I wished that some great calamity would befall the archives at Washington, and destroy for ever all evidence of my responsibility.

Years rolled on, and my military experience had taught me to expect by any mail a "Statement of Differences"—a document terminating the correspondence, and demanding a settlement; but the cat had not amused itself sufficiently long with the poor captive mouse. I was thoroughly in the toils of His Grimness, the Second Auditor, and he was not disposed to let up on me so easily.

Twenty years had elapsed. I had gone through a rough, hard, and bitter experience. The Mexican War had intervened, with all its necessary expenditure of public property; recruiting service, with its various changes of station, and its consequent losses; commanding-posts, involving heavy responsibilities, through all which I invariably came out at the little end of the horn, never, however, being permitted to lose sight of my *feu* shotgun. Whithersoever I went, from Florida to Louisiana, from Louisiana to Mexico, to Texas, to New York, to Boston, the *bite noir* haunted me.

I could not avail myself of the method adopted by a

young officer who was acting commissary of subsistence. A return was sent back to him with the remark, "There appears to be a deficiency of soap and a surplus of candles." On his next return he inserted a marginal note, "For 'candles' read 'soap.'" No, no! there was no affinity betwixt a double-barreled shotgun and a horseshoe, of which I had a surplus. My *feu* shotgun was an orphan without companions of the same genus, and without "entangling alliances."

I had frequently visited Washington in the course of my military career, but had always avoided the department as I would a pest-house. Especially was this the case with the bureau of the Second Auditor. I had visited the capital again in 1858, just twenty years after my adventurous career in Florida.

Certain events in one's life resemble those great currents encountered in midocean. Fatality, hazard, providence—no matter by what name they may be designated, or howsoever trifling they may appear, they exercise, nevertheless, a wonderful influence.

Now, it so happened that a friend of mine, having some business at one of the offices in Winder's Building, asked me to walk with him thither. Passing through a corridor, I observed a placard on one of the doors, "Second Auditor." A sickening sensation, a feeling of horror, fear and trembling overcame my manhood. Had I unwittingly thrust myself into the very jaws of the watchdog of the Treasury?

I clutched the arm of my companion, and demanded an explanation. "That," said he, "is the office of one of the clerks of the Second Auditor—a very clever fellow, and a valuable acquaintance, especially if you should have any accounts to settle. I'll introduce you if you like."

Before I had fairly recovered from the perturbation which his announcement had occasioned, or could reply to his proposition, he had knocked at the door, and entered. Following immediately on his heels, whom should I meet, in the person of the Second Auditor's clerk, but an old and much-valued friend whom I had not seen for years!

Heavens! what a transition! From dread there came over me a feeling of ease, confidence, and comfort—from fear and trembling, joy and gladness.

"The very man I want to see!" he exclaimed. "But s-h-e-e-e! Speak low! Walls have ears! There is great confusion in your accounts, and many explanations are necessary. Let us lose no time, but go at it at once."

Reassured by his kind manner, we lost no time, but plunged at once *in medias res*.

"Here are some recruiting accounts, disapproved by the officer in the adjutant-general's office charged with the duty of reviewing them. How can you get over these?"

The reiterated "S-h-e-e-e!" of my friend, whenever my voice was raised above a conspirator's whisper, reminded me of the travesty played at a theatre in Paris, burlesquing the visit of a battalion of the French National Guard to London in 1840, where they spent two Sundays. On the stage the natural vivacity of the Frenchman was constantly checked by a "S-h-e-e-e! *C'est Son-day!*" and the battalion would tiptoe across the stage, whispering to each other, "S-h-e-e-e! *C'est Son-day!*"

"Give me those," I said. "I'll have them counter-indorsed, approved by a friend of mine who occupies the position of reviewer now in the adjutant-general's office."

"And here—here is a Mexican War return for nine months without vouchers. What can we do with that?"

"Heaven only knows! All I know is, the property was all legitimately expended, and I have so certified. I might as well throw up my commission as to have my pay stopped

for so large a sum as is involved in that return. Why, my dear friend, twenty thousand dollars wouldn't cover the deficiencies!"

"You might see Mr. Clayton, the auditor. He's a kind, clever, nice gentleman, and might do something. Come, and I'll introduce you. His office is next door. He can then take your oath on these other papers. Come."

Notwithstanding the assurances of my friend, I could not divest my mind of the prejudices I had early formed of the Second Auditor—the ogre I had painted him! 'Twas frightful! The visions that had haunted me in my sleep, and in my wakeful hours as well, for the last twenty years, were not to be thus dissipated at a moment's notice. No, no. The ghost of that double-barreled shotgun loomed too vividly in the dim, distant past.

A drink of brandy-and-water from a secret store revived my depressed spirits, and gave me courage to face the music; so bundling the return into my hat, and taking the other papers in my hand, I followed my friend to the auditor's office like a criminal who was about to plead for his life.

The auditor was seated at his desk—a portly, heavy-featured man with a round, clean-shaven face, and looking to be about fifty years of age. I was thrust upon him, rather than introduced, and was received with that cold official air so common, as I have since ascertained, in the various bureaus in Washington. He did not rise, but simply greeted me as I entered with the practiced, "Well, sir?" as if he would warn me at once against any undue familiarity.

"I wish you to examine these papers," said I, "and administer the oath as required. I am told to make them valid."

This was uttered in quite as formal a manner as his own. And further, to manifest my indifference, I walked to a window overlooking the Potomac flats, and speculated on the chances of the Washington monument ever being completed; chewing, the while, the cud of bitterness, engendered by the evil star that brought me in contact with such a bear!

I was aroused from my reverie by the sharp official:

"Well, sir!" coming from the auditor's desk. I thought that in the plenitude of his official consequence he had lost all power of speech, save that cold, formal, "Well, sir!"

I returned to him with a frown of wounded pride, was duly sworn, and the papers returned to me with a guttural effort: "Give them to the clerk!"

"That is not all, sir," taking the long-dormant Mexican war return from my hat, and unfolding it before him. "Here is a return which has been rejected, in consequence of its not being accompanied with plain vouchers."

"Isn't that your signature, sir, to the certificate that it is all correct?"

"Yes," said I; "and it has been there the last ten years."

"Well, tell the clerk to give you credit for all the lost property. Good-morning, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Clayton! Good-morning, sir."

Good God! what a load these few words, thus officially spoken, had lifted from my poor, harassed brain! And what a transition from fear, hatred and repugnance to love, admiration and respect! At that moment I would have cheerfully given my vote to Philip Clayton for President of the United States. Naught save the sacred and still mysterious precincts restrained me from giving utterance to my pent-up feelings in loud and boisterous huzzas.

It is strange what a little thing upsets a man and makes

his life miserable. And, on the other hand, what trifles, seemingly, make up the sum of one's happiness! Jubilant, and in transports of joy and gladness, I returned to my old friend with the precious documents. He could scarce credit my assertion that the auditor had relieved me of all responsibility in my previous accounts. He said that it was without precedent; and when I finally took leave of him, as I turned the corner of the corridor I observed him, with the documents in his hand, going to the Auditor's Office for confirmation of my statement.

Next morning, strolling on the avenue, I encountered William Beall, brother to our own dear old Ben Beall, chief clerk in the Paymaster-general's Office. In the joyous, facetious humor I was in, consequent upon my success the day before, I could not resist the temptation of practicing a sell on my friend Beall.

"Beall," said I, "do you happen to know Mr. Clayton, the Second Auditor?"

"Intimately," said he. "Our offices are contiguous, and I have a chat with him almost every day. He is one of the cleverest fellows I know—a lively boon companion into the bargain. Why do you ask? Anything wrong in your accounts?"

"Only a double-barreled shotgun," said I, "which I have been carrying for the last twenty years. I wish him to relieve me from the responsibility, that's all. Will you introduce me to him, and intercede in my behalf?"

"With great pleasure," said Beall. "But first let us go to the club and have a mint julep. 'Twill sort of straighten us up for the work."

On reaching Mr. Clayton's office Beall introduced me, with all due formality, and we were both invited to seats.

"Clayton," said Beall, "the major has some difficulty in his accounts. He is short, he says, one double-barreled shotgun, and has called this morning to see if he cannot explain it to you. Do listen favorably to his explanations."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Clayton, much to the surprise and consternation of Beall. "The major reminds me of the nigger who drove a yoke of oxen to the river to water; the half-famished beasts rushed into the stream and both were drowned. The disconsolate darkey went at once to his master, and said: 'Master, one of them oxen is drowned, sir.' 'He is? when did he drown?' 'Just now, sir.' 'Go 'long, sir, and be more careful in future.' Toward evening the nigger came again to his master, saying: 'Master, dat oder oxen is drowned, sir.' 'The devil he is? When did he drown?' 'The same time the fust one did, sir.' 'You scoundrel! Why didn't you tell me that before?' 'I didn't think you could stand it all at once, sir.' Now, Colonel Beall, the major was here yesterday, and I relieved him from twenty thousand dollars worth of property not properly accounted for; and to-day he comes to be relieved from the responsibility of a double-barreled shotgun. It can't be done, sir. The department has had that hold on you too long to give it up now. No, sir; you must keep that gun."

"Well, Mr. Clayton," said I, "I have had that double-barreled shotgun twenty years, and but for those periodical yellow envelopes that follow me from your office, whithersoever I may go, I should rather prefer keeping the gun. It's those envelopes that bother me."

"There, then! Our friend Beall has been well sold. So sit down and write out a short statement of the case, and I'll swear you to it, and let that be the end of the matter. Advise your friends in the army, my dear sir, to pursue the same course you have adopted in regard to disallowed accounts. Better that than to whet their wit on an impermeable grindstone. Good-morning."



GAMBETTA ADDRESSING THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 346.

"One word, Mr. Clayton, before we part. I have hitherto regarded the bureau of the Second Auditor as the den of an ogre, a dragon. My experience of the last few days has given me a new birth, a new departure, in my military career. I find that the auditor has two characters to enact—the personal and the impersonal. Hitherto I have known but the latter; and that, by an accident, I came to fear and to abhor. In future, I trust that the memory of the events of yesterday and to-day may ever operate on my character for good, and that the lesson you have unwittingly taught me may enable me to enlighten many of my comrades in regard to their duties to the Second Auditor; that is, to assist rather than to embarrass him by vain complainings or the exercise of their stale wit."

OLD NICKSON'S WILL.

By ALAN MORAY.

THE wife and family of the Reverend James Nickson, Vicar of Calverstone, were not the most popular people in the country. The vicar himself was a good-natured, inoffensive man, against whom no one had anything to

say; but Mrs. Nickson, somehow, did not get on very well with most people, and the children grew up more like her than their father.

The fact is, the Nicksons, and especially Mrs. Nickson, were too fond of dragging into the conversation, whenever opportunity offered, some allusion to the Nickson property, to which the Reverend James was heir-presumptive; and young Bligh Nickson, the vicar's eldest son, had, from his childhood up, been carefully trained in the idea that he was to be Nickson of Fort Nickson. Indeed, when he came of age, which interesting event took place a few months before the circumstances I am about to narrate, his fond mother had some notion of celebrating the occasion in a manner more worthy the heir of the Nickson estate than the son of the Vicar of Calverstone, but was prevented by motives of good feeling and economy.

Not that this Nickson property, so glorified by the simple vicar's family, was in reality anything very magnificent. It was an estate of about one thousand pounds a year, near Calverstone, which had been purchased by the grandfather of the Reverend James—a money-grubbing attorney in the town; and it was now in the hands of that gentleman's eldest son—John Nickson, a man over seventy.

I have said that the Reverend James Nickson and his family were not very popular; but they were beloved in comparison with "Old Nickson," or, as his enemies—and he had not many friends—generally called him, "Old Nick." And, in truth, a more disreputable old scoundrel never lived. No tenant had ever got a day's grace, no beggar a halfpenny alms, from "Old John." Having only a life-interest in the property, he had, for the earlier part of his tenure, acted on the principle of getting as much as he could out of it, and leaving his successor as little as possible; and, although during the last few years a great change had taken place in this respect, and much to the joy of the Reverend James, heir-presumptive, a good deal of the previous waste had been repaired; yet the estate of Fort Nickson could not now be worth much more than three-fourths of its original value. The late change for the better in the habits of Mr. Nickson had astonished everybody; and though it was generally and correctly put down to the influence of his youngest son, this did not much enlighten them; for if ever father was reproduced in son, Old Nickson was in his son Clones—generally abbreviated into Cluny—Nickson.

But here we must tell the most heinous of Mr. Nickson's many offenses against society. The squire of Fort

Nickson had never married, and yet he had begotten a numerous family. He had always been a man of notoriously immoral life; but, when he was nearly forty years of age, he had elevated a handsome Irish housemaid to a more prominent position in his household. This woman bore him, in rapid succession, five sons, who, when they grew to manhood, were noted among the tallest and finest men in the county; yet the mother never acquired any ascendancy over the squire. She was made housekeeper; but she was never known to call her master by his Christian name; and, indeed, all her life she stood too much in awe of that unpleasant gentleman to make the slightest attempt to presume upon her equivocal position.

The five sons I have mentioned grew up at Fort Nickson, with scarcely any education; and spent their time in hunting, shooting and debauchery amongst the lower class of farmers and sporting publicans.

But it was different with the sixth son, Cluny, who was born some four years after the youngest of his five brothers.

For this son old Nickson always displayed a strong partiality. The mother died a couple of years after his birth, but Mr. Nickson formed no



LÉON GAMBETTA.—LES JARDIES VILLE D'AVRAY, WHERE GAMBETTA DIED.—SEE PAGE 436.



GAMBETTA'S BODY LYING IN STATE.

new connection of the kind, and devoted himself, in his own way, to the training of his youngest son. Cluny got a fair education, and, as he grew older, became his father's confidant in everything, and, at the time I speak of, was in complete control of the estate.

The Benjamin of the family, he never got on with his brothers. He despised them as ignorant bores; and they looked down on him as a pettifogging sycophant of the father. And curiously enough, there was a strange physical contrast between the youngest son and his brothers. They, as I have said, were tall, athletic men, while Cluny was a small, weazened creature, with a cunning, sallow

face, and a head many sizes too big for his body, which gave him the appearance, now at four-and-twenty, of a man who might be almost any age up to forty. Some few years before he had made an effort to obtain some kind of recognition amongst his neighbors, and had endeavored to cultivate the acquaintance of his cousin, the vicar; but Mrs. Nickson had repulsed him with proper pride, and since then he had given himself up entirely to the management of the property, which rapidly improved in his capable hands.

And now one morning there came to the vicarage the startling news that Old Nickson was dying. Mrs. Nickson was too well bred to show any indecent joy, but she greeted her son Bligh, on his late arrival at the breakfast-table, with unusual affection; and it was observed that she had taken particular care with her dress that morning.

The Reverend James was a kindly, good-hearted man; and though he had not spoken to his uncle for thirty years, yet he felt it his duty, both as a relative and a clergyman, to go and see him now; and accordingly, directly after breakfast, he set out in his gig for Fort Nickson. The old gentleman's reception of him was not very cordial.

"Come to see how the place looks, Jim, eh? Well, well, I can't keep it much longer now."

His nephew protested strongly that he had no motive of the kind, but wished to make it up between them, now that there was so little time.

"There's nothing to make up, Jim," said the old man; "and if there was, we couldn't enjoy one another's society very long now."

The clergyman tried to induce the old reprobate to think of his past life, and avail himself of the little time left for repentance.

"Ah, yes," said Old Nickson. "Isn't it a pity, Jim, I didn't marry her and leave an heir for Fort Nickson? How pleased your wife would have been!"

This was more than the Reverend James could bear; so, finding it useless to remain, he prepared to go; but, as he was at the door, his uncle, with an ugly leer, fired a parting shot.

"Don't be so down about me, Jim. You'll find, when my will is read, that I've not been so bad as you think."

As the old gentleman was chuckling over the discomfiture of his nephew, Cluny, who had been constantly with him since his illness, came in. The father, after telling his favorite son of the vicar's visit, said:

"Cluny, boy, bring me the tin case out of the safe; I'm going to tell you something that'll surprise you."

"No need to bring it, dad," said Cluny. "I knew it these four years. I opened the case myself."

"Well, Cluny, you're my own son," said the father, with a look of mingled admiration and affection at his hopeful offspring.

The two looked at each other for a minute with a funny expression, as the same idea passed through their minds.

"Cluny," said Old Nickson, as he turned round in bed, "I'd give a thousand pounds to see Mrs. Jim's face when the will is read."

This pious wish was the last that the worthy old gentleman expressed; for about an hour later, when the nurse came to give him some medicine, she found him dead.

And now many people, who had never before shown much attention to the Nicksons at the vicarage, happened to drop in; and the consumption of wine and cake, during the week that elapsed before the day of the funeral, so far exceeded the weekly estimates that the housewife Mrs. Nickson would have felt alarmed had

she not reflected that it was merely a draft in advance on the Fort Nickson rents. The family spared no expense in mourning; and, altogether, people who before had not spoken very kindly of the vicar's wife were disposed to admit that she bore prosperity very becomingly, and looked forward with pleasure to the reopening of Fort Nickson under her auspices.

But at length the great day arrives, and all the parties interested are assembled in the long dining-room at Fort Nickson, to hear the will read. The Reverend James is not much concerned, being pretty sure that none of the personalty is left to him, and, indeed, being quite content with the land, which he considers his already. Bligh Nickson has been deputed by his mother to take stock of the condition of the furniture, and is doing so to the best of his power. Many acquaintances have come in after the funeral, and most of them find an opportunity of congratulating the vicar or his son. There, too, standing in a group apart in moody silence, or talking among themselves in whispers, are the five tall handsome men, the living monuments of the crime and baseness of the dead. No one speaks to them, and they speak to no one, but stare defiantly at each newcomer.

But there is Cluny, too, with a curious mixture of deference and a sense of his own importance; for he is indispensable—he alone knows all the affairs of the deceased; and, after seeing every one seated, he is observed, for a few minutes, to converse earnestly with Mr. Barton, the lawyer, into whose hands he has just put the will; and as that gentleman slowly unfolds the parchment, the lookers-on see that whatever Cluny has told him has strangely affected the lawyer. Cluny takes his seat, with just a faint look of gratified malice on his face. After conferring for a few minutes with his clerk, Mr. Barton rises.

"Gentlemen," said the lawyer, "I have just been more surprised than I have ever before been in my professional career. The will I hold is one drawn up by myself; and by it all the personal property of the deceased is to be divided equally among six persons, to wit, John, Henry, Arthur, William, Thomas and Clones Nickson, sons of the testator, as he himself says. But, gentlemen, pinned to this will are two documents, of the existence of which I never knew until this moment. They are a certificate of the marriage of John Nickson, Esq., with Mary O'Callaghan, dated August 4th, 1842; and the certificate of birth of their son, Clones Nickson, dated September 12th of the same year. The Fort Nickson estate, as many of us are aware, was settled for life on the late John Nickson, with remainder entail to his eldest son, and, failing such male issue, to his nephew, the Reverend James Nickson. As these documents, if genuine—and I see no reason to doubt it—attest the legitimacy of Mr. Clones Nickson, he is now, under the settlement executed by his grandfather, owner of all the real estate comprised in that settlement."

Had a thunderbolt fallen into the dining-room, the company could scarcely have been more astonished. The first to recover his self-possession was the lawyer, who, scenting a new client, congratulated Clones. The rest of the company retired more or less awkwardly.

On investigation the documents were found to be perfectly correct; and, from the date of the marriage, it was generally supposed that old Nickson had been induced to take this step by an impudent speech made in his hearing by a friend of the vicar.

He had taken his housekeeper up to London, and married her there by special license; and such was his influence over her, that she had never divulged the secret.

Clones Nickson broke the entail, sold the property, and left England. Even the name of the house was changed; and poor Mrs. Nickson's sole connection with the landed interest of the county now is her copyright in the doleful tale—which she not unfrequently tells—of "Old Nickson's Will."

A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

From the rim it trickles down
Of the mountain's granite crown
Clear and cool;
Keen and eager though it go
Through your veins with lively flow,
Yet it knoweth not to reign
Through the chambers of the brain
With misrule;
Where dark water-cresses grow
You will trace its quiet flow,
With mossy border yellow,
So mild, and soft and mellow,
In its pouring.
With no slimy dregs to trouble
The brightness of its bubble
As it treads its silver way
From the granite shoulders gray
Of Ben Dorain.
Then down the sloping side
It will slip with glassy slide
Gently welling,
Till it gather strength to leap
With a light and foamy sweep
To the corrie broad and deep
Proudly swelling;
Then bends beneath the boulders
Neath the shadow of the shoulders
Of the Ben,
Through a country rough and shaggy,
So jaggy and so knaggy,
Full of hummocks and of hunches,
Full of stumps and tufts and bunches,
Full of bushes and of rushes,
In the glen,
Through rich green solitudes,
And wildly hanging woods,
With blossom and with bell,
In rich redundant swell,
And the pride
Of the mountain daisy there,
And the forest everywhere
With the dress and with the air
Of a bride.

JAMAICA'S RAT WAR.

IN addition to the ordinary brown and black rats (those irrepressible colonists which take free passage to every new country where European vessels call), Jamaica has been invaded, and is now infested, by a most formidable enemy, the *Mus Saccharivorus*, a rat ten inches in length, or, including his tail, twenty inches.

So great has been the damage done by these combined foes that it has been estimated at half a million of dollars a year in Jamaica alone, notwithstanding that a considerable saving is there effected by the use of the rat-eaten canes for the rum distilleries.

For many years the afflicted planters vainly tried every known method of battling with their sharp and sweet-toothed adversaries. Cats were introduced, but were worsted in the fray. Ferrets were next tried, but these succumbed to the attacks of ravenous Chigoe fleas; then huge bullfrogs were introduced from South America, and did their best to consume the young rats, but could by no means equal the supply. So each estate found it necessary to employ professional rat-catchers with troops of

dogs, curious basket-work traps, and various poisons, chiefly phosphoric. These kept up an incessant rat-slaughter, but all their efforts to exterminate the foe proved ineffectual.

At last it happily occurred to some one to introduce the common Indian mongoose, the natural foe of rats and snakes. A more powerful ally could not be desired. In 1872 four males and five females were imported direct from India, and turned out on the plantation of Mr. Espent. So amazing has been their fecundity that already there is not a district on the island of Jamaica on which a large number of their descendants are not busily engaged in the destruction of their hereditary foes. Thousands of young ones were captured and turned loose on distant plantations, and now all the planters speak in terms of unmeasured praise of these zealous auxiliaries whose deeds slaughter have proved of such incalculable benefit to the estates.

The planters reckon the annual cost of rat-catching at less than one-tenth of what it has been in past years, while some, still more fortunate, declare that since the arrival of the mongoose the rats have absolutely disappeared from their fields.

All that the mongoose asks is to be allowed to work in peace and unobserved, so that the most sequestered estates are those which have received the greatest benefit from his labors. He takes up his quarters in ruined walls and deserted buildings, and thence goes forth to war; and so effectual has been his work that several districts which had literally been abandoned to the rats are now once again being planted as sugar-fields.

He requires clean farming on the part of his human allies, for he requires a clear field where he can see all round him and dart on his prey, so that a slovenly farmer who tolerates a thick undergrowth of weeds will not find favor from these energetic little friends.

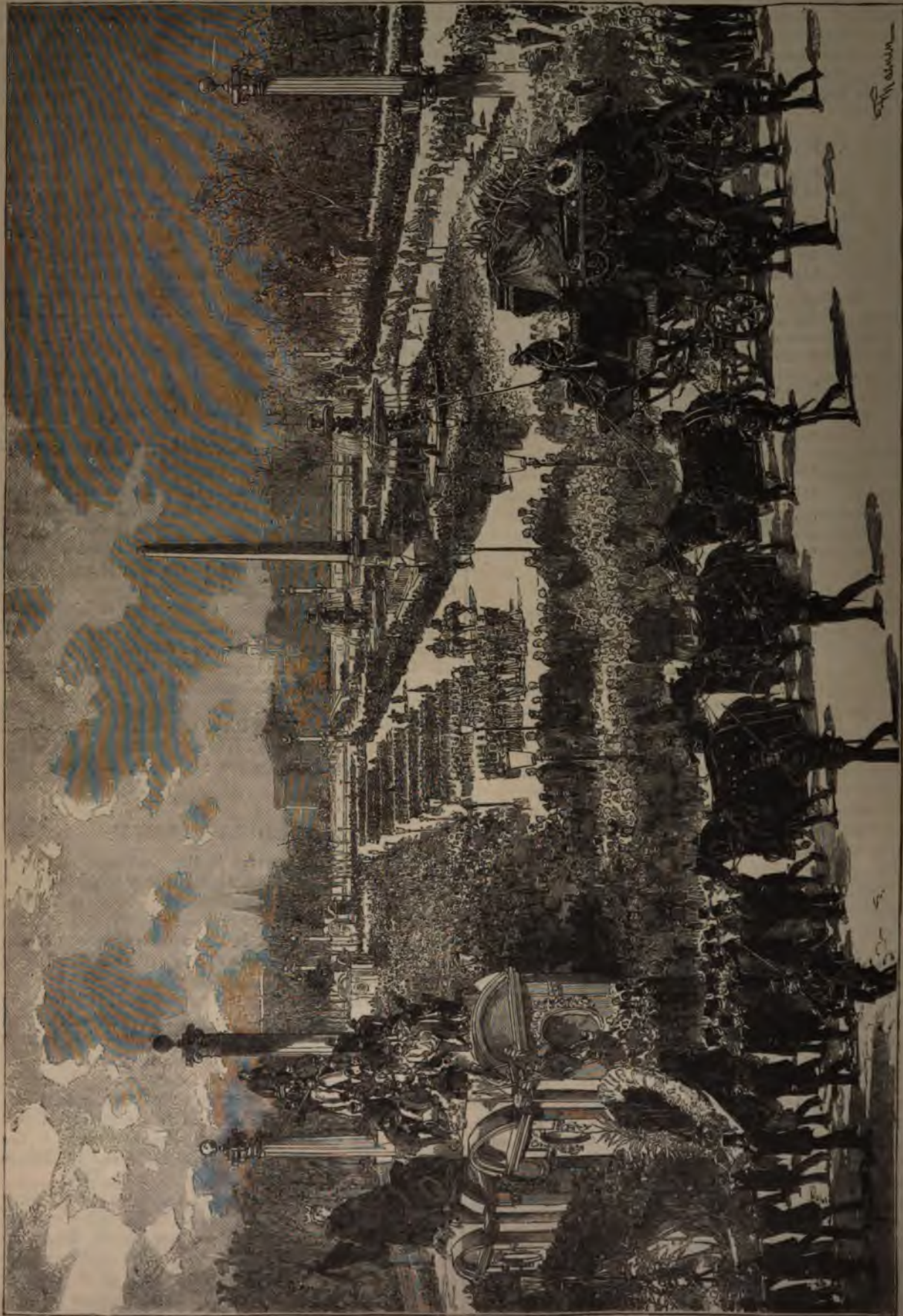
At present their good deeds are so apparent that no one cares to think seriously of the occasional disappearance of eggs and chickens, though it is evident that as rats grow fewer, and mongooses more numerous, this evil may become serious.

A CURIOUS NEEDLE.

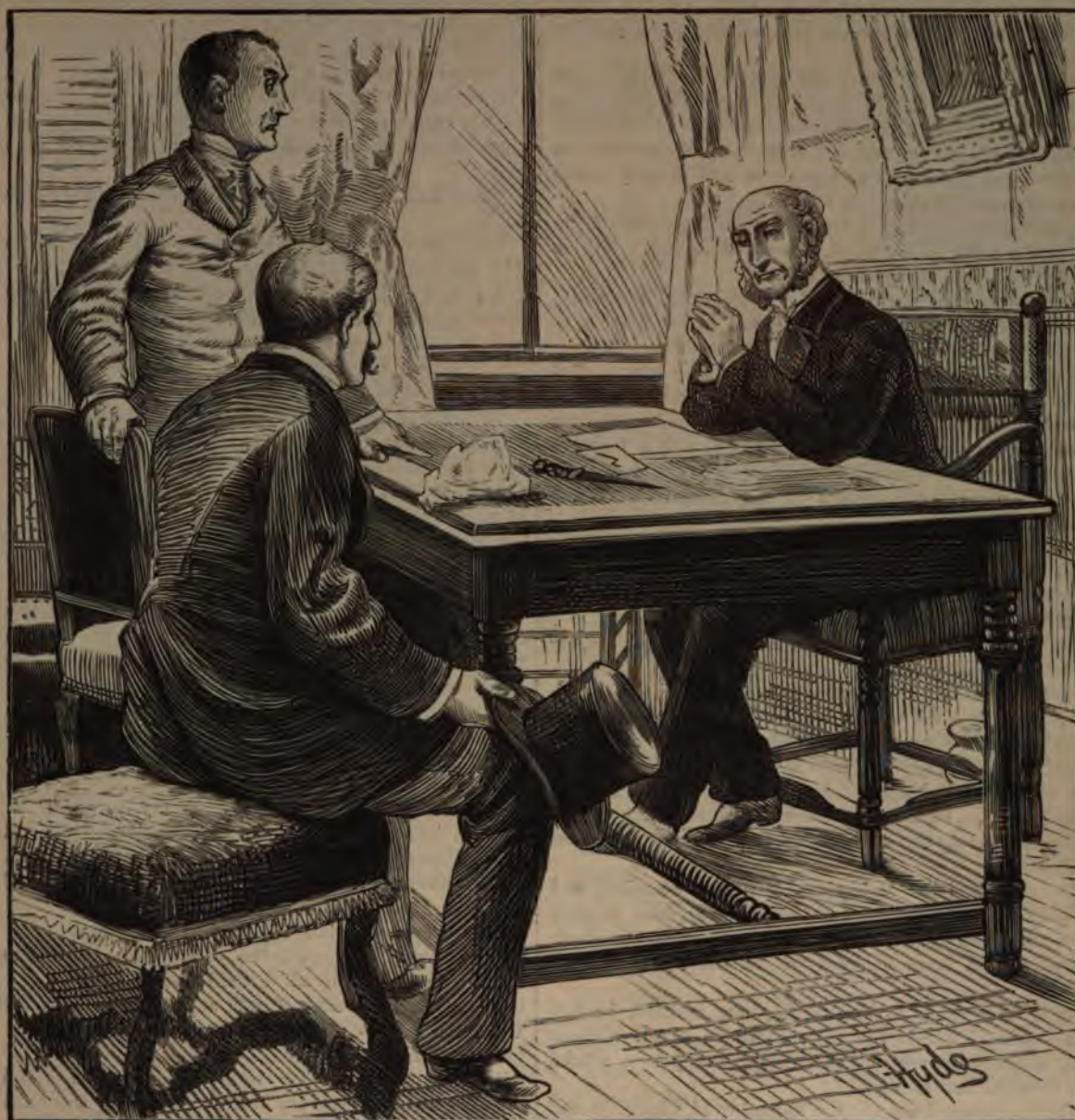
AMONG the rare treasures in the possession of Queen Victoria is a very curious needle that was made at the famous factory in Buckinghamshire. The needle is a miniature model of the Roman column of Trajan, but the scenes it depicts are not in the military exploits of the Roman emperors, but some of the events in the life of Queen Victoria herself.

There is one of special interest representing the princess as a young maiden at Tunbridge Wells, where, in simple girlish attire, with a straw hat shading the sweet, earnest face, she is receiving the water from the hands of an old woman, to whom she seems talking very pleasantly. Another scene is the coronation at Westminster Abbey, bearing date June 28th, 1838. In this scene are clearly depicted ten or twelve figures. Another scene is the Queen's marriage, showing the real bride and the Prince Consort, with date, Monday, February 10th, 1840.

The figures in all these scenes are so extremely small that they can be scarcely made out with the naked eye, but by the aid of a magnifying glass, they appear clearly cut and beautifully distinct. This wonderful needle can also be opened, and it contains several others, all of the same form, and all are adorned with miniature figures in relief—each scene portraying some notable event in the life of England's noble and virtuous Queen.



THE FUNERAL OF LÉON GAMBETTA PASSING THROUGH THE "PLACE DE LA CONCORDE,"—SEE PAGE 436.



THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF CLAIRVILLE. — "UPON THE DESK AT WHICH THE MAGISTRATE WAS SEATED WERE A DAGGER, WHOSE HANDLE WAS FORMED BY THE TWISTED BODIES OF TWO SERPENTS; A SOILED POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, IN WHICH WERE LOOSELY TIED UP A NUMBER OF VALUABLE JEWELS, AND A COARSE, CRUMPLED ENVELOPE."

THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF CLAIRVILLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

MONSIEUR DUCHATEL sat alone in his office in the Palais de Justice. Another person was writing at a table in the same apartment; but long habit had made the judge regard Tomas as nothing more than a piece of office furniture.

Upon the desk at which the magistrate was seated were a number of pages of manuscript; a dagger, whose handle was formed by the twisted bodies of two serpents; a soiled pocket-handkerchief, in which were loosely tied up a number of valuable jewels, and a coarse, crumpled envelope.

The sheets of manuscript were the statements of witnesses, and the articles were the proofs to be used as evidence in what was already known at the Prefecture as "the affair at Clairville."

For some time the judge had been absorbed in the

perusal of the testimony. Having at length concluded his reading, he rose, and began to pace the apartment from one end to the other. His face was very stern, and an evident perplexity was visible in his intelligent eye.

The testimony of the witnesses seemed conclusive. As Le Renard had said, the case was a very strong one; and yet, in spite of everything, Monsieur Duchatel found himself continually recalling the appearance of the count when protesting his innocence, and could not but ask himself over and over again, even against his own will, whether any but an innocent man could ever have spoken or looked as De Clairville did at that awful moment.

On the one side was the clear and uncontradicted evidence of a number of unprejudiced witnesses, supported by the strongest circumstantial facts, all crying out in the

loudest manner the guilt of the accused. On the other, the unsupported assertion of that accused; and yet the judge hesitated.

Monsieur Duchatel could not explain the feeling that made him doubt. All he could do was to acknowledge that this feeling was there, deep-seated in his mind, pleading against his better reason for the man whom common sense and the judgment of the press had already called the murderer of Madame de Clairville.

Up and down, up and down, he paced the chamber, revolving the affair in his mind. Look at it which way he would, the doubt always returned.

In his desperate perplexity, he even envied the stolid and impassive Tomas, who had paused in his writing to refresh himself with a gigantic pinch of snuff.

The low, distinct tone of the clock striking ten recalled him to himself. He remembered that this was the hour he had ordered the Count de Clairville to be brought before him for examination, and he felt that in a few moments perhaps all uncertainty which now overpowered his judgment might be banished by the confession of the criminal.

"Tomas," he said, reseating himself at his desk, "this is the hour Monsieur de Clairville was to have been brought here. See if my orders have been complied with, and if the count is in the hall, let him enter at once."

The methodical Tomas placed his pen behind his ear and left the apartment.

Duchatel stirred the papers nervously with his hand, and raised his head with a sudden start when the door opened and the clerk returned, followed by the count.

Charles de Clairville had now been for three days an inmate of the Central House; but in spite of all the horrors of the situation, his appearance was but little changed; he had borne bravely the cruel ordeal to which every prisoner is subjected.

He had submitted to having his person searched, and had seen his name recorded in the prison register, to carry down to posterity the fact that he, Charles Count de Clairville, had been accused of the most infamous of crimes.

For what seemed to him weeks, nay, months, he had been confined within the close limits of a cell without being allowed to see any one except the prison official who brought him his food.

What a change from all the splendor of Clairville and the society of his lovely sister and beautiful wife! And yet, in spite of all this, the count seemed to bear with fortitude his terrible situation.

A certain air of severity was visible in the composed expression of his face, and the grave intensity of his dark eyes. He came boldly to meet the trying ordeal of his examination.

"Sir," said the judge, "you will seat yourself there, and answer the questions put to you," and he pointed to a chair placed in front of his desk, whilst Tomas again refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff, took a fresh sheet of paper, and prepared to write down the answers of the accused.

"Your age, name, and place of birth?" demanded the magistrate, all trace of feeling now disappearing and giving place to the severity of the inquisitor.

"Charles de Clairville. Born in Paris; age thirty," replied the prisoner.

"You are accused of having assassinated, on the night of the 9th September last, your wife, Clothilde de Clairville, at a house belonging to you, known as the Chateau de Clairville, near the village of Rosière, in the Department of the Seine. You will listen while I state to you

the evidence which has induced your arrest. It has been proved by testimony of one of your servants that between five and six o'clock on the evening of the 9th September he delivered to you a letter which arrived by the five o'clock mail; that this letter drew from you evidence of intense anger, and immediately on its perusal you sent the same servant to ascertain if your wife was in her boudoir."

"It is true, monsieur," replied the count, in a mournful voice.

"It is proved," continued the grave voice of the judge, "by the testimony of Justine, your wife's maid, that you had a stormy interview with madame, concluding with a threat against that lady's life. The agitation resulting from this interview was also noticed by your valet."

"It is true, monsieur."

"It is proved by your valet that immediately after the interview you left the chateau, and that to the best of his knowledge you did not return to it until ten next morning. It is also proved by the same witness that when madame retired to rest, the valet left your private bedchamber, closing the door of entry to the hall behind him, and leaving the key in the lock, in spite of which, when Inspector Robelot attempted to enter the chamber, the door was found to be locked, and the key in your possession."

This time the count assented only by an affirmative motion of the head, and the judge went on to mention the other points of the case—the discovery of the murder by Inspector Robelot; the finding of the envelope addressed to the count; the efforts to make the motive of the crime appear to be robbery, afterward disproved by the discovery of the jewels, and finally, the admissions made at the time of arrest.

"Monsieur le Juge, I admitted my presence in the chateau between the time of my departure and the hour of my apparent return. I admitted my presence in the bedchamber of the countess, but I denied that I had aught to do with the murder of my wife."

"And now, monsieur?" inquired the judge.

"And now," continued the young man, "I again protest my innocence by all I hold sacred. Yes, I entered the chateau long after I was supposed to have left it. What the hour of my return was I know not, but it was long after midnight. Yes, I entered the chamber of my wife, but as God is my judge the countess had been murdered long before my arrival; the body was cold and rigid."

"The testimony of Dr. Savart established the fact that the crime was committed about twelve o'clock on the night of the 9th of September, and, not satisfied with that, I had the body examined by two other doctors, who coincided in fixing twelve o'clock as the hour in which the deed was done."

"It may be so, Monsieur le Juge; all that I know is, I did not return till long after that hour."

"And the search of the furniture and the pretended robbery?"

"The room was in exactly the same condition as when I entered it the next morning in your company. The discovery of my wife's murder overwhelmed me with horror; for some moments I was incapable of motion. I had come back to Clairville with strong feelings of anger toward the countess. All such thoughts fled at the sight of the helpless body of one I had loved better than my existence. I fell on my knees at the bedside, and wept. How long I remained there I know not, but at length my grief subsided, and as if it had been an inspiration from the evil one, sent for my destruction, the thought forced itself upon my mind of my terrible situation in case I should be

found in the chateau—the remembrance of my angry threats against the life of the countess, and all the facts that seemed to point to me as the author of the infamous crime. I admit, monsieur, I became terrified, and losing entire control of my reason, I only thought to escape from the chateau without discovery. Obeying the promptings of self-preservation, I left my room, locking the door behind me, and removing the key from the one opening on the hall, descended the stairs with the utmost care and made my escape by the entrance-door which I had opened with my latch-key. Once outside of the chateau I wandered about the fields around Rosière in helpless terror and misery, until, overpowered by fate, I returned to the chateau. The rest you know."

"Sir," said the judge, "it appears to me that you claim to have been elsewhere than at Clairville at the hour the deed was committed. This claim, if established by testimony, would be sufficient to prove an alibi. Can you produce that testimony?"

"Alas, monsieur," replied the count, in a melancholy voice, "I fear that will be impossible. Every hour since I have been in that prison I have sought in vain for some mode by which I could prove what you now ask me to establish. For some time after midnight on the night of the crime I wandered about on the outskirts of Paris. Where I went and whom I met, I cannot remember. I cannot recall a single face, or clearly picture to my mind any of the places I visited in my wanderings. My mind was in a whirl of contending emotions. I wandered aimlessly about. At length, when I recovered the control of my faculties, I found myself far from the city. I had determined to return to Clairville, and discovering a railroad station, I took a train back to Paris, and thence to Rosière. The station at the village was nearly deserted, unfortunately for me, and I made my way to the chateau without meeting any one who could establish the hour."

Duchatel pondered for several moments. At last he said:

"You have told me where you were after midnight on the 9th of September; will you explain your whereabouts before that hour? But first, monsieur," he continued, breaking in upon the count, who was about to speak, "this letter, the cause of your angry interview with Madame de Clairville, which seems to have been the motive of your sudden trip to Paris?"

"That letter," quickly replied the count, "I have destroyed."

"But its contents?"

The young man covered his face and uttered a low groan. After some moments he raised his head—his face was livid. An expression of intense agony appeared on his quivering features as he answered, in a hollow voice:

"The contents of that letter, Monsieur le Juge, I cannot repeat. It appointed a rendezvous, and I kept the appointment."

The judge's face grew more grave.

"Sir," he said, "from my heart I pity you, but I must do my duty. Against the testimony of unprejudiced witnesses, against the most overwhelming circumstantial proofs, you have nothing but your assertions, unsupported by any corroborated fact; you have even refused to tell me the contents of the letter you have destroyed, and which seems to have been the cause of this terrible crime. My duty is plain, and, much as I regret it, Monsieur le Comte, I will have to remand you to prison to await your trial."

"Sir," replied the young man, "you have done no more than I expected. My fate is in the hands of an all-watchful Providence. I thank you for the kindness with which

you have performed what must have been to you an unpleasant task."

The judge made a sign of dismissal. In obedience to this sign Tomas arose and summoned the gendarme in attendance, and under his escort the count left the room.

CHAPTER IX.

A SMALL whitewashed room, lighted by two narrow windows, grated with heavy iron bars; an iron bedstead supporting a coarse flock mattress, covered with still coarser sheet, gray blanket and straw-stuffed pillow; a little table of unpainted deal, and a stool made of oak. These are the surroundings of the unfortunate Count de Clairville, and here he had been for seven days without other companionship than the gloomy thoughts of the future, and still sadder recollections of the past.

In spite of this determination to bear with fortitude the evils which fate had inflicted upon him, his strong mind was at length beginning to yield to the depressing influences of solitary confinement.

No one who has not experienced it can appreciate the awful mental depression which is the natural and inevitable result of such a solitary existence.

Alone in a narrow cell, with no object to engage his thoughts or furnish food for reflection, what is left for the prisoner? In most cases nothing but the hideous recollections of some horrible crime. The blood-stained spectres of his murdered victims people the emptiness of his cell with their writhing and spectral bodies; they haunt his dreams by night and his waking thoughts by day, until the imagined horrors, growing too ghastly for his excited brain, he finally succumbs, and follows the path trodden by many another victim of solitary confinement. He exchanges his prison for the still gloomier dungeon of the madhouse.

Modern civilization, appreciating the frightful mental strain to which a condemned felon is subjected between the interval of his conviction and execution, has sought to alleviate the intenseness of this strain upon the mind. For this reason, in France, it has been the custom that the condemned man should never be left alone for a single moment between the time at which the sentence is pronounced by the judge and that when the knife of the guillotine falls.

Every effort is made to keep the attention of the condemned as much as possible from dwelling upon his approaching fate; and every wish and desire he expresses is as far as possible gratified.

The beneficent results of this practice have long been recognized and fully appreciated, which makes it all the more singular that the same efforts should not be made to keep up the mental stamina of the accused after arrest and prior to his conviction.

Even the consciousness of innocence will not suffice to uphold the mind of a man left alone with the companionship of his own gloomy thoughts.

And this Charles de Clairville was now learning.

Day after day he had expected, nay, prayed, for the coming of some one of those whom he had called his friends, and day after day he had been doomed to disappointment.

His only connecting link with humanity was the turnkey who brought to him at regular intervals the coarse but healthy food furnished by the prison regulations.

He was fast lapsing into a dull, apathetic state, careless of life and almost oblivious of the absence of his friends.

On this, the seventh day of his confinement, he was seated on his stool with his arm resting on the small table.

his face buried in his hands, his mind traveling back over the miserable panorama of the past.

The grating noise made by a key turning in the lock of the door failed to arouse him from his mournful reverie. The door opened and a man entered, but still the prisoner remained unconscious of his presence until his name was pronounced.

The sound of his own name, uttered in a well-known voice, fell upon his shattered nerves with the violence of a thunderbolt. He sprang to his feet, and crying, hysterically, "Paul! Paul!" fell upon the breast of Dr. Savart. For some moments he was unable to speak, overpowered with emotion. At length, however, he mastered his excited nerves, and pressing the doctor's hand, he cried:

"At last, my dear friend, I again hold your hand. Speak, Paul. What of my sister—what of Marguerite—is she well? Has she recovered from this awful shock? Great God! My friend, you cannot imagine how the thought of that dear girl has multiplied the tortures I have endured."

"My dear Charles," replied the doctor, allowing himself to be led to the prisoner's pallet, upon which he seated himself, while his friend placed himself on the stool at his feet, "Marguerite is well and composed in mind as is possible while you are in your present perilous situation. She sends you her love, and bids you count upon me as one entirely devoted to your wishes, and sworn to achieve your deliverance."

The face of the young man was pale and calm as he spoke these words, forming a marked contrast to the wild excitement of the prisoner, who exclaimed:

"Thanks, my friend—thanks a thousand times for your welcome news. Now I can bear anything that may be in store for me, knowing that my dear Marguerite is well and happy."

"Not happy, Charles, so long as you are a prisoner and charged with an odious crime. She has made me swear by all I hold sacred to disprove this calumnious accusation, and made the proof of your innocence the price of her hand."

"Oh! never, never, Paul," interrupted the count. "The proofs against me are so strong that at times when I think of them it makes me doubt my own innocence. Marguerite must not be so unfair as to impose such a hopeless task upon you. It is my desire, Paul, that you and she should marry at once, and I wish you to tell her of this, and urge her to comply with what I consider the assurance of a happy future for her."

"But, my dear Charles, you must not despair. Surely, there must be a way to disprove this terrible charge. I have seen Monsieur le Juge, who, I can assure you, feels disposed to do all he can in your favor, and has exceeded what is usually conceded in such cases, for he has allowed me to read the testimony of the witnesses against you, and your own statement. I do not deny, dear friend, that the evidence is strong; but I see your fate hangs upon your ability to prove your absence from Clairville at twelve o'clock September 9th, the hour at which the crime was committed."

"And this, Paul, it is impossible for me to prove."

"Impossible! No. *Hard* it may be; but surely not impossible. See, my friend, you must go over with me all you did that fatal night. Perchance in this way you may remember some witness whose corroborative testimony will prove the only fact that is necessary to serve you—your presence somewhere else at that fatal hour of twelve o'clock."

Clairville shook his head, gloomily.

"Come, come, Charles; you must not shake your head.

For Marguerite's sake, give me your assistance in what I have undertaken."

"It will be in vain, Paul. I have already gone over in my own mind, time after time, every occurrence I could recall as happening to me that terrible night."

"Nevertheless, I must still persevere. Your sister has my promise, and I, at least, mean to do all I can to redeem it. Come, then, my dear Charles, and tell me, as well as you can remember, what occurred after you left Clairville. At six you went to Rosière."

Charles remained silent, as if endeavoring to recall his recollections. At length he replied:

"Yes, when I left the chateau I went to Rosière, and there took the eight o'clock train for Paris."

"This, surely, could be proved by the officials at the station."

"Yes," answered De Clairville; "but, as you see, it is of no importance. When I reached Paris it was dark, and I hurried away from the station, anxious to place myself as far as possible from the gaslight and the glaring noise of the more populous portion of the city. I must tell you, my dear Savart, that at that time I was suffering great mental anxiety. My brain was in a cloud of uncertainty and doubt. I cannot tell you, my friend, the cause of my anguish, but must ask you to believe it was great enough to make me wish to hide myself from the sight of every one. I had an appointment for twelve o'clock with a woman who promised to meet me near the Arc de Triomphe. I wandered aimlessly about the less frequented streets until that hour. I do not remember the face of a single person I met; nor can I believe it probable that any one noticed me particularly. All I recollect is, that at the appointed time I sought the place of rendezvous, but the person whom I expected to meet, and who was a stranger to me, failed to appear. After waiting for some time, I became perfectly wild with nervous excitement. Certain charges had been made against my wife, which this person should have substantiated. I cannot explain to you how intensely I was affected by the failure of the meeting, nor do I understand the effect it produced upon me. I seemed to lose all control of my reason. I passed out by the Porte Antoine, and lost myself in the outskirts of the great city. For what length of time I strayed about I cannot tell. However, at last I was able to conquer my delirium, and once having controlled my faculties, I determined to make my way back to Rosière as speedily as possible, and demand from my Clothilde an explanation of the charges that had been made against her. Fate seemed to favor my intention, for on looking around, I discovered my wanderings had brought me to a small railway station, whose lights I recognized. I hurried thither, and very soon after a train came in sight. Obtaining a ticket, I entered the cars. On arriving at the station in the city, I lost not a moment, but securing a cab, I had myself conveyed to the Chemin de fer du Nord. Again fate seemed to assist me, as I then supposed. A train was just on the point of leaving, and I had barely time to get on board of it before its departure, and an hour's ride brought me to Rosière. The station then was so completely deserted, I do not recollect to have seen a single person. The village was equally solitary, and I am satisfied that from the time I left the car at Rosière up to the time of my reaching Clairville no person saw me. You see, Paul, how hard a task you have set yourself," and the count smiled sadly.

"I do not despair, Charles. But tell me, at what hour did you take the cars at the little station the other side of Paris?"

"I cannot say; but certainly long after midnight."

"Did you see no one there?"



THE FLORAL OFFERING.—FROM A PAINTING BY SONDERLAND.

"None but the man who sold me my ticket, and he merely glanced through a small opening in the office window, and certainly could never have recognized me."

"You remember that man? Can you remember no one else you saw during the whole time that elapsed from the moment of your leaving the little station up to your arrival at Rosière? Think, my dear friend. Your life may depend upon it."

De Clairville leaned his face upon his hands, and remained for some time absorbed; at length he gave a sudden start.

"Wait, my dear Paul," he cried; "I believe I have remembered something that may be of assistance to me; listen: At the time of my arrival at the small station which I have mentioned, I now recollect that a man, whose face I did not see, and whose appearance I cannot describe, was engaged in painting the front of the station-house. In my excitement I almost touched the wall on which he was at work, and now I recall the fact that the man bade me be careful, or I would soil my clothes with the paint. I thanked him, and that is all that passed between us. Say, now, my friend, do you not think this may enable us to prove the hour at which I reached the station? I am not sanguine; but still, Paul, there is at least a hope in this."

"Charles," cried the doctor, embracing his friend, "if that man is alive, trust me to find him. In the meantime, I have engaged Monsieur Chatillon's services for your defense; you know he is one of the most distinguished lawyers in Paris, and he set about studying your case in the most vigorous manner. Thanks to him, I have obtained this permission to see you."

The conversation of the two friends was interrupted at this point by the sudden opening of the door by the turnkey, who announced that the time allowed to the visitor had expired.

"Good-by, Paul," cried Charles de Clairville, embracing his friend warmly. "You leave hope behind you. I can now bear the solitude of this cell, borne up by the expectations that my innocence may be made clear. Tell my sister to remember me in her prayers, and—"

"Monsieur," said the cold and impassive voice of the turnkey, "the time is up."

The two friends pressed each other's hands, and the doctor hurried from the cell.

CHAPTER X.

THE public interest in the Clairville murder, so strongly excited by the powerful articles which appeared in the newspapers, had little time to grow cold before it received a new stimulus by the arrival of the day set for the trial of the case.

The assizes were fixed for the third week after the day on which Charles de Clairville had been recommitted to the Central House to await his trial.

The newspapers again teemed with every incident of the crime; articles extolling the skill and acumen displayed by the great Trochard; and violent invectives, calling down the justice of God and man upon this blood-thirsty assassin, who had so cruelly murdered his young and beautiful wife. This, as might well be expected, had produced a strong effect upon the public mind.

It was scarcely strange or surprising that in Paris, where two-thirds of its population are constantly seeking amusement for their idle moments, such a sight as the trial of the Count de Clairville should attract an overwhelming concourse of spectators.

So it was—from the earliest possible hour in the morn-

ing the crowd had besieged the entrance to the court; each one pushing and fighting to get as near as possible to the doors, so that upon their opening they might be the first to secure places for this criminal *matinée*.

Eager and loud were the voices discussing the various points of the case, as furnished by the different papers to their readers; angry debates as to the cause of the crime, and violent invectives against the author of the bloody deed—all these made it a satanic hubbub, more adapted to a bedlam than to the vestibule of a court of justice.

Suddenly, as if by magic, all these noises are hushed; the wide doors have been thrown open, and the crowd surges into the courtroom like some pent-up stream that has suddenly burst through the narrow barrier that confined it. Coats are torn, hats crushed into unrecognizable shapes, feet trodden upon and bruised in this wild struggle. The mob pour in and rapidly fill up every seat devoted to the public—nay, even threaten to violate the sanctity of that portion of the courtroom reserved for the members of the bar, jury, and the witnesses who are to give their evidence in the case.

The crowd is as cosmopolitan as Paris itself. People of rank are seated side by side with the lowest scum of the great city. The richest silks brush against the coarsest fustian, for even the female sex cannot deny itself the enjoyment of this exciting drama. Grave, portly citizens find themselves in disagreeable proximity to that traditional pariah, the *gamin de Paris*, decorated with the muddy traces of his ancestral gutter; in short, the assembly which fills the courtroom is as mixed a one as the national ambrosia of the metropolis, the far-famed *pot au feu*.

Spectators glance around in every direction, and converse in half-audible tones while anxiously awaiting the advent of the actors in the tragedy which they hope to see enacted before them.

Little by little the benches reserved for the bar are filled with gowned and wigged practitioners, who have torn themselves away from their legal labors.

The impatient crowd look up eagerly at each new entry, and stir noiselessly upon their seats; at length their interest becomes centred in the witnesses, as, one by one, they arrive and take their places. Another short space of waiting ensues, and then the two ushers enter through a side-door and announce in a loud voice, "Gentlemen, the Court."

The members of the bar rise to their feet and bow respectfully as the three judges, in their scarlet robes, and the Avocat-Général file into the room.

The judges assume their places upon the bench, the Avocat-Général at a desk placed near the seats reserved for the jury.

A moment's silence, and the jury enter the room and take their places. The excitement has now become intense.

The ushers are scarcely able to preserve the semblance of quiet as the president gives the order to bring in the prisoner, and a wild commotion ensues as Charles de Clairville takes his place in the prisoner's box, near which two gendarmes are stationed.

The handsome and noble face of the young man produces an instantaneous effect upon the crowd, who, up to this time, have been so strongly prejudiced against him.

His pale face shows the effects of the mental anxiety to which he has been a prey for the last four weeks, but his dark eyes fearlessly confront his accusers with all the firmness of conscious innocence. As they glance around the courtroom an expression of satisfaction steals over his countenance, and a slight color rises to his cheeks as he

sees his friend, Paul Savart, seated by the side of the black-gowned figure of Chatillon, the counsel for the defense.

A low hum, like a swarm of bees, buzzes through the audience, and even a few words of conversation are distinguishable; all this, however, is hushed; a sudden silence follows the order of the president directing the clerk to read the indictment.

Stripped of its legal terms and replications, this is a statement of the crime charged against the accused. In the present case the indictment recited the fact that on the night of the 9th of September, 18—, at Clairville, near the village of Rosière, in the department of the Seine, Charles, Count de Clairville, did assassinate and murder his wife, Clothilde, Countess de Clairville, etc., etc., etc. The indictment ending with the quotation of the articles of the code applicable to such cases.

The indictment read, the president turns to the accused, and demands what plea he wishes to make to the crime charged.

The firm tone in which the unfortunate young man cries "Not guilty," increases the impression in his favor already arising in the breasts of the spectators.

The plea of the prisoner having been recorded, the avocat-général arises, and having stated what he intends to prove, commences the examination of the witnesses.

One by one they testify to the facts known to them. The angry quarrel between the prisoner and his wife; the journey to Paris and his mysterious return to the chateau; the discovery of the murder, and all the circumstances which have already been narrated.

The counsel for the defense listens calmly to the testimony, without asking a single question or attempting in any way to attack the evidence of the prosecution; and so the case against the prisoner goes rapidly on, until at length the avocat-général announces, with a bow, that his last witness has been heard, and, on his part, the case is for the present closed.

The presiding judge thereupon announces a recess of the court, and, accompanied by his two associates, retires from the room.

The spectators, who for some time have been too wrapt in their attention to the examination of the witnesses to think of their own bodily discomfort, now recognize the fact that their limbs are stiff and weary with the constrained position which has been so long maintained. They move noiselessly, and discuss in audible voices the progress of the case. The favorable effect which the prisoner had produced is somewhat weakened by the strength of the avocat-général's case, and the failure to cross-examine the witnesses. The affair is discussed pro and con., and bets are even offered and taken upon the verdict.

In the meantime, the jury are whispering among themselves, and the young barristers are discussing the legal points involved, and wondering if Chatillon will make another of his great displays of oratory.

The voice of the ushers announcing the return of the judges again produces silence. And now Monsieur Chatillon, the counsel for the defense, bowing to the court, prepares to open the case for the accused.

"Messieurs les Juges," began the eminent counsel, and the tones of his grave, full voice filled the large room, reaching the most distant of the spectators, "we have abstained from questioning any of the witnesses presented by the avocat-général, because we will rest our case on the evidence of one person whom we intend to introduce, and whose testimony will convince the jury of the innocence of our client. In order to do this, we will call up

first Auguste Belford, who will testify to the departure of Count de Clairville from Rosière by the eight o'clock train for Paris; we will then offer the time-table of the Chemin de fer du Nord, showing that no train left Paris for Rosière between eight o'clock P. M. on the night of the 9th September and two o'clock on the morning of the 10th September. And finally, we will call Jacques Dufroit to prove the whereabouts of the count when the murder was committed. It is in evidence, by the certificates of three doctors who examined the body of the murdered lady, that the crime was committed about the hour of midnight; and this, I believe, the avocat-général will not deny. We shall now endeavor to prove that Monsieur de Clairville was far away from the scene of the murder at that hour. The ushers will call Auguste Belford."

The witness was soon brought in, and proceeded to give his testimony in a most clear and conclusive manner. He had seen the Count de Clairville, whom he knew perfectly well, enter the eight o'clock train, which left Rosière for Paris. He, Belford, was a porter employed at the Rosière station, lived in the village of Rosière, and knew the count, having often seen him before.

This closed the evidence of Belford.

The time-table showing the arrival and departure of trains on the Chemin de fer du Nord was next introduced, and then the counsel for the defense bid the usher summon Jacques Dufroit. One of the ushers withdrew, and soon returned, accompanied by a small man, dressed in a blue blouse and green velveteen pantaloons. He was evidently very nervous, and shifted restlessly a black cap which he held in his hand; but his features wore an expression of frankness which impressed every one favorably. As soon as he had taken his place in the witness-box, Chatillon began his examination.

The witness recited his name and age, and stated that he was a porter at the railroad station seven miles beyond Paris.

"Where were you on the night of the 9th September?"

The witness considered for a moment, and replied:

"My duty at the station terminated at six o'clock in the evening, and from that time until midnight I was at home with my family."

"And after midnight?"

"Well, monsieur, I had work to do at the station. I had been ordered to paint the front of the house, and as no train passed M— after midnight until half-past one in the morning, I was ordered to take that time to do my painting; and so after twelve o'clock I was engaged in that labor."

"Now, monsieur," said Chatillon, "I wish you to tell us whether you remember to have seen any one at M— between midnight and half-past one o'clock on the night of the 9th September?"

The man paused for some moments, and then replied:

"Well, monsieur, to the best of my recollection, no one came to the station until nearly half-past one. I had almost completed my work when a gentleman suddenly made his appearance at the station-house. The reason I remember this gentleman is, that fearing he would soil his clothes, I called to him to be careful, as the walls were freshly painted. But I was too late, for I noticed the sleeve of his coat brushed against the paint. This attracted my attention more particularly to him, and when he stood at the window purchasing his ticket, I took a good look at his face."

"Would you recognize him again?"

"I believe I would, monsieur."

"Then," said Chatillon, "look around this room, and say if you see any one who resembles this gentleman."

whom you say you saw at M—— on the night of the 9th September, at about the hour of half-past one," and the counsel for the defense resumed his seat.

For a moment the eyes of the vast assembly that filled the courtroom were fixed upon the witness. Jacques Dufroit squeezed his black cap nervously in both of his hands, and replied, pointing to Charles de Clairville:

"That is the gentleman. I recognized him the moment I entered this room. Besides, he still has on the same coat he had on that night."

At this positive declaration, aloud murmur arose among the audience, and Chatillon, rising and bowing to the Court, said, in a calm voice:

"Monsieur le President, that is our case."

The avocat-général began to cross-examine the witness, but in spite of all his efforts, he could not make Dufroit alter his testimony. He positively affirmed that he recognized Count de Clairville as the gentleman he had seen at M—— at half-past one o'clock on the morning of 10th September.

At length the avocat-général expressed himself as satisfied, and Jacques was allowed to retire from the stand.

The effect produced in the general mind was strongly in favor of the prisoner; and this belief was strengthened by the appearance of the accused—his dignified manner and courageous bearing. It must have been shared by the avocat-général, for instead of violent invective against the criminal, and earnest appeals to punish the crime, the public prosecutor contented himself with a *résumé* of the testimony introduced by the state, and earnestly entreated the jury to carefully consider the evidence presented by the defense, and to render such a verdict as their consciences might satisfy them as a correct one.

The counsel for the defense then rose to reply; but if the crowd had expected another of his wonderful flights of oratory, they were doomed to disappointment. He simply bowed to the court, and announced that the defense would submit their case without argument.

The presiding judge then addressed the jury, stating the facts sought to be proved by the prosecution; the defense set up by the accused, and after quoting the law applicable to such cases, closed by calling on the jury to remember it was their duty to do fair and impartial justice between the nation and the prisoner, and to give the benefit of every doubt to the accused.

The jury thereupon rose in a body, and, under the escort of the ushers, left the court; the judges also retired, and the crowd again stretched their weary limbs and chatted over the incidents of the case.

This delay, however, was but short. In a very few moments the jury filed into court, and the judges were informed that a verdict had been reached.

As soon as they had resumed their seats on the bench, the president turned to the jury and inquired whether they had agreed on a verdict. Receiving an affirmative answer, he demanded the result of their deliberations.

The foreman rose, and placing his hand upon his heart, answered the judge in these words:

"On my honor and conscience before God and man, the decision of the jury is on the indictment against Charles Count de Clairville. No, a majority of the jury declare the prisoner not guilty."

A murmur of approval ran through the courtroom as the foreman resumed his seat. A reflection of this popular approval appeared in the face of the president as he ordered the accused to be brought into court.

Charles entered, calm and composed, and stood to await his fate with dignity and courage.

The verdict of the jury was read to him by the clerk,

and at the words "Not Guilty," in spite of all his efforts, he could not repress the exhibition of the strong emotion that nearly overpowered him.

Immediately on the conclusion of the reading of the verdict the president turned to the count and announced to him that he was at liberty.

The gendarmes stepped to one side, and the Count de Clairville was once more a free man.

Making his way as quickly as possible through those who surrounded him, he soon reached his friend Paul Savart, and as he embraced him, eagerly demanded to be led at once to his sister.

"She is here, my dear friend," answered Paul. "As you commanded, I refused to allow her to attend the trial, but I could not prevent her from coming here, and she is now waiting the decision of the court in a room not many steps from this place."

"Oh, come, then. Come, let us hasten to her; let us put an end to her suspense as soon as possible; let me be the first to announce our happy reunion."

The doctor suffered himself to be hurried through the crowd of people, who made way respectfully for him. He brought De Clairville to the door of a small room reserved for the witnesses whilst waiting examination. Trembling with excitement, Charles threw open the door, and in another moment clasped Marguerite to his breast.

CHAPTER XI.

SEVERAL days have passed since the trial of the Count de Clairville for the murder of his wife.

Charles, when we again see him, is seated in the salon of a house on the Rue de Helder. The handsomely furnished apartment forms a portion of the suite occupied by the young man and his sister.

No amount of reasoning could induce Mademoiselle de Clairville to return to the chateau at Rosière, nor did her brother exert himself to combat her resolution. To him, as well, Clairville must always bear the mournful remembrance of the terrible event which had robbed him of his beautiful wife. He felt no desire to return to a place haunted by such a dismal recollection, and by his order the servants were dismissed or sent to Paris, and the chateau confided to an old woman, with instructions that no visitors were to be allowed to enter it.

The excitement of the trial over, a gloomy despondency seemed to take possession of the count.

In vain did Marguerite endeavor to exercise all her powers to charm away the black shadow that hung over him. Even the loving sister could not suffice to banish the remembrance of the beautiful Clothilde.

He became more and more morose and taciturn, resisting all Marguerite's efforts to draw him away from his melancholy thoughts, and seemed happiest when left to the solitude of his own companionship.

His general appearance betokened only too strongly the mental struggle through which he was still passing. His face had grown gaunt and haggard, and his dark hair was touched with the silvering hand of sorrow. His form, which had once exhibited so much manly grace, had now grown thin and angular. His attitude was very similar to that in which we have described him when in the confinement of his cell, although now his confinement was merely the mournful circle of ideas from which he could not release his overtaxed brain.

His arms stretched upon the table supported his bended head. For some time he had maintained this position without alteration, except when Marguerite would open the door to inquire after his health; and then he would



A TYPE OF BEAUTY—THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

only raise his head long enough to reply with sufficient calmness to assure the anxious girl.

Deep sighs alone broke the stillness of the room; sighs from the depths of a heart well-nigh broken. For days he had striven in vain to conquer this listlessness. A purpose lay before him to which he had pledged the remainder of his days; a cause sanctified by the force of an oath. In the solitude of his cell he had gone down upon his knees and sworn to devote his life, should he be acquitted, to the discovery of his wife's murderer. This oath he had felt was registered on high, and yet he had not been able to gather sufficient strength to attempt the prosecution of the undertaking. Besides, the oftener he went over the facts of the case, the darker and more inexplicable it appeared, until at length he was forced to acknowledge that he was powerless to fathom the mystery which surrounded the whole affair.

To-day, however, he had progressed so far as to satisfy himself that alone he was hopeless of success. Acknowledging this fact, he had at length come to the conclusion that he must obtain assistance, and his mind had naturally turned to the police agent, Trochard, whose skill and ingenuity he had been forced to recognize, since they had come so near proving fatal to him. He felt that this man's penetration, trained to the investigation of such crimes, would be more apt to prove successful than his own undisciplined efforts, and now he was struggling for sufficient energy to seek this ally whom he desired to enlist in his cause.

Arousing himself by a violent struggle from his depressed condition, he at length made his preparations to seek the great Renard. He had obtained the information that the detective was to be found at the Prefecture of Police, and having once started, soon found his way to that place. Inquiring from some of the agents whom he met about the building, he ascertained the direction of Trochard's office, and ascending a great number of stairs, finally found himself in front of a rather dingy doorway, on which was a card bearing the name of "Jules Trochard." In response to his knock a voice from within bade him enter, and opening the door, not without some trepidation, he stood in the presence of the man who had so nearly been the cause of his suffering an infamous death.

The thought of this for a moment kept him silent, overpowered by all the recollections which the sight of Trochard awakened in his mind.

The agent, however, though he displayed considerable surprise, was still master of the situation. Rising and bowing to his visitor, he offered him a chair, and begging him to be seated, asked, in what manner he could be of service to him.

Charles glanced irresolutely around the small, white-washed room, whose only furniture was a desk and two or three chairs of the roughest make. The floor was bare and uncarpeted, and on the whole it was as severe an apartment as could well be imagined.

"Sir," he said, addressing himself to the police agent, "you cannot have forgotten me."

"No, monsieur," hastily replied Trochard, "and I can only thank you for giving me this chance to ask your forgiveness for what I am now satisfied was a mistake in judgment on my part, which might have been so fatal to you. Believe me, I was instigated by no desire but that of doing my duty and enforcing the law against one whom at that time I believed to be a criminal."

"Then you no longer think me guilty?" interrupted the count.

"No, monsieur, not for one moment, though the case would have been hard against you if Jacques Dufroit had

not possessed such an excellent memory. I was wrong, I acknowledge, but you must admit that it was a very difficult case, and every circumstance pointed at you."

The count shuddered, but after a moment he said:

"Since you no longer doubt me, I suppose you would have no objection to act with me in an affair in which I desire to employ you."

"Certainly not, sir, if it lies within the limits of my duty and ability."

"Hear me, then, sir," exclaimed Clairville. "In the solitude of my prison cell I swore to discover the perpetrator of this crime—the assassin of my wife. That task is now my sole aim in the future. Will you assist me to accomplish it? I know not whether you have heard that I am a wealthy man, but I can assure you that I should consider no amount of money too great a reward for the detection of the murderer of the Countess de Clairville."

"Monsieur," answered Le Renard, "whatever assistance I can render you will be but a poor reparation for the anguish I made you endure through my mistake. My honor is enlisted in this cause, and I desire nothing more than to assist you to unravel this affair. We will say nothing about money."

"Thanks," exclaimed De Clairville. "And now may I beg you to begin the work at once. Every moment seems an age to me, and I shall never know an instant's peace until I find myself started upon this investigation."

Trochard meditated for a moment.

"You can, of course, assign no motive for this deed?" he inquired. "In other words, you possess no law that can be of assistance to us?"

"Alas! no."

"Yet, it seems to me you must admit there was something very mysterious about the whole affair. You will pardon me for saying the countess was evidently murdered by some one who had a strong desire to rid himself of her, or to obtain something which was known to be in her possession."

A sad expression stole over the face of the count. Renard appeared not to notice this, and went on:

"I suppose you know of no one who could desire to remove Madame la Comtesse, or could be benefited by her death?"

A negative motion of the head was the only reply.

"You received a letter—the one whose envelope I discovered in your wife's chamber. This letter appears to have been of great importance. Could it in any way afford us a hint where to begin our attack?"

"Sir," cried the count, "that letter has been destroyed. The contents I refused to reveal to my dearest friend and the Juge d'Instruction, although at that time I thought my life depended upon it."

"Nevertheless, monsieur, you must tell it to me," exclaimed the detective, with great firmness. "If I am to be of any service to you, I must not work blindfold. Observe, I do not ask your confidence. I merely say that without it I can do nothing, and I must, therefore, beg you to release me from my promise to assist you."

Charles de Clairville seemed struck by the force of Trochard's reasoning.

"What you ask is hard," he replied; "but I believe you may be right. I will, therefore, intrust this secret to you, begging you to preserve it faithfully."

In spite of the protestations of Renard, it was some time before the count was able to go on. He appeared deeply agitated, and only by a great effort was able to continue:

"The letter was in what appeared to be the handwriting of a woman. She began by stating that the writer was unknown to me; that by accident she had become

acquainted with a fact that she considered a duty to reveal to me. It then went on to state that my wife was deceiving me; that, to the writer's knowledge, she was in the habit of meeting her lover in Paris at a certain address which she, the writer, would give me if I would meet her at the hour of midnight on the 9th September, near the Arc de Triomphe. She professed no other desire than the wish to open my eyes to the deception being practiced upon me. This was the conclusion of the letter, which was unsigned. Imagine, monsieur, the effect of such a cruel stab at the reputation of one I had loved so devotedly."

"And then, in response to this letter, you sought the rendezvous, where your anonymous correspondent failed to appear?"

"Yes, monsieur."

Trochard again, after some moments' thought, exclaimed:

"Might not this letter have been sent merely to procure your absence from the chateau on the night of the 9th September? Frankly, monsieur, everything begins to look as if this murder had been premeditated and planned with the utmost coolness. We are not going to succeed in discovering the criminal as easily as we supposed. The person who arranged this affair has skillfully concealed his every step. He even invents an anonymous letter to draw you from the chateau at the time he intended to commit the murder, and words that letter in such terms that he felt certain would make you keep the appointment. But stop! You either showed this letter or recited its contents to madame? This, certainly, must have been the cause of the stormy interview to which Justine testified, and madame must, surely, have removed all the impressions the writer sought to create."

The count sighed deeply, and covering his face with his hands, murmured, in a low voice:

"Alas! monsieur, the interview I had with the countess only made me more anxious to meet the writer. I cannot say my wife admitted anything. I cannot, indeed, remember what she did say; but the effect created upon me by her was what took me to Paris. I think you can need no other answer to this."

For some space of time the agent respected the grief exhibited by the count. He was also busily revolving in his mind all the new facts afforded by the narration of the contents of this letter.

"Sir," he at length began, "after what you have just told me it is my duty to beg you to reflect before you commence this investigation. Things might be brought to light which you would prefer to remain in the dark."

"No, no," cried the count, violently. "I will reach the bottom of this affair, and punish the criminal, no matter what it may cost me personally."

"Then, monsieur," continued Le Renard, "if you will listen, I will explain the plan on which I think we should conduct this investigation. First, I believe that you are personally well known to the criminal. Mind, I haven't the least idea who the party may be; but, as I say, I believe you are well known to him. Starting with this idea, what is the natural consequence? That whoever or wherever he may be, he is now closely watching any act on your part that may lead him to suppose his guilty secret is about to be attacked. The result is, that as long as you remain in Paris, you can be of no assistance to me, but on the contrary, paralyze all my efforts to be of service to you. Listen now to what I advise. We risk nothing by waiting for a short time. If we are going to discover the criminal, we will as easily discover him next month as at an earlier day. You will, therefore, if you accept my advice, arrange your affairs and leave France as soon as

possible. Give out that Paris has become insupportable to you, and that you are going to seek forgetfulness in the New World. Start for Havre on your voyage, without revealing to a soul on earth of your true intentions. Mark me, not a soul, for if we are to succeed, we must distrust every one—even those nearest and dearest to you. Once having embarked, the criminal will suppose himself safe. You will, however, proceed no further than Southampton, where you will leave your ship, disguise yourself in a manner that I will explain to you, and return to Paris. You will then be free to assist me in my investigations."

"Monsieur," exclaimed the count, "I believe you are right, and I will obey your orders to the letter. I have, however, certain family affairs to arrange, and cannot leave before the end of the week."

"That will do," answered Le Renard. "We can, then, consider the affair as settled. You depart at the end of the week from Havre in a ship bound for America, but touching at Southampton. There you will leave the vessel and call on Thomas Creps, No. 109 Water Street, who will furnish you with a disguise. Thus equipped, you will then return to Paris and meet me in the Bois de Boulogne, near the lake, on Saturday, November 6th, at two o'clock. Now, monsieur, our business is done; nothing more can be effected until we meet again in the Bois."

The count rose, and shaking the agent warmly by the hand, bade him adieu.

"No, monsieur, not adieu," said Trochard. "*Aurevoir*; we meet again on the 6th of November, at two o'clock."

CHAPTER XII.

THE day after the interview with Trochard, Charles de Clairville set about the preparations necessary to carry out the plan suggested by his new ally, and which seemed, the more he thought of it, the better adapted to the solution of the mysterious affair. He began by announcing to his sister his projected trip to America, declaring to her, as Renard advised, that France was odious to him, and that he felt satisfied that this was his only chance to recover his peace of mind. He then went on to speak of her marriage with his friend, Paul Savart, and assured her that the only regret he had in leaving his native country would be removed if he knew he left her under Paul's protection, and ended by begging her to consent that the marriage should take place prior to his departure, which would not be later than the end of the week.

Marguerite demurred to the abruptness of this proposal, alleging all the various excuses that the female sex is so prone to put forward on such occasions; but Charles combated all these in the most resolute manner. The legal papers could, he said, be all prepared and ready before the next Wednesday; the contract could be signed on that day, and the marriage performed on Thursday. This would enable him to leave for Havre the day following, in time for the steamship which left that port Saturday morning.

In vain did Mademoiselle de Clairville seek to say something about the necessity of a trousseau. He would not hear of any excuse, and determinedly overruled all opposition, so that at length Marguerite was forced to acquiesce.

Having obtained his sister's consent, he hurried forward all his preparations with nervous haste. The lawyers received their instructions to draw up the marriage contract; the acquaintances of the family were notified of the approaching nuptials, and Charles paid a number of farewell visits, taking care to announce the news of his intended departure in the most ostentatious manner.

He saw but little of his sister, and not a great deal more of Paul Savart. Marguerite was absorbed in her arrangements for the wedding, and the doctor completing his plans for this change in his life.

Thanks to Charles's energy, all the legal documents were ready by Wednesday, the day appointed, and the marriage contract signed in the presence of a number of friends of the family. On the next day the double marriage ceremony was performed, and Charles placed the blushing Marguerite in the arms of the man he had chosen as her future protector. It had been arranged that the young couple should make the trip to Havre with the count, and on their return should occupy the suite of apartments in the Rue de Helder.

In the marriage contract Charles had bestowed the Chateau de Clairville upon his sister, but on his proposing to her to return there after his departure, she had protested vehemently, in spite of some opposition from Paul, that nothing on earth would induce her to live in that place. Her brother exhausted every argument to induce her to change her mind, but finding all attempts futile, fondly submitted, and it was arranged that the young couple should commence their domestic life in the apartments where De Clairville had passed so many gloomy moments since the trial.

On Friday, at an early hour, the party left for Havre, which they reached in due season, and the next morning, after exchanging a thousand adieus with Marguerite, and pressing Paul's hand with affectionate warmth, De Clairville tore himself away from the two beings dearest to him on earth, and made his way aboard of the vessel which was to bear him upon his pilgrimage.

A bell sounded. The steamer was cast loose—a column of smoke rose from the funnel and floated away to the leeward. The screw revolved, first slowly, and then more and more rapidly, and the long black vessel turned lazily around. The foam flashed from the stern as the iron blades churned the water. In another moment she was steaming away at full speed.

Marguerite remained upon the wharf as long as the faintest black speck in the distance indicated the position of the vessel. With tear-dimmed eyes she saw it grow indistinct. It vanished, and in a burst of grief, she threw herself upon the breast of her husband.

On the evening of the following day the *Droit de l'Homme* the name of the vessel on which Charles de Clairville had sailed, reached Southampton, and tied up at the quay. Up to this time the count had maintained the most complete silence as to any intention of leaving the vessel at this point. His ticket had been taken through to New York, and he took care no one should have an idea that he intended to stop short of that city.

Upon arriving at Southampton, where the vessel was to remain for several hours, Charles went ashore, upon the plea of examining the town. He was notified of the time at which the ship would resume her voyage, and went off declaring he would be careful to return in ample time.

However, when evening came on, the vessel being some distance away on her course, the steward was surprised to discover that one of his passengers was absent from the supper-table, and, upon investigation, it soon became apparent that the Count de Clairville must have been left behind at Southampton.

The captain was exceedingly annoyed when the fact was reported to him; but as it could not be remedied, he promised to telegraph from New York; and thus easing his mind, dismissed the subject from his recollection.

Meanwhile, the truant passenger was endeavoring to find the address of the man he had been directed to inquire

for—Thomas Creps. Speaking English like a native, he was soon directed to the house No. 109 Water Street. It was a dingy, dilapidated-looking place, the lower floor being occupied as a kind of junk-shop.

He had been instructed to inquire for Creps in this portion of the building, and entering the store, which was dimly lighted by a smoky oil-lamp hung from the ceiling, made his way between the piles of clothing and other miscellaneous articles heaped up on each side to the back of the shop, where he could dimly see a man seated at a table, absorbed in some calculation which he was jotting down in a book which was lying before him. This person looked up at his approach, and De Clairville beheld a small, wizened-faced old man, whose sharp eyes formed a marked contrast to his sunken cheeks and iron-gray hair. He fixed his piercing glances upon the young man, and waited to be addressed by his visitor.

At the first word spoken by the count to explain his errand, the little old man seemed entirely satisfied, and instantly, in excellent French, exclaimed:

"You are the gentleman sent me by my correspondent, Monsieur Trochard, of the French police?"

Charles assenting, the other went on to say:

"Monsieur Trochard has thoroughly instructed me in all he desires me to do. The disguise you are to assume is in the next room. If you will follow me, I can assist you to arrange it, and the affair will be over in a few minutes."

Rising from the table, he closed the book, and opening a door at the back of the shop, he led the count into a small room, whose walls were hung with different kinds of costumes—various strange specimens of hats, wigs, and other articles of clothing. In one corner was a large mirror, near which stood a washstand and a table, on which were placed different cosmetics, paints and paint-brushes, bottles, etc.—in fact, quite a little army of toilet articles.

"Now," said Mr. Creps, after busying himself a few moments amongst his cosmetics, "here is the disguise you are to wear. You are to leave this store as perfect a specimen of a Cockney Englishman as Thomas Creps can produce. Here are the clothes, monsieur; get into them as quickly as possible, and then I will make up your face."

The young man hastened to comply, and donned the suit of clothes that had been prepared for him; he then seated himself in a chair near the dressing-table, and submitted his face to the skillful manipulations of Monsieur Trochard's correspondent.

The effect was magical. When Charles de Clairville gazed upon his own reflection in the mirror he was forced to confess it was entirely strange and unrecognizable.

"Now, monsieur," cried the artist, gratified by the count's exclamation of surprise, "you might walk the streets of Paris all day long without one of your friends being able to identify you; this I guarantee."

"But," inquired De Clairville, "will not these colors be noticed in the daylight?"

"Not at all, sir; no more than now. You may walk in the brightest sunlight and never fear detection—trust Creps for that."

"And what are the other instructions Monsieur Trochard sent you? He informed me you would give me all the necessary advice as to my return to Paris."

Creps hastened to explain the route by which the count was to return to France, and De Clairville having now received all the information necessary, left the shop, and in his new character proceeded to the hotel where he had arranged to pass the night. The next morning he returned to Paris.

THE OPEN-AIR PLEASURES OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.



The Bois is gay with its hundreds of vehicles, filled with magnificently-dressed women; the splendid horses prance and curvet; the plated harness flashes in the sunlight, and the bright eyes of the occupants of the carriages sparkle as brilliantly as their diamonds. Gay costumes light up the scene with their vivid colors; scarlet parasols cast a roseate glow over the beautiful faces they protect.

Handsome cavaliers, dressed with all the exquisite tastefulness of a Parisian dandy, dash by on their mettlesome steeds.

All the world is here—that wonderful Parisian world, so strange and inexplicably mixed; a very kaleidoscope of life; its morals as heterogeneous as the hues of its costumes. The monde, the demi-monde, the princess and the actress; the virtuous woman and the sinner, all jumbled together in a whirl of light and brightness. Rich dresses, beautiful faces and gay smiles.

Around and around the lake they go—broughams, britzskas, phaetons—all the thousand forms that taste and fashion have given to the vehicles of the civilized world—the equestrians exchanging bows and greetings with the occupants of the carriages, and the pedestrians contenting themselves with the enjoyment offered the eye by the brilliancy of the same—one not to be equaled in any other city in the world.

It is nearly two o'clock, November 6th. Among the less favored mortals who contented themselves with the footpath around the lake was a man whose costume and general appearance would stamp him as a subject of Great Britain, even had he been met with in the most distant quarter of the globe. "Englishman" was written all over him, from head to foot; in his reddish hair, his florid complexion, carefully-trimmed whiskers and smoothly-shaven chin; in his rough, gray tweed clothing, specially noticeable for the shortness of the coat and looseness of the pantaloons; in the drab-colored gaiters he wore strapped over his shoes, and in the inevitable umbrella, which, if met with on the highest of the Himalaya Mountains, would have been a sufficient badge of nationality to establish the identity of its owner.

The Englishman walked around the lake for some time, paying but little attention to the brilliant procession. Fair faces appeared to possess no attractions for him, nor had rich toilets or brilliant equipages any power to draw him from his own thoughts. Occasionally, it is true, he would look around with an inquisitive eye, but those glances were only momentary, and he seemed more interested in the contemplation of his own gaiters than anything going on about him. His reveries were broken in upon by a sudden slap on the arm, and a voice which exclaimed:

"Hello! Mr. Charles Pringle."

The speaker was a slender, graceful young man, whose perfect toilet as plainly proved him a Parisian as did that of the person he accosted stamp him as a native of Britain.

Coat, vest and pantaloons were all in the perfection of style, and lent an air of graceful aristocracy to the wearer. Dark hair, pale-olive complexion, bright, keen, black eyes under well-arched brows, a carefully-trimmed mustache, and beard of a still darker shade than the hair—such was the appearance of the person who broke in so abruptly upon the reveries of the gentleman whom he addressed as Charles Pringle, but whom our readers, of course, recognize as the Count de Clairville.

Had it not been for the name Pringle, Charles would never have recognized in the irreproachably dressed exquisite that illustrious star of the Prefecture, Monsieur

Jules Trochard; and was even inclined to doubt his identity, in spite of the password.

A slight smile indicated the satisfaction of Le Renard with the completeness of his disguise, but he made no allusion to this.

"Well, Mr. Charles," he exclaimed, "I have been searching the Bois for some time to discover you, and *ma foi!* when I least expect it, here you are. The sight is a charming one, is it not? The women are simply exquisite. Ah! my dear friend, it is only in Paris that you can find such lovely faces and perfect toilets. See, there now is Adèle, in that phaeton that is just passing us. If you fancy blondes, where can you hope to find anything more to your taste than those golden curls and big blue eyes, not to speak of that triumph of Worth's skill which she wears with such grace that you scarcely notice its wonderful combination of colors. Or, if you prefer black eyes and diamonds, dark hair and scarlet ribbons, there is her rival, Mademoiselle Jezée, driving those gray ponies as if she had never done anything else in the whole course of her life. Ah, you beauty! who would ever think that four months ago those slender hands were earning the most precarious support as a half-starved needlewoman? What a city! what a city! Living on five francs a week in a dog-kennel one day, and driving gray ponies in the Bois the next! You must confess, Monsieur Charles, that it is only in Paris that such anomalies can be met with. But I did not come here to moralize, and we have our little affair to settle, which, with your consent, I propose to arrange over a glass of absinthe at Tortoni's. Come, let us be going. But, say, what are you staring at in that manner? Can it be that little lady with the tall, blonde monsieur? *Ma foi!* her toilet is to my taste—that gray and scarlet suits her dark hair and eyes admirably, and the gentleman is——"

"Monsieur Trochard," interrupted De Clairville, seizing the detective's arm with a violent grip, "that woman is Justine, my wife's maid, and the gentleman is George Douglass, the young Englishman who was staying at Clairville on the night my wife was murdered."

(To be Continued.)

THE GREEK CHYTON.

The length of the Greek chyton is the height of the wearer, measured from the crown of the head; the width, twice the length, so that the garment forms a square when sewn up—the square, that is, of the person with the arms extended. There is a hem at the bottom, and the trimming, if any, is placed immediately above it. Four loops are now set on the upper edge, back and front, at a distance of rather less than the width of the shoulders apart. A small bunch of plaits is made where each loop is sewn on, and the border of the stuff turned in about two inches.

Observe the excellent engineering; how the plaits and doubling of the stuff strengthen the hold of the loops, while the one gives richness to the folds, the other softness to the upper line of the dress. The facture of the garment is now complete; before putting it on a length of firm ribbon is crossed over the back and breast, and fastened securely at the waist. On this—well to the front of each shoulder, just at the point where a milkmaid carries her pails—two ornamental buttons are sewed, and to these the tunic is hung by its four loops. The dress being fastened on the shoulders, the zone completes its adjustment, the wearer drawing the garments through it in front, and still more at the sides, until the convenient length is attained. With some knowledge of the hang of

classic drapery no difficulty is found in disposing the folds in a manner to set tailoring at defiance,

Such is the method of producing the garment which may be taken as the type of all that is noblest in dress. Over this tunic it was the practice of Grecian women, as well for purposes of dignity and state as for warmth, to drape shawls and scarfs in an endless variety of arrangement, and it is evident that such additions would facilitate successful effects where awkwardness of figure or clumsiness of hand might otherwise interfere.

COME, O COME WHERE FANCY BIDS!

A FAIRY SONG.

COME, O come where fancy bids.
Follow fairy footsteps light;
And when mortals close their lids
Leave the sleeping world to-night:
Come, then, follow, follow me.

Fancy leads where fairies dwell,
Ever happy, ever free;
Mossy bank and flow'ry dell
Are the scenes of revelry:
Follow fairy footsteps free.

Dancing, tripping o'er the green,
Blithely singing all the while;
Ne'er such happy elves were seen,
They with mirth the hours beguile:
Dancing, tripping, follow me.

Naught is seen of earthly woe
In that fairy land so bright;
Could we such a pure life know
It would bring us true delight:
Come, then, follow, follow me.

HUGH DARRELL'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.



HE funeral rites were over; the crape had been taken from the door; night was gathering around the house of mourning, but still Helen Ashley sat in her heavy crape robes, gazing idly into the fire and thinking of the troubled spirit that had passed away.

A disappointed and embittered woman had old Miss Darrell been, from the day her wild nephew—the only creature for whom she showed any affection—had run away to sea. In all the years that had passed since then, every communication from him had been laid aside unopened, and never had his name

passed her lips till the night she lay dying. Then the hard heart softened.

"My boy, Hugh," she murmured, twice, "after all, you shall have your father's home."

Had she been able she would certainly have altered her will, Helen Ashley thought.

"Who to a stranger Dangerfield gives,
Gives him a grave—if a Darrell lives."

The threatening old couplet haunted her. She had heard the servants repeat it, and whisper tales of the disinherited nephew's fierce temper. All seemed to think that her position on his return would be by no means an enviable one. What was that? Surely she heard a step

on the gravel. The next minute the long French window opened, and a man stepped in out of the darkness.

"Can I see Miss Darrell?" he said, advancing quickly into the room.

After a moment's hesitation, Helen replied:

"I represent Miss Darrell."

"But not to me," he rejoined, quickly. "I am Hugh Darrell. I heard of my aunt's illness on landing, and have traveled day and night to see her once more. Surely I am not too late?" he added, as Helen made no answer.

"We buried her to-day," said the young girl.

The intruder covered his face and turned aside.

"This, then, was the last of the 'dour Darrells,' as they were called," thought Helen, studying him covertly from beneath her long lashes. An enemy to fear or a friend to trust to the death, she decided, noting the easy strength of his figure, the square, determined jaw and firm-set mouth. Then she became aware that the stranger's deep, stormy eyes were fixed on her.

"You must be Miss Ashley, of whom I heard—a great deal," he said, suddenly; and his tone told her that he had heard nothing in her favor. "The young lady who supplanted me in my aunt's affections."

Helen flushed guiltily.

"No one could do that, I think. She never really cared for me, although she left me everything."

"She left you everything!" he echoed; "well, no doubt you worked for it," scarcely troubling himself to conceal the low esteem in which he held her, "and I do not grudge it you. All I care for is Dangerfield, and that she was bound to leave me."

"How bound, Mr. Darrell?"

He frowned at what seemed to him trivial curiosity, but answered:

"Bound first by a promise made at my father's death-bed that, come what might, his son should have Dangerfield—bound also by a family custom, which my aunt would be the last woman to forsake; for twelve generations the estate, though not entailed, has been in the family, Miss Ashley."

How could she tell him?

He took up his hat.

"You will excuse my unceremonious entrance," he said, in a tone rather haughty than apologetic. "Good-night."

Better—far better—that he should learn the truth from her than from some straggler at the village inn.

"Stay a moment; I—I—must tell you something." Then, desperately, "Miss Darrell left Dangerfield to me."

There was a pause. A terrible change swept over Darrell's face as he realized the meaning of her words.

"You dare to tell me that a stranger owns Dangerfield while a Darrell lives!" he muttered between his clinched teeth.

His heavy hand rested upon her shoulder, his eyes flashed into hers. What wonder if Helen trembled before this ungovernable rage, and laid her hand upon the bell.

The movement brought him to his senses.

"No need of summoning help. I may be, as they say, the worst of the 'dour Darrells,' but I do not hurt a woman. Oh, that a man were in your place!" he added, savagely.

Perhaps Miss Ashley did not hear that last muttered wish. Had she done so she could scarcely have hoped to conciliate him.

"Indeed, it isn't my fault. I do not want the place. Can we not be friends?"

"She robs me of my aunt's affection, of her fortune, of my father's home, and offers me *her friendship!*"

Helen colored at the bitterly contemptuous emphasis, but ventured once more:

"I am the most unwilling instrument of injustice to you. Can you not forgive me?"

"It is too late now to repent of your work. Am I a saint, that I should forgive you? Never, while you rule at Dangerfield in my place!"

He flung open the window, and vanished into the darkness out of which he had come.

CHAPTER II.

"MR. DARRELL!"

Such a pretty voice, thought Hugh Darrell. Clear, full-toned, melodious and not too loud; and, although not absolutely familiar, he fancied he had heard it before.

He turned. Helen Ashley came toward him through the woods, her hair ruffled, her sweet face flushed with the haste she had made. All his old bitterness revived at the sight of this prosperous beauty, framed in by the noble oaks which, he now recollected, were her own.

"Mr. Darrell, I wish to speak to you," she began, timidly.

"Probably to remind me that I am trespassing. I had forgotten that these woods are now your property. Believe me, I shall never offend again, Miss Ashley."

"You know I did not mean that. How ungenerous you are!" cried Helen, indignantly. "You will not come under my roof, so I am obliged to seek you out here."

"Why need there be any communication between us?" Darrell inquired, coldly.

"Because I demand it for this once as an act of justice. You will not refuse me that?"

She had touched the right cord. Darrell told himself he certainly would not refuse justice even to this fair usurper. He bowed icily, and Miss Ashley proceeded.

"In your opinion, I am a successful *intrigante*. You think that I cringed and toadied to Miss Darrell for her

money—that by my wiles and flatteries I managed to supplant you. Answer me! You think this, do you not?"

"Politeness forbids me to contradict, Miss Ashley."

"Perhaps you even credit me with suppressing your letters to her! Perhaps you think the will is a forgery!—well, on my part I had always heard of you as fierce, quarrelsome, undisciplined, the terror of the neighborhood, and by no means a source of unalloyed comfort to your aunt."

Darrell experienced a little shock of amused surprise at hearing himself thus described with much energy. Somehow, this little fit of natural and exceedingly becoming indignation made him feel more kindly disposed toward his pretty antagonist than he would have thought possible a short time before.

"That was my opinion of you, and, while I pitied you—oh, you need not scowl, I *do* pity you—for losing your inheritance, still, I thought you had brought it upon yourself by your conduct, and particularly by foolishly running away to sea."

"Gently, Miss Ashley. Allow me to remark——"

"Oh, you are going to tell me that you had your aunt's permission. Listen to me, and correct me if I am wrong."

Hugh shrugged his shoulders and relapsed into silence.

"After one of your frequent quarrels with your aunt you went to the city. A short time afterward you wrote

to her, saying that you had fallen in with one of your father's old seafaring friends, and that he offered to take you a voyage with him, reminding her that you had always longed for a sailor's life, and begging her consent. I suppose at that time her hands must have been more than usually crippled by rheumatism, to which she was always subject, for you added that you would take silence for consent, and if she refused, to write the single word, 'No.'"



"THE FORCED PRAYER."



HUGH DARRELL'S REVENGE.—"ONE ARM HELD THE GIRL; THE OTHER, WITH THE AID OF HIS FEET, SUPPORTED THEIR JOINT WEIGHT, AND SLOWLY LOWERED THEM THROUGH FLAMES AND SMOKE TOWARD THE GROUND."

Vol. XV., No. 4—30.

"May I ask how Miss Ashley is so well acquainted with the contents of a letter addressed to Miss Darrell?"

It was stinging irony, but it fell pointless before the girl's simple rectitude.

Her eyes met his so honestly that Darrell felt ashamed, and she answered:

"Your letter was open among Miss Darrell's paper, and I read it as I read others, because the lawyer told me it was my duty. What I want to tell you is this: Before your letter reached her, your aunt had heard that you were starting for a three years' cruise. She immediately made a new will, and your letter, when it arrived, was laid aside unread, as were all subsequent ones."

"When do you suppose she read them?" asked Darrell.

In view of the girl's candid face, he felt it was needless to ask who had opened them.

"To my certain knowledge, they were unopened two weeks before her death. I think it must have been one of her last acts while she was able to move about her room. I think she must have been greatly agitated at finding she had wronged you, for she was very fond of you. I fancy she lay and brooded over it, wanting strength to do more than that. I am sure she meant

to change her will—perhaps she imagined that she had already done so—for her last words were: "My boy Hugh—after all, he shall have his father's home."

"And you tell me this—you—" said Hugh, hoarsely.

Helen laid her hand lightly upon his arm, and answered, serenely:

"I tell you this, and I tell you that you must take back the property that ought never to have been mine. It is yours in justice, and it shall not be mine in law much longer. I can make it over to you by a deed of gift, and in taking it you will be fulfilling your aunt's last wish."

Hugh had been warned of Helen Ashley's artfulness and insincerity, had been told that she was a finished actress; looking down into her earnest eyes, he murmured:

"If this is acting, it is superb."

"Try me, and see if it is acting," she pleaded, passionately. "Accept my offer. No one will rejoice more than I to see a Darrell at Dangerfield again. The inheritance of your race—your old home that you love so well, and that you lost through a cruel mistake—you will take it, will you not?"

She stood with her lovely, pleading face upturned to his, so close that one fragrant tress of hair, loosened by the wind, was blown across his lips. Somehow, her hand had slipped into his. What a strange, new feeling its soft touch gave him! He tried to remember all his reasons for doubting and disliking her. Was he sure that at this moment she was not laughing in her sleeve at his credulity? He stepped back and answered, coldly:

"Either you are playing a part or you are offering me charity. In either case, my answer is—No!"

"You will not take it? Is it fair and manly to hate me for wronging you, and give me no alternative! I will not keep your property. It is a burden to me. I will find some way of making you take it back, and until then I am only your steward." With which burst of anger she turned and left him.

CHAPTER III.

SUCH a charming vision passed Darrell's windows daily now—a vision of a sweet, piquant face beneath its picturesque riding-hat, a graceful, rounded figure, swaying easily to her horse's gait, and two dark-gray eyes that never failed to flash a look sometimes sad, sometimes of gay defiance at Hugh's closed shutters as she rode by.

Little did Miss Ashley know that not one of those glances was lost on the unseen witness of her morning rides.

"A bonnie lass," said Hugh's old housekeeper, one day, as she passed, "and good as she's fair."

"Why did you leave her, then, to come to me, who am certainly neither good nor fair?" said her master, sardonically.

"Ah, she's not my own bairn, that I held in my arms as a babe. I have served the Darrells ower long to take service with a stranger, though it's a kind mistress Miss Helen is."

"Then she has not won your heart from me as she did my aunt's?"

"Never believe that, Master Hugh," said the old woman, warmly. "My mistress cared for none but you to the end. As for the will, that were made before ever she set eyes on Miss Helen. She were bound to disinherit you, and Miss Helen were the daughter of her oldest friend. Afterward she sent for Miss Helen to come and live at Dangerfield, and told her what she had done. She were going to add a postscript like, to say that if ever Miss Helen gave you a penny she would forfeit the whole of it. But my young lady would have none o' that."

"Leave your money to whom you please," said she; "I don't ask you for it. But don't burden it with any such conditions. If it is to be mine, I want it mine to do what I choose with." My old mistress she laughed, and said by the time the money came to Miss Helen she'd be in no hurry to get rid of it. The Darrells was most long lived. We all thought old mistress was good for twenty year more."

Like most privileged old servants, once started, there was no limit to the old woman's garrulity.

For once, Darrell showed no inclination to check it, but listened gravely to her gossiping accounts of life at Dangerfield during his absence.

The next day Hugh watched in vain for the bay horse and its winsome rider, and the next, and the next. Then he heard that Helen Ashley was ill. His old nurse told him this one evening, and went on to consider the chances of her master's inheriting in case of Miss Ashley's death, although she admitted that as yet there was no danger.

Hugh, though by no means fanciful, sat till late that night thinking with horror of the possibility.

His old home would be hateful to him, he knew, should he regain it after any such fashion.

He went to the window and drew aside the curtain, as he often did, to look at Dangerfield Hall, standing big and black a mile away.

What was that ominous glow? As if in answer to his thought, voices in the street cried, "Fire!" and there was a sound of running feet.

In an instant Darrell was out of doors, darting through the chill night-air with a speed that left all others far behind.

Was this deadly fear at his heart for the old house or for the young mistress?

When he reached the entrance, the west wing was in flames, but the fire had not reached the rest of the house.

Yes, the young lady was safe, one of the by-standers told him. She was one of the first rescued. That was her room, pointing to a room yet untouched, although around it the fire raged hottest.

Darrell recognized the room—it had been his in the old boyish days. There was nothing for him to do. The servants were all out of the house. The little band of village firemen, aided by many volunteers, were laboring successfully to keep the fire from spreading. Probably they would save the main body of the house. Most of the furniture, pictures, and valuables had been removed from the west wing, and lay in confusion on the lawn.

Darrell stood moodily watching the progress of the flames. In a short time they would devour his old room.

A great desire suddenly came over him to see it once more ere it should be destroyed. Why not? He could do it at slight risk. Many a time had he climbed up that wall and through that window for a boyish freak.

Though daring, he was not foolhardy. He threw a coil of rope over his arm and began the ascent. How hot it was! He had not known the fire was so close upon him. But now that he had nearly reached the window, he would at least look in.

What was this? Helen Ashley lay on the floor insensible. Every one thought her safe. How had the terrible mistake arisen?

A deep groan broke from Darrell's lips. The sound seemed to partially awake her from her swoon. He swung himself into the room and lifted her in his arms. The great gray eyes opened slowly—the color crept back to the white cheek.

"I thought you would come," she murmured, faintly.

Her words did not seem strange to him then.

"I am only just in time. If there is anything you want to save, throw it from the window while I make fast this rope."

He placed her gently upon the couch. His very presence seemed to restore her strength and courage. A brass-bound writing-desk stood upon the table. Helen lifted it with considerable effort, and threw it from the window.

"Your aunt's desk. She charged me to take great care of it," she said.

The fire was gaining upon them fast; but Darrell worked on steadily, cheered by the crowd below, who doubted not that his reckless ascent had been occasioned by some cry or glimpse of the young lady. He had fastened the rope to the window-sill. He made Helen sit outside of the window on the broad sill; then he swung himself out on the rope.

"Now bend enough to take firm hold of the rope with one hand, put the other arm tight around my neck; now let yourself drop. Don't be afraid; I will catch you."

He braced himself to receive her weight.

Helen hesitated, but one glance back showed her the room in flames behind them.

"I implore you to lose no time!"

She let herself fall into the strong arm upheld to receive her.

Hugh's was not an easy task. It took all his great strength and sailor agility to accomplish it. One arm held the girl, the other, with the aid of his feet, supported their joint weight, and slowly lowered them through flame and smoke toward the ground. Half-way down a voice from the excited crowd shouted out that their rope had caught fire. Darrell set his teeth.

"Cling fast to me with both hands!"

Helen obeyed, and felt him withdraw the arm that was her chief support. He grasped the rope with both hands and let it slide rapidly through them, tearing the flesh cruelly. They neared the ground. Eager, outstretched arms relieved him of his precious burden and Hugh dropped like a log.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day Darrell found himself haunting the house to which Helen had been carried. His feet seemed to bear him thither against his will; and after all, why should he not inquire after the girl whose life he had saved, although she was the mistress of Dangerfield, whom he had sworn never to forgive? As, reasoning thus, he approached the door, he heard Miss Ashley's voice say, wearily:

"No, Mr. Green, I have no idea how it originated."

Then gruffer tones.

Then Helen's again, very clear and haughty.

"It is not possible that I understand you aright."

"The young squire were capable of it, miss. You don't know them 'dour Darrells.' Us in the village was sure he'd have his revenge."

There was a hush of sheer astonishment. Then Helen's voice of concentrated scorn.

"Leave my presence! I would not insult Mr. Darrell by defending him from such a charge. Do you know that he saved my life?"

"Like enough, like enough," grumbled her interlocutor, obstinately. "There's naught he fears, and I'm not saying he wanted your death. When he were but a lad he vowed he'd sooner burn Dangerfield to the ground than see it in strangers' hands, and now——"

"Go!" broke in Helen, stormily, losing all her self-command.

An imperious white hand flung the house-door wide.

and the discomfited countryman shambled down the steps. Darrell came forward and said, gravely:

"Thank you."

Miss Ashley was leaning, panting and flashing, against the door-post. The color came into her white face as she begged him to enter.

Darrell hesitated.

"This is not Dangerfield; this is neutral ground," she said, with a tinge of bitterness. "I must speak to you, and I am not able to stand."

Indeed she was not. When Darrell followed her into the house she sank into a chair, unable to speak for a few minutes, and he noticed with a pang the fragile character of her loveliness.

"How can I thank you for saving my life?" she said, presently, lifting the great gray eyes Hugh had always found so eloquent.

"That account was squared by your defense of me just now," he rejoined, hastily.

"There was no defense needed; the idea was too preposterous."

"It would not have seemed altogether preposterous to me the night I first returned. I have learned to do you justice since then, even if we can never be friends."

"Why not? Hugh, dear Hugh," she faltered, "I don't believe you hate me as much as you think. Will you not share Dangerfield with me?"

For a moment the room swam before Darrell's eyes. He could see nothing but the girl's lovely, blushing face and sweet shamed eyes. Then his own words recurred to him—never to forgive her while she owned Dangerfield in his place.

If a struggle went on in his mind, there was no outward sign. Helen heard the word "Impossible!" muttered through set teeth—and she was alone. Was this his revenge?

Half an hour later, while Miss Ashley still sat weeping in a quiet, hopeless way, a quick step came through the hall—a strong arm clasped her waist.

"Helen, can you ever forgive me?"

"Is this love or compassion, Mr. Darrell?" striving vainly to escape from his hold.

"Love—worship—adoration! You were right. Let us share Dangerfield. It would be nothing to me now, without you."

Then he told her how, in falling from the window, old Miss Darrell's desk had broken in pieces, and, from a secret drawer, had slipped out a will dated ten days before her death, which left everything to "her beloved nephew, Hugh Darrell."

"I am not too proud to take a fortune from you," said Helen, yielding to his embrace. "And your revenge, Hugh?"

"My revenge is ample in giving you the worst-tempered fellow in England for a husband," he laughed.

"I am not afraid of you, you dour Darrell!"

GOOD THINKING.—Among the many arts which should be sedulously taught and earnestly studied, the art of thinking well should stand pre-eminent. Everybody thinks; it is an involuntary mental process that comes with the first dawn of intelligence and continues through life. But to think well is a rare art. Most of our thinking is desultory, wandering and confused—a sort of litter of things good and bad, useful and useless, without arrangement, plan or purpose. Good thinking always has an aim; it is a straight path to truth. It longs for great spiritual things, and chooses the nearest way.

ANCIENT LABORERS AND PRINCES OF GRAND CHIMU AND NEW GRANADA.

It is interesting to see how the poor men of Peru and how the rich men fared, when it came to be their turn to enter the common receptacle of all mankind, the grave.

Regarding the "lower classes," as we are accustomed to designate those portions of mankind which seem destined, under every civil, political, and social organization, to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and, in fact, if not in name, to be the slaves of their fellows—why, in Peru, as everywhere else, they met in death a treatment corresponding with that so sternly meted out to them in life.

They were thrust into

indiscriminately into caverns and fissures, with such scant paraphernalia for their peregrinations in a future world as their own limited means, or those of their humble friends, could supply. Few and rude, indeed, are the relics found with their shriveled remains.

A calabash or gourd, perhaps a carved wooden cup, containing amulets or charms, queer stones to the natural peculiarities of which the superstitious, ignorant mind rendered reverence, or to which, when slightly altered by art, some resemblance could be given to objects animal or vegetable, an implement of toil, and perhaps a rude wooden idol—these were the objects most frequently found with the plebeian dead on the coast of Peru—dead buried in such shallow graves that the winds often exposed them, and the earthquakes thrust them up to the day.

To utilize their arable lands, the ancient inhabitants of Peru were accustomed to pile up the stones that incumbered the ground in great heaps, and in these, and equally to avoid encroaching upon the areas of cultivation, they often deposited their humble dead. Thousands of such stone



CARVED WOODEN IDOL FROM PACHACAMAC.



WOODEN BOWL FROM TOMB NEAR LIMA.



AYMARA CHULPA, OR BURIAL TOWER, AND HILL FORT, BOLIVIA.



SECTION OF AYMARA CHULPA.

holes in the nitrous sands of the coast, or into crevices of the rocks among the mountains, unless, indeed, tumbled

heaps dot the plains around Lima, and the valleys of the Rimac and Chillou. It was in one of these that I came



ANCIENT PERUVIAN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

upon the dried-up body of one of the ancient tillers of the soil, to whom was denied the comparatively sumptuous resting-place of the fisherman of Pachacamac. He sat alone among the stones, and was wrapped in rustic clothes, with some pods of beans and ears of maize pressed between his breast and knees, all together testifying that the distinctions of life, real or adventitious, extend to the very grave.

But at his feet, enveloped in coarse cotton cloth, were two special

objects of interest, and both obviously connected with his superstitions—shall I say religion?

The first was a kind of idol or mask cut out of wood, of which I give a view, the whole bearing suggestive resemblance to the carved idols brought from distant Pacific islands. It is painted red on the face, and has on top and at both sides holes through which thin cords, still remaining in place, were passed, as if to attach it in front of some object, as coroners would say, "unknown." A projection beneath the chin, as if designed to fit into a socket, suggests the possibility that, on occasion, it was carried surmounting a pole or staff of the bamboo. It is seven and a half inches vertically, exclusive of the lower projection, by seven inches broad, and is boldly and freely

cut, as if by some sharp chisel or similar instrument. There were no remains to indicate it, but I formed an opinion at the outset that the eye-sockets had been filled by oval pieces of some nacreous shell, corresponding with what we so often see in the works of the Polynesian Islands, and of the people of the African coast.

Beneath the alleged Monotheism or qualified Polytheism, of Peru, and behind the loftier religions taught by the governing classes both of the Coast and

the Sierra, there seems to have existed a kind of worship not far removed from what we loosely designate as *fetichism*, bearing, however, in all probability, no more inconsistent relation to the first than the devotion rendered by the Greeks and Romans to their Lares and Penates, and the gods of the garden and the highway, to the superior personages or powers of their Pantheon.

Thus quaint rocks and distorted trees were venerated, and, as already said, superstitious respect attached to any object, such as an ear of maize strangely variegated, or a pebble having resemblance to some object possessing life. All were invested with significance, and regarded with reverence. Sometimes natural resemblances were made more distinct by art; a line was drawn to more clearly indicate



EXCAVATION OF THE ROYAL CEMETERY, GRAND CHIMU.



TOMB B, GRAND CHIMU.



FRAGMENT OF CLOTH, WOVEN IN COLORS, FROM CHIMU.

the mouth, or a dot added to duplicate a spot that bore some resemblance to an eye on some smooth stone casually having a rude likeness to a llama or other animal.

Thus, in addition to the mask above described, I found with the remains of the poor occupant of the rough stone mound of Limatambo a kind of wooden bowl four inches and a half in diameter, and nearly four inches high, very nicely carved, with a border of conventional representations of some kind of bird running around its rim. I am unable to say of what kind of wood it is made, but its outer surface is smooth, as if polished, while its interior shows the marks of sharp and efficient tools. This bowl was packed full of layers of variously-colored soft alpaca and vicuña wool, in perfect preservation. Between each layer were deposited various oddly-shaped pebbles, having some faint likeness to animals, a little strengthened by art.

One, whether natural or artificial I cannot say, resembled a bear. There were also some fragments of quartz crystal, but the most interesting was a very good carving in a variegated talc of an ear of maize three inches long, and of just proportions. Now, all these articles were what



PERUVIAN ZARAMAMA.

are called, according to the Padre Arriaga in his rare book on the "Extirpation of Idolatry in Peru," *canopas*, the household deities, or *lars* of the ancient inhabitants.

We are told that "the most esteemed of these were the bezoar stone (*quicu*) and small quartz crystals (*guispi*). The carvings in stone, in imitation of ears of maize, are specially mentioned under the name of *zaramama*. From the relics here described, we may conclude that their possessor was in life a plain agricultural laborer, of scant possessions, although the implements of his toil were not deposited with him. These may have been too valuable to his children to be sacrificed to filial affection, or perhaps they belonged to his employer, who cared little under what difficulties his defunct servant might be called on to till the sacred lands of another world. We are not ignorant, however, of what these agricultural implements were, for many have been recovered from the ancient tombs and ruins. They are all of copper, alloyed with tin in various proportions, forming a compound metal called *chumpi*, and the larger portion of them resemble in shape, as they certainly coincide with in use, the so-called *celts* of the ancient northern nations of Europe. They may be described as a kind of chisel, of varying size and weight, rather broader at the edge than above, with a socket into which to fit a handle, the socket having a slit in one side, so that the handle would be tightened in its place when the instrument was used. We notice the same device in some of our agricultural implements to-day. Precisely similar tools are still used by the laborers of Nicaragua, only iron is substituted for bronze. They are used in prying up and mellowing the earth, as we do with a spade.

But the Peruvian agriculturist had other implements coming nearer our spade in shape, of two of which, one engraved with figures, representations are given herewith. The plain original is eleven inches long, including the socket, which measures nearly five inches, and is four inches broad, forming a very efficient implement in experienced hands. That with ornamented engravings is fourteen inches long by four and a half broad. It weighs about three pounds.

Another agricultural implement, with a curved blade not unlike some tools now in use, is also engraved. It

measures ten inches in total length, and shows that the ancient inhabitants of Peru knew perfectly how to adapt the forms of their implements to the objects they had in view. Another cut represents an ancient Peruvian mason's trowel.

It was not, however, in the manner I have described that the royal and distinguished dead of ancient Peru were buried, nor do their tombs tell the same monotonous story of toil, frugality, simplicity, narrow ambition, and contented life. The Sons of the Sun, as they proudly styled themselves, were fain to sit after death in grim array, in the great temple of their father, the Sun, in the imperial city of Cuzco, equally the shrine of religion and the seat of empire. There the Spaniards found their desiccated bodies, in chairs of gold, and resplendent with regal emblazonry—the objects alike of reverence, awe and adoration—when they tore the golden effigy of the Sun from the walls, on which the eyeless sockets of the Inca emperors were for ever fixed. It was only to those who had worn the *llantu*, or crimson tassel, and the feather of the *curacacqui*—the insignia of power—that a place in the temple was permitted.

The *ayllos*, or inferior members of the reigning family and race, were buried in elaborate tombs in the beautiful valley of Yucay, where, beneath the shadow of lofty snowy mountains, and under the threatening eaves of mighty glaciers, Nature revels in eternal Spring; where the songs of birds are never still, and where flowers succeed to flowers in constant bloom, and fruits follow fruits in unwearying succession.

From one of these tombs came the positive evidences of the often-surmised and as often denied knowledge of surgery among the Incas, for here was found a skull showing a case of trepanning in life, a delicate operation even now, with all our instrumental aids, and evincing a scientific knowledge and skill of which no monkish chronicle nor native tradition gives record.

Among the subject races that went to make up the Inca empire, the largest and most important were the Aymaras, who occupied the high, wide region around Lake Titicaca. They buried their dead, according to their rank, in sitting posture, in *cists* dug in the earth, and surrounded by a small circle of unwrought stones, or in rough stone chambers above ground, corresponding precisely with the *cromlechs* of the Scandinavian and Celtic world. Their chieftains and distinguished dead, however, in the later periods of their history, were deposited in round or square towers of stone, called *chulpas*, often of great size, and hewn with exquisite skill.

These towers, entered by an opening only large enough to admit a single person crawling on his hands and knees, and closed by a carefully-fitted stone, were vaulted inside, and divided into niches, in which the dead were placed in sitting posture, surrounded by their treasures and the insignia of their rank.

Some of these towers are of comparatively rude construction, as is shown in the accompanying engraving of one standing on a ledge overlooking the Valley of Escoma, on the eastern shore of Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia. It is distinguished as having two chambers, with separate entrances, one above the other, the upper one roughly vaulted. The chambers had been rifled, and when I visited the *chulpa* nothing remained in them except some crumbling skeletons and broken pottery.

From the site of this monument, on the other side of the valley, may be seen one of the ancient *pucarás*, or hill forts, consisting of a series of five concentric terraces and stone walls, surrounding a conical eminence of great regularity of form.

Perhaps, however, the most imposing sepulchral monuments of all America are those of Grand Chimu, or Mansiche, near the city of Truxillo, in Northern Peru. Here was once established the most powerful and richest of all the principalities that existed on the Peruvian coast before, one after another, they were subdued by the Incas and incorporated in the Inca empire. The princes of Chimu resisted longest the invaders from the mountains; and it was not until the reign of the warlike Yupanqui that they were obliged to succumb. Provoked by their long and stubborn defense, the irate Inca ruthlessly destroyed their capital, the ruins of which now cover an area of not far from twenty-seven square miles—a wilderness of gigantic *huacas*, or pyramids; of palaces, dwellings, prisons, foundries, granaries, reservoirs, and tombs, impossible to indicate or explain in the compass of a single article.

Some of the *huacas*, or great pyramidal structures, were probably equally temples and tombs, in which were buried the princes of Chimu with their riches, and on which were practiced the rites of the ancient religion. Originally regular in shape, they have been so disfigured by excavations as to appear now only as great natural hills isolated in the sandy plain. They had galleries and chambers and secret vaults, and contained at one time, if indeed they do not still hide, vast treasures.

I have before me a copy from the record of the royal treasury of Truxillo for the year 1577-8, from which it appears that one Garcia Guiterrez, of Toledo, took, during those two years, from one of these structures, which still bears the name of the *Huaca de Toledo*, a sum, in gold and silver, amounting to a very little less than \$5,000,000. And at the end of 1578, the lucky Guiterrez was obliged to escape from Truxillo in a schooner at night on the charge of having made false returns to the Crown, the allegation being that he had failed to report some hundreds of golden bars, "*del tamaño de ladrillos*," the size of bricks. Treasure-seeking is still the order of the day in Truxillo and its vicinity.

If I were called on to state what in my opinion was its principal industry, I should say, "excavating *huacas*, or robbing graves." A single individual, a colonel by title, during the year of my visit, had expended more than \$40,000 in excavations. Companies are often formed for "diggings" precisely as gold and silver mining companies are got up in Wall Street; and as indicating the extent of these operations, I may mention that in excavating the great *huaca* of El Obispo, a village, with a church, was raised near it to accommodate the numerous workmen. The amount of money expended in treasure-seeking among the ruins of Grand Chimu alone since the Conquest must be computed by millions of dollars, and would have built a railway over the mountains from Cajamarca to the Amazon.

Still, this financial spirit of avarice, akin to that mania for gambling which possesses miners, brokers, and railway directors, has not been without some good results. It has disintombed and brought to light many remains of antiquity, edifices and tombs, which the limited means of the archaeologist and antiquary would never have uncovered, together with their concealed architectural and artistic treasures.

Had it not been for the efforts, illy and often mischievously directed, of Colonel La Rosa, how should I have known anything of the grand reception-hall of the princes of Chimu, with its walls rich in relieve-arabesques, and, in places, still brilliant with colors? Or of those subterranean chambers in which were stowed away more than ten thousand cotton mattresses, that, after a burial of centu-

ries, were exhumed, passed through the cotton-gin, and sold to England to help supply the famine in that staple occasioned by our civil war? Or of that hidden vault in which were piled up, to the height of more than ten feet, the quaint silver vases and utensils of the thrifty and luxurious denizens of Grand Chimu?

And above all, how should I have been able to present to my readers a plan and view of a portion of the Necropolis of Chimu, as remarkable, in many respects, as that of Memphis or the Nile?

I have said the vengeful Incas completely ruined the capital of the Chimus, and what fire and the other means of destruction at their command failed to destroy, time, the elements, and the treasure-diggers have generally reduced to rude heaps of earth and rubbish as shapeless as those of Nineveh. Yet, when these are excavated, we find not only the plans of the old edifices distinctly defined, but also their lower walls nearly intact. In sinking a shaft into a broad but rather low mass of ruins, near the heart of the old city, Colonel La Rosa came upon what he at first took to be a concealed building, a chapel or oratorio—a small but solid structure of compact rubble, well cast over with smooth clay, and painted in lively colors. Excavating carefully around it, he found that it stood in a kind of inclosure of massive walls, of similar composition with its own, but of coarser material. It was rectangular in plan, twelve feet long by six wide, with the walls slightly inclining inward, and nine feet high. At each end was a narrow entrance, neatly walled up with adobes, and on each side, near the top, were three small windows.

The excitement of the discoverers was intense. Here, they felt sure, was the *peze grande*—big fish—as the traditional but as yet undiscovered grandest treasure of the Chimu princes is called. The colonel sent to town for a force to protect his anticipated wealth from the workmen, who were eager to break down the adobe barrier between them and the countless millions the vault was supposed to contain.

But alas! for their golden visions! Alack! for the colonel's hopes! When entered, the vault was found to be a tomb, with niches, each containing the dried bodies of as many of the princes or princesses, chieftains or chieftainesses, courts or courtesans of the Court of Chimu.

When Colonel La Rosa opened the vault that he supposed contained the long-sought *peze-grande*, and found it to hold only the desiccated remains of the princes of Chimu, he looked blank with disappointment. Their fleshless brows were cinctured with brightly-colored braided bands of cotton thread, in which, rising above the forehead, were stuck feather-shaped ornaments of thin gold, which vibrated under the slightest breath, pierced with round holes, in which swing little disks of the same material. The cut of one of these golden feather-shaped ornaments—of which, however, no two were alike—will best explain their character. The original is eighteen inches in length, by three and one-half inches wide in its widest part. On the breast of another body was suspended a rectangular plate of gold, with the figure of a bird *struck up* in relief, as if from a die, three inches by two and one-half; on that of a third, a disk of silver, four inches in diameter, similarly ornamented, but with the figure *en-*

graved in the metal. This skeleton held in its bony right hand a kind of drinking-cup of silver, with a human face *struck up* from the inside. This cup, which is ten inches high, is remarkable as having been hammered out from a single block of silver; for it certainly was not cast, and positively not soldered together, from plates of the metal.



A curiously braided bag or wallet hung from the wrist of one of the female skeletons, in which was a handful of small, thin pieces of gold, silver and copper, round and



GOLD MEDAL FROM CHIMU—ONE-FOURTH SIZE.

square, each pierced with a small hole, as if intended to be strung like the *cash* of the Chinese. Although without device, it is impossible to doubt these were used as coins.

Besides these articles of metal, there were others in the forms of fishes, serpents and lizards. Representations of lizards, in metal, in relief on the walls, painted



SILVER DRINKING-CUP FROM CHIMU—REDUCED.



SILVER ENGRAVED MEDAL FROM CHIMU—ONE-FOURTH SIZE.

on the pottery, and even woven in cloth, are more frequent among the ruins and relics of Chimu than those of any other object whatever. The lizard formed part of the arms, so to speak, of the principality, and seems to have been blazoned



CHIMU GOLD AND SILVER COINS—FULL SIZE.

everywhere. This is not, perhaps, very remarkable, for in no spot in the world have I seen such a variety or so great numbers of these reptiles, and nowhere any so brilliant in color. They peered at us from every nook and cranny of the ruins, and skurried in hundreds among



FISH CAST IN SILVER, FROM CHIMU, GREATLY REDUCED.

the bushes defining the *heurtas* and cornfields. Some were of the brightest metallic green, and others, with heads like rubies,

glowing like living coals, and rivaling the richest tints of the humming-birds and the trogons. I have fragments of a blanket that once served as a wrapper for one of the Chimu dead, woven in which, in brilliant colors, are not only a variety of ornaments, but a whole series of lizards, with figures of birds represented as striking them in the



SERPENT CAST IN SILVER, FROM CHIMU—ONE-THIRD SIZE.

head with their long bills. The engraving gives a very good notion of the figures, lacking, however, the bright reds, yellows, etc., which enliven the original.

The art of the potter was carried to higher perfection in Chimu than in any other part of that vast region known as Peru. Not only are many of the vases representing



LIZARD CAST IN SILVER, FROM CHIMU—ONE-FOURTH SIZE.

birds, men, animals, fishes, reptiles, and fruits and shells, wonderfully lifelike and animated, but often elaborately sculptured in relief, or painted with a bold, free hand, with figures illustrating the mythology, religious rites, manners, customs and architecture of the ancient people.



SCENE FROM A PAINTING ON A CHIMU VASE.

VIEW AMONG THE ANCIENT ERTES OF MANSICHE, OF GRAND CHIMU.



A rather amusing, as well as interesting illustration of one kind of architecture, not widely unlike that in use among the Indians of to-day, is given in the accompanying extract, if I may so call it, from a very elaborate painting on a Chimu vase in my possession. It represents a building raised on a mound of four stages, ascended by steps (omitted in the engraving), and constructed of poles, curiously terminating in carved heads of serpents, supporting a roof of thatch, on which again rise representations of some animals of the dog or wolf family. Seated on a dais in this building is a figure of some important personage, with an elaborate headdress, strongly resembling the fine plumed-helmets of the ancient Mexicans and Central Americans, who holds in his hand a kind of goblet, suggesting that *chica*, or some equivalent drink, was not unknown—"when Greece was young." He is approached by a helmeted figure, evidently of a warrior, who holds his sword (or whatever weapon it may be) as if in attitude of salute. Behind him is a long procession of figures on foot, or carried in a kind of palanquin, all hurrying forward eagerly to the elevated dwelling of the chieftain. These, however, are omitted from the engraving for a number of reasons: one of which is, that they would occupy too much room; and the second, because they are not in a garb tolerated anywhere except on the Franco-American stage. What all this signifies I will not undertake to say, but it is not very difficult to suppose that it is, in a rude style, the pictorial story of a successful general returning with an array of prisoners from a foray on an enemy's country—a Chimu counterpart of the "historical pictures" of Yvon and Vernet in the galleries of France.

Forming part of another vase is a second representation of the houses of that large class of Chimu humanity that probably bore the designation, as their counterparts now do, of "common people," which justifies the notions of the character of their edifices we might deduce from their remains; a building of a single story, with a pitched roof, an arched doorway, and a circular window or ventilator in the gable. Among the mythological figures represented on vases we find a sort of trinity of gods, distinguished by different crowns and different sceptres; thus—the god of the air, who is also god of Fire, having in his hand a javelin, or spear; the Earth god, with a serpent for his symbol and sceptre, and the god of the Waters, with a lobster, crab or turtle for his sign. Contests are sometimes represented between these characters, but usually between the Earth god or the serpent, and the sea, fish or crab god. I give a largely reduced copy of one of these paintings, in which the two characters I have named seemed to be engaged in a desperate conflict, with, however, decided advantage to the divinity of earth.

The horned or plumed snake—*Quetzalcoatl* of Mexico, or *Cuculkan* of Central America again?—appears sometimes, as does a gigantic snail, similarly decorated. Of the latter curious emblem I give a greatly reduced sketch.

Among the numerous articles claiming attention, but which space will not permit me to notice, is a casting in gold-bronze of a pelican, and a trumpet in burned clay, illustrations of the capacities and practices of the ancient people of Chimu, whose tombs tell us that they were advanced in architecture; possessed the metallurgic, plastic and textile arts; that they had a systematized religion, which, in default of a written language, was expressed in symbols; and, in short, had all the elements of a high civilization. There are stories which the graves do not tell, but which are, if possible, more patent and clear, such as the paternal foresight of the Chimu Government; its thorough system and detailed administration, social, civil

and political; its wonderful organization of labor; its prison arrangements and discipline, and a hundred other things. These are told as plainly, and with, perhaps, less room for skepticism, by their monuments, than they could have been by written chronicles.

Abundant proof of a musical taste, vocal and instrumental, is discoverable in the Chimu tombs, not only in the form of musical instruments themselves, but in representations of musicians in the act of performance. Who can doubt the existence of a musical taste when he sees the accompanying illustration, a reduced copy of a painted vase, representing a person singing, and accompanying himself on some kind of tambourine? The whole expression of the face is that which poets have called "rapt, inspired," and which colder critics might designate as that of a man thoroughly absorbed in the sentiment of his song, or with the melody of his own music.

The sepulchral monuments of Central America and Mexico, if not on the whole as imposing as those of Peru, are not less interesting, although from the difference in climate their contents are not so well preserved. Articles of clothing or of wood, which in the dry, nitrous soil of Peru would last for centuries, in the humid regions to the northward would disappear in a very few months. Pottery and articles of stone and metal, nevertheless, remain here in abundance, to testify to the skill and to illustrate the habits and practices of the ancient inhabitants.

The Chibchas, or primitive inhabitants of New Granada, as is shown from the remains found in their graves, had advanced in metallurgy to the degree of smelting gold, silver and copper, and of casting them with some degree of skill. They do not seem to have had a uniform mode of interment; burying sometimes in simple graves dug in the earth, with no indication except, perhaps, a tree planted over them; sometimes in vaults or chambers of wood or stone, covered over by a mound of earth, and occasionally in deep vaults excavated in soft rocks, and closed with a heavy slab of stone. Some of these pits are twelve feet long by eight feet wide, and thirty feet deep, and contain a great number of bodies of the dead. They were probably common or family burying-places. In some of them articles of gold to the value of thirty and forty thousand dollars have been found, and many thousands of dollars in value of golden articles and ornaments still find their way annually to the British and other foreign mints as bullion. I saw more than a bushel of these at one time in the Bank of England.

The articles of gold bear the name of *tunjos*; they are of almost every conceivable form, and are sometimes of very tasteful design. Many seem to have been formed by a double process; the first being to cast a plate of gold of the required thickness, and then, while it was still in a semi-fluid state, to fasten in on it such designs made from golden wire as the fancy of the workman might suggest or his skill achieve. An example is given, which is full size of the original.

More interesting than the *tunjos*, however, are the stone calendars found, at rare intervals, entombed with the priests, to whom the computation of time was assigned in the Chibcha economy. I engrave one of these, never before published, front and reverse. The material seems to be a compact slate. It would be an interesting, but rather tedious undertaking to explain the rude and apparently unmeaning series of signs here represented; but the curious reader, desirous of investigating them, will find aids in Acosta's "History of New Granada," and in Humboldt's "Views of the Cordilleras."

Passing the Isthmus of Darien, we find, on that of Panama, many interesting works of aboriginal art, mostly,

however, in gold—bells, beads, boxes and ornaments, nearly all cast, but a few wrought and engraved. Still higher, and falling within what geographically is Central America, but yet remains a State of New Granada, in Veraguas, we find a great number of sepulchres of the aborigines, many of them rich in relics, and which obtained great celebrity some years ago as the "*huacas* of Chiriqui." Considerable quantities of gold ornaments were found in them, and for a time the region in which they occur was thronged with adventurers from all parts of the world, in eager search for hidden treasures. The amount was soon discovered to be exaggerated, and the "Chiriqui fever" abated as rapidly as it rose.

The so-called *huacas* (the name borrowed evidently from Peru) occur indiscriminately in the plains as well as on the slopes of the Cordilleras of Veraguas, Chiriqui and Azuero, and on the islands off the coasts, and are divided by the inhabitants into two classes, "*Huacas de Pilares*," or pillar graves, marked by rows of upright stones, sometimes carved in imitation of men or animals, and of varying dimensions, and "*Huacas Tapadas*," covered graves, consisting of mounds overlaid by water-worn stones. The deposits, whether of human remains, vessels of pottery, or objects of gold, it is said, are always to be found at the bottom of the grave—which varies in depth from six to fifteen feet, being invariably sunk to the hard substratum of soil—and contained in a rough coffin or box of flat stones, from five to seven feet in length by from eighteen to twenty inches broad and deep.

The pottery and the metal ornaments deposited in these graves are now about all that remain, the bodies of the dead, to whom they belonged, having, in most instances, wholly disappeared, leaving only a trace of black mold. Some of the vases are of good design and material, and they are often accompanied, in the graves of females, by *metalls*, or grinding-stones, coinciding precisely in shape with those now in use for crushing maize for *tortillas*. The golden articles are various in shape—in all cases, I believe, cast, but with certain portions afterward hammered out, or else wrought into shape. All have projections, or are pierced for suspension, and many have evidences of having been worn for long periods. In shape they are generally representations of natural objects, animal and vegetable, peculiar to the region where they are found—but many are grotesque and fantastic combinations of those objects, while a few seem to be mere productions of whim or superstition. They have been so often described and represented that they are familiar to the world, and I accordingly only engrave those in my possession, all of natural size.

The mode of burial in Veraguas does not seem to have differed very much from that practiced among the Chibchas, and the working of gold in Veraguas was substantially the same as in New Granada. In fact, some of the *tonjos* I have seen are not to be distinguished from those of Chiriqui. There is nothing mysterious about the Chiriqui relics, which are clearly identical with those described by Columbus in his voyage of discovery to Chiriqui Lago, and which he states were worn by the chiefs and others, and deposited with them when dead. "Thus it is," he moralizes in his journal, "that all men seek gold; they barter all they can of the produce of their labor for gold. Gold is excellent; with it they lay up wealth here, and they even take it to their graves as a comfort for their souls hereafter. Alas! for the folly of men who know not that gold is only valuable in its use, and not in its accumulation."

A large part of Nicaragua and nearly the whole of San Salvador was occupied by people of the Nahuatl or Mexi-

can stock—and their modes of burial, as well as their other customs and rites, did not differ widely from those of the so-called Aztecs. As a rule, they burned their dead, and, depositing their ashes in vases of almost the exact shape of the human skull, buried them in their houses. Outside of the territories occupied by these Nahuatls, among the independent tribes a system of burial very similar to that already described as prevailing in Veraguas seems to have been common. At any rate, rectangular areas, slightly raised, and set round with upright stones, are frequent, and there are many low mounds covered with water-worn stones, taken from the beds of streams and torrents, called *Volcancitos*, little volcanoes, which, no doubt, are burial monuments.

In the department of Chantales, on the north shore of Lake Nicaragua, great cairns of rough stones, varying from twenty to one hundred and fifty feet long, and of changing width, are said to crown almost every hilltop, and are to be counted by thousands. A few have been excavated, and found to contain cinerary urns, implements and other relics, of stone, pottery and gold. They appear generally to have been surmounted by a pillar of stone, rudely carved to represent the human form. A sketch of one of these, now in the British Museum, is here presented.

When we reach Honduras and approach the centres of civilization which has left its records sculptured on the monoliths of Copan, we find the sculptural relics of the ancient inhabitants corresponding in character with their more advanced condition, and recalling something of the mortuary magnificence of Peru. On a high hill, or headland, rising 600 feet above the valley of Comayagua, and overlooking the city of that name, the capital of Honduras, are the extensive ruins of Tenampua. Or, rather, here are the remains of a great hill-fort, three miles in circuit, supporting on its level area, interspersed among the pines that now overshadow it, a large number of tombs and great terraced mounds, *adoratorias* or high places, for the performance of religious rites. Fortress, temple and cemetery, it was to Tenampua that the inhabitants of the rich valley at its feet could flee in times of danger, and place themselves under the protection of their gods, around whose altars it was their consolation to repose after death. I give a bird's-eye view of a single group of the many religious structures and dependent tombs which are scattered over the whole area of Tenampua. It will be seen that it consists primarily of a rectangular inclosure 300 feet long by 180 wide, containing two large rectangular mounds of different sizes, faced with stone, but each of three stages, and ascended by a broad flight of steps laid on an inclined plain, on its western side. Rectangular mounds flank the entrance, and another forms part of the wall on the opposite side. Beyond, and a little to the right of the inclosure are two long parallel mounds, 140 feet long, 36 feet broad at the base, and terraced on the inner sides, probably to afford seats for spectators of the games or races that took place between them—the two large stones planted on the extreme right probably serving the purpose of a goal.

Interesting as are these remains, my limits forbid going into further explanation of them, and we turn at once to the hundreds of smaller truncated and terraced mounds that rise around them on every hand, like headstones in a crowded cemetery. Some of these are placed symmetrically in groups, as if belonging to a single family, but others stand isolated. Like the temple mounds, they are faced with rough stones, very carefully and closely set together, requiring the use of the crowbar in separating them. Within them the earth is much compacted, these



MYTHOLOGICAL GROUP FROM A CHIMU VASE.



BIRD CAST IN ALLOYED GOLD, FROM CANETE, PERU—HALF SIZE.



EARTHEN FLUTE, HONDURAS.

are many traces of fire, broken pottery, and fragments of calcined human and animal bones, suggesting incineration as the general, if not universal, mode of disposing of the dead among the old occupants of Tenampua. These are disappointing results, but further search will



FIGURE FROM A CHIMU VASE.

disclose to us, nearer the edges of the mound, and resting apparently on the original surface of the earth, numerous vases of elegant design and workmanship, and ornamented in relief, or tastefully painted in brilliant colors. Some bear symbolical and mythological figures, identical with those found in the Central American hieroglyphical MSS. (so-called), and on the sculptured monuments of Palenque. There are flat pans, broad-necked



EARTHEN VASE FROM CHIMU—REDUCED.

and narrow-necked vessels—in fact, vessels of almost every form which the plastic art is capable of producing. I give an engraving of one of these, on which is painted alternate black and white squares, like a chess-board, with a very nicely designed upper border, of bright reds and browns, alter-

nating with white and black. The legs and handles, it will be seen, are gracefully twisted, with strands, so to speak, of different colors. Altogether it is a favorable specimen of aboriginal pottery. In it, among some beads of chalcedony, was a kind of whistle, or rather flute, of



TRUMPET IN BAKED CLAY, FROM CHIMU GREATLY REDUCED.

fine earthenware, in the shape of some imaginary animal, holding in its mouth a projection to which the mouth was applied. The instrument has

four stops or holes, and with a little practice some degree of melody might, perhaps, be extracted from it.

In the north of Honduras, separated from the valley in which occur the ruins of Copan, by the mountains of Merendon, is the long and lonely valley of the river Chamelicon, which, in its upper part at least, is abundant in monuments of substantially the same character with those of Copan itself. Stress of revolution drove me from Santa Rosa, or Los Llanos, the capital of the department, to take refuge in a quiet little Indian village in the Chamelicon valley, called indifferently by the Indian name of Yulpates and La Florida; the latter given to it by the principal *vecino*, Señor Pineda, under whose hospitable roof I stopped. My forced *hegira* from Santa Rosa, where my duties really lay, was compensated not alone by the natural beauties of La Florida and its vicinity, but



MODEL OF AN ANCIENT CHIMU HOUSE—FROM A VASE.

GOLD TUNJO FROM NEW GRANADA—
FULL SIZE.CHICABA CALENDAR STONE—ONE-FOURTH
SIZE—FACE.CHICABA CALENDAR STONE—
REVERSE.

GRAVE PILLAR, FROM NICARAGUA.

by the discovery that the environs of the village and the whole valley far and near were thronged with monuments of the aboriginal inhabitants. I could not, in the limits of an article like this, even if it fell within its scope, give any satisfactory account of my exploration of these remains. Here were the usual characteristic pyramidal structures—which throughout the world mark a certain period of human development—of various proportions and altitudes, and with certain relations toward each other; some faced with cut stones over a core of rough stones, and others cast over with stucco painted in bright colors, and varying design.

One of the most interesting, and to me, perhaps, the most interesting, of these remains was a pyramid, exteriorly ruined, a mere shapeless mass of stones, and grown all over with trees, bushes and vines, in that tangled profusion which no one who has not visited the tropics can possibly appreciate. It was in the depths of the forest, six miles down the river from La Florida. From it had

difficulty that the *major domo* could be persuaded to accompany us to the spot and point out the ruined structure among the dark shadows of the surrounding thicket.

Notwithstanding its dilapidation, I could make out that the structure was terraced, and had been ascended from its east side by a broad flight of steps; that each terrace wall had been surmounted by a kind of cornice; the upper one, the best traceable, consisting of a succession of ornaments, these being cut, each, on a face of a separate



PAINTED VASE FROM TENAMPUA.



GOLD OBJECTS FROM CHIRIQUI.

been taken numbers of sculptures to be built in the walls of the sugar-mill of Señor Madrid, the proprietor of the ground, and the floor of his stable was paved with the hieroglyphical slabs that had once formed part of its casing. It had, I was told, a *subterraneo* or vault, into which no one cared to penetrate, and from entering which the natives shrunk with unaffected dread. It was with

stone. The vertical faces of the terraces appear to have been relieved by carved projecting stones, about three feet long, inserted deeply in the body of the structure. Cornices of the other terraces consisted apparently of reduplications. These all terminated in a figure, which the superstitious people in the region round about took to be a monogram of the Virgin, that is to say, V. M. (*Virgin Maria*), or reversed, A. M. (*Ave Maria*), and venerated it accordingly.

This figure was placed immediately over an entrance on the north side of the quadrangular structure, opening on a level with the ground and flanked by piers, now, however, in dire ruin, and traceable only from their compact

cores of thin flat stones, laid in some kind of cement. The entrance, which appeared to have been about five feet high, by a little over two feet wide, was almost entirely choked up, and it required a full hour of hard work, now tearing away the stones from the firm grip of entwining roots, and anon crushing the pestilent *alaeranes del monte* or uncivilized scorpions, under the iron heels of our cavalry boots, to enlarge the opening sufficiently to enable us to crawl inside. I was first to insert myself, heels foremost, in the dark, dank cavern, holding a lighted candle in one hand.

I had scarcely touched the floor and turned around, while holding the light above my head, before it was extinguished by the flight of numberless bats, which dashed their clammy, fetid bodies in my face, and made a whirr in the sinister vault like that of a flock of birds suddenly disturbed. They fairly darkened the opening through which I had entered, in their sudden rush for the open air. Recovering my self-possession, I fired my revolver as a further incentive to their exit, thereby startling my friends outside, who were convinced that I was engaged in conflict with some wild beast that had its lair in the recesses of the ruin. They were, however, soon reassured, by my voice calling for a light, and one by one gradually projected themselves inside. The vault proved to be about fourteen feet long, and ten feet wide and high, its paved floor being probably four feet beneath the surface of the ground outside. A kind of stone bench, twenty inches high, and half as broad, extended all around, on which were many fragments of broken pottery, probably of cinerary urns, half buried in the excrement of the bats, which filled the air with a stifling odor of ammonia.

The walls were plain, of cut stones very well fitted together, but relieved at intervals, at about two-thirds of the distance to the roof, which was composed of overlapping stones, by sculptured figures projecting boldly from the sides. These were covered over by damp and filth, and withal the place was so dark that we found it impossible to make sketches of them.

Two of these have a singular interest, taken in connection with some of the sculptures found on the tablets of Palenque, and with the subjects in some of the aboriginal paintings. One represents the head of some animal, conventionally treated, but with a projecting trunk like that of the elephant, except in length, in which respect perhaps the sculptor was limited by the nature of his material, for it would be almost impossible for him to represent the trunk in its full proportions, unless in bas-relief, as we shall soon see he did, in Palenque. The only animal indigenous to Central America that has a flexible snout is the tapir; but in this sculpture the snout is as much too long for the tapir as it is too short for the elephant.

The other shows nearly a front view of a sculpture, scarcely to be regarded as that of the head of an animal, but which has a projection curving upward in like manner with similar projections at the angles of many of the ancient structures of Yucatan, and which are supposed to have, for reasons too elaborate to be recounted here, some reference to the elephant.

Waldeck, in his drawings of the monuments of Palenque, gives us what purports to be accurate representations, with every minuteness of detail, of some of the so-called hieroglyphical slabs, found in the inner chambers of the palaces and temples of that ancient centre of civilization, and also of the figures in alto-relief, in stucco and stone, that occur there, one being a kind of *cartouche* or hieroglyphic sculpture among hundreds of others on the same slab, and another a part of the headdress of a

figure in stucco in relief. There is also the headdress of a figure represented in the Mexican (or Central American) painting, known as the "Codex Borgianus," and copied by Humboldt, who remarked that it had "a resemblance to the head of an elephant, or some pachyderm resembling it, but with an upper jaw furnished with incisive teeth." And he asks: "Had the people of America some vague notion of the elephant, or did their traditions reach back to the time when America was still peopled with these gigantic animals?"

It seems also indisputable, from these representations, that the elephant was known to the people who lived in the valley of the Chamelicon, and in Palenque, and who painted the MSS. found in Yucatan, or else they must have had very accurate pictures of the animal, preserved or transmitted from the Old World.

Of the remaining figures, one is a grotesque head, represented full face, and another a very finely sculptured head, not at all exaggerated in proportions or distorted in feature. The ceremony of manhood initiation, corresponding with the assumption of the *toga virilis* among the Romans, was one of the most formal and solemn of the rites practiced by the ancient inhabitants of Central America.

A portion of the rites consisted in leading the candidate, blindfolded, and with many ceremonies, into the "vaults of the mighty dead," the tombs of great warriors, or civil or sacerdotal chiefs, where the mysteries of initiation were completed. These bore a striking resemblance to those of the Masonic rite. The threshold asked: "Art thou pure, that dares to tread on me?" The lintel exclaimed: "Art thou just, that I do not fall on thee?" And the jambs ejaculated: "Wretch, speak truth, when thou art questioned within, or our stony jaws will close on thee when thou seekest to escape!"

Once inside, the candidate was questioned by thirty-two interlocutors—sixteen spirits of the "mighty dead," and sixteen "spirits of the gods"; the first sixteen speaking from their urns, the last sixteen from their sculptured representations—such perhaps as we discovered in the vault on the banks of the Chamelicon. It is interesting to note that this series of questions embrace the substance of the decalogue; that is to say, the neophyte was asked: "Hast thou stolen?" "Hast thou borne false witness?" etc.

If after the preliminary fastings, continuing sometimes for many days, exposures in forest solitudes, and austerities of many kinds, and surrounded by all the accessories of dread, to say nothing of solemn injunctions from parent, priest and chieftain, the candidate responded satisfactorily to every question, he was admitted to the rank, and permitted to wear the insignia of manhood.

Something similar to this prevailed among the North American and less civilized tribes; and among the extinct Mandans, if we may credit Mr. Catlin, it was attended with greater physical severities and more interest than among the Central American nations, whose tombs bear witness to the truth of what their traditions relate and their paintings imperfectly record, of what were the beliefs and the ceremonies, as well as what were the practical achievements, of the ancient peoples of the equatorial portion of the continent, where whatever there was of high aboriginal development was achieved, and which is destined to be the centre of a civilization, which will in the future surpass, as it did in the olden time, all that, in respect of latitude, bounded it on the south or the north. In other words, that the highest development of mankind in America will be on the high plateaux of Mexico and Central America.

A CHILD'S PITY.

No SWEETER thing than children's ways and wiles,
Surely, we say, can gladden eyes and ears;
Yet sometimes sweeter than their words or smiles
Are even their tears.

To one for once a piteous tale was read,
How, when the murderous mother crocodile
Was slain, her fierce brood famished, and lay dead
Starved, by the Nile.

In vast green reed-beds on the vas. gray slime
Those monsters motherless and helpless lay,
Perishing only for the parent's crime
Whose seed were they.

Hours after, toward the dusk, our blithe small bird-
Of-paradise, who has our hearts in keeping,
Was heard or seen, but scarcely seen or heard,
For pity weeping.

He was so sorry, sitting still apart,
For the poor little crocodiles, he said.
Six years had given him, for an angel's heart,
A child's instead.

Feigned tears the false beast shed for murderous ends,
We know from travelers' tales of crocodiles;
But these tears wept upon them of my friend's
Outshine his smiles.

What heavenliest angels of what heavenly city
Could match the heavenly heart in children here?
The heart that hallowing all things with its pity
Casts out all fear?

So lovely, so divine, so dear their laughter
Seems to us, we know not what could be more dear;
But lovelier yet we see the sign thereafter
Of such a tear.

With sense of love half laughing and half weeping
We met your tears, our small sweet-spirited friend;
Let your love have us in its heavenly keeping
To life's last end.

THE OMAHAS.

MISS ALICE FLETCHER, who has spent much time among the Omaha tribe of Indians, laboring for them both morally and physically, recently made an interesting address on the manners and customs of the tribe before a large audience in the lower town hall at Brookline, Mass. She explained the formation of an Omaha camp, with its various "gens," or clans, and the construction of a small model wigwam, placed upon a table in front, which had been made and presented to her by some of her friends among the Omahas. Upon the skins of which it was composed are painted two peace pipes.

In such a tent, she said, every one had his or her particular position. A guest, when entering one, was on no account to pass on the Summer side of the fire—that belonged exclusively to the host and hostess, while guests occupied the back part, which they reached by the Winter side. The wigwam was always erected by the women, and was done with great expedition. The corn, which was done up in small sacks or bags, along with spare old things, etc., in skin packs, was placed on the ground in the back part of the tent, and in such a dwelling she had lived for months and months at a time.

It was against all rules of Indian etiquette to mention any one by name in his or her presence. She herself was rechristened by the Omahas, and was known by a name which indicated an eagle circling round and round high up in the air. Upon asking her Indian friends their reason for thus naming her, she was informed that the

eagle, when on high, could see the day coming long before those in the valley, and that her coming among them was like the dawning of a new day.

The Omahas, Miss Fletcher went on to say, were very expert in beadwork of all descriptions, some of the examples which she exhibited to her hearers being extremely beautiful in construction and arrangement of colors, particularly one or two scarfs of most brilliant hues, all obtained from native dyes.

There were three most important ceremonies in connection with the life of an Omaha Indian. The first was the naming of the child, which did not take place until it was able to walk, when it was taken to one of the sacred tents. There its hair, which had been allowed to grow up to that time, was cut off, its name was bestowed, and it was then allowed to follow its parents home to its own wigwam. Upon arriving at maturity, in the case of a man, he had to go through certain trials of endurance, which were followed by the usual feasting. If a girl, why, said the lecturer, she "came out" into society, as it were, and soon afterward got married. Last of all came the ceremony of death, an instance of which she once witnessed. While the man was still alive, but when all hope was gone, the flaps of the wigwam were thrown back to the fullest extent, and his former comrades, all dressed in their best, sat round, chanting a solemn death-song, while the women of the tribe almost rent the air with their wails. As soon as death had come, the deceased warrior's nearest relative brought out his favorite horse, and shot it in front of the circle of chanting warriors, while his dog was served in the same way. Then everything belonging to the deceased was distributed among the members of the tribe. His widow cut off her long black hair, and threw it on the corpse, which was quickly burned, and soon nothing was left but the spot of charred ground where the fire had been.

In conclusion, Miss Fletcher asked her listeners not to forget that they were dealing with people whose customs were as permanent as ours, and with men and women with feelings like unto ours. The open sesame to the Indian was his child. Let them, therefore, help the Indian child, and in doing that they would be helping him to face the future, where he must take his place side by side with us as a member of the same great family.

A FUNNY LITTLE KINGDOM.

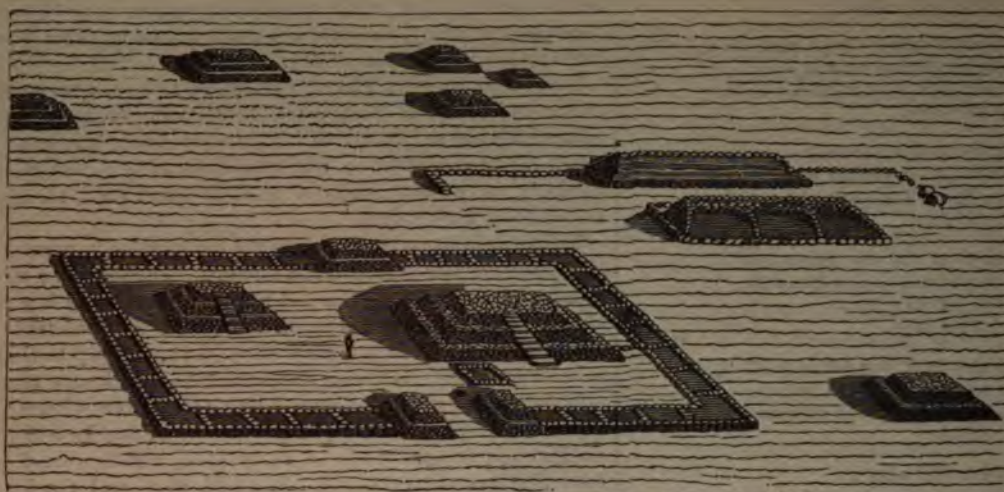
ONE of the quaintest of the many quaint little statelets to be found scattered over Germany is that of Reuss-Schleiz.

The greater part of the kingdom belongs to the reigning sovereign, so that, seeing he has sole executive power, his position, if a little despotic, ought to be a very comfortable one, at least for him, whatever his subjects may think of the matter.

All the princes who belong to the regnant family are called Heinrich. This saves trouble in finding out new names, but is likely to give the local postman a little trouble.

To obviate this, each prince is solemnly numbered the moment he puts his Teutonic nose into the world. Every century these numbers are solemnly wound up, and written off in the family Bible, and with the commencement of the new century the Heinrichs begin at number one again.

The last prince who died, and who was born in 1789, carried tagged on to his name the very respectable number of LXVII, thus hinting that nearly a Heinrich



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TEMPLE-TOMBS, TENAMPUA, HONDURAS.—SEE PAGE 468.

ORNAMENT OF COR-
NICE OF TEMPLE.

CORNICER ORNAMENT.

and a half had blessed Reuss-Schleiz per year for the whole of the eighteenth century.

The public income of Reuss-Schleiz is equal to that of an English draper in a fairly good street, and its population would fit com-



STONE PROJECTION OF TEMPLE.

The fashion of the day favors early rising and the manly "tub"; but those who rise early have, for the most part, set up prodigiously late, and the "tub" is chiefly appreciated because it rouses the system and makes it feel—and feelings are



CORNICER ORNAMENTS OF TEMPLE.

fortably into one of the least populous and smallest of London parishes.

LATE HOURS.—It is a mistake to both rise early and take rest late. The rising early is good as a habit of life, if it does not mean robbing nature of her opportunity to recruit the exhausted strength of brain and body by prolonging sleep when that necessary luxury is at length enjoyed. There would appear, says the *Lancet*, to be some need of remonstrance on this score.

GROTESQUE SCULPTURED HEAD, TEMPLE-TOMB,
HONDURAS.

very deceptive—strong and vigorous. This is burning the candle at both ends. If we must sit up half the night, it would be better to sleep half the day than to rise betimes and go in for arduous labor after insufficient rest. Early rising is not good, but harmful, without early resting.

If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.

Passion transforms us into a kind of savage, and makes us brutal.

ELEPHANTINE HEAD FROM TEMPLE-TOMB,
HONDURAS.SCULPTURED HEAD FROM TEMPLE-TOMB,
HONDURAS.ELEPHANTINE HEAD FROM TEMPLE-TOMB,
HONDURAS.



AN ARTIST'S REVENGE.—"YOUR LIFE SHALL PAY FOR THIS INSULT!" CRIED LORD CREIGHTON, FIERCELY. BUT HIS THREAT WAS POWERLESS. ALREADY THE FACE OF THE ARTIST WAS COLD AND WHITE IN DEATH."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

AN ARTIST'S REVENGE.

An artist stood in rapt contemplation of his own completed painting, while the light of a glorious September sunset struck through the open window upon the canvas.

For many weeks the light had been softened and subdued to suit the progress of the work, but when it was completed, framed, and ready for exhibition and criticism, Gervaise Somerville threw aside the curtain and courted the sun.

It was a painting that could bear even the test of the trying sunset glow—a full-length portrait of Blanche Chalmers, and, as the artist stood gazing upon the work of his own pencil, no observer could doubt that it was a lover worshipping the counterfeit of his idol.

He was not yet thirty, with the soft black eyes of his Italian mother, and the blonde hair and beard of his English father, a complexion fair and pale, and features of peculiar delicacy, especially the mouth, sensitive and expressive as that of a child.

Had he been very poor, this man would probably have starved amid the work of his own fingers, the creations of his own brain, for he was not fitted to cope with the realities of life, seeking ever for the ideal.

But, inheriting from his dead parents a small income, that covered the expense of absolute necessities, he had given his whole soul, his time, brain and energy, to the art he worshipped, living in Italy for nine years, studying, painting, dreaming, till even his fellow-artists wondered that he never came out of the clouds.

It was in Italy he first met Blanche Chalmers—a young widow, rich and beautiful as a dream. One morning spent beside her, as she lavished low, soft praises upon the works in his studio, and the mistress Art, to which he believed his life dedicated, had a rival. Day after day they met. Night after night the dreams of the artist were of the beautiful face, the sweet, low voice, the tender smiles of Blanche Chalmers, till Spring opened, and she left Italy. Then the man wakened from his dream, to know that life was bereft of all happiness, unless he could win an answer to his love.

An invitation to join a party of Summer friends at Chalmers, and a promise to sit for her portrait, were the threads left by Blanche to draw the young artist back to America; and it was at the close of the Summer, in the room set apart for his studio at Chalmers, that Gervaise Somerville stood before the completed portrait, full of pride, love and hope.

Hope; for, not an hour before, Blanche had stood beside him, looking into her own face as in a glass, and spoken words of praise that were encouragement for even his wild, absorbing adoration. Surely she loved him.

She must have seen his love, even in those happy days in Italy, and surely it was because she, too, loved that she had invited him to Chalmers. It had been difficult to see her alone in the midst of her guests, for Blanche Chalmers was careful of the proprieties, and every sitting in the gorgeous studio was properly chaperoned. But how gracefully she had yielded to his desire to wear only the simplest attire, to be painted in soft white draperies, with only a few flowers upon her breast, and in her tiny hands.

"To-night!" Gervaise Somerville thought, as he tore himself from his picture, to dress for dinner—"to-night I will win her promise to be mine for ever. To-morrow, when the guests crowd in here to see my painting, how proudly I will proclaim it the portrait of my promised wife—my peerless angel, Blanche!"

Seated in her boudoir, submitting her wealth of golden

brown hair to the skillful fingers of her maid, Blanche Chalmers was dreaming her dreams.

"To-morrow," she thought, "I will electrify my friends by the news of my approaching marriage. My secret will be a secret no longer, since another will have a right to proclaim it. All this"—and she looked at the luxury around her—"I must resign, and my dearly loved freedom; but my gain will be greater than my loss. I wonder"—and her face grew grave—"how Gervaise Somerville will bear the news? I must avoid an interview to-night, for the man's adoration is becoming burdensome. Nanette!"

"Oui, madame," the maid answered.

"Nanette, is the peach-colored silk finished?"

"Yes, madame; and the effect of the white lace is superb. Madame has such exquisite taste. It is heart-breaking to see madame in such plain white dresses and ribbons as she has worn all Summer, when she has such beautiful dresses from Paris in her wardrobe. And all her jewelry, that adorns her till she is like a star, has lain in their caskets the long Summer through."

"I have been trying childlike simplicity to suit one lover," Blanche thought, smiling. "After to-morrow I will bewilder another in my costliest dresses. Nanette," she added, aloud, "we have a new guest coming to-morrow, and you shall unpack all the Paris dresses, and air all the jewels. You remember Lord Creighton, Nanette?"

"The English milord, madame, who has the superb chateau and the widowed aunt?"

"The same. He is in New York, and writes me he will be here to-morrow. Mrs. Gates has made ready the blue suite of rooms."

"They are splendid; but, oh, madame! do you recall the suite of blue in the chateau? Ah! they were superb, as we see nothing in America. And the great park that was spread under the window, with the deer, and the grand old trees. Ah, the wife of milord will be a happy woman."

"I think so," Blanche said, smiling.

"So young, so handsome, so rich, and with a title, though Americans care not for that! Will milord find a fair wife in America, I wonder?" said the shrewd woman, suddenly calling to mind a few little incidents of the visit to the dowager Lady Creighton.

But she won no confidence there. Blanche had finished her toilet while she talked, and she smiled again with proud consciousness of her own exceeding loveliness, as she stood before her mirror.

In vain Gervaise Somerville sought during the long evening to win one word alone with Blanche Chalmers. His loving eyes noted that she wore the simple dress he loved, and more than once the violet eyes had sought his own with a mute, pleading expression, as if beseeching pardon for devoting herself to her many guests. She sang, and the clear, sweet voice rose and fell in only the songs he loved; but she adroitly avoided the interview she knew only too well he was seeking, and the guests dispersed for the night, with only a few smiles and a warm hand-pressure to repay Gervaise for his disappointment.

There was quite a flutter of excitement at Chalmers in the morning. The arrival of a live English lord by the early train had been duly heralded the night before, and the breakfast-table was fully attended by even the latest risers, while morning-dresses were most carefully selected.

The newly arrived guest was not a Lord Dundreary,

but a tall, handsome man, with a clear, ringing voice, and a genial, hearty manner, who ate with the appetite of a plowman and the courtesy of a thorough gentleman. Before they left the table, Lord Creighton had won the smiles of every woman in the house, and the envious dislike of most of the men.

The event of the morning was the exhibition of Blanche Chalmers's portrait, and Gervaise Somerville, after a few last touches of his curtains, called together the admirers and critics in the studio.

Praises, warm and loud, were heaped upon the artist, until one after another the guests withdrew, to seek other pleasure, and only the English lord and the artist stood beside Blanche, looking at the portrait.

Then with a smile soft and innocent as a babe's, Blanche Chalmers turned to Gervaise Somerville, knowing fully the death-stab she was dealing, but pitiless and cruel as only a heartless woman can be.

"I must let Lord Creighton thank you for your beautiful painting, Mr. Somerville," she said, in her low, flute-like tones. "You shall be the first to hear my secret. The portrait is intended for a gift to my betrothed husband, Lord Creighton, and will accompany us when we return to England."

There was no dramatic burst of anguish, no groan, no shriek. Polite society frowns down such demonstrations.

A moment of deep silence followed the smiling speech, and Gervaise Somerville answered:

"Pray, Lord Creighton, accept my congratulations."

His lordship bowed.

"And," the artist continued, "as the painting is to be seen abroad, may I crave permission to add a few finishing touches? Only a week more to make the likeness perfect."

"It appears to me the work cannot be improved," said Lord Creighton, graciously; "but most certainly you are the best judge of that."

"Then, you will allow me to finish it?"

"Most certainly, if Mrs. Chalmers is willing."

Blanche gave the required permission, and withdrew with her betrothed, thinking:

"I am glad there was no scene. But I fancied that man was actually in love with me!"

And Gervaise Somerville, with a still, white face and steady hands, with a lurid light in his dark eyes, and death in his heart, removed the canvas from the frame, replaced it upon his easel, and spread fresh, glowing colors upon his palette.

The proposed marriage was the theme of every tongue, and it needed but little persuasion to keep the guests together during the short interval before the wedding.

Affairs of importance called Lord Creighton back to England at once, and Blanche had quietly made all her preparations during the Summer for a wedding almost immediately following his arrival.

Just one week more of festivity, and Chalmers would be open for the last time to its present owner, who must resign it on her wedding-day to the heirs of her late husband.

She had told Lord Creighton she must come to him a portionless bride; but she had not confessed, even to him, how accurately she had balanced the wealth and position she resigned against those he offered for her acceptance.

And while the preparations for the wedding festivities were speedily completing; while the lovers sought shady groves for long walks, drove together, sang together, and disported themselves as lovers will, after months of separation; while the guests are preparing bewildering dresses

to grace the nuptials, and the neighboring friends and those summoned from New York were sending costly gifts and delicately tinted notes of congratulation; while cooks and confectioners were preparing a breakfast that was to be the crowning glory of Blanche Chalmers's extravagant entertainment, Gervaise Somerville worked upon his picture with carefully locked doors, excluding even his hostess and her betrothed.

Once Mrs. Chalmers smilingly asked him if he would not like an extra sitting, but he declined it with grave courtesy. Never by word, gesture or look had he reproached her for her broken faith; never whispered to her one word of the burning love he had poured into her ears during the long Summer days.

The wedding was to be at twelve o'clock, breakfast to follow, and the wedding-party to take the three o'clock train for New York—the bride and groom to sail for Europe the last of the week.

Lord Creighton had requested Gervaise Somerville to have the portrait ready to be packed and forwarded by the time the steamer sailed; and had received for answer the information that it would be ready for a final exhibition immediately after the wedding-breakfast.

Odd as the idea seemed, it rather pleased Blanche to have her friends see the exquisite painting before it was packed for transportation; and she graciously invited a select few to join her in the studio at the time appointed by Gervaise.

She was happy, as only a thoroughly heartless woman could be, during those last few hours of her widowhood.

Gervaise Somerville, standing a little apart from the other guests, noted every blushing charm with keen eyes, steady and relentless now in their unfathomable gaze.

In deference to the fact of its being her second appearance as a bride, Blanche was unveiled, and wore a soft fawn-colored satin, covered with costliest white lace. Her own hair, falling in long loose curls, caught here and there with diamond sprays, veiled her ivory shoulders and the long, swanlike throat. Diamonds sparkled upon her wrists and throat and in her tiny, shell-like ears, and soft, girl-like blushes chased each other over her round cheeks as she faltered the solemn words that bound her once more in the chains of matrimony.

The breakfast was over, speeches had been made, toasts drunk, congratulations offered, and the few guests invited to see the painting lingered after the others had made their adieus and departed.

Blanche had missed Gervaise at the breakfast, and smiled to herself, imagining he had gone to complete his work. It was ready for inspection, however, and leaning upon her husband's arm, she led the way to the studio.

Gervaise Somerville was seated in a deep armchair near an open window, his back to the door, and he neither rose nor moved as the bridal party entered the room.

Framed and finished, his revenge stood in the centre of the room, the noonday light falling full upon it. A shriek of horror broke from the bride's lips, and was echoed by the friends around her, while the bridegroom's face darkened sternly.

In the place of the exquisite portrait that had smiled from the canvas a week before, there now met the horrified gaze of the group a hideous Queen of the Lamiae, a writhing but fearfully lifelike creation. The face, shoulders and arms of the portrait were untouched, but below the waist began the twisted folds of a gigantic serpent, in all the gorgeous colors at the artist's command. Coiled upon the roseate-tinted clouds, where the tiny feet and white robes had rested, now tinged with a ghastly sea-green, the horrible Lamiae seemed rising from the sea.

the beautiful face, the extended arms, inviting men to the hideous doom of the mythological siren's victim.

There was a moment of awful silence in the room; then Lord Creighton strode over to the artist's chair.

"Your life shall pay for this insult!" he said, fiercely.

But his threat was powerless. Already the face of the artist was cold and white in death, the limbs rigid, the eyes staring and vacant. One hand still clutched the vial that had held the friendly poison that ended the dreams of love and of revenge.

THE PACK-TRAIN IN THE ARMY.

WHEN the pack-train, as at present used in army transportation, first originated, the writer is uninformed; but it appears to have been introduced by the Spanish into

the like, all carried in on the pack-train, and as complete in every point of comfort or luxury as towns more fortunate in location, where every such thing would be accepted as a matter of course.

The "crosstree," or "sawbuck" pack-saddle had long been used by civilians, and the army in the early days before the war, and nearly every frontier post, has relics of this class of pack transportation still on hand in small amounts. It is still used extensively by prospectors and explorers in small parties, who cannot well afford the trouble and expense of maintaining the more elaborate train, now getting to be so extensively used in the army. It is well fitted for small parties of three or four not having many "impedimenta," is easily packed and cared for, and for light loads requires no especial talent; but for work for large parties or commands it is en-



SELF-PRESERVATION IS THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.

WHAT MAKES CHICKENS COME OUT OF THEIR SHELL, THEY MUST BE SO NICE AND WARM AND COMFORTABLE INSIDE.
"P'RA'PS IT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE AFRAID OF BEING BOILED."

their American provinces, in both North and South America, and we find it in use in their early mining districts in Mexico and Peru, packing in supplies and packing out bullion. From Mexico it passed into California, when that State was a Mexican province, and was used extensively, particularly in the quicksilver mines of New Almaden.

The early pioneers of California and Oregon were not slow to adopt a means of transportation already at hand, and so admirably fitted for its work, and the early days of both States are replete with incidents of pack-trains carrying into the mining towns all the paraphernalia and accompaniments of civilization, so that towns where never a wagon had, or could have, reached, in those days, before roads were built, were fitted out with all the glory and splendor of pier-glasses, fine furniture, billiard-tables and

tirely unfitted; the small amount it can carry, the difficulty of securing a good load properly, without injury to stock, as well as the sore backs resulting from its use in such cases, all are against it for army transportation for large commands, and cause it to be looked upon with disfavor; and though used sometimes, it is mainly for some officer's private pack, or when occasion imperatively demands its use, for want of a better, leaving to the present pack-train gradually to win its way to favor. This has now become such a matter of necessity and convenience that the time may arrive when it will entirely supersede the now cumbersome and slow-moving army wagon, especially for cavalry on long, rapid marches and in rough country, where the army-wagon only impedes the march of the command.

Let me not be understood as underrating the army



THE PACK-TRAIN IN THE ARMY.—A PACE-MULE ENCAMPMENT.

wagon, for no better wagon for army use has ever, and probably never will be, devised. Strong, well made and yet supple, with its train of six mules, it will go anywhere a wagon can go, and no amount of upsetting or knocking and moving about seems to impair its efficiency. The war proved its value, and many a little army would have gone hungry ere this had it not been for them.

The pack-train, as now used, owes its first introduction extensively into army use to General George Crook, who first used it in Oregon when campaigning in that country. When sent to Arizona, his first move was to send for some of his old Oregon packers, and to fit out and organize the trains that afterward did such good service for three years, and rendered the subjugation of the Apache possible. Without the packs they would have been inaccessible in their rock-bound haunts; but with them, no Indian could climb so high but that cavalry, with its pack-train at its heels, could climb higher. The writer has seen cavalry and pack-trains winding their way, now over some high divide, away amongst the clouds and snow, and now climbing down into and across some deep and rocky cañon, where one would think nothing but an Indian or a goat or chamois could travel, ultimately to surprise the Apache, who fondly hoped he had hidden himself far behind impassable barriers, secure from the search of the "paleface invader."

When sent to command the Department of the Platte, General Crook was again the friend of the pack-trains, introducing them there, where, even in the Plains Country, they are invaluable.

With nothing but his pack-train, and, therefore, light and free to go where he willed, he left Goose Creek in 1876, marching north after the Sioux; meeting Terry's command traveling slowly with army-wagons, and poorly organized "pack-saddle" trains, a few mules only being in use, attached to the several companies and managed by the men. The organized pack-train had not then extended that far, and its advantages were but little known outside of a few who had done hard service with it; but now, since experience has proved its value and become its friend, the Departments are becoming well supplied and well organized with this class of transportation; their future operations will probably be abundantly aided by its use, and things made possible for the future that have been impossible in the past.

The non-professional reader may be at a loss to understand in what the difference consists, making the present pack-train so far superior to the old "sawback" pack. The whole lies in the "rigging" used and in the amount and manner of loading. With the old "sawback," canvas panniers, like the big bags now used, the load stowed away in them and hanging away down on the mule's sides, heavy loads are an impossibility, 150 pounds being a heavy load for horse or mule; but in the trains now in use the pack saddle is discarded, and the original Spanish "rigging" used, on which a load of 250 pounds can easily be carried, well up on the top of the rigging, where it will ride well. Strange as it may seem, this old Spanish rigging has not been materially improved by time, but is substantially the same as that in use years and years ago, all modern improvements having proved abortive, and the old Spanish names of parts still cling to it through all the hands it has passed.

The "rigging" consists of the *aparejo*, with its heavy crupper; the *corona* and blankets, the *sovercign hilmar*, the *cinch*, the "sling" and "lash" ropes; the *hackamore*, and last, but not least, "the blind." Not least, for not a mule of all the train would stand to be "rigged up" or loaded without the blind to cover both

eyes, and render her as immovable as though rooted to the ground. True it is that many an old knowing one may flirt the blind to one side and see with one or both eyes; but the blind is there, and by long experience she knows what that means, and remains fast, blinking over the top as grave and solemn as a judge over his spectacles, so long as it rests behind the ears and over the forehead; but take it off, and with a flirt and a kick, away she goes to join the rest of the herd.

The *aparejo* is made of good but not too heavy leather, in the form of two large bags, with a strong connection at the top. Each side is stiffened with ribs of round wood, generally green willow, and all movable, so as to be readily taken out and renewed or adjusted. Green willow appears to be the best, and should not be too heavy, but allow the *aparejo* to be firm and strong, and yet to give a little when it is *cinched* on the mule. A stuffing of good, long, tough hay is placed inside the ribs, making a smooth, even pad to rest upon the mule's sides, and receive all the pressure; wool and hair have been tried, but unsuccessfully, in place of the hay. Nothing; but it appears to answer all the requirements, be easily obtained and renewed, and not mat and bunch together to the injury of the mule. It should be so "set up" as not to bear on the back proper, but all the pressure to come on the sides, leaving the backbone and withers free from pressure of any amount. On the inner face of each *aparejo* two large, round holes, large enough to admit the hand freely, may be seen, and it is by means of these that the stuffing is kept even or renewed, or an adjustment made to relieve the pressure on a sore that may come on some mules, in spite of all care and precaution. The utmost care is needed and exercised to care for the *aparejo*, and here is where the science of packing comes in, and the benefits derived from having good, experienced packers. Almost any one can pack, but not every one can care for the rigging. Woe betide any one, no matter who he may be, who sits down on the peak of an *aparejo*, as it stands on the ground in corral. Be he the commanding officer, even, the pack-master will be very polite, but also very firm in his request "not to sit and break down the rigging."

Under the *aparejo* goes the *corona* or canvas-lined cloth that lies next to the mule's hide. Each one is ornamented with different, and sometimes very fantastic patterns, in various colors, not only to ornament, but to distinguish them; for each complete set of rigging belongs together, and to some particular mule to whom it has been properly fitted. That rigging goes on that mule every time, and on no other. If by mistake—and mistakes happen even in a pack-train—the wrong rigging is placed on a mule, off it comes as soon as discovered, and discovered it will be before all are rigged, and the right rigging is placed on the right mule; otherwise sore backs and sides would invariably occur, and each mule is always in the same perfectly-fitting rigging.

The *corona* is of no great thickness, and other blankets—generally the heavy gray army blankets—are used over them to make sufficient thickness. As these are protected from sweat and dirt by the *corona* and from rain and snow by the *aparejo*, they are always clean and dry, and form the men's sleeping blankets when in camp, thereby saving carrying an extra load of blankets for the packers. In fact, all the bedding of the packers is in use in the train during the day, and forms a part of the paraphernalia of packing. The *haysack*, on which some tired packer sleeps so soundly at night, may be empty tomorrow, and he lying on his blankets alone—the *haysack* being to carry extra hay for the proper stuffing of the

aparejos, and not for his bed. It is liable to be emptied at any time, as the hay is needed for the proper care of the rigging, leaving the packer to do as best he can.

The *sovereign hiltar* is a device of canvas, or other heavy stuff, strongly bound with leather, and with a heavy bar of wood at either end. It is wide and long enough to cover the *aparejo*, and its use is to protect the latter from damage or dirt from the loads. It can be replaced cheaply when worn out, while injury to the *aparejo* would entail more expense. The heavy bars of wood take the strain off *cinch* and lash-ropes, and thereby prevent the breaking in that would otherwise occur.

The *cinch*, a broad, long band of double canvas, has a bar at each end, strongly sewed in, and a long *latigo*, or lace-strap, to pass through holes and over and over each bar. This binds the whole rigging firmly in place, while the crupper in rear keeps the *aparejo* and its load from slipping forward. No breast-strap is used.

The sling-rope holds the load evenly over the peak of the *aparejo*, and as close to the top as possible, while the lash-rope, with its broad bellyband of leather and hooks, binds the load on, forming the "diamond hitch." This hitch is one that has to be seen to be understood, but is easily made "when one once gets the hang of it"; is easily tightened, and is easily removed; three points of importance in a tie that has to be handled as often as do those of the packs, either in packing, in tightening and adjusting continually on the road, and in unloading in camp.

The *hackamore* is simply a modification of the head halter, so made as to draw over the nose tightly when a pull is given to the halter-shank.

In our army-trains—and it is much the same in the large civilian trains—there is the following organization: Our trains run about from forty to fifty packs to a train, often less, but scarcely more. Too many mules make too large a herd to be well cared for as a whole, and too many for one "bell"—an important feature. In every train there is a "bell" horse, or mare, and every train has a differently sounding bell, so that every mule in each train knows its own bell, and no other, and very rarely strays far from its own herd and bell, be it on the march or in camp.

In each train there are generally two men for every ten or twelve packs, a packmaster, a *cargador*, a cook and cook's striker, and two night herders. These all must be mounted, and the whole herd will then number from fifty-five to seventy head of stock, a few extra mules being generally in the herd to replace a broken-down riding or pack-mule.

The packmaster has charge of the entire train, and is the "boss" to whom everything is referred, and who receives and gives orders. He gets \$80 per month and finds himself.

The *cargador* is in charge of the rigging and cargo, and sees that the former is always in good shape and ready for service, and that the latter are properly made up for transportation. This is an important part, as the loads must be so adjusted as to ride evenly, otherwise sore backs will result. He gets \$60 per month and a ration.

The cook and his striker have nothing to do but the looking after the kitchen mule and cooking for the men, one or the other generally riding or leading the bell-horse during the day. The hands ride behind the train during the day, keeping it properly packed and in order. They and the cooks all get \$40 per month and a ration. Formerly they were classed as first and second class packers, and received \$50 and \$30 per month respectively, but now all are classed alike, and receive the same pay.

The mules of a pack-train are generally carefully selected for their special fitness of breed and build for this special service, not every mule being adapted to carrying a load. They should be of low, solid build; short coupled and well ribbed back, and of a good, hardy strain of blood. Some of the packs in use in the Department of the Platte were brought from Arizona, and are of a breed peculiar for their toughness. Bred from half-breed California "bronco" mares and good Spanish jacks, there may be no end to their meanness, but also there is no end to their toughness.

These mules I speak of are the best mules in the trains to-day, and can be depended upon, not only to carry their loads all day, over the worst of trails without a mishap, but also to be full of mischief and ready for a row when they get into camp, being even then about as hard to manage, in getting their loads off, as they were in getting them on in the morning.

Frequent attempts have been made to improvise packs from the large, long-backed, long-legged team-mules that do so admirably well in harness, their proper sphere; but though occasionally imperatively necessary, the experiment has rarely been successful for any continued work, the build of the mule being at fault, and his long legs and long body are unable to stand the strain of his load, and he breaks down soon, to become that most forlorn of all objects—a played-out, broken-down and condemned animal that only a quartermaster's papers would dare call a mule.

That the pack-train possesses advantages not belonging to other means of transportation, I think those who have had experience with both will scarcely gainsay. Where roads are good, and no urgent demand for haste makes everything jump, the army-wagon possesses advantages not to be denied, and by their means and their great capacity both men and officers can have plenty of camp-equipage—stoves, bunks, and blankets, and all that heart could desire in camp.

But even with all this on the wagons, and no packs along, what misery to ride all day in the driving rain, and through the mud, to come into camp, knowing everything is on the wagons, and they won't be up for a good two hours yet!

No help for it but to build a fire, and stand around and wait as patiently as possible until they do come up, and tents and baggage are at hand again, so that camp can be made, every one be again under shelter, and get "warm and dry and clean." Had the packs been along, loaded with the lighter camp equipage and the kitchen of the men and officers, they would have been in camp in fifteen minutes after the command had halted, and in a few moments more every one would have laughed at the storm as all sheltered themselves and partook of a cup of coffee. The long, dreary waiting would not have been, and every one could at once have secured rest from the long, hard march, and acquired fresh vigor for to-morrow's work.

The writer has traveled with both, and has had many an experience like that above described, when, for all the good it did him, his baggage might as well be in Egypt; and many a time has he had a wet back and an empty stomach as he waited for them to be hauled through the mud, to get to camp perhaps by midnight—or perhaps not at all.

In 1877 the cavalry in the Department of the Platte was ordered suddenly to concentrate at Camp Brown—now Fort Washakie—to move out into the Wind River and Stinking Water Country to head off the Nez Percés. No pack-trains were available, all being then in the field east of the Big Horn Mountains, and beyond reach for our use.

Wagons, and plenty of them, were supplied us, and everything went smoothly along until we left the roads and struck across country for the Stinking Water, following a pack-trail made years before by an exploring and surveying party *en route* to the Yellowstone Country and Park. Then the

trouble commenced, and such tumbling and twisting only an army wagon could have stood, until, by dint of hard work, we reached the Boot Creek Mountains.

Here our way seemed blocked, for the trail took a sudden shoot directly over the range, up a smooth, high hill at about forty-five degrees inclination, and with deep ravines on either side, preventing swinging-room for the trains. The

height can well be imagined when I say it took us exactly fifty-seven minutes by the watch to walk down from the crest to level ground on our return march. But up and over this hill the trail led us, and over it we must go with our wagons, or else go on with horses alone, and leave rations, blankets and all behind.

In a driving rain we worked all day, fourteen mules and a company or two of men to each wagon, as one by one they were pulled and pushed to the sum-



THE PACK-TRAIN IN THE ARMY.—PACK-MULES ON THE MARCH.

mit, urged by whips and rocks, and whoops and yells enough to make even an Indian grin with envy.

But we all got to the top, wagons and all, and camped that night on the summit of the ridge in a driving snow and sleet storm. Had we had packs, we would have been miles away from that ridge at night, and not

have lost a day by working at the wagons; and even finally we had to abandon them, and with six days' rations on our horses, we left them behind, and "lit out" for the Stinking Water, to get there in time to fulfill our orders.

And again in 1878, on a scout to the head-waters of the Little Missouri River, we had to abandon our wagon-train, and with our packs marched through rain and driving snow, sleet and mud, and finally, in a driving, blinding snowstorm, marched fifty miles home on the last day, our packs impeding us no more, nor scarcely as much, as our horses.

Many and various are the incidents that might be related of the superior mobility of the pack-train; but enough has already been written to point sufficiently to the matter, leaving Merritt's march to Payne's and Dodge's relief a famous exploit. 'Tis true that wagons also made the march, but loaded this time with men and not rations, except in small amount, and the living loads could



CROSS-TREE OR SAW-BUCK PACK-SADDLE.



PACK-SADDLE PANNIER.



1. Corral. 2. Cinch. 3. Blind. 4. Sling. 5. Lash-ropes. 6. Cinch.

DETAILS OF TRAPPINGS OF A MULE IN THE PACK-TRAIN.



BEHIND THE SCENES—PREPARING FOR A DRESS REHEARSAL.

lighten the teams and transport themselves over the bad places. During the last of that unparalleled march the packs had their rigging on for thirty-six hours, and those same packs carried their loads as rapidly as the command marched, always ready for anything, and are now doing really as good service as though fresh from the stables.

To utilize the pack-train to its fullest extent, not only must the train be well organized and cared for, but the men and officers of the command must be prepared for this peculiar kind of transportation, and have become familiarized with it by service. Although a pack-train can and has carried all manner of things, from billiard-tables to pier-glasses, still it took time and care to do it, and when time is of such moment as in rapid cavalry marches to surprise hostile Indians, or to relieve a beleaguered command, a great deal can be done to facilitate matters by proper attention to their baggage on the part of officers and men, so as not to delay the train by awkward and bulky loads. All tents can be provided with jointed poles to fold in half their length, bedding and blankets can be rolled and lashed in short, compact bundles, and kitchen-boxes made of proper size (23x18x11), and lashed properly. In all these things the company commander can prepare himself and company, and instruct his men before taking the field. Those of experience are rarely caught unprepared, and though they may leave the garrison with wagons, their baggage is compact, and ready to be shifted to mules without inconvenience whenever occasion requires.

Experience teaches all, and the knowing ones have learned to stow away much in a small compass, and it is a marvel to see a camp spring up, as if by magic, from the really insignificant-looking amount of baggage on the trains, and see pots and pans and kettles, dishes, knives and forks, and all kinds of messware, conjured out of a small package that is a stove, as though some sleight-of-hand performer was about.

Comforts, and even luxuries, can be carried on a pack-train by proper attention, and those who suffer have themselves mainly to blame for not having "taken time by the forelock" and providing themselves against emergencies.

In the Summer of 1877 one of our high officials had occasion to make a tour of inspection through the Big Horn Mountains, and though not impressed favorably with pack-trains, necessity compelled him and his party to use them as the only transportation that could go. To test the carrying capacity of the trains, as well as to provide for their comfort, everything was brought along. Tables, chairs, lounges, mess-chests, and an immense cooking-stove, were part of the outfit. The chief packer was on his mettle, knowing the importance of carrying everything safely and well, and thereby proving the boasts that had been made of the utility of his train.

Everything did go, and not a cup or a dish was broken on the entire trip by the transportation. It must have been an amusing sight to look behind and see a powerful mule, laden with the cooking-stove, coming down a steep hill, picking his way as carefully and gingerly as though walking amongst eggs that must not be broken, and an immense bouquet of wild flowers stuck in the one joint of stovepipe left standing out of the box each day by the packers for that very purpose.

That was a royal trip for the pack-train, and Moore, that prince of packers, more than won his spurs when he secured the countenance and favor of our Lieutenant-General by proving himself able to do all, and more, than he ever claimed was possible for a pack-train.

It must not be supposed that pack-train work is all a

romance, or always plain sailing. When everything is fair and pleasant, a good road or trail, and everything tightened up, it looks very nice to be a packer on a good mule, cutting up in rear of a train; and many has been the envious glance of a wagon-driver, working his passage at two miles an hour, as the pack-train went tinkling by at a rapid gait; and many have been the growls of men and officers not understanding the business, and believing the packers had more comforts than they. But when bad times strike the command, and rain and sleet and snow surround it as it plods its weary way along over mud or frozen ground through bad and deep crossings, then the packer's life becomes a burden compared to which the life of teamster or soldier is easy. Work from daylight till dark, and sometimes from dark till daylight, is his lot. Loads becoming loose, and to be tightened when the ropes are stiff and frozen; mired-down mules to get up and help along; crossings to build, and sometimes to pack the load of a fallen and injured mule up a steep hill to where an empty mule can be found, are a few of the drawbacks that make a packer's life not to be understood or envied until it has been tried.

Once in Arizona, in climbing a steep hill amongst big rocks and boulders, a mule lost her footing when near the top, and turned one somersault after another until she was on level ground. Though lying as if dead when the packers got to her, she was but little injured, her load of officers' bedding having saved her; but pack that load up that hill again she would not. In spite of the powerful persuasion applied, she wouldn't budge an inch. The pack-train had gone on, and nothing remained but to unload and even unrig her, and then away she went galloping and braying to catch up with the bell, while the two packers had the delightful (?) job of packing load and rigging up the hill on their own backs. That hill was dubbed "Packers' Delight" on the spot.

Nor does the life and work on the road comprise all the life of a packer. After coming into camp and unloading the camp equipage and baggage, a lot more of loads—ammunition, grain and rations in bulk must be unloaded at the train "corral," the mules unrigged and turned loose, the rigging be looked after and kept in order, and many an odd job done before the beds can be made down, the dinner eaten, and peace and quiet, sleep and rest be the order till morning.

Perhaps this may not be their lot, but an order comes at midnight to pack up and move on suddenly, to go back and help up a wagon-train that has failed to appear, or some other duty that requires their service, and through it all the packers work, little appreciated, except by those who know their patience, kindness and worth, grumbling a little, perhaps—but who would not?—nevertheless, doing the work rapidly and well. Many a man who sleeps warm and dry some stormy night little thinks of the hard work necessary to get his tent and blankets safely into camp, and greater would be the thanks and appreciation of the service rendered were all familiar with the hardships patiently endured and overcome.

It has always been that a successful commander receives the words of praise for his victories, while his subordinates, and especially his patient co-workers in rear, get but little credit with the unthinking multitude. But what might success have become had transportation failed the armies, and suddenly they had found themselves deprived of their supplies in a hostile country, and with an enemy in front ready to seize any moment to retrieve his loss?

In this, our western country, surrounded on all sides possibly by a wily foe, and practically working without a

base, what successes could be gained was the transportation, on which all depend for food, shelter and ammunition, to become demoralized and disorganized? Truly the packer and his train, who shares the same fate, be it for weal or woe, with the command, should have his full merit of appreciation, and come in for some share of the praise when a victory has been won.

In newspapers and journals remarks appear at times rather derogatory to packers and pack-trains in general. Though in a paper of this kind it is scarcely proper to enter into any controversy, justice demands a refutation of these remarks, and the recollection of many kindnesses from the hands of packers, and many comforts derived from the pack-train, during service with them since nearly their first organization, compels me to take the matter up, and give, in addition to the above, a truthful account of the matter.

In speaking of the number of mules needed for use on White River, in the event of a Winter campaign, the remark was made that the packers would not go along unless provided with rations, stoves and tents, thereby requiring six mules additional to each train, and implying that they are more comfortably provided for than the men, and insubordinate enough to refuse to go were these comforts denied them. I beg leave to differ from these statements, and to tell what I have seen in service with them for several years.

As I have shown above, their sleeping blankets form part of the mule's proper rigging, and are put, sometimes two, but generally one, on each mule; there are always pack-covers in use during the day, but not required at night, when all the cargo is piled together and covered with one large sheet; there would be haystacks, anyway, for purposes before explained, whether the packers used them for beds or pillows or not; and rations they must have, for they must eat as well as other men who work less and grumble more; while as to tents and stores, the cook-tent and stove are all they have—except in the bitterest of bitter cold weather—and they sleep out in the open, wrapped in blankets and covered with pack-covers, having not even fires, except it be one general fire by which to lounge, smoke and talk before turning in. Far from taking up six mules, they occupy less in proportion than any of the rest of the command, and are a willing, handy, ready and obedient, and obliging set of men.

Who but the packers—with that veteran packer, Dave Mears, at their head, than whom a better man and packer never stepped—would have got the command across a deep and muddy stream up in the Little Missouri Country in the Spring of 1878? They *all* pitched in, and working waist-deep, and sometimes deeper, in water, gradually built a *sagebrush bridge* across the stream, over which the command went dryshod, or nearly so. With two old dead tree-trunks to form a support against which to pile the brush and keep it from floating down stream, armful after armful of brush was piled and worked in, until the bridge was done and we were all across.

That the packers are a jolly and humorous class, witness the names with which they dub their mules, from some real or fancied peculiarity. Stand and watch a pack-train as it goes by, with some old packer to point out individuals and give their names and characteristics. Here comes "Beecher," a sober, sedate-looking mule, looking good enough to be carrying a load of Bibles to the Utes, but blessed, withal, with wicked propensities. And here comes "Jenny Lind," with voice not quite so melodious, perhaps, but with fully as much compass as that of her namesake. And there is "Ben Butler," with a cast in his eye, and very evidently a sly, deep and knowing one;

though what his politics may be no one was ever able to find out. Over there stands "Duke," a dignified, majestic-looking animal, evidently above the common herd. And here is the "Heathen Chinese," with a long, slim tail, and up to "all the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain"; and so on throughout the train, each named in a comical way, and each knowing and answering their cognomens.

As I've said above, every train has its "bell," and in every train there are always several mules known as "bell sharps," who always stick close to the bell mare, and are never easy or satisfied unless close by somewhere. Once in Arizona the writer saw two mules go tumbling down to certain death, crowded off a steep, narrow trail overlooking a drop of nearly five hundred feet, by a "bell sharp" trying to get by and find the bell—*sharp* enough to take the inside of the trail and crowd the others over, and not be crowded over herself. Other mules are great pets, especially the riding mules, and they follow their riders everywhere, when driven into the rigging, hunting and smelling them all over for the possible piece of bread or lump of sugar.

Many are the scenes and incidents that could be told of the tricks of the mules, and their knowledge of their business when once well broken in. Here comes the herd, early in the morning and scarcely daylight, driving up to the rigging to be got ready for the day's work. Some come soberly and quietly, knowing they had better have it done and over with, while others, younger and more foolish, make a fuss about it, and kick and squeal and plunge about. Here is a mule that dislikes the idea of being "rigged" and *cinched* this cold, frosty morning, and in spite of blind and halter away she goes, bucking and kicking her rigging off, scattering men and mules for the nonce, only to be finally caught and *cinched* extra tight for her meanness.

When feeding grain it is generally put down in piles, one less pile than the number of mules, leaving an odd one to hunt for her own. Such biting and kicking and squealing as the wanderer goes about to find some weaker mule and seize his pile! And one after another in turn becomes the wanderers, until every kernel is hunted out and eaten, and every mule gets about a fair share.

And in unloading and unrigging in camp all hands are at work, might and main, to get it done as speedily as possible. Not much trouble then to catch them up, but they crowd in, and, one by one, back themselves around, as though to say, "Here, take my load and rigging off, and let me go and roll"; and when the last hitch is loose and the mule free, away she goes with a kick and a bray, to hunt some good spot and roll and stretch and roll again, then a good shake and away to graze.

And on the road, here's a load unloose, and down go two packers nearest at hand, to head off and catch the mule. Away she goes, and a merry dance she sometimes leads them, to finally stop short and look around, as much as to say, "Anything wrong with my load?" The blind goes on, the ropes fly loose, the load is adjusted and *recinched*, and away goes the mule to the herd again, while the packers find their mules, trained to stand with the reins thrown down, and are galloping to catch up.

When lying in garrison or depot, and away from field-work, the packers are by no means idle. Then it is that new rigging has to be made, old rigging repaired and set up, and the damages of a campaign looked after, new mules be broken in, and many things be constantly attended to, to keep ready for a move at a moment's notice, and not be found wanting.

The cost of pack-transportation is its greatest drawback.

On the average six mules will pack from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds, while those same mules might haul, in an army-wagon, and over a fairly good road, 4,500 pounds. Good pack-mules cost rather less than team mules, varying from \$90 to \$125 in price, as against from \$125 to \$150 for the teams. But cost for cost, counting rigging and men's wages, they cannot carry nearly as much, in proportion, as could be hauled for the same money; and, when roads are good and necessity does not demand it to be otherwise, the army-wagon will keep its place of importance. As an auxiliary, and for cavalry especially, it is not to be counted by its cost, but by the work it does, that otherwise would be impossible; the gain in the end, by its use, more than compensating for the extra expense.

Science and the world at large as well as the army are considerably the debtor to the pack-train. By its aid many points of interest and importance have been found, not only in the early mining days in California and Oregon, but in later days in the explorations and surveys so well conducted by Wheeler and his subordinates in Utah, Arizona, Nevada, Colorado, and New Mexico. With his apparatus specially fitted for the work, he has penetrated where man has scarcely been before in search of knowledge, doing work and making discoveries of the utmost importance in a scientific point of view, and exploring and mapping a country that would long have remained unknown but for the packs.

His work may not show as of much importance to the casual observer, but to the scientist, and to those who have to live and travel in the country he has explored, his maps and data furnish important information without which a march or scout would be a tedious and difficult matter.

And is not our little army doing good work by aid of the pack, whether it be in hunting savage Indians, or in the more quiet and peaceful work it sometimes has on hand of escorting civilian explorers and railroad survey-

ors? Each foot of new country traveled by the army is so much added to our stock of geographical knowledge, and as a result, where once, and but a few years ago, the "Great American Desert" was laid down as a *terra incognita*, now it has become known and settled, and perhaps better mapped than any other country in the same time. Scarcely a nook or corner but has been penetrated, and notes taken for mapping purposes, all rendered possible by the pack-train. By its aid the bounds of civilization

are daily becoming more and more extended, and little settlements are springing up in places that would have slumbered peacefully for years in Nature's simple garb had not the pack discovered and proved their value.

In the newer portions of our country, where the difficulties are understood, the pack-train meets with its full merit of praise and appreciation, and where it is being introduced and familiarized in the army it soon finds warm and lifelong friends. Its comparative newness, and the conservatism of higher officials, as well as its expense, long acted to its prejudice in its general adoption; but "time changes all things," and in time its importance and value will become more and more recognized as more and more experience is gained in its use.

What New Yorker or army officer of Eastern experience but would stare with surprise at his first introduction to its ways and looks,

not appreciating, for want of experience, the necessity for such an elaborate and costly means of transportation? But the world moves on—innovation and improvement are the order of the day, and are gradually but surely breaking down the conservatism of the past, and the work that has been done in our Western country, teaching our army its own capabilities and necessities, may in the future more than repay for the outlay and trouble.

May the time soon come when plenty of pack as well as wagon transportation will be in use, and the cavalry be thereby made the rapid, dashing, far-reaching arm it



GENERAL VIEW OF THE "PETER BOTTE" MOUNTAIN, MAURITIUS.
SEE NEXT PAGE.

should be, almost independent of a base, and able to penetrate anywhere, whether in rear of hostile armies in our possible future wars, or into the chosen haunts of the wily savage.

AN ASCENT OF THE "PETER BOTTE" MOUNTAIN, MAURITIUS.

PRE-EMINENT among the hundred peaks that encircle the central plain of the volcanic island of Mauritius is the "Peter Botte," 2,675 feet high. It is famed for its inaccessibility and extraordinary shape, its steep conical summit being surmounted by a knob, in shape like a peg-



THE "LADDER ROCK."

top standing on its peg. Its quaint name was given by the first of the many owners of the island, the Dutch, to commemorate their Admiral, Peter Botte von Amersfort,

who was shipwrecked and drowned off the coast hard by its base.

An attempt was made by the officers of the *Samarang* to scale the mountain, but they lost their way, and found



THE LAST CLIMB.

themselves separated from the Peter Botte itself by a deep, rocky chasm, and were forced to abandon the attempt.

In 1831 Captain Lloyd made the attempt, and reached a point between the neck and shoulder, where he planted a ladder, but it was not long enough.

In 1832 he repeated the attempt with Lieutenant Philpotts, the Hon. Lieutenant T. Keppel, and Lieutenant Taylor. They sent negroes and convicts to the base with tents, ropes, ladders and all needed for a stay of some days.

From most points of view Peter Botte seems to rise out of the range which runs nearly parallel to that part of the seacoast which forms the Bay of Port Louis; but on arriving at its base you find that it is actually separated from the rest of the range by a ravine, or cleft, of tremendous depth. Seen from the town (as you will perceive by the sketch), it appears a cone with a large, overhanging rock at its summit, but so extraordinarily sharp and knife-like is this, in common with all the rocks

on the island, that when seen end on, as the sailors say, it appears nearly quite perpendicular. In fact, I have seen it in fifty different points of view, and cannot yet assign to it any one precise form.

The head, which is an enormous mass of rock, about thirty-five feet in height, overhangs its base many feet on every side. A ledge of tolerably level rock runs round three sides of the base, about six feet in width, bounded everywhere by the abrupt edge of the precipice, except in the spot where it is joined by the ridge up which we climbed. In one spot the head, though overhanging its base several feet, reaches only perpendicularly over the edge of the precipice, and, most fortunately, it was at the very spot where we mounted.

"Here it was," says Taylor, "that we reckoned on getting up; a communication being established with the shoulder by a double line of ropes, we proceeded to get up the necessary *matériel*—Lloyd's ladder, additional coils of rope, crowbars, etc. But how the question, and a puzzler, too, was how to get the ladder up against the rock. Lloyd had prepared some iron arrows with thongs to fire over; and, having got up a gun, he made a line fast round his body, which we all held on, and going over the edge of the precipice on the opposite side, he leaned back against the line and fired over the least projecting part. Had the line broken he would have fallen 1,800 feet. Twice this failed; and then he had recourse to a large stone with a lead line, which swung diagonally, and seemed to be a feasible plan; several times he made beautiful heaves, but the provoking line would not catch, and away went the stone far below; till at length Æolus, pleased, I suppose, with his perseverance, gave us a shift of wind for about a minute, and over went the stone, and was eagerly seized on the opposite side.

"Hurrah, my lads! steady's the word! Three lengths of the ladder were put together on the ledge, a large line was attached to the one which was over the head, and carefully drawn up; and finally, a two-inch rope, to the extremity of which we lashed the top of our ladder, then lowered it gently over the precipice till it hung perpendicularly, and was steadied by two negroes on the ridge below. 'All right; now hoist away!' and up went the ladder, till the foot came to the edge of our ledge, where it was lashed in firmly to the neck. We then hauled away on the guy to steady it, and made it fast; a line was passed over by the lead-line to hold on, and up went Lloyd, screeching and hallooing, and we all three scrambled after him. The Union Jack and a boathook were passed up, and old England's flag waved freely and gallantly on the redoubtable Peter Botte. No sooner was it seen flying than the *Undaunted*, frigate, saluted in the harbor, and the guns of our saluting battery replied; for, though our expedition had been kept secret until we started, it was made known on the morning of our ascent, and all hands were on the lookout, as we afterward learned. We then got a bottle of wine to the top of the rock, christened it King William's Peak, and drank his majesty's health, hands round the Jack, and then 'Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!'"

It was subsequently ascended by Lieutenant Giviney in 1848; and by Mr. Boynton in 1853; and by Captain Johnston in 1865.

In November, 1878, I went to the top, accompanied by a friend, ours being the first ascent ever made by so small a party without a guide.

We started at early dawn from a sugar estate near the foot, a party of six, A—, M—, myself, and three of my Indian servants, who had volunteered to come. Our preparations had been but few, consisting only of a rough

bow and arrows, a coil of rope 150 feet in length, and one-half inch thick, a ball of stout thread and some string.

The path first lay through sugar-cane fields, then up a gorge in the steep mountain-side through the virgin forest. It was slippery work, for light showers fell frequently during the whole morning. The path, which had been made by charcoal-burners, did not help us long, and after it failed we had to tear our way through the tangled vegetation. Sometimes a fallen giant of the forest, slowly rotting, blocked our way; then we would have to squeeze through crowded trunks, or creep cautiously over the steep, bare patches of rock.

Not a sound broke the silence when we stopped to recover our breath save the continual shrill cry of the "cicala," or the scream of the "paille-en-queue," a black-and-white bird about the size of a gull, who has a single narrow tail of feather some fourteen inches longer than the rest.

Trailing ferns hung from every crevice, tough vines bound tree to tree, orchids drooped from the branches, whilst high overhead the tree-trunks supported the black, shapeless nests of their deadly enemies, the white ants.

Gradually our path became more rocky, and soon we found ourselves in the dry bed of a torrent. Here those ahead had the best of it, for at almost every step big stones were loosened, which came crashing down, causing all below to perform sudden gymnastic feats to get out of the way at the warning cry, "Hi! look out."

Many a hearty laugh we had at the way we dashed aside, or swung ourselves up by vines and branches. There were some narrow escapes, too, for big stones are awkward customers when they are set rolling down-hill.

The dense vegetation gradually thinned down to grass, with a few stunted bushes, as we got higher, and a little more stiff climbing took us to the top of the gorge, from the bottom of which we had started. It ended in a sheer descent to the Vallée de Prêtres, 1,500 feet below.

A glimpse could be occasionally caught of grim old "Peter Botte's" knob, high above us, when the mists cleared away a little.

We now clambered along a ledge a few inches wide, with a nearly sheer descent on one side to a shoulder 340 feet below the top, from which a ridge appeared to lead up to the summit. Here the really difficult part of the ascent commenced, and, as it would have been impossible to scale the rocks in leather boots, we changed them for tennis shoes, which have a much better hold.

The ridge was only a few feet wide, and on either side awful precipices fell away. The first and worst obstacle was the "ladder-rock," a nearly vertical and smooth surface some twenty-five or thirty feet high and a dozen feet wide, overhanging the cliff on one side and cleft down the middle.

For some minutes we examined this, and then M— declared he had not the strength to go further—"No, not even if we put a rope" for him—and, being the father of a family, he was right not to risk his life.

My Malabar servants had not the courage to attempt this rock, and deprecated my anger by "Monsieur, j'ai peur." However, turning back was not to be thought of, but we regretted that we had not brought a pole such as had been used before to assist the climb.

I jammed my left foot firmly into the cleft, and by this means, aided by various inequalities in the rock, managed to climb nearly to the top. Here, to my horror, I could find nothing to help me higher except a rotten tuft of grass.

For a few seconds I considered if it were possible to descend, but feeling that my limbs were beginning to

tremble, I made a frantic effort; the grass held more firmly than could be expected, and I soon stood in safety. A—— quickly followed, and apparently with less difficulty. No. 2 sketch, taken from the shoulder, will give some idea of this rock, and the attitude we were forced to put ourselves in to get a firm hold.

The "Saddle," a steep knife-edge, had now to be crossed, and soon after we got up another place nearly as bad as the "Ladder Rock," but not so high. A few more minutes of breathless climbing and we reached the "Neck."

This is a curious place, carrying out my first idea of the resemblance the "knob" above bears to a peg-top standing on its peg, the peg being nearly encircled by a level, narrow band of turf, roofed by the overhanging mass, and bounded by sheer descents.

Further than this neither man nor monkey could climb without a rope, so perching myself on a convenient ledge, as near to the windward side as I could get, I shot an arrow with a fine thread attached to it over the rock, which is thirty-eight feet high. It was blowing what the sailors would call "half a gale," and the wind whisked the light thread far away from the "knob."

Time after time I repeated the operation, finding it very difficult to arrange the thread so that it would run out at speed without a hitch. After vainly trying for two hours and a half, the thread at last rested just on the sloping edge of the rock. We made fast a string to the thread, and carefully hauled it over; then the rope was got across by means of the string.

There was too much danger of the rope slipping to climb it while hanging straight down, so we made it fast round the rock on the opposite side to that from which it hung. A glance at the third sketch will make this clear.

A—— now tried to get up, but finding the rope likely to slip, he came down double quick, and we tightened up the rope still more. It was by no means an inviting climb, thirty feet hand over hand, up a rope thinner than my little finger, and which stretched across the rock in a slanting direction, besides which there was a chance of its slipping, and the point it rested on overhung a precipice, some 200 or 300 feet deep, so that a fall would have been certain death. A—— pluckily tried it again, and reached the edge of the top of the rock this time, but so exhausted that he could not raise himself on to it, and he was obliged to come down, much disheartened.

I then tried to scale it, saving my strength as much as possible for the final struggle. On reaching the edge my heart seemed to stand still with fear, for it appeared as though the slightest forward pull must cause the rope to slip off the sloping surface altogether, and hurry me into eternity.

Other fears coursed through my brain with lightning-like rapidity; I saw that the thin rope was frayed by the edge of the rock, and I knew that its slanting position already took away from its strength. Besides, rain was falling, which, of course, made the rope shrink, and added materially to the strain.

I rapidly considered whether it would be better to slide down or to try and struggle up, and decided immediately on the latter. It took a desperate effort to get my knee on to the edge, and with two fingers squeezed under the rope where it crossed the top, I raised myself a little; for a few seconds I trembled in the balance, and then fell forward helplessly on my face on the top, exhausted by excitement and exertion, but jubilant.

The first thing to do was to place the rope in a less perilous position. To do this, A—— had to untie my knots;

here a new difficulty arose, for not till then did I discover that A—— *did not know how to tie them again!*

There was such a strong wind blowing that it was almost impossible to make him hear a word; and to see him was about as difficult, for he was thirty-five feet away underneath me, with the mass of the rock between us. There was I in midair, with my single slender connection with the outer world severed.

I have had to teach before, but never did I put my heart more into it than when I lay face downward, with my head and shoulders beyond the edge of that overhanging rock, and shouted directions to A—— at the top of my voice, for dear life's sake.

It was a giddy situation, for more than 2,000 feet straight below me lay the smiling canefields of Pamplemousses stretching away to the ocean.

In three-quarters of an hour the two "half-hitches" were tied, the rope properly fixed so that it could not slip, and A—— stood beside me on the little platform, some twenty-five feet by fifteen feet. It was just like being in the car of a captive balloon as the clouds came sailing by, and nothing but air, vacant air, on every side.

When the sun came out we had a magnificent view of the whole island. To the north the mountains fell sheer down to the plains, which sloped gently away to the sea, and in the distance a strangely-shaped group of islands stood out. Round Island, Flat Island and Gunner's Quoin appeared to be set in the air that day, for sky and water passed into one another without a dividing line.

The greater part of the island lay to the east and south, and was on a higher level. It looked like a great green garden divided into small patches, with here and there a dark group of trees, or the smoking chimney of a sugar-mill. Winding about were darker green lines, betraying the course of the numerous streams, which all flow at the bottom of steep, wooded ravines.

The view was bounded southward by the bold Chamarel and Black River Mountains, five and twenty miles away, while nearer rose the fantastic outlines of the "Trois Mamelles," the "Rempart" and the "Corps de Garde," with its wonderfully exact profile of a recumbent French soldier.

Close at hand, and one of the same range as the "Peter Botte," was the "Pouce," its top just the shape of a thumb, and very characteristic of Mauritian scenery, for it is visible from almost all parts of the island. Dotted about among the canefields small black volcanic cones peeped up here and there, looking very much out of place.

Westward, between the "Pouce" and the sea, we could distinguish the town, narrow harbor, lagoons and islands of Port Louis, the capital. In the harbor and roadstead were at least 150 ships, which gave us some idea of the trade and wealth of this little island.

As we sat quietly enjoying the scene, and idly scratching our names, after the invariable fashion of Englishmen, on a sheet of lead we had brought up on purpose, a lizard came out from under a stone and basked in the sun; what brought him to such a place I cannot imagine.

Turning over another stone we discovered a small white scorpion, the only venomous reptile in the island, except centipedes. This one, however, was harmless, for he was quite dead, I should say probably from starvation.

We erected a cairn to protect our leaden record, and tied a flag to a pole, which we firmly fixed on the top, as a proof that we had succeeded in our attempt.

The ascent altogether occupied four and a half hours, most of which was spent in getting the rope over the knob. We descended without much difficulty, and with little danger, being greatly helped by the rope. I got it

round a projecting stone above the "Ladder Rock," and went down, holding both ends in my hands; and we easily got the rope off afterward by pulling one end.

The heat in the forest was frightful, for the wind had dropped entirely, and it was past midday; so it was no

wonder that when we got to the bottom of the mountain we were nearly exhausted. A crowd of Malabars collected round us at the Sugar Mill and Indian camp, which kept my three servants busily engaged relating more or less exaggerated accounts of our exploits.



"THE YOUNG TEAR VERY SOON WILL BRING HER LOVELIEST BLOSSOMS, PURE AS LIGHT."
SEE POEM ON PAGE 502.



ON A FIELD ARGENT, A SWAN AZURE.—"TO CATCH HIM IN MY ARMS; TO DISCOVER WHAT A LIGHT WEIGHT A BOY MAY BE, AND YET HOW HEAVY FOR A GIRL OF FOURTEEN TO LIFT—THIS WAS WHAT I ACCOMPLISHED."

ON A FIELD ARGENT, A SWAN AZURE.

I WAS fourteen, and Lillie, my only sister, sixteen, when the letters of our married brother—we were all orphans—announced to us that we were to "finish" in Paris, which did not mean that we were to die there; if it had, Lillie, for one, would not have liked the prospect, being in that blissful state produced in the human mind by the, to me, at that time, perfectly absurd passion of love.

"What larks!" as queer old Joe, of "Great Expectations," has it, what exceedingly lively larks I habitually indulged in at that time, *apropos* to Lillie and her beau! How I used to torment her, for instance, by rushing into her room and declaring that I had seen the lieutenant—it was buttons that did the business in Lillie's case—

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walking with some other young lady, or by reading out of the newspaper, suddenly and without warning: "Ordered to Shanghai, or Siberia, Lieutenant Berrian!" Sometimes I would slyly suggest that our intimate friend, Madeline Hyle, a weeping-willow sort of young person, who believed that love killed people, had become enamored of the wondrous and beautiful officer, and that friendship demanded that she should give him up to her. How would she feel, I would ask her, when she saw Madeline in her early coffin, and me, with my hair down my back, weeping beside her? On various occasions, I remarked that the lieutenant had never told his love till he had ascertained positively that Lillie had inherited a

silver coffee-pot from a departed aunt, and that, had he been aware of the fact that I had, at the same time, fallen heiress to an entire dinner-service, he would have transferred his affections, beyond a doubt, to me. But I think my crowning wickedness as regards poor Berrian—afterward, as a matter of course, my brother-in-law—was a little fiction which I got up about having heard him murmur, when contemplating his snowy brow in the mirror of our reception-room, "Alabaster, by Jove!" which fiction would have had more force had Berrian not been the least vain of possible men.

"Ah, Miss Edith," he would say to me, shaking his good-natured head, "I always feel, when I come in your way, that there is no rest for the wicked!"

My passion at that time was walking, and had I not walked one particular day into the Union Square, this story would not have happened.

Lillie that morning had taken a fancy for a walk with Madeline Hyle and me. We were all talking about a wonderful performance which we had witnessed the night before.

There had appeared upon the stage at N——'s Theatre, about fifteen minutes before the beginning of the pantomime, eight men, clad in the conventional acrobatic dress. Four had taken in hand a board, which they had rested upon their heads, on which were placed small cushions. Upon the board then vaulted four more men, who upheld a second smaller board, and whose heads were also cushioned. Upon this board two more men then stood, facing each other, and holding upon their hands a tiny stool. It was not comfortable to look at the pyramid thus formed, whatever it might be to stand as part and portion of it.

At this moment, at the side scene, there appeared two more men—these were in black coats, and seemed to have been earnestly endeavoring to look like gentlemen—leading by the hand one of the most exquisitely beautiful children—a boy—that human eyes ever looked upon.

The child's large, seraphic eyes, full of sadness and apprehension, gazed about him. Soft curls of the darkest brown gathered about his small white throat, and framed his perfect face. What, we asked ourselves, in a kind of agony, was to be done with this beautiful being? To what deadly peril was this young life, so poetic in its outward evidence of the soul's beauty, about to be put? We clung to one another in terror. And it was not uncalled for. For, to the summit of the perilous pyramid, formed by the added height of these tiers of men, piled one upon another—up far above their heads, and even upon the fragile stool that the uppermost group of men held in their united hands, the boy was made to climb, till he stood upon it; a pathetic sight if ever the angels looked on one, in the weakness of his almost infancy and the sadness of his terror.

Think, O mothers of happier children, what sufferings had brought him to this!

There was great applause, but it had been preceded by a murmur of disgust, and then the groundlings had it their own way. Lillie was pale as her namesake flower, Madeline was trembling, and I—I do not blush to admit it—I was crying. I had discovered that I must either cry or choke, and I had preferred the first.

The child, clinging to the corners of the boards in his descent, and jumping, at last, from them into the arms of the two black-coated men, who had walked backward and forward beneath the human pyramid during his perilous ascent and descent, was carried away, after being greatly applauded once more, and kissed, *before the curtain*, by his tormentors. We went home. We grieved over him

all the way, and I dreamed of him all night. Sometimes it seemed to me that I was catching him as he fell; then again I would see him dead, with his blood scattered over the stage where he had fallen. Then again I fancied that I witnessed the beatings and threats that must have been brought into play before the little child of six could have been made to go through with such a performance.

What romantic schemes I formed the next day about that boy! We each—Lillie and I—had a neat little property of our own, and could do what we pleased with it when of age. I, therefore, being fourteen, "and of sound mind," as people say when they make their wills, mentally made mine in favor of the small boy—"Petit Pierre," the playbill called him—whom I determined to *adopt*, and for whose sake I quite made up my mind *never to marry*. The only question which rose to mar my romance was how to get at him.

This was precisely what we were discussing when we all entered Union Square, Lillie and Madeline scoffing at my quixotic project, but approving, of course, its motive. Girls' hearts are true!

Suddenly my eyes fell upon a singular group. The most important person in it, to me, was Petit Pierre, no longer in acrobatic tinsels, and with him a man and woman of most repulsive appearance. Muse of the dance! what faces! Doré's "*Saltimbanques*" comes the nearest to them of anything I can remember. Vice had marred what in the woman might once have been beauty, and made the original ugliness of the man appear more hideous. And the boy—the angelic boy—like a seraph between two demons, looked out upon the crowd with his pleading, piteous eyes, unanswered by compassion from any.

I whispered to Lillie and Madeline to keep me in sight, but not to interfere with what I might do. I am aware that, in consequence of what I *did*, I shall now be looked upon, even by the unbiased reader, as little better than a romantic idiot, but that cannot, at this period of time, be helped, and I can only ask to be treated with a moderate degree of forbearance.

I followed the man, the woman, and the child, who were now emerging from the Square. Lillie and Madeline kept at a short distance behind me. Presently I saw them turn into Sixteenth Street. I followed, still not near enough to excite their attention. The boy at last caught sight of me. I smiled at him, and made him a rapid sign, and with that precocity of intelligence which suffering creates, he comprehended that I wished to take him from his companions—to rescue him!

Pretty bold! you will say, but I am telling my story, or, rather, Petit Pierre's story, and I am not going to stop to argue.

I followed along Sixteenth Street; the infantile *Machia-velli à qui jadis à faire*, to wit, Petit Pierre, seeming not to notice me. The man and woman, still leading the child, now turned along a cross-street, and in that street, near one of the avenues, entered a house. It was wretchedly ugly and abominably unclean.

I began to be somewhat alarmed and sick at heart at the prospect of entering a hole which was reeking with incipient fever and the vapors of death. But just as I was becoming discouraged, I saw, emerging from the house and taking the direction of a neighboring tavern, the ignoble-looking couple, unaccompanied by the child.

There is a beauty and mystery about female nerves. I give it up! I do not know why they sometimes give out and sometimes hold on.

Mine did not give out on this memorable occasion. I plunged into the house, up the horrible stairs, then

entered—still *plungingly*—a disgusting room, which looked as though all the vermin in the city was bred there, but in which I saw—a star amid the gloom—Petit Pierre, and alone.

To catch him in my arms; to discover what a light weight a boy of six may be, and yet how heavy for a girl of fourteen to lift; to plunge down as I had plunged in; to hide the darling as well as I could, and then to run—I think I ran six blocks before I gave it up, during which Petit Pierre had not uttered a sound; to discover that Madeline and Lillie had lost me, or rather I them; to subside from a run into a walk; to finally, in triumph, hail a convenient cab; to enter it and reach home, but not till after the distressed companions of my exploit had attained that haven—all this was what I accomplished in considerably more time than it takes to relate it.

Well, he was a stolen child.

"You stole him, at all events," says the reader.

Stolen before that, I mean. We discovered, peeping out from his jacket—ah, what ignoble rags he was clad in!—a ribbon, to which hung the tiniest book I ever saw, in a tinier morocco case, and with it a tiniest magnifying-glass, by the aid of which we deciphered, on the fly-leaf of the book, in heraldic figures, a swan azure, upon a field argent, and, beneath, the motto, "*Ici mon sygne*" (signe).

* * * * *

At the beginning of my story I have told that we had received a letter from Victor, our married brother, summoning us to come and "finish" in Paris.

Now, Petit Pierre being a French boy, we having the slight clew of the book and its motto, what better could happen than that we should set off at once for France, his country?

"*E! maman?*" That was the burden of all Petit Pierre's talk.

"*J'enc voir titi maman*"; that was the sum total of his baby-talk, for the terrible gibberish with which he entertained us was not like the talking of a child of six.

Yet, what precocity of perception evinced itself at all times! How quickly he had understood that help had reached him when he had seen my gesture in the square, as I endeavored to convey to him the idea that it was my intent to take him away from those who possessed him! Pain, suffering both moral and bodily, had brought his childish mind to concentrate itself upon one thought; the hope of rescue, the hope of seeing again "*Titi maman*!"

We had a great deal of trouble. Let it not be thought that he, or she, who steals away a child, even from "humans," in the shape of fiends, or fiends in the shape of "humans," has made herself a bed of roses.

An advertisement appeared, then another, announcing the disappearance of the child. One of these was in a French paper, and very threatening. That worthy portion of the "*Troupe Ligier*" who had had possession of Petit Pierre—the man Garnier and his wife—accused the unknown thief of a desire and determination to "*exploiter*" the talents of the boy whom they were not cunning enough to call their son. It would have been a lie on the face of it, but it would, I admit, have staggered me had I really for a moment supposed that I had deprived parents, however base, of their offspring.

I presume that the poverty of Garnier and his wife prevented the continuance of efforts to recover Petit Pierre. They had not held a Golconda in the possession of Petit Pierre, though they had thereby averted starvation. At last the "*Troupe Ligier*" departed, and the city saw them no more.

On the 10th of June, 1860, a hilarious party, consisting of Lillie, our guardian, Mr. Ainsworth, and his wife—or

as we called them "Guardy" and "Auntie"—and myself, sailed for Paris in the good steamer *Ariel*.

Petit Pierre seemed to be aware that he was approaching that home, that France, where he had left "*Titi maman*." We dared not, it is true, excite hopes too dear to be shattered; still we ventured once in a while to whisper something which the lovely little creature treasured up, and on which he would sit pondering, with his wise and wondrous eyes full of dreams.

One day a lady appeared on deck with a hat from which hung a long ostrich plume, and I found confirmation of my belief that the mother of Petit Pierre had been of the wealthier French, when the boy exclaimed, at sight of the feathers:

"*Titi maman a des plumes!*"

It is a wonder that Petit Pierre lived through the voyage. Not because he was ill or delicate, but Lillie and I had a way of clutching him in our arms whenever he did anything "sweet," and almost smothering him with kisses, which caused one of the sailors to remark that it was "a mighty great blessing, to be sure, that the child was hardy, as he was a-being *squuzed* every minnit."

Nobody ever died of kissing yet, that I ever heard of, but I did feel frightened one day, when, looking at Petit Pierre to study the effect of a small scarlet cap with which I had seen fit to embellish his silken curls, and which, with its flowing tassel, made his regular features look like those of a Greek boy, I discovered that he was shivering and deathly pale. I followed the direction of his eyes, trembling myself with a nameless terror, and saw a man leaning against the side of the vessel whose face had some resemblance to the man Garnier. Hence the boy's terror.

But it was not Garnier. Petit Pierre's guardian angel—now I do not mean myself!—had too good care for him for that.

We reached Paris, and were, at all times, extremely careful not to allow Petit Pierre to be out of our sight when elsewhere than at home. I say *we* were careful, because Lillie loved him almost as well as I did, and so did "Guardy" and "Auntie."

Who could have helped loving Petit Pierre? It was not only the exquisite beauty of the little creature, but the affectionate disposition, the charming intelligence which he displayed, and the touching remembrance of the past sorrows of his budding life.

But we felt that we must guard him well. What was more likely than that the "*Troupe Ligier*" would return to France? Many accounts in the newspapers told of the large audiences that had gathered to witness their performances throughout the United States, and in Canada, and with beings bred in want and easily satisfied, the sums they had taken must have seemed to them to be wealth. We trembled daily lest its possession should induce them to return to their native land. Might not Garnier and his wife be with them?

Guardy laughed often at my terrors, and uttered sarcasms, from time to time, about "hens with one chicken"; but I did not mind Guardy, not the least bit.

We had been in Paris an entire year, when we were riding one day in a low carriage on the Boulevards—Petit Pierre, Lillie, Guardy and I.

I ought to explain here that Victor, our "married brother"—we always spoke of him in that way, because we had another brother who was not married, and who was an officer in the navy—had allowed us, instead of going through the annoyances of a French *pension de demoiselles*, to have teachers at home, and that we inhabited apartments in the same building, and very near to those which Guardy and his wife had taken. I was



NIGHTFALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY JENNY NYSTROM.

not to go to stay with Victor till Lillie's marriage, after which, when the bride should have returned to America, I was to remain with my brother and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Greysborough, that is to say.

Although provided with something as an initiative of the means to be taken for the restoration of Petit Pierre to his parent or parents, if living, in the shape of the book with the heraldic motto, I had not dared to publish anything with reference to Petit Pierre in the Paris papers. That means of finding his family was forbidden me by the fear that it might attract the attention of Garnier and his wife, supposing them to be in Paris.

Was I not riding on the boulevards with him, Guardy and Lillie when I interrupted myself with this digression? Yes, I was, and now I will go back and finish my ride.

We were about turning away from that scene of life and gayety, for the reason that dinner would be cold if we did not, and were saying to ourselves for the ninety-ninth time that the Frenchwomen were all dress and no beauty, when I espied—and Lillie declares to this day that I turned as pale as death—a low *calèche* coming toward us, upon the panels of which glittered, *on a field argent, a swan azure!*

In the *calèche*, amid downy



RIVERS—THEIR WORK AND CAÑON-MAKING.—THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.
SEE NEXT PAGE.



THE THAMES DURING A FLOOD.

cushions and vast folds of black silk garnished with lace, there reclined the palest lady I ever saw. Her beautiful face, almost, though not quite regular, but with a lovely softness of expression, had a melancholy so marked, an abstraction from the brilliant scene about her so evident, that, even had the panel of the carriage failed to catch my eyes, I should have remarked her; for oh! and my heart grew cold at the sight! she was *very, very* like Petit Pierre! A gentleman sat beside her. His face, too, was grave and still.

I know my hands trembled a great deal, but I resolutely drew Petit Pierre, whose head had nestled down upon my

shoulder—he was drowsy with the heat of the day—up to my knees and held him there, turning his face toward the *calèche*.

And then a cry—I shall never forget it—a wild cry, half anguish, half exultation, but fearful to hear—burst from the lips of the pale lady, and, regardless of the crowding vehicles, regardless of the peril to life and limb, regardless of everything but the fact that he was found at last, the mother sprang toward her child, and half hanging upon him, half upon the edge of our carriage, she grasped him, kissed him and fainted!

The gentleman who had been seated beside the pale lady in the *calèche* had sprung after her. I do not know which had the least blood in the cheeks and lips when Madame la Comtesse Valérie de Puy-Laune came to herself. These little things do not happen every day.

No; children have been stolen before now and never recovered. Mothers have sunk—and fathers, too, for that matter—into the grave, without again beholding the dear lost face. The human heart breaks, but “brokenly lives on.”

“In the infinite spirit is room
For the pulse of an infinite pain.”

But here the pain was stilled, and when the mother—ah! there could be no mistaking *this* for any but a mother—clasped her boy in her arms, I felt that, girl as I was, I had not lived in vain. “*Titi maman*” was found at last!

By this time the father, Monsieur le Comte Etienne de Puy-Laune, had got his arms, too, about the boy. What broken words, and how pathetic! what sobs of ecstasy! Who can remember that agonizing, yet joyful language in which the heart recognizes the recovery of its own? Who can remember the words? Who can forget how those words sound?

I had to give him up! Petit Pierre was mine no more! It would be some one else, very dear, too, that would roll the soft ringlets over her fingers, and make his daily “toilet” every day, for that mother would never leave that care to a servant! It would have to be some one else that would hear those pretty prayers and those childish confidences; some one else to whom he would say, “*Je t’aime bien, tu sais!*” some one else to whom he would relate his sweet griefs and his charming sorrows. Would she think to give him a bird, I wondered, and a dog, and a little watch, as I had? and would she tell him wonderful fairy-tales in French, suited to his comprehension, and sing the quaint French *chansons* that I had learned for his sake?

I gave him up! Ah! how they thanked me for having rescued him, and what a sad story it was of his being stolen at the villa of Madame la Comtesse, at Mayence, when left out for an instant by the *bonne*, a *Normande*, who had been all but maddened at his loss.

“What would Lise say?” had been one of the first exclamations of Monsieur de Puy-Laune when he had recovered his son. He knew Lise had loved him, and he remembered that she would be glad again.

And the poor little ragged boy whom I had rescued, after one year of bitter misery with Garnier, so called on the playbills, but really a fraudulent innkeeper near Paris, Bourgeoise by name, who had turned street-vaulter, or *saltimbanque*, and had stolen the child to train him to feats such as I had witnessed the performance of—the poor, perishing child, whose little heart had beat so often with terror and agony beneath the tiny book that had helped me to find his “*Titi maman*,” was, after all, no less a person than the Vicomte Louis de Puy-Laune!

I had been right about the look of “blood” in child’s face; “*bon sang ne peut mentir!*”

All this was nine years ago. I am twenty-three have been married four years to a cousin of mine *cousin-germain*, as the French call such a relation to me; one Captain Belfair, who loved me so long from the time I was “kneehigh to a grasshopper.” boy is a beautiful boy, too, but I have not seen “Petit Pierre,” nor has he forgotten me.

And I think I am something more than a *fidèle* Madame de Puy-Laune. She says so, at all events I trust it is true.

Louis de Puy-Laune is fifteen now, and my July three. The young vicomte “protests” Julian, and the most manly airs when with him. It is always same request when he comes to see me.

“*Maman Edith, laisse-moi donc promener le petit un J’en aurai bien soin, je t’assure!*”

And I always consent, of course!

THE JOY OF LIFE.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

Life is a very joyous thing,
Whatever we at times may say!
The youthful freshness of the Spring
Must drive the Winter gloom away,
And usher in the Summer day,
Till, with the birds, perforce we sing—
“Life is indeed a joyous thing!”

Life is a very joyous thing!
Though snows may hide the flowers from sight
The young year very soon will bring
Her loveliest blossoms, pure as light,
Children of Winter, snowy-white,
And fill our souls with hope, and sing—
“Life is indeed a joyous thing!”

Life is a very joyous thing!
Its good is often hard to find,
Its pleasures fly on rapid wing,
Its honors vary with the wind;
Yet still we see, unless we’re blind,
A hundred reasons why we sing—
“Life is indeed a joyous thing!”

Life is a very joyous thing!
Though, one by one, we lose each friend,
To love and hope we still may cling;
And if we, like the rushes, bend,
No blow will kill, and till the end
Through good and ill we still shall sing—
“Life is a very joyous thing!”

RIVERS—THEIR WORK AND CAÑON-MAKING.

BY PROFESSOR P. MARTIN DUNCAN.

EVERYBODY likes to look at a flowing river, and watch the eddies and currents as they whirl floating th along, or wave the long weed on the bottom; but people reflect upon the cause of the river, and who does, or know the complicated work Nature has to form before a drop of water runs down to the sea. weeks of hot weather elapse, and the country beco dried up, the river flows onward; and if it is a large nearly the same quantity of water passes along day a day. When the rain has fallen heavily for some ti how different is the scene! The river is full, or has o flowed its banks, and the water extends for miles i in tumultuo—d movement, and often i

carried along, houses are destroyed, bridges are broken, the power of the flood being fearful. The rain ceases, the flood falls, and the ordinary amount of quietly-running water flows along as usual; but there has been plenty of mischief done, and if it be examined into carefully, some notions may be got about the way in which the valley was made in which the river flows. Two things may always be noticed to have been done. Firstly, some stones, or gravel, or bits of rock, which formerly formed the sides of the river, have been removed, and may be found much lower down the stream, toward the sea. Secondly, the river has deepened its bed—that is to say, some of the bottom or floor is scooped away, and the stones have been swept seaward.

In civilized countries, where much care is taken to protect the river-sides, these occurrences are not so well seen; but in other places there are extraordinary instances of the effects of river floods to be observed. In some of the rivers of Bengal the scour is tremendous; and in one, ninety feet of depth of stone and earth is removed every year from the river floor, and the channel is deepened by so much. All the accumulation there during the rainless months, when stone is carried gently along and collects in the holes and deeps, is washed out and carried to the sea. It is evident, then, that during flood-time solid substances forming part of the neighborhood of a river, and a portion of its bed, are removed, and that the river fashions its channel out of the land.

In the long run, the river removes the land to the sea, and enlarges its channel, until a time comes when its power of doing all this diminishes—that is to say, when the water in the flood-time is not in great quantity, and its movement is not very rapid. This occurs when rivers grow old; for they are lively and full of mischief in their early days, when they scoop out their valleys and send the worn-off stone and mud to the seas; but in time the work is done, and the river, formerly wild, becomes tame, and does not even move enough stone and mud to the sea to keep its path straight.

Anybody who thinks over this matter will soon see that the power of a river depends on the quantity of its water and the pace at which it is moved along. Common sense leads to the belief that the more rain falls, and can get into the river, and the greater the slope of the river-bed toward the sea, the greater will be the effects of the moving water. If there is an unusually small quantity of rain, the floods will be less; and if, during ages, the river cuts its channel down nearer to sea-level than before, for miles and miles inland there will be all the less slope and a consequent movement in the water.

It is a question of water-supply and readiness of running off that has to do with the story of the formation of a great river-valley. What is meant by a river-valley? A large river-valley opens at one end, either into the sea or into lakes; it is bounded at the sides by land higher than the river, and sea or lake, and at the further end and near the source the land is higher still. The streams flow down a slope of greater or less length, breadth and pitch, and this sloping land, encircled on all sides but one—where the sea or lake may be—by hills, is called in the language of science a “catchment” or “hydrographical basin.” The summits or tops of the hills are called the water-partings, and their sides and tops toward the river form the watershed. These terms mean, that rain falling on the hills will run down them either toward one slope or another—they part the waters of valleys with rivers in them, and which may be situated on either side. The sides of the hills down which water can run into a particular river are the water-sheds of that river; and the great space

between the distant hills is the catchment or rain and water-catching basin. The term “hydrographical” refers to the possibility of calculating the amount of rain that falls on the space limited or bounded by the hilltops, and traversed by the river and its streams, and of estimating the effects of it on the land.

A catchment-basin should include all the branches of the main river, and the land around them, up to the top of the hill which act as water-parters. These basins are of different sizes, according to the distance of the high land, whence the river springs, from the sea into which it flows, and also according to the number of the branches and their lengths.

The basin of our great river Mississippi, including the branches, occupies a large portion of the continent; but that of the famous English Thames, limited as it is on all sides but one by low hills, is very much smaller, but is quite as perfect. In the instance of the “great river-system,” as it is called, of the Mississippi, there are important branches which run into the main river. These may be said to have their catchment-basins, and the main river is a sort of sea to them; but really, all the side valleys that come at last down to the great plains through which the parent river wanders, belong to the same system of carrying off or drainage. These rivers drain the land of their catchment-basins; and there is some relation between the quantity of rain that falls on their surface in a year and that which runs off by the streams in the same time.

A short journey will explain much about rivers and their valleys to any one who can think a little. Going by rail to the west of England, the valley of the Thames is traversed, from London, by Windsor, Reading and Oxford; and then an excursion will lead, up the river, by Lechlade, Cricklade, to Cirencester. Some miles south of this last-mentioned town, there is Thames Head, the springs of which we may assume to be the source of the Thames.

During this journey the hills to the north and south of the flat plain, through which the river runs, are visible enough, and at last they come closer together. They are the “watersheds.” A gradual rise of the ground has occurred, for Oxford is higher above sea-level than London, and Thames Head than Oxford. Standing close to where (before the Thames Severn Canal dried up the most distant springs) the important river rose in Trewsbury Mead, the height above sea-level will be found to be about 330 feet. But the summits of the hills there, from which water can get down toward the Thames, are about 500 feet above sea-level. These uplands get higher toward the north, and attain 718 and 1,084 feet, and thus some of the northern branches of the Thames have a higher watershed than the river into which they pour. The whole of these branches of the Thames are within its catchment-basin; and just on the other side of the hills are the catchment-basins of other rivers, such as the Severn, the Avon, of Wilts, the Avon, of Warwickshire, the Nen, of Northampton, and the Ouse, of Bedfordshire.

On walking up the hills going west from the origin of the Thames, at last the valley of the Severn is seen, hundreds of feet below; so that, within a few miles, several streams are rising at a height of more than 300 feet on the east, whilst, on the west, there is a great plain with Gloucester on its river. The hills are the Cotswolds, and they are the water-partings of the Thames and its western branches, and of the Severn.

The length of the main valley of the Thames is computed at 120 miles to the Nore; and as the most distant river-point is only 330 feet above sea-level, the slope of the



VIEW, FROM ABOVE, OF A CAÑON IN COLORADO.



RAPIDS OF THE NIAGARA.



VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS FROM THE AMERICAN SIDE.

valley is very slight. The river winds about, and has the length of 210 miles. If we consider that the highest hills of the Cotswolds, such as Cleeve and Edge Hill, form part of the watershed, then the extreme height is 1,084 feet, down which water pours. The tide comes up the Thames, but not so far as formerly, for it is stopped by a weir and lock at Teddington. Hence, in all calculations, the Thames may be said to end at Kingston. Above Kingston the catchment-basin, when measured, has a space, or "area" as it is called, of 3,675 square miles; and of course some of the rain that falls on that surface gets to the river, and carries down soluble matter and the wreck of the land.

In uncultivated countries, where the land around the sources of a river is mountainous, the stream may rise some thousands of feet above the level of the sea, and then its course is divided into parts, according to the nature of the river's bed or bottom. In mountainous districts, rivers arise in torrents and wild roaring streams, which tumble the water over rocks and amidst boulders, at a great pitch. These are the torrent portions. Then, as the edge of the high land is passed, and the river enters the open country, a fall often takes place, and cataracts or waterfalls are seen. This part of a river is called the cataract portion. Then comes the less quickly-flowing part of the river, when it curves here and there, running often sluggishly; and this is in the midst of plains or valley-bottom land, which is liable to be flooded by any unusual outpour of water. These portions of the river's valley are called flood-plains. Finally, the river enters the sea by one or more channels, and sometimes through a delta.

Some rivers arise from streams of water that flow out from beneath glaciers on high mountains, and a few appear to commence in mountain lakes; but even in these instances, the idea of the catchment-basin holds good. One thing is very certain, although it is opposed to a curious popular error, and it is, that a very small quantity of water issues forth from the earth at the origin or source of the river.

It has been thought that the springs of the commencing river contribute principally to its amount of water, but this is an error. Thus the quantity of water that flows from the Thames head and thereabouts is 500 cubic feet in a minute, and this is a very minute quantity in relation to the 1,380,000,000 of gallons that pass daily by Kingston. Many tributaries, of course, go to swell the amount, but their source-springs do not contribute over-much; and indeed, in one remarkable instance, the branch of the river sends less water into the main stream than it gets from the source-springs. This was shown to be the case of the river Churn, which rises to the west of Cirencester, and at a height of 680 or 700 feet above the sea. There are several sources, and one well known and visited is that of the Seven Wells. There, beautiful, clear, pure water bursts up briskly through natural cracks in the solid rocks, and forms a small rivulet.

In the dry Autumn of 1859 the late Mr. Simpson, the engineer, made some estimates about the amount of water supplied by the springs to the Churn, and by this to the Thames. He found that eleven cubic feet of water was discharged from the spring-head in a minute, and that a quarter of a mile down the stream thirty-one cubic feet was passing along in a minute, and that at a mile seventy-three cubic feet went along at the same time. Hence water got into the stream from some other source than the spring-head. At five miles and a half no less than 320 cubic feet passed over the bed of the river in a minute, so that there was a very considerable increase. But further

on the river, instead of increasing in its amount of water, began to get smaller, and where it was fourteen and a half miles from its source, it only poured ten cubic feet along in a minute. The water increased in the river up to a certain amount, and then gradually fell off to less than that poured in first of all. This was accounted for upon a principle which requires attention. The first part of the river poured along a bed of clay, down through which water cannot pass; but the second part passed over a hard rock called *oolite*, which is full of cracks and crevices, and into them went the water, instead of passing along.

The first kind of bed, that of clay, is said to be *impermeable*—water cannot soak into it and be lost; and the second, the *oolite*, is *porous*, and full of cracks. Hence clay and suchlike layers of earth, or strata, are called *impermeable*; and limestone, chalk, gravel and sand in layers are called *permeable strata*. These terms must be remembered, for the arrangement of the divers kind of layers of earth in a valley has to do with many important things connected with rivers.

But how was it that the water increased as it flowed over the impermeable clay? The answer is that rain-water, sinking down into the soil, passes down a pervious subsoil, and comes in contact with the dense clay, and runs on its surface, subterraneously, until it flows out into the stream, which has cut its bed lower than the top of the clay. There is then a supply of small springs on the top of the clay, for the water collects there during wet weather, and discharges so many cubic feet in a day during dry weather until all is exhausted. Lower down the stream the rainwater passed into the porous strata,



THE SOURCE OF A SPRING.

and got lower than the bed of the river, and did not add to it in any way. In some countries the upper layers of the earth are so very permeable by water, that rivers of any size and length cannot exist. A little reflection will show that the constant and average amount of water in a river is due to springs not only at its head, but along its course, wherever impermeable strata are capped by those of a permeable nature.

If a river were to run in the midst of dense stony land, without cracks or crevices in the solid earth, it would be a torrent in wet weather, and a dry watercourse in the dry season; on the other hand, if the stream passes along a very permeable soil, with equally permeable rock beneath, it will not carry all its water to the sea; and, indeed, some streams disappear altogether under the circumstances. Floods are produced by water running off the impermeable strata in excess; and springs give the average supply of water in quiet weather.

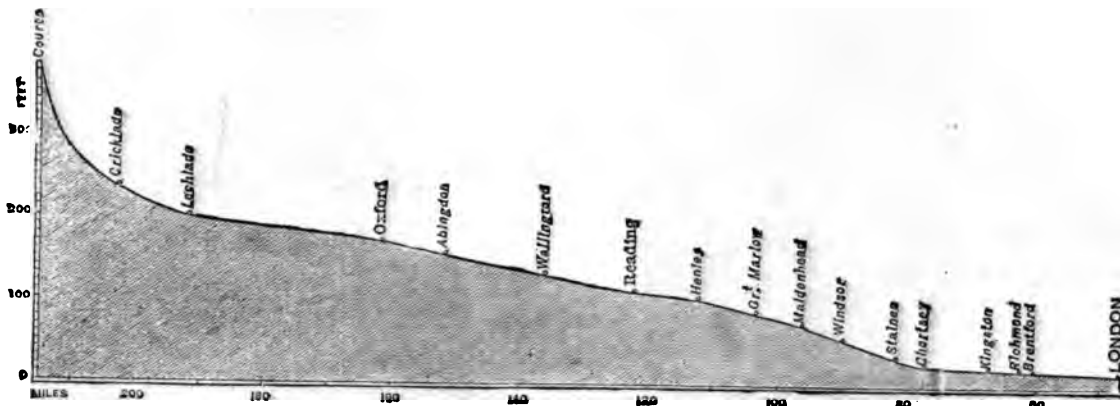
Understanding, then, the relation of springs to the perpetual flow of a river, and of excess of rain to its floods, it is necessary to consider the amount of rain that gets to a river, and how far the streams may be said to drain and wear the catchment-basin. The quantity of rain that falls day by day can be calculated by measuring the amount which collects in a rain-gauge, and thus so many inches are said to have poured down in a year. These gauges are placed in several parts of the catchment-basin; and it

is found that different amounts of rain fall in different parts of the country surrounded by the water-parting hills. A calculation is made, after several years' observations have been completed, regarding the average fall over the whole space during each year, and then it is stated that a certain number of inches of rain fell on the catchment-basin during a twelvemonth. This amount varies in different valleys and in different counties of England, and it is scarcely the same in any part of the world. Nevertheless, the quantity of rain that falls within the carrying-off power of a river can be estimated year by year.

About three feet of rain (thirty-six inches) falls on the high lands around the head of the valley of the Thames ;

at all, but sinks down far beneath it for hundreds of feet into the earth.

There is a remarkable thing to be noticed about the River Thames and the River Severn. If it rains much for a few days the Thames will get very full of water, but will not overflow its banks ; but the Severn and its branches to the north and west soon overflow and produce floods. Why is this ? In the catchment-basin of the Thames, above Kingston, there are more permeable strata near the surface of the earth than impermeable ones. Consequently, a vast quantity of rainwater sinks into the earth, thence into the permeable strata, and either passes far below the river or is laid up in store for springs. There are about 2,424 square miles of such strata out of the



COURSE OF THE THAMES FROM ITS SOURCE TO LONDON.

at Oxford the fall is, on an average, not more than two feet in the year ; and it is less, probably, nearer the sea. Suppose that on all the space inclosed by the watershed of the Thames above Kingston (3,675 square miles) twenty-eight inches of rain fell in the year—for that would be about the mean quantity—how much of this would come off by the river in the same time ? The quantity of water that comes down in dry, in wet weather, and in flood-time during the year, has been calculated, but it does not amount to more than one-third part of the rain that falls in the twelvemonth. What becomes of the other two-thirds ? This question can be answered, and the explanation of the small quantity really carried away by the river can be given, by observing the effects of rain in different parts of the valley through which the river runs.

After a smart shower on a clay soil—an impermeable stratum—much water runs off into ditches and brooks, and goes down to the stream and then to the river ; but a good deal is left, having wetted the soil and formed little pools and puddles. All this is dried up, and does not go to the river ; it is said to be evaporated, and it passes up into the air in the form of invisible vapor. Some of the rain does sink in, for clay is always found to be wet a few feet down. Plants take up a good deal of the rain, and build it up into their structures ; but most of this moisture thus received is evaporated from the leaves. A different state of things happens on a chalk, limestone or gravel soil, these being permeable strata. The rain sinks in and passes down through the earth to a certain and variable depth ; but little runs off into streams to get to the river, much is evaporated, and some goes to vegetation, and a portion comes forth as spring water into the river. As there are more of these strata in the valley of the Thames than of the dense, impervious kinds, more rain sinks into the earth than runs off suddenly by the river. A great proportion, indeed, of the rain never comes near the river

3,675 square miles of the whole catchment-basin. The catchment-basin of the Severn has a preponderance of hard strata which will not let the water in, so it has to run over them, and the result is flood.

This is interesting, and it shows the influence of the events of the geological ages when the strata were made, upon our present rivers and water-supply. The rain-water that goes down the permeable soils and strata, soaks them to a great depth ; for on making cuttings or tunnels through such earth as chalk, for instance, it is always found wet. The water is stored up in the strata, and it may be disposed of by nature in several ways. Some is evaporated from the dry crust of the surface-soil, and some flows deeper and deeper until it collects at last on the top of a stratum down through which it cannot get. This happens when a deep, dense stratum or a layer of clay underlies the porous one containing the water. If there is the least tilt of the impermeable and lower stratum, the water will move in its direction. This statement holds good, whether the thickness of the upper porous layers is a few feet or a mile. In the instance of the lower impervious layer being very deep, of course, none of the water can get into the river, but when the layer is shallow, or as seen on a hillside, there is a chance of the water pouring out gradually as a spring, which will flow into a river.

Thus the rainwater that falls on the chalk hills to the south of London sinks in and goes down for hundreds of feet, to be stored up and tapped by very deep wells. None of it goes to the river. But the rain that falls on Highgate, Hampstead and Harrow, goes through a few feet of gravel and sand only, and then comes to a clay which stops it. Consequently, on several sides of those hills there are springs just where the clay and gravel join and crop out, as the saying is, on the side of the hill.

Probably, about one-third part of the rain that falls on the catchment-basin runs off by the river during the



THE CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

year, and one-sixth of this is derived from springs. The catchment-basin is worn by water-action above and below ground. The streams, torrents and large rivers wear their beds and banks by the friction of the water rushing along, assisted by the stones it rolls; and the underground waters carry off soluble rock to the river and leave spaces which form subterraneous caverns, and lead to the formation of underground rivers.

are not important agents. Such gorges as that which leads from the falls of Niagara to Lake Ontario, in Canada, have been worn by the action of running water and moving stone, which have cut down the solid rock for miles in length, nearly 400 yards in breadth, and from 200 to 300 feet in height. The sides of the gorge are steep, and the wearing water comes down the river, and not from springs at the sides. The falls, where a vast



A CAÑON SHOWING THE WEARING AWAY OF THE ROCKY WALLS.

Thus the rain carries off the surface of the valley inch by inch, and widens, deepens and lengthens it.

Time, a constant flow of water sufficiently swift to move stones rapidly on the bed of the river, and occasional floods—which bear great masses of rock, boulders and gravel along, wearing everything in their way—were necessary to the formation of many of the deep valleys which are situated in the torrent and cascade portions of some rivers. Rain and the ordinary wear of the surface

volume of water pours over rock, are gradually wearing their foundations away, and some day or other they will have cut down the rocky bed over which they pour, and will thus increase the length of the gorge. Probably the falls have receded from the lake into which their resulting streams run, seven miles off, and the slit-like valley has thus been excavated. In this instance the constant supply of water comes from Lake Erie, higher up the country than the falls.

The wearing down of the most extraordinary gorges in the world, and the cutting of their vast chasms out of solid rock, have been produced by similar causes, but the action of rain on the surrounding country is very slight, the country being comparatively, now, rainless. The cañons of our western Territories—in some instances a mile in depth, in deep shade at the bottom, and at one time traversed by a comparatively quiet stream, and at others by a downward rush of tumultuous waters, carrying large masses of stone along—are often scores of miles in length, and resemble cracks in the earth rather than water-courses. The country in many places is so intersected by these cañons that the drainage of the surface on which very little rain falls is so rapid that great sterility results; but the water that may come into these long channels at the sides is of little importance. They drain important mountain regions far off, and snow and glacier ice supply a quantity of water which, passing down along a very considerable slope, receives a great velocity and wearing-power. The wearing of the sides, from the ordinary agents of denudation, and the very small quantity of rain, is inconsiderable in relation to the depth. But things were different when they were first formed and cut down; there was then a greater water-supply, and in some instances movements in the earth assisted the cutting down of the rocks and the removal of the resulting gravel and stone.

It was formerly a country of great lakes, which were not much above the level of the sea. The land was upheaved gradually, and the lakes—then many hundreds of feet above their former level—began to pour through natural creeks, and along the line of old streams to the sea. The drainage of the catchment-basins in which the lakes were, was vast, and it flowed into these vast receptacles of water, so that a great supply of water-power was ready to act on the rapid slope to the sea, and the evaporation from the latter supplied snow to the mountains, and this fed the lakes again. Cataracts were formed, and their floor was worn backward, and the power of the water to produce friction was maintained by the gradual uprise of parts of the district maintaining the pitch. The lakes became dry as the cañons were perfected, and these deep V-shaped chasms remain as evidence of a long lapse of time, and of the work of the constant rush of water and stones on solid granite and on limestone and sandstone rocks, without the concurrent action of rain and the ordinary denuding agents of valleys.

The cañons of the Colorado are magnificent beyond description, and the river-system drains an area of vast extent. That is to say, the catchment-basin is about the third in its extent in North America, those of Mississippi and Columbia being the largest. The Grand Cañon is much longer than the valley of the Thames, for it exists as a gorge for over 200 miles, and its depth is not less than 4,000 feet. Two rivers—the Grand and Green Rivers—unite in the eastern part of Utah, and a vast waterflow occurs. The amount of water is great, the pitch of the bed is rapid, and thus a great power is at hand, possibly equal to that of the flow of the Falls of Niagara. The rivers meet in a narrow gorge, more than 2,000 feet deep, and then the cañons begin. The first is called Cataract Cañon, and the descent of the river is rapid. The velocity of the water and stone rolled down is equal to that of a railway train.

At the foot of the cañon the sides come very close, and for seven miles the water goes along at the rate of forty miles an hour. The rocks cut through by this force show all the geology of the country. Sometimes the face of the precipitous sides of the cañon is red, from a sandstone

without a seam; or they may be of limestone—pink, brown, gray, slate-tint, and vermilion in color, and polished to perfection.

In the Grand Cañon, the highest sides are 6,233 feet above the stream, but they are perpendicular only for about 3,000 feet, where, indeed, the gloomy chasm is often but a few hundreds of feet wide. Above that the sides slope off by a series of cliffs to the level of the surrounding country; and if the world lasts long enough, and a greater rainfall should come, a deep and wide valley will exist there some day or other.

On looking at a map on which the cañons are traced, or at a bird's-eye view of the country in which they are found, one is struck with their position in regard to some mountains, and to their occasional rather zigzag course. Some cañons form long lines close to the flank of the mountains, and just where the hills spring from the plain, and then they start off right away, and only bend here and there.

The impression is given to the mind that some cracks in the earth had occurred to determine the path of the future water-course, which in time was to become a cañon. But if this were so, the crack did not displace or let down one side of the country around, so as to produce what geologists call a fault, for the levels of the layers of earth or strata, seen on either side of the cañons, correspond in a remarkable manner. It is generally found that wherever limestone is the top layer of the country, or nearly so, the wandering of the cañon is great. It is so easily worn by water, that if a hard piece resists for a while the effects of a stream, the water will erode on one side of it, and then the course is diverted from the previous direction. Once made, the crack is deepened, and then other strata beneath it are worn down.

The word "cañon" is applied in America to any gorge through which water flows, but, properly speaking, the term should be restricted to the long chasms with steep sides in nearly rainless regions.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE GROWTH OF CHILDREN.—Growth varies in different children. Some increase in stature so rapidly that their clothes are outgrown long before they are worn threadbare, while others grow very slowly. A table prepared by a French *sanatist* gives the following data: During the first year after birth the growth in stature is about seven and one-half inches; from two to three, it is four or five inches; from three to four, an inch and a half; from four to six, about two and a quarter inches annually; from seven to eight, two and a half inches; from eight to twelve, two inches annually; from twelve to thirteen, one and eight-tenths; from thirteen to fourteen, two and a quarter inches; from fifteen to sixteen, two inches; from sixteen to seventeen, nearly two inches; and after this, though growth continues until twenty-one, and sometimes for years after, its rate rapidly diminishes. If mothers would measure their children regularly on their birthdays, and preserve the record, they would thus accumulate valuable data for statisticians. Progressive increase of stature is a sign of good health, as increase in strides shows weakness of constitution or imperfect health.

DURING a total eclipse of its surface, the moon assumes a copper-red color, which gradually fades away as the eclipse progresses. Mr. W. Mattier Williams accounts for this curious phenomenon by supposing that the illuminated portion of the lunar surface, lacking the protection of an atmosphere, must be made red-hot by the sun's rays. Only a thin layer of the moon's substance is so heated, and when the sun's rays are withdrawn it rapidly cools, causing the fading away of the red color when in the shadow of the earth. If his hypothesis is correct, Mr. Williams believes that the surface temperature of the bright side of the moon must be about 600 degrees. Of course, the dark side must be intensely cold, so quickly does the heat pass into space after the sun disappears. On the whole, the moon must be an uncomfortable world.

THE FIRST TELEPHONE.—At a recent meeting of the London Physical Society, Professor Thomson exhibited an early Reis's telephone made by Philip Reis, in 1861, at Frankfurt, and designed to transmit speech. It was modeled on the human ear, one form of transmitter being a rudely carved wooden ear with a tympan, having a platinum wire behind hard pressed against a platinum-tipped adjustable spring. Professor Thomson showed by various proofs that words were actually sent by that and similar apparatus.

AMMONIA IN THE ATMOSPHERE.—Hitherto the quantity of nitrogen which the soil obtained from the atmosphere was estimated by determining the quantity of ammonia and nitric acid in rain water. A few years ago Schloesing proved, however, that rain water only carries down the nitrate of ammonia, while carbonate of ammonia is only partially precipitated with the rain, another portion always remaining in the atmosphere. Of this latter ammonia a certain quantity is directly absorbed by the soil, and, since it is there oxidized to nitric acid, the soil always remains capable of taking up some more ammonia, and he calculates that sixty-three kilos of nitrogen are conveyed to the earth annually in this way on each hectare of surface. We know already from our daily experience that the absorption of this ammonia, so important to the nutrition of plants, is not the same on all soils, for sandy soils require a more frequent application of nitrogenous manures than do the clay and loam soils. It was, therefore, of great practical interest to ascertain just how much ammonia the different soils were able to abstract from the atmosphere in the course of a year. The first experiment in this direction was made by R. Heinrich, who sought to determine the maximum amount of ammonia that any kind of soil could absorb from the atmosphere, and he thought to ascertain this with the greatest certainty if he used an aqueous solution of hydrochloric acid to absorb it. The experiment was continued for two years in the following manner: A 20 per cent. solution of hydrochloric acid was exposed to the open air for a month in a glass vessel, 5 centimeters (2 inches) deep, with a surface equal to 78.5 square centimeters (over 12 square inches). When it rained the glass was covered so as to keep out the water, but permit free access of air and wind. The vessel stood on the green sod of a field, over 40 yards from any buildings, at the experimental station of Rostock, and two-thirds of a mile from the nearest houses in the city. The shores of the North Sea are about seven miles northward from this station. At the expiration of each month the acid was evaporated and the sal ammonia weighed. The results of Heinrich's two years of observation have been tabulated, and all the more important meteorological data added. Toward the end he also determined the quantity of ammoniacal nitrogen contained in the rain and snow water. The numbers in these tables show, first, that the amount of ammonia absorbed by the given surface of acid liquid is very different according to what season of the year it is examined. The mean value of both years showed 24.064 mg. nitrogen absorbed by the soil as ammonia in one year. The amount in Winter was 2.912 mg. nitrogen; in Spring, 6.712 mg.; in Summer, 9.766 mg.; and in Autumn, 4.678 mg. From this relation is seen between the absorption of ammonia and the temperature, and it is seen more distinctly in certain months.

FALLING FROM HEIGHTS.—With regard to the recent sad suicide of a girl by leaping from one of the towers of Notre Dame, Dr. Bromardelli's expressed view that asphyxiation in the rapid fall may have been the cause of death, has given rise to some correspondence in *La Nature*. M. Bontemps points out that the depth of fall having been about sixty-six meters, the velocity acquired in the time (less than four seconds) cannot have been so great as that sometimes attained on railways, *e. g.*, thirty-three meters per second on the line between Chalons and Paris, where the effect should be the same; yet we never hear of asphyxiation of engine-drivers and stokers. He considers it desirable that the idea in question should be exploded, as unhappy persons may be led to choose suicide by fall from a height under the notion that they will die before reaching the ground. Again, M. Gossin mentions that a few years ago a man threw himself from the top of the Column of July, and fell on an awning which sheltered workmen at the pedestal: he suffered only a few slight contusions. M. Remy says he has often seen an Englishman leap from a height of thirty-one meters (say 103 feet) into a deep river; and he was shown in 1852, in the Island of Oahu, by missionaries, a native who had fallen from a verified height of more than 300 meters (say 1,000 feet). His fall was broken near the end by a growth of ferns and other plants, and he had only a few wounds. Asked as to his sensations in falling, he said he only felt dazed.

Rice constitutes nearly one-half of the food of the people of Japan. But as to food and drink, climatic conditions and industrial demands do not as yet exercise their due influence on the writers of works on hygiene when forming their conclusions. One race may live and move and have a tolerable useful existence in a certain region upon a sort of sustenance altogether inadequate to another race differently environed. Suppose, for instance, and to put this important question sharply and strongly, the diet of an Esquimaux and an inhabitant of the tropics were interchanged, on the strength of local sanitary statistics, would not the chances of each speedily reaching the grave be about equal and the lease of life of both be considerably shortened?

The following method has been suggested for coating metal surfaces with glass, which may be found to answer various purposes: Take about 125 parts (by weight) of ordinary flint glass fragments, 20 parts of carbonate of soda, and 12 parts of boracic acid, and melt. Pour the fused mass out on some cold surface, as of stone or metal, and pulverize when cooled off. Make a mixture of this powder with silicate of soda (water glass) of 50 degrees B. With this coat the metal is to be glazed, and heat in a muffle or other furnace until it has fused. This coating is said to adhere very firmly to steel or iron.

PAPER is made in Belgium which very closely resembles satin. Common paper is covered with a suitable size, and while the surface is moist, asbestos, dyed to any desired shade, is sprinkled over it. Any superfluous matter is easily shaken off when the size is dry. Fine effects are sometimes produced with aniline colors.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHAT is the difference between a glass half full of water and a broken engagement? One is not filled full, and the other is not fulfilled.

"Do you want fast colors?" asked the draper. "No, indeed!" she answered, with a pretty blush. "My husband doesn't like anything fast!"

MISS MAZIN GRACE BROOKS lives in Kansas City. Her poor but pious mother selected the name (by ear) out of the hymn-book—"Mazin' grace, how sweet the sound!"

"Don't you think," said a husband, mildly rebuking his wife, "that women are possessed with the devil?" "Yes," was the quick reply, "as soon as they are married."

"FAREWELL," was the title of a poem sent to a newspaper; and the cruel editor, in acknowledging its receipt, said, "It is a good thing the gifted authoress bade it good-by, as she will never see it again."

MISS ROSEBUD's partner: "Were you at Mrs. Jones's ball two seasons ago?" he said to Miss Rosebud, at the Patriarchs' ball. "Oh, no," she answered; "I'm a *debutante* this Winter." "Are you?" he exclaimed; "why, somebody told me your folks were Episcopallians!"

A YOUNG wife lately lost her husband, who was about seventy years old. "But how did you ever happen to marry a man of that age?" asked one of her friends. "Why," said the young widow, "you see I only had the choice between two old men, and, of course, I took the oldest."

"I DECLARE," exclaimed Fogg, at the dinner-table, recently, "this is the most affectionate pie I ever saw." "Affectionate pie!" cried every one at the table, including the landlady. "Yes," said Fogg; "the upper and lower crusts are so confoundingly affectionate that they won't allow anything between them."

A WEALTHY father in giving good advice to his son, who is about to enter society, said, "Above all, avoid flirtations. But if you must flirt, or fall in love, sir, be sure that it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer." "Why?" "Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted, and cut you out before any harm has been done."

SOME years ago the Empress of the French said to an illustrious prince, "I should like to give you something before you leave Paris—can you think what it shall be?" "A looking-glass," replied the prince. "And why a looking-glass?" exclaimed the Empress. "Because I should know it had reflected yourself, and I should prize it accordingly."

A LITTLE three-year-old, whose mother was mixing a simple cough-medicine for him, watched the process, and asked if it was good. He was permitted to taste, and having discovered a bitterness in the decoction, which was not suitable to the present wants of his palate, he exclaimed, "It is awful good, mamma; let's keep it all for papa."

THERE is a six-year-old boy in Auburn who is wonderful on spelling and definition. The other day his teacher asked him to spell matrimony. "M-a-t-r-i-m-o-n-y," said the youngster, quite promptly. "Now define it," said the teacher. "Well," replied the boy, "I don't exactly know what it means, but I know my mother has got enough of it!"

A VILLAGE school-teacher asked a new boy, "If a carpenter wants to cover a roof fifteen feet wide by thirty broad with boards five feet broad by twelve long, how many boards will he need?" The boy took his hat and made a dive for the door. "Where are you going?" asked the teacher. "To find a carpenter; he ought to know that better than any of us fellows."

A BACHELOR and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth, and were about the same age, met in after years, and, the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bachelor returned, "Yes, Maria. The last time we met we were each twenty-four years old. Now I'm over forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet." They never met again.

AN excellent story is told of a British soldier in Egypt. His colonel, observing him one morning wending his way to camp with a fine Egyptian rooster in his arms, halted him to know if he had been stealing chickens. "No, colonel," was the reply; "I just saw the old fellow sitting on the fence, and ordered him to crow for old England, and he wouldn't, when I confiscated him for a rebel."

SAID a pompous man of money to Professor Agassiz, "I once took some interest in natural science; but I became a banker, and I am what I am." "Ah," replied Agassiz, "my father procured a place for me in a bank; but I begged for one more year of study, then for a second, then for a third. That fixed my fate, sir. If it had not been for that little firmness of mine I should now myself have been nothing but a banker."

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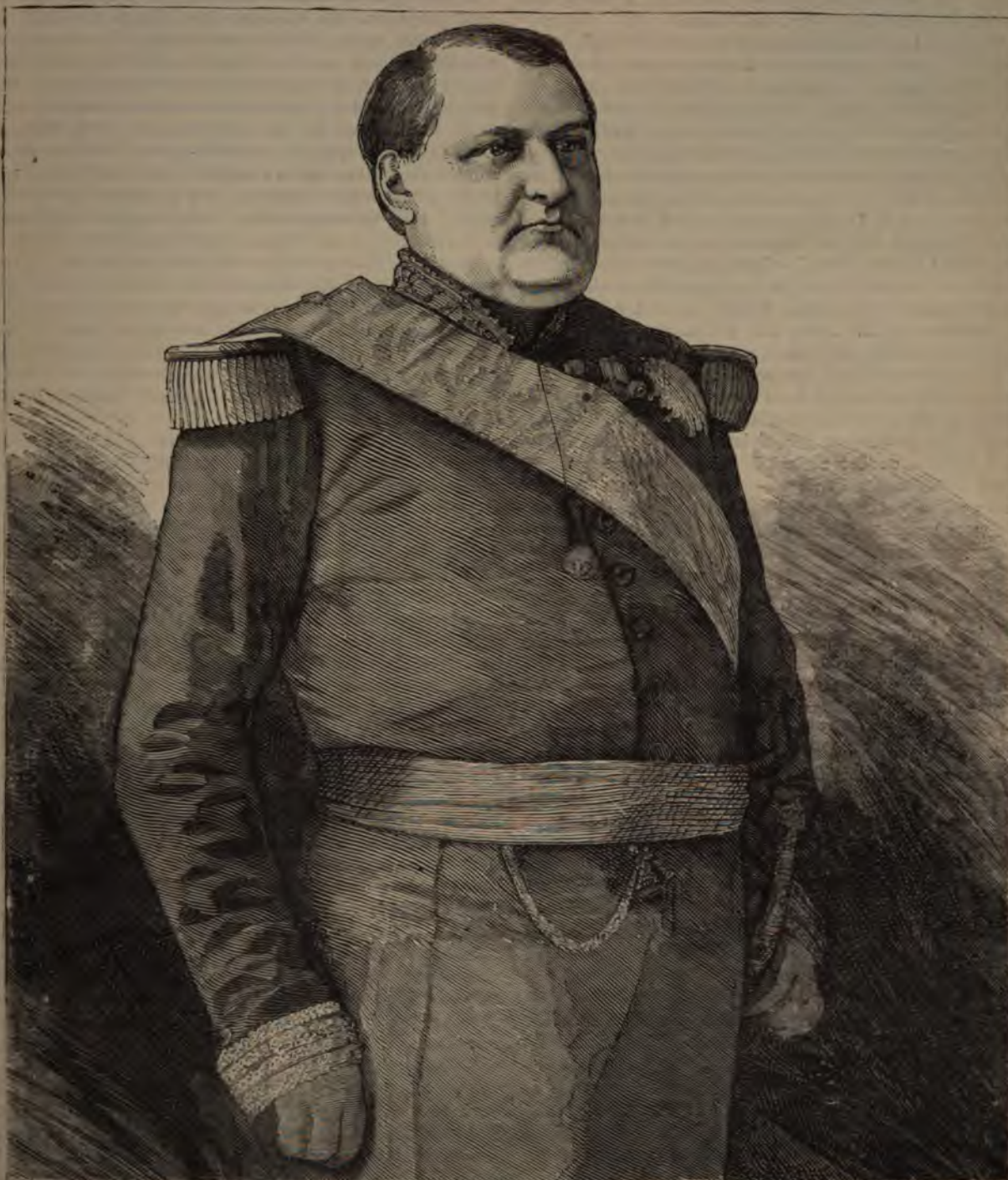
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THE SHADOWS WHICH THREATEN FRANCE.—JOSEPH CHARLES PAUL BONAPARTE, PRINCE NAPOLEON.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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THE SHADOWS WHICH THREATEN FRANCE.

BY RICHARD B. KINBALL, LL.D.

THE attention of the world has for the past three months been specially attracted to France. Not, indeed, for the first time within the ninety years last past. On the contrary, no nation of the globe has, within that period, so often and by such contradictory events, challenged the attention, the wonder and the interest of peoples and nations. Witness the Revolution and the short-lived Republic of 1792, the Consulate, the Empire, the Hundred Days, the Bourbons again, the Revolution of 1830, and the Orleanists, the Republic of 1848, the *coup d'état*, the Second Empire, the war with Prussia, and Sedan, the Third Republic, and—what?

The recent political troubles have had their origin in the death of Léon Gambetta, a man who was not the chief of the Republic, nor yet a member of the Cabinet; scarcely, indeed, a leader of any party, but a man self-sufficient and of conscious power, devoted to his country, and to be relied on as a tower of strength in an emergency.

Shortly after Gambetta's death a miserable effigy of the great Bonaparte—a creature who, all his life, has been a laughing-stock in French political circles, and whom the lively Parisians, in their keen sense of the ridiculous, had nicknamed "Plon Plon," otherwise known as "Prince Napoleon"—caused to be plastered upon the dead walls of Paris a foolish proclamation, which was read with a burst of derision on all sides, but which the Government thought of such consequence as to justify the arrest and imprisonment of the author, who was, however, shortly after discharged from custody. The resignation of one or two Cabinets, certain violent scenes in the Assembly, the placing of the Orleanist Princes, who were army officers, on the retired list, together with several street disturbances in Paris, are events of the last few weeks. The "scare," as it has been termed, seems to be in a measure quieted. But is it a scare? In other words, is the present form of government in France in danger?

This question is the subject of the present article, and I shall endeavor so to treat it that the general reader may be able to form his own judgments, rather than take them on trust. To accomplish this, I must not only place the present clearly before him by a careful exhibit of the several conflicting parties which now agitate France, but I must follow from their origin the progress of these parties down to their present condition of strength or weakness. I hope to avoid dry detail, and I shall speak of many occurrences of which, during the last forty years, I was myself a witness.

It is not necessary to refer to the history of France in the long past. Its present condition can be well comprehended by a careful observation of events beginning with the terrible uprising of 1789. That revolution produced frightful excesses; but these fell far short of the iniquitous crimes and outrages of kings and nobles, which ran their revolting course over France, and mainly through Europe. When Louis XVI. was brought to the guillotine, and one faction after another rose to power in the dreadful competition for human butchery, it became evident that the people, if they had the energy to destroy, had not the intelligence to provide remedies. Paris and the large towns clamored for a Republic; they witnessed its success in the United States, but they had no definite idea of true freedom. For liberty they established license, and went from bad to worse in their practical illustration of the word.

While the Revolution was spending its force, a leader

appeared competent in every respect to manage the whirlwind and give it a direction. This was Napoleon Bonaparte. His story is familiar to every one. How he toppled kings from their seats, and laughed at the "divine right" of rulers and prescriptive claims and hereditary privileges, till all Europe—that is, all titled and aristocratic Europe—trembled at his name, everybody knows by heart. The "Reds" of his time he ruled with a merciless hand; but he treated them only as he treated emperors, kings, princes and nobles; so the Reds were half content.

In serving his inexhaustible ambition, Bonaparte served great purposes. He ministered, besides, to the vanity of the French nation, and notwithstanding the enormous number of lives sacrificed, and treasure expended and misery entailed, the man was dear to the hearts of the people, and he left a name you can always conjure with in France. When he was safely housed at St. Helena, Louis XVIII. crept back to his kingdom. He had not a solitary thought except to attempt to rule after the manner of his predecessors—namely, as a Bourbon by "divine right," and—no constitution. He struggled impotently in the midst of stormy discussions for nine years, and died bequeathing his troubles to his brother, Charles X., another royal incapable, who, in 1830, was driven from the throne to make way for his cousin, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans. As this man could not claim a title to the throne by "divine right," he did not style himself King of France after the fashion of the Bourbon, but "King of the French," or, as it was familiarly termed, "The Citizen King."

This phrase was a sop to Cerberus, the grim workman of the barricades; but, in fact, Louis Philippe was the candidate of the Conservatives, of the *rentiers*, the bankers, the merchants and the shopkeepers of Paris—people well to do in the world, who looked with horror upon any change, and shuddered at the name of Socialist, Communist and Radical Reformer.

Louis Philippe undertook to give France a constitutional government. He was a discreet manager, and kept the peace with his neighbors, having always an eye personally to the main chance, so that he became the richest monarch in Europe. He married his children to royal husbands and wives, who were very rich withal, stirring up a good deal of bitterness among the crowned heads by his intrigues in this regard. Paris was greatly improved in his reign, and France, during those years of peace, recovered her industrial vigor and largely increased in wealth. The Bourbon blood at last displayed itself. The King grew arrogant. The crisis was precipitated by his attempt to prevent a monster banquet in Paris. The Revolution of 1848 came suddenly upon him, and under the name of Smith, he barely escaped with his life into England.

Just at this time an individual who was soon to become a prominent figure in French history was doing volunteer duty as special constable in the Chartist riots which then prevailed in London. This was Louis Napoleon. He was the son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, brother of the Emperor, and Hortense, daughter of Josephine. He was at this period forty years old. At the time of his birth he was in the direct line of succession to the great Emperor, for Napoleon's son by Maria Louise was born three years later. In 1815, during the famous "Hundred Days," he had been presented to the army in Paris. He was then seven years old, just the age to have received an

indelible impression. Refused permission to reside in France, Hortense, with her son, took up a residence in Rome. He was expelled from the country for revolutionary demonstrations, and came to Switzerland, where he resided quietly till 1836; then, at the age of twenty-eight, he made his first attempt at Revolution in France by presenting himself, with a few friends, to some regiments in Strasburg. He was arrested, tried and received the mild sentence of banishment to America, Louis Philippe considering him, it is said, a little "cracked." The following year he came back to Switzerland to attend at his mother's deathbed. Upon her death he took up his abode in England.

Turning into cash his little patrimony, about \$40,000, he organized, in 1840, the famous steamboat expedition to Boulogne. He landed, and with his party and his tame eagle was speedily captured. He was now sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Ham. In 1846 he made his escape, and got back safe into England. During the next two years he appears to have led in London the restless, miserable life of a man of rank and fashion about town, without money or social position. His only intimate friend was Count d'Orsay, in whose rooms he would sit at times the entire day smoking, and without uttering a word.

No sooner did Louis Napoleon learn the course of events in Paris than he hastened there, and tendered his services to the provisional government. He was at once returned as a member of the Assembly from two or three departments. This gave great alarm to the authorities, and he was requested to leave France, lest his presence should "injure the cause of order and progress." Thereupon, declining to take his seat in the Assembly, he returned at once to London, declaring, in a published statement, that he was ready to sacrifice all personal considerations to the good of France. In less than three months he was again returned to the Assembly from six different departments. Then he proceeded at once to Paris, boldly took his seat in the chamber, and offered himself as a candidate for President of the French Republic. General Cavaignac, a Conservative, a man greatly esteemed, whom everybody outside of France supposed would be successful, was his opponent. Universal suffrage had been decreed. The vote stood five and a half millions for Louis Napoleon out of a total vote of seven and a half millions.

As there was no opportunity on his part to influence the voters, since he came to Paris wretchedly poor, while at this time he had not the least control of, or influence with, the army, his election proved conclusively the magic power in France of the name. The history of the next three years presents a perpetual scene of disgraceful squabbling in the Assembly, with increasing hostility to the President. Then came the *coup d'état* of 1851, next an appeal by the usurper to a popular vote, by which he was elected almost unanimously President for ten years.

I was myself in Paris at the time. Almost immediately after the result of the election was known, prints of the old Emperor appeared in the shop-windows and in all public places, on which was inscribed "Napoleon I." Some little time after another print appeared. It was that of the young Duke of Reichstadt, the Emperor's son by Maria Louise, who had died in his youth. On this was inscribed "Napoleon II." Here was the distinct idea of the *succession* to be in this subtle manner impressed on the senses of the people. It was not long before I noticed still a third print. It was a group of three figures—the old Emperor, his son and Louis Napoleon. On this was inscribed "*Les trois Napoleons.*" These three engravings

were to be seen not only in every nook and corner of Paris and the other large towns, but they were distributed in large numbers all over France—through all the departments and in every commune, at all railway stations, in the wine-shops and in the peasant's cottage.

Louis Napoleon had tried the effect of the idea, and it was completely successful. For the very next season, by an almost unanimous suffrage, he was elected hereditary Emperor of the French, "by the grace of God and the popular will," as he chose to term it. He had conjured again with the name, and again its magic had not failed him.

It is unnecessary to recount the history of the Second Empire. In July, 1870, France declared war against Prussia. The surrender at Sedan followed in a few weeks, and with it the dethronement of Louis Napoleon, the swift escape from the Tuileries of the Empress Eugenie, and her flight into England, through the intervention of an American dentist residing in Paris, who accompanied her, and saw her in safety on English soil.

This brings us to the inaugurating of the third Republic in France. What were the conflicting parties at that time, and how did they stand affected toward each other? France was divided into five political classes with numerous shades of subdivision which I will notice further on. They were the Bonapartists, the Bourbons, the Orleanists, the Republicans and the Communists.

These were the conflicting elements in 1870, and these are the conflicting elements in 1883. The first idea naturally arising is that the two monarchical parties would in some way reach an understanding by which their strength could be united. I entertain no doubt if this could have been effected a constitutional monarchy would to-day be the government in France. What obstacle stood in the way? The Orleanist party one and all were willing to acknowledge the Bourbon. True; but he was childless, and on his death, the house of Orleans would succeed to the throne. Notwithstanding the seeming trivial objections made to the various overtures of the Orleanists, the real obstacle to anything like a union of forces lay in the uncompromising hostility, I may say bitterness, entertained by the adherents of the old dynasty to the followers of the new. If the Bourbon never learned, he never forgot. From the time the "detestable" Duc d'Orleans, who styled himself "Philippe Egalité," joined the Revolutionists, and, as is insisted by some, voted for the execution of his cousin, Louis XVI., down to this present, there has been—indeed there can never be anything but hostility between the two houses. Bear in mind that Louis Philippe, King of the French, for whom the Bourbon Charles X. was dethroned, was a son of "Philippe Egalité," who consented to the death penalty against his brother, Louis XVI. No, there can be no fusion of the Faubourg St. Germain with the *bourgeoisie* of France.

Nevertheless, the House of Orleans were on one occasion very close to the throne by inheritance, and so by "divine right." How this was missed forms a romantic event of history. For on the evening of February 14th, 1820, the Duc de Berri, son of the Count d'Artois (afterward Charles X.), was stabbed to the heart in a passageway of the opera-house in Paris by a man named Louvel. His uncle, King Louis XVIII., who was near by, was prostrated by the suddenness of the stroke. Despair fell on the Bourbons, for it destroyed every hope of the succession after the death of him who was to become Charles X.

There came very decorously on this lamentable occasion to the palace, in order to express their sympathy, the Duc d'Orleans, with his wife. However sincere this sympathy might have been, or how far simulated, he could



READING THE MANIFESTO OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

not fail to comprehend what was in everybody's thoughts, that the death of his cousin opened the way for him to the throne.

Seven months and fifteen days after this, on the 29th day of September, 1820, the Duchesse de Berri gave birth to a male child. He was hailed by the Bourbons as the especial "gift of God." At his baptism, in addition to his first name, Henri, he received that of Diédonné. It is impossible to figure the intoxicating joy, amounting, indeed, to frenzy, with which the news of his birth was received by royalty over all France. "He is the child of Europe," they exclaimed. The event was accepted as a sure token of the stability of the reigning house, and stability was what the country longed for. The adherents of the Bourbon were not content with addresses and other ordinary forms and demonstrations. A subscription was set on foot. It represented all classes and conditions, from the noble to the peasant. The amount raised proved sufficient to purchase a handsome estate for the infant prince, the name of which gave him the title of the Count de Chambord, by which, indeed, he is now known, instead of his inherited title of Duc de Bordeaux.

When, in 1830, Charles X. was forced from the throne, the old King, as he left the palace, held by the hand a handsome, well-grown boy, ten years old, with a brown complexion, liquid dark eyes—his mother's eyes—with the profile and Roman nose of the Bourbon. It was his

grandson, the young Duke of Bordeaux, the "Gift of God" to France, Henri, Comte de Chambord. The royal party quitted France with a certain degree of dignity, guarded by the household troops; they proceeded by slow marches to the coast, and thence embarked for Dover. The dethroned King, with his grandson and the immediate attendants, was provided by the English Government with quarters at Holyrood Castle, and there he spent the remainder of his days. When a youth I visited these apartments. It was shortly after his death, and before the rooms had been disturbed. I was much impressed by the simple surroundings of this home of the last of the direct line of the Bourbons.

The young Comte de Chambord, as we will call him, had, from his infancy, been carefully guarded. He was brought up in strict seclusion. When the boy went out it was in a close carriage, surrounded by attendants. Even at Holyrood the same precautions were maintained. This was unfortunate, for he came up utterly a stranger to the French people, of whom he knew nothing, and who

could know nothing of him. This course was maintained in consequence of the morbid idea which seemed constantly to haunt Charles X., that Louis Philippe, both before and after he became King, was plotting perpetually against the life or safety of his little grandson. Considering all these circumstances, the peculiarity of his birth, the extraordinary impressions he must have received in his childhood, his exceptional training and education, his consequent secluded life, in which the one idea of his divine right to the crown of France was paramount, is it to be wondered at that he refuses to strike hands with the Orleans Princes, which step would put them at once in the acknowledged line of direct succession?

The Comte de Chambord is now in his sixty-third year. It was in the second week of July, 1870, that I encountered the comte at the Hotel de Flandre, in Brussels. I had come from France, and was en route for Berlin. This was but five days before the declaration of war by France against Prussia. Paris, and, indeed, the entire nation, was in a fever-heat of excitement, and I observed with great interest the movements of the Comte de Chambord. He was then fifty, a man fully of middle height, slightly round-shouldered, in manner quiet, unostentatious and grave; deliberate in every movement, and without the least pretension in dress, manner or appearance. He took his roll and coffee in the little breakfast-room of the hotel, moving quietly in and out without attracting the least ob-

servation. One morning the comte came in as usual, and sat down at one of the little tables. He had already been served with his roll and coffee, when a young American girl, who had preceded her party into the room, approached, and not knowing who it was, reproved the waiter in emphatic English for placing another person at a table which she claimed as hers. The comte, who understood every word, rose, and taking his coffee and his roll in his hands, without noticing the young lady, but in a way the most quiet and inoffensive, took his seat at another table.

The Comte de Chambord is a devout man in the strict Roman Catholic idea of the term. While France was convulsed and torn by the terrible events which followed each other with such marvelous swiftness during the war with Prussia, he maintained the same undemonstrative manner and undisturbed temper. His "Faith in God and his Destiny" has never forsaken him, and it is said he still believes that at the appointed time he will be crowned Henry V. of France.

The eldest son of Louis Philippe was Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans. He lost his life by a fall from his horse in July, 1842. He left two sons.

The eldest, known as the Comte de Paris, is about forty-five years old, and is to-day the representative of the Orleans dynasty. All the Orleanist Princes are quiet, intelligent, well-behaved gentlemen, with a smack of the worldly wisdom of Louis Philippe, without, as it would really seem, his intense powers of dissimulation and fondness for intrigue. It may be too soon, however, to form conclusions of this nature, and it is unsafe to hazard them when the events of the next few weeks may, perhaps, show their fallacy.

By the melancholy taking off of the son of Louis Napoleon (the young Prince Imperial) in Zululand, where he was serving under the British flag, the "succession" fell to "Prince Napoleon," of whom we made mention at the beginning of this article, and who is familiarly known in France as "Plon Plon." This man the Empress Eugenie has recognized as the head of the Bonapartes. He is a person utterly without principles, and has been Democrat, Republican and Imperialist by turns. He gave his cousin, Louis Napoleon, when Emperor, an infinite amount of annoyance. He has a son who is said to be a bright and promising youth, whom the young Prince Imperial named in his will as his successor.

I have now to speak of another party which it is im-

possible to classify under a single name. Its members muster in great numbers in Paris, and in all the large towns of France. It embraces the "Reds" of the first revolution (Bonnets Rouges), the Communists, Socialists, Intransigents, Radical Reformers, Nihilists and Anarchists. I repeat, these people muster in force in Paris and the large cities like Lyons, Bordeaux and Marseilles. What makes them the more dangerous is that they are composed ordinarily of the artisans, mechanics and skilled workmen of these large towns, so that what they do or undertake to do is directed by intelligence, but an intelligence which ignores all responsibility to society as it now exists, and whose reforms, if carried out, would be destructive of all constituted authority. This class, grouping their various elements into one, is the terror of all well-to-do Frenchmen in the cities and throughout the entire country. It is also the terror of the small farmer and of the quiet peasant who owns and cultivates his two or three acres in peace, and who dreads disturbance. It is the class which the Republican party proper has most occasion to fear, and by the same reason this class is to-day the hope of the monarchists and of the adherents of



DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL, AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.

Napoleon. For these latter are waiting in eager expectation for the time when the extreme radicals will break bounds, and by violent and successful demonstrations against "law and order" threaten the safety of the Republic, so that France will again be forced to take refuge under a monarchy or an empire.

Lastly, in marshaling the political forces of France which were grouped together after the surrender of the Emperor at Sedan and his immediate dethronement, we have to notice the Republicans. I do not say Republican party, for party there was none. It was composed of individuals entertaining various shades of political faith, from the intelligent and serious Republicans of the old school through different cliques holding various modifications of the idea down to the younger members—men of good education and enlightened views, but entertaining the extravagant, indeed impossible, theories which young men in the first flush of their energy are apt to entertain. Others there were, Orleanist in feeling, who saw no immediate opportunity for placing their own man on the throne, and who preferred to act with the Republicans, and so frustrate the plans of the other party. In this way they could at least mature plans of their own and wait the result.

We might add to the various parties previously named another set, which should be called the "Opportunists"—a class to be found in every country and under all forms of government, who look on quietly till they discover which is to be the dominant party, when their adherence to it is proclaimed with noisy ostentation.

We now come to the third Republic. I have endeavored to present to the reader the exact situation of parties when France was thrown into a state of frenzied confusion by the triumph of the Prussian army, and its victorious march on Paris. The Empire was at an end. What next?

Bear in mind, however, that the Empire did not come to an end because the country was specially dissatisfied with Imperial rule, but because irreparable disaster had attended the Imperial army. Had Louis Napoleon been victorious in the war with Prussia, his tenure of power would have been assured. A vanquished man and a prisoner, all possibility of recuperating was for him at an end.

As soon as news of the surrender at Sedan reached Paris, a Provisional Government met at the Hotel de Ville. General Trochu, an able, upright man and strict disciplinarian, was named President. Resolutions were adopted deposing the Emperor and abolishing the Senate and Corps Legislatif. There were in the assembly some of the best men of France, such men as Jules Favre, Cremieux, Ferry, Arago, Garnier Pages, Gambetta, Jules Simon, and others of equal merit and distinction. It was called "The Provisional Government of National Defense." It undertook no work of framing a constitution, though the heading given to its decrees bore the title of "*Republique Française*." It seemed to be influenced by one thought only—namely, how to reunite the shattered fragments of the French armies, raise fresh troops, and make head against the invaders now marching rapidly upon Paris.

It was a tremendous work, but all France had her heart in it. Meantime, the Prussian army had reached Paris—had invested the city, and waited quietly for starvation to do its work. Still the Provisional Government did not lose courage. About the middle of October Gambetta made his famous departure from Paris in a balloon, and landed safely beyond the reach of the enemy. His object was to assist in raising new levies, and, if possible, among

other things, relieve Metz, where Bazaine had permitted himself to be shut up with 180,000 men, at the time well equipped and provisioned. His disgraceful surrender on the 27th of October gave a final blow to any hope of successful resistance. The beleaguering army of the Prussians was then set free to complete the conquest of the country. Some severe contests ensued between the newly-raised troops and the German veterans, always with disaster to the French. Brave but ineffectual sallies were made by the French army in Paris, but only to be driven back with great loss. It was not, however, till the city was literally on the verge of starvation that it surrendered. Old King William (now Emperor William) entered Paris from the Arc de Triomphe, but with no display of the conqueror or with any arrogance of triumph. Carefully prepared arrangements had been agreed on with reference to the disposition of the two armies during the occupancy by the Prussians. The latter occupied the position about the Tuileries, on the river side, while the French, with stacked arms, were almost immediately opposite, in and around the Place Vendôme. No one from either side was permitted to intrude on the quarters of the other. When the Germans marched through the Gardens of the Tuileries they found all the statues draped in crape, and the faces carefully covered with it.

The surrender of Paris was in January, 1871. Nothing then remained but to agree on the terms of a peace, and find a Government who would take the responsibility of ratifying these terms. To this end the National Assembly convened at Bordeaux on the 12th of February of the same year. Nothing can be more dramatic than the account by Bismarck of the interviews between himself, on the one side, and Jules Favre and Thiers, commissioners to treat for the terms of peace on the part of the French nation. The tremendous sum of money demanded by Prussia was no obstacle, but the cession to that country of Alsace, and nearly all of Lorraine, was resisted with desperate tenacity. It was of no avail. Bismarck was relentless.

"Let me implore you," said Favre, while tears of chagrin and sorrow gathered in his eyes, "not to push your advantage too far. If you insist on these cessions of territory you will arouse the inextinguishable hatred of the French people."

"Ah," replied Bismarck, "that Germany has gained already, and I am determined to fortify against it."

Arriving at no conclusion, Bismarck, who had been carrying on the conversation in the French language, suddenly commenced to speak in his own tongue.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Thiers. "You well know we do not speak German."

"Then send for an interpreter," answered Bismarck, "for we do not seem to make any progress while I speak French."

"What is it you desire?" said Thiers, testily.

"Your signatures to this document."

Thiers seized a pen, put his name to the paper, and threw it aside in disgust; Jules Favre followed. The sacrifice was made, and the treaty was ratified at Bordeaux by an almost unanimous vote, on the 1st of March, 1871.

But France had still another ordeal to pass through, for the Germans, having evacuated the city on the 3d of March, encamped on the right bank of the Seine. The Communists immediately began their agitation, and in a few days the National Guard went over to them, and a government was established. While the plans of the Communists were revolutionary in the extremest sense, the demand for a municipal government for Paris indicated a long-needed reform. This measure attached many to

their side, so that the Commune was enabled to hold their own against the army of the National Assembly from the 18th of March to the 27th of May. The surrender took place after five days' severe fighting in the streets of Paris, and the destruction by fire of the Palace of the Tuileries, the Hotel de Ville, and other important government edifices. A strange contest—Frenchmen against Frenchmen, with Germans looking on grimly with an air of satisfaction from across the river.

When order was restored, Paris presented a sad spectacle. I entered the city shortly after. The first sight which impressed me was that of the beautiful "Column" in the Place Vendôme lying prostrate on the pavement; the statue of the great Emperor which crowned it disfigured, and the shaft bespattered with mud; the Tuileries were in ruins; the Louvre partially destroyed; the Palais de Justice burnt; the Bank of France had been forced to advance large sums to the insurgents; the Archbishop of Paris, with others obnoxious to the Communists, had been put to death. No excesses were committed against the citizens generally, nor was there any destruction of private property. I took occasion in my walks around Paris to interrogate various classes of people about the Commune. I found in the stores and shops of the more aristocratic quarters a lasting terror of it. "The siege," so they said, "was infinitely to be preferred to it." In the humbler quarters respectable, industrious people of the same class expressed to me their entire satisfaction with it. "It was a good government, and if let alone would have done well."

The principal object of the meeting of the National Assembly at Bordeaux was to confirm a treaty with Prussia, and thus put an end to the war. There was little room for plots or counter-plots while France was under control of a foreign enemy. The Imperialists were humbled, but the Monarchists mustered in full force. They were largely in the majority in the Bordeaux Assembly. The treaty ratified, the King of Prussia, on the 13th of March, quitted Versailles, and returned to Berlin, leaving the German army of occupation encamped, as we have said, on the right bank of the Seine, near Paris. The National Assembly removed from Bordeaux to Versailles, and Thiers, who, with little opposition from any quarter, had presided over it, placed Marshal MacMahon in command of the French troops operating against the Paris Commune. I shall have occasion to speak of the Marshal presently.

In August, 1871, Thiers was made President of what was called the French Republic—a Republic in name only—as indicated by the heading of decrees and proclamations. He had large powers, and with no express limitation of his term of office. In fact, the Act of the Assembly prolonged his tenure "until it shall have concluded its labors."

Thiers was in principle a Monarchist and an Orleanist; but he was an honest man, who did not conceal his sentiments, and who, above all things, had at heart the good of his country. He disliked the Germans. He formed one of the small band of the opposition in the Corps Legislatif under Louis Napoleon. He voted against the war with Prussia, not that, as he declared, he was averse to such a war, but because France was not ready.

Thus far the reader will see that everything tended to favor the establishment of a constitutional monarchy in France in place of a republic, which existed scarcely more than in name. Two-thirds of the National Assembly were Monarchists, while the Imperialists still kept out of sight. On the 30th of August, 1871, a constitution was adopted which asserted that the Assembly had the "Right to use

the constituent power as an essential attribute of the sovereignty with which it was invested."

What then stood in the way of the establishing of a Constitutional Monarchy by this assembly where there were two Monarchists to one Republican?

It was the Comte de Chambord whose carriage stopped the way! For from the day of the deposition of the Emperor the Monarchists had taken heart. They believed their hour had come. But there must be union, or, as they called it, a fusion of the two parties. And why not? The Comte de Chambord was childless, and the Comte de Paris, with all the Orleans family, could afford to wait. So the Orleanist presented himself before the Bourbon, tendered his homage, acknowledged his "divine right," and begged him to assert it. The comte was inexorable. He would not treat as to conditions or terms; he did not recognize any. He would countenance neither intrigue nor violence. When France restored to him his rightful crown without restrictions or limitations, he would accept it as the justice of God!

This concluded the immediate attempt to once more impose a Monarchy on France, and its failure gave encouragement to the Imperialists to come again to the surface. Meanwhile the Republicans firmly stood their ground. They were sincere—they were patriotic, and they had no thought of surrender. France was smarting under the severe terms exacted by Prussia. She had an almost fabulous sum to raise before the "Army of Occupation" was to quit France. With marvelous energy, and with a resoluteness scarcely paralleled in history, the subscriptions went on, and on the 3d of July, 1873, the last Prussian soldier crossed the frontier into his own country. Congratulations poured in from all quarters. The French residents within the United States sent to Thiers a magnificent album filled with signatures, with an inscription of a most complimentary character.

"France," as they expressed it, "restored to herself, breathed again." True, but at the same time the door was open for the renewal of intrigues which the unhappy condition of the country had before qualified, if not prevented.

There were certain signs of the times in these two years (1871-3,) which greatly encouraged the Republicans. Whenever an election was held to fill the vacancies which from time to time occurred, the returns were largely in their favor. Before this Thiers had taken strong ground for the Republic. Satisfied of the impossibility of any union of the two Monarchist parties, disturbed to see the Imperialists gradually gaining votes from the Monarchists, he declared, in November, 1872, the Republic to be the legal government in France, and to desire anything else would be a new revolution, and the most formidable of all. From that time all his influence was cast for it. He was not long, however, to remain President. He was baited and thrust at by Monarchists as well as Imperialists, while the Radical element was never content.

So in May, 1873, Thiers sent in his resignation as President of the Republic. It was accepted by a vote of 365 to 339. A motion was then made that Marshal MacMahon be invited to accept the Presidency. Only 392 Deputies voted, so that the vote was nearly unanimous. After some coquetting, MacMahon accepted the office. He declared, with the aid of God and the devotion of the army, the work of restoring moral order throughout the country would go on, and that he would maintain eternal peace and the principles upon which society rests. This he pledged on the word of an honest man and a soldier.

MacMahon came of an ancient and honorable Irish family, which left Ireland at the time of the deposition of

the Stuarts, and took up their abode in France. They settled in Burgundy, and intermarried with the noblest French families. The father of the ex-President was made Marquis MacMahon in 1817. He was a personal friend of Charles X., and he forfeited his peerage by refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe. He left four sons, of whom Patrice, or Patrick, Marshal MacMahon, ex-President of the French Republic, was the youngest. This latter personage was one of those individuals frequently to be met with who are by nature and characteristics subjects of good fortune. He had no salient points of superiority likely to challenge the envy of rivals, so that in his career he had the advantage which attends a successful mediocrity. He seems to have lacked the chivalrous notions of honor displayed by his father and elder brothers, for on the death of the former, having taken the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe, he was permitted to assume the title of Marquis, which his elder brother had declined. He received his military education at St. Cyr, and entered at once into active service. Notwithstanding his claim to be a Bourbonist, and his serving under Louis Philippe, he seemed quite satisfied at the usurpation of Louis Napoleon, who especially desired to propitiate the Bourbons, and by whom he was made a General of Division. In the line of his successes, we must notice his marriage with the wealthy daughter of the Duc de Castries. He served actively in the Crimean War, and afterward in Africa, resuming, from time to time, his seat in the Senate. In the Austro-Italian War, it is said that his opportune arrival at the battle of Magenta decided the fate of the day in favor of the French. On this occasion Louis Napoleon made him a Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta. His administration in Algeria, as Governor-General, was not so fortunate. Close upon this came the Franco-German War, where he met with uninterrupted reverses, but was fortunate enough to be slightly wounded in the thigh at Sedan, and



PRINCE VICTOR, THE NAPOLEONIC HEIR-APPARENT.

thus escaped the responsibility of the surrender of the army. Thiers, as we have said, afterward placed him at the head of the army operating against the Communists in Paris.

MacMahon, after the deposition of Louis Napoleon, had never for a moment abandoned the idea of a monarchy for France. His chief adviser, who appeared absolutely to control his actions, was the Duc de Broglie, an irreconcilable Monarchist and conspirer. He is the son of the famous Minister of Louis Philippe of the same name, and grandson of the celebrated Mme de Staël. No man was more obnoxious to the Republicans in the Assembly than he.

And now we enter upon a long and desperate struggle, in which the existence of the Republic was threatened for at least five years—a Republic which existed quite as much by the jealousies of the factions opposed to it as by its own strength; a struggle, however, in which the Republic every year gained strength and vigor. The term of the President had been fixed at seven years, which would continue MacMahon in office till 1880. The object of the Republicans was to establish a constitution in which the Republic should be recognized, and permanent forms of administration established, while the Monarchists felt that they had a long lease in which to plot and undermine, or even prepare a *coup d'état*. Their first movement was a renewal of the effort to fuse the Orleanist party with the Bourbons; to this end the Orleanist Princes renewed in the most emphatic manner their fealty to the Comte de Chambord. It was in vain. Among other things the comte declared that the white flag (the famous *Fleur de Lys* of France), should never be displaced by the tricolor.

"I will never," continued the comte, "become a revolutionary King; never sacrifice my honor to the exigencies of parties; never disclaim the standard of Arques and Ivry. My person is nothing, my principle is everything. I am the indispensable pilot; the only one capable



PRINCE NAPOLEON IN THE PRISON OF THE CONCIERGERIE.

of guiding the vessel into port. Because for this I have a mission and authority."

The tricolor, as we all know, was the flag adopted by *Fleur de Lys* and its famous traditions, rather than to the Tricolor, though rendered glorious by such names as Austerlitz, Marengo and Wagram. It has been said that



LOUIS PHILIPPE LANDING IN ENGLAND

bloody revolutionists of 1789, the flag under which Louis XVI. was brought to the scaffold. It is nothing to be wondered at, then, that the childless comte clung to the

De Broglie sounded President MacMahon upon the possibility of such a change, and that the old soldier sturdily replied: "If the white flag were raised against the

tricolor, the chassapots would go off of themselves, and I could not answer either for order in the streets or for discipline in the army."

As the constitution was inevitable, De Broglie set himself to work to modify, as far as possible, the Republican elements. His success was comparatively slight. The Republic was recognized in it, and a constitutional form of government adopted. The legislative assembly remained as before. A Senate was created, consisting of 300 members, of whom seventy-five were to be life members, chosen by the Assembly. The remaining 225 were to be chosen by the people for the term of ten years. The President, by the consent of the Senate, had the power to dissolve the Assembly and order a new election.

All parties immediately commenced marshaling their forces for the elections to come off under the constitution of 1875. The election for the seventy-five senators to be chosen for the Assembly was first held, and it was found that the Republicans and Radicals had elected fifty members, the remaining twenty-five being divided between the opposite factions. The elections came off in January and February, 1876, and resulted in a great triumph for the Republican party, for while in the Senate, including the seventy-five life members, there was a small majority against it, the Republicans in the Assembly had a clear majority of 100. MacMahon yielded, or affected to yield, and changed his cabinet, but still kept in his own men as Minister of Marine, of War, and of Foreign Affairs. The Assembly, fortified by their large majority, now took active measures against the plans of the President, which resulted in his having the audacity to recall De Broglie to power. Every circumstance points to the fact that a *coup d'état* was to have been attempted. Karl Blind asserts that he knows it to be a fact that the first warning revelation as to MacMahon's criminal intentions was conveyed to a well-known French Republican leader through a German friend in England, and it is further said that a French officer wholly spoiled the proposed *coup d'état* by breaking his sword instead of obeying the orders given to him by his superiors. The London Times also used its utmost influence to prevent a crisis, and warned the Orleanist Princes against lending themselves to it. MacMahon was driven to the wall. He had but one resource left, which was to dissolve the Assembly and go to the country for a new election. The Senate assented to the dissolution by a small majority. Then took place one of the most hotly contested elections on record. The Monarchists had the advantage of a President who favored their cause and used all his power for the return of their candidates, but the Republicans had a strong hold upon the country, as the result of the election showed, which gave them a largely increased majority over their opponents.

The President attempted to form a new Cabinet, but without immediate success. The Reactionists seemed for a time panic-stricken, and some time after, on a resolution touching certain regulations of the army which MacMahon was not willing to carry out, he sent in his resignation as President. This was in June, 1879, one year before his term of office would have expired. Francis Paul Grévy was at once elected in his place. He is a native of the Jura, on the very borders of Switzerland, was a law student in Paris in 1839, and fought behind the barricades that memorable year. He gained considerable prominence at the Bar in defense of members of the Radical party, who were charged with political offenses. He was a member of the Assembly of 1848, and entertained moderate Democratic views. He was a strong opponent of the presidential administration of Louis Napoleon. After the *coup d'état* of

1851, and nearly through the Empire, he held aloof from politics; but in 1868 he took his seat in the Corps Legislatif, and acted with the small body of the Opposition. In 1871 he was elected President of the National Assembly, which position he held for two years, and in which he displayed great tact, judgment and moderation. He is represented to be an unselfish man, pure-minded, and of strict integrity. He has unquestionably acted for the best. The Radicals, it is true, consider him too slow, but they respect him, nevertheless, and his "wise, impersonal influence" seems daily to grow more effective and prominent.

This article is concluded. I shall consider my efforts felicitous if I have been successful in my attempt in enabling the general reader to form his own judgments, based upon the exact condition of the parties in France. He cannot fail, we think, to perceive that the Republic has been gradually gaining strength and a permanent hold upon the French nation for the last twelve years, and that every additional year of existence adds to its permanency.

THOUGHTS ON SMOKING.

"Habits are stubborn things,
And by the time a man is turned of forty
His ruling passions have grown so very haughty
There's no clipping of their wings."

THE above lines are quoted from memory, from a bit of pleasantry, written, it is supposed, by the subject's warmest friend, Joseph Addison, on the occasion of Sir Richard Steele's marriage, and his consequent absence from the nightly meetings of the moralists, wits and humorists, at Will's Coffee-house, London, in the eighteenth century. Dr. Johnson, Addison, Pope, Dryden, Congreve and Prior, were a few of the number of those intellectual giants who periodically electrified the literary world with the effusions emanating from, and inspired by, the clouds of smoke inhaled from their favorite pipes, and emitted from mouth and nostrils, sipping occasionally the generous wine from their ever-charged glasses. There were truly giants in the days of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne.

The absence of Dick Steele from this intellectual coterie, with his wit, his humor, that wonderful bonhomie—simple heart that he was—and his Irish brogue withal, created a void, and left the club, as it were, like the play of "Hamlet" without the Prince.

I shall have occasion to quote again from this masterpiece of innocent, friendly satire, and it is to be hoped that your learned and accomplished Mr. S— may be enabled to enlighten the public in the matter of its authorship. Its truth is unquestionable, and 'tis no less true to-day than it was a hundred and seventy or eighty years ago.

Man is especially given to the use and to the abuse of narcotics. Nature seems to crave them in one form or another. This fact has been observed by all travelers. Throughout the known world no race of men has yet been discovered that has not manifested a more or less inordinate appetite in this respect.

The narcotic peculiar to the North American Indians was the smoking and inhaling from a *columet* the leaf of an indigenous plant, called tobacco, which grew in the southern latitudes of America.

Tradition and history are silent in respect to the existence of the habit of smoking in any other part of the world, save, perhaps, in China, where opium was used, smoked from a peculiar pipe, so extensively and with

such deleterious effect as to cause it to be denounced as a crime, and prohibited. In no other part of the world, nor in any age, have the evidences of the existence of the habit been discovered. The ruins of ancient cities, temples and mausoleums, have been unearthed and searched by scholars and antiquarians, yielding their long pent-up treasures; but no trace of this now world-wide habit has been as yet discovered. No pipe, nor any object resembling one! Nor is there any allusion to the practice occurring in the Sacred Scriptures. The *calumet*, with its pleasures, its consolations and its pastimes, laid buried *perdu* in the green glades and barren wastes of the American Continent, enjoyed only by the simple savage Indian, who roamed unrestrained throughout its vast forests and boundless plains.

He alone, of all the world, had been vouchsafed during all these ages the inexpressible sensations of pleasure and repose resulting from this indulgence. Its dream-inspiring effects created in the fragrant fumes as they issued from his lungs through his nostrils in two thin streams, curling first heavenward, then to the earth, a divinity whom he worshiped.

In all the serious transactions of his life, the initial step was the filling the calumet with the sacred plant, and formally passing it round the circle of councilors. Treaties of peace, alliance or tribute, were thus ratified. So that "smoking the pipe of peace" was equivalent to the eating of salt in an Arab's camp.

The calumet was made of a rather hard, fine-grained red stone found on the Upper Mississippi. The stem, of hickory—about four feet in length, an inch and a half broad, and a quarter of an inch thick in the middle, beveled toward the edges—was stained red, and decorated with etchings of various fantastic figures, with a scalp or two pendent from it, to invest it with dignity and character. This was the famed calumet, or pipe of peace.

The *tam-hak*, or war-pipe, served the double purpose of a formidable offensive weapon and a pipe. It was made of stone, with the sharp edge of an ax, and a pipe at the butt, the helve serving as a stem. Our early colonists have attested the skill which characterized the savage warriors in the use of this weapon; and their astuteness and love of gain soon flooded the wilderness with what they called *tomahawks*, manufactured of steel in England. They bartered them to the Indians for their lands and their peltries, even at the expense of security to themselves, in supplying their enemies with such a formidable weapon; so that the Yankee tomahawk soon supplanted the crude instrument of stone they had found at their first advent. It is carried either in the hand or thrust into a belt about the waist.

Indian women never smoke; nor do the youths until they have qualified themselves by some specific deed to enter into the councils of the tribe. Tobacco was held in the highest esteem, a gift of the gods, and smoking was considered a sacred luxury, unfit for the weak lungs of the frailer sex, or of the rude, maturing youth.

The crude plant was found too highly impregnated with the narcotic principle to be held for any length of time in the lungs; hence another plant was sought of similar but milder properties to mix with, and thus reduce the strength of, the tobacco, and at the same time to give it a more aromatic flavor. This mixture was called *kinconi*, Anglicised into *kiniconick*—a name given by manufacturers to a peculiar smoking tobacco. Various herbs and shrubs are used for this purpose by the Indians, depending upon the locality of their respective habitations. In the South and middle regions of the continent the leaf of the shumach, gathered in the Autumn, is used; on the great plains

West, the bark of the red willow; and in the Rocky Mountains, and further West, the leaf of an evergreen ground vine which grows in the forests of fir, called by the Canadian trappers *herbe*, is dried, and thus used.

It remained for the Virginians, North Carolinians and Georgians to discover the soothing effects of the plant when chewed. The Indians never desecrated their favorite plant by such vile uses.

Sir Walter Raleigh, the illustrious statesman in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, had the honor of first introducing the habit of smoking tobacco at the court of that famous sovereign. If he had achieved nothing else to make himself famous, that alone would have been sufficient to satisfy the ambition of any one man. To have discovered and introduced to the civilized world such a hidden boon, to fill the void which had existed for so many ages, and for which men had ignorantly craved, was almost equivalent to the discovery of the New World itself. With such a splendid endorsement, what wonder that the nobility and gentry of England took kindly to the habit, and that it spread thence rapidly to every court, and thence again to the people throughout Europe?

Sir Walter had visited America about the middle of the sixteenth century, with the view, like many of his noble contemporaries, of colonizing some quarter of the New World. In the few years that he remained he acquired the pernicious habit, as many women persist in characterizing smoking. It was a novelty then amongst the whites, but the great man, yielding to the fascinating influences of the plant, acknowledged that it was a desideratum man had yearned for for thousands of years. He made the habit respectable, fashionable; and, with little effort, forced it on the European courts on his return thither, provided with a goodly supply of pipes and tobacco. Queen Bess herself was suspected of indulging occasionally in a whiff.

The chronic fullness of the head and the catarrh which afflicted the Scotch, owing to the dampness of their climate, giving them the broad nasal accent which has been observed, inspired, one would suppose, the thought of converting the tobacco-plant into snuff. They could perceive no good in smoking, and denounced it as emanating from the devil. But they beat the devil around the bush, and took very kindly to snuffing.

Perceiving at once the exquisite sensation of sneezing produced by the trituration of the snuff, and the consequent secretions, which gave relief to the overstrained and overcrowded brain, the habit of snuffing, too, became fashionable, and spread throughout Europe. At that period the Courts of France and Scotland were in intimate relations, hence France accepted the novel dissipation with alacrity and enthusiasm. Philosophers, sages and scholars discovered in it a balm, a nepenthe for the inspiration of their hitherto dormant thoughts. Princes and nobles, bishops and priests, were not slow, and readily yielded to the general infection. Courtiers vied with each other in ostentatiously displaying their exquisite snuff-boxes. Dowagers gracefully yielded to the mania, and it was to them that the French exquisite lavished his courtly attentions as he approached, *tabatière en main*, offering *une prise* from the jeweled bauble. Sovereigns indicated their preferences by presenting to the fortunate object of it a golden snuff-box, ornately jeweled, and surmounted by his own portrait and cipher. Thus, at this day, heir-looms the most fondly cherished are snuff-boxes descending from a remote ancestry.

Nor is this the only method in vogue of using snuff. In several of the Southern States—and, for aught I know, in many of the Northern and Western ones, too—the



THE SHADOWS WHICH THREATEN FRANCE.—THE CHATEAU D'EU.—SEE PAGE 514.

practice of *dipping* is very common amongst the women ; a mere apology, indeed, for chewing. A box of snuff is kept in some secluded corner of the house ; each individual dipper provides herself with an althea stick about six inches long ; both ends being shred, until the fibres make a soft brush. First wetted, either end is *dipped* into the snuff, and applied vigorously to the teeth and gums. A coterie of young ladies will thus, in the solitude of their chambers, employ themselves for hours, gossiping the while upon the affairs of their unsuspecting neighbors.

Emerging then, innocent and blooming, from this disgusting practice, they'll lift up their delicate hands in holy horror that their brothers should be found smoking !

The perversity of the human mind is beyond comprehension ! Nay, it has been observed that she who has, perhaps, just emerged from the rank fumes of her own or her husband's "nigger head" at home, is apt to be the first to complain in the cars of the odor of a fine Havana, smoked with the utmost delicacy by a gentleman on the platform ; insisting that it shall be thrown away, and



THE CHATEAU DE CHAMBORD.



THE COMTESSE DE CHAMBORD.



THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

protesting that the smoke affected her nerves, forsooth! Imagine, if you can, kind reader, those mental potentes of the world, Dr. Johnson, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, and a host of others, assembling night after night at Will's Coffee-house, each with his long clay pipe, puffing the fragrant weed, filling the whole room with fumes as dark as science, metaphysics! They smoked and drank and cracked their jokes! And from these social fumes emanated essays and moral effusions which, when they appeared in the *Rambler*, the *Tattler*, the *Idler* or the *Spectator*, would electrify the literary world. There is something inexpressibly social in the habit. Be it in company or in the solitude of one's own chamber, one is never alone with his pipe. "'Tis his meat and drink and physic!"

"To see the friendly
vapor
Curl around the mid-
night taper."

The human intellect seems to have craved with its expansion some soothing and yet inspiring influence, possessed only by the heavenly fumes of tobacco. The moment it was discovered by the immortal Raleigh, like some truth or self-evident proposition that had lain hidden for thousands of years, he might have exclaimed: "Lo! the long-lost element man has craved these countless ages! Hail

to thee, thou divinity! I will e'en transport thee to my native soil, and make a god of thee, to be worshiped by all mankind! The great, as well as the lowly, shall be numbered amongst thy devotees! Princes shall find solace and relaxation from the cares of state in thy curling vapor! Statesmen and divines, philosophers and scholars, shall find in thy fumes the embodiment of their mystic thoughts! The soldier, the sailor, the plowman, and the puling granny in the chimney-corner shall form pictures of the beloved ones at home, and find consolation and hope and final triumph, in worshipping at thy shrine! No

fabled spirit ever emerged from its bottled prison so potent in its power! Thou shalt count thy new proselytes by the million!"

And so it has proved! All Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, have yielded to the benign influences of tobacco, some to a greater extent than others; for, in some countries, especially in Spain and her colonies, and throughout the Orient, the women smoke as well as the men.

The pipe, being the aboriginal method of using tobacco, continued in vogue throughout the eighteenth century. The peculiar form given to it was governed by the genius of the people and the material at hand. In England



THE COMTE DE PARIS.

the common clay pipe prevailed, the dilettante and military snob affecting the Irish dudheen—a small, short clay pipe, blackened with age and use. This pipe is said to be very sweet, and is highly prized.

The Germans, who dissipate in this respect more than any other people, smoke a pipe almost exclusively. Their pipes are made of porcelain, with a cherry stem and pliant mouthpiece. The bowls are beautifully ornamented with landscape and portrait paintings. No object in life presents such an air of contentment and self-satisfaction as the portly Dutch Burgomaster, with his pipe resting on his bosom, dozing after a hearty meal and countless schooners of weiss beer.

In Austria the meerschäum—a beautiful, soft, white stone—is elaborately fashioned into various fantastic shapes, so that really it is the *ne plus ultra* of pipes. The newness of the stone soon wears off, and the exuding nicotine penetrates all the pores, and gives to it a beautifully shining surface, of an exquisite mahogany color, mottled or in veins. These are collected by amateur smokers, and are highly prized.

In the Orient, the chibouque is the pipe of ceremony. This is simply a common red clay pipe, with flaring lips, a stem of jasmine, some four feet long, terminating in a spherical mouthpiece of amber, which, with the rich, is encircled with jewels. A small copper pan is set on the floor opposite the smoker, in which the pipe is rested by the servant, who has previously lighted it, and hands it, with a salaam, to master or guest. Filled with the Syrian *latekié*, the smoking of a chibouque is a luxury, indeed.

Another method of smoking very common in Eastern countries is with the nargile. This is an urn-shaped glass flask with a narrow neck, holding about a quart of liquid. In lieu of a stopper, a red clay pipe, similar to the chibouque, is inserted at top. The stem, a long elastic tube with a mouthpiece of amber or metal coiled around the flask, or stretched out to its full length, is inserted at the neck of the flask, so that when an inspiration is taken the smoke passes through the rose-water with which the flask is filled, and is thus cooled before reaching the lungs, into which it is inhaled.

The tobacco smoked in the nargile is a peculiar Persian plant called *tumbak*. The leaf is very much smaller than the common tobacco plant, and milder in its character. It is never cut fine, nor crumbled, but the crude leaf is placed in a cloth, moistened and partially dried by squeezing in the fingers. It is then deposited in the pipe, a live coal placed on top, set on the floor beside the smoker, and the amber end of the stem handed to him by the servant, with a salaam. This method of smoking, and the peculiar characteristics of the plant, are said to be especially beneficial in cases of asthma and lung complaints.

Pipes of various patterns and styles are smoked throughout the world. In this country a hundred varieties are in use, among which the corn-cob and green brier-root are the most unique. But the most unique and the simplest of all pipes are those manufactured on the spot by the savage negro of Central Africa. With a little spittle, or other water, the earth is moistened, and a pipe is constructed on the ground in a few minutes. It is charged, lighted, and, in turn, each one of the hungry group stoops and inhales a long-drawn whiff, retires to a distance to enjoy the exquisite sensations of ejecting the smoke through his nostrils at his leisure.

Cigars and cigarettes, doubtless, had their origin amongst the negro slaves on the tobacco plantations in Cuba. Observing the contentment of their masters, and the quiet satisfaction they manifested whilst inhaling the

fragrant fumes from their pipes, what more simple than for the slaves to improve upon the pipe, and roll a few crude leaves in a cheap corn-shuck, and thus in this simple form themselves enjoy the inspiring fumes? Or even to roll the leaves in the rude shape of the present fragrant havana—what more easy or more natural in the tobacco-patch? Hence, I have no doubt, originated the highly-prized havana and cigarettes. The latter, of late years, have almost entirely supplanted the pipe and cigar. The pleasurable occupation of rolling them, and their short but sufficient duration, have made them popular, especially amongst business men.

A compromise, it would seem, has been effected between the *pater* and *mater familias* in respect to smoking, for scarcely a mansion has been erected of late years, however unpretentious, that is not provided with an exclusive smoking-room.

The ladies, with one accord, have never ceased to wage a relentless war against the habit of smoking. Like Rebecca Stripe in the poem—

“Who carried

The cleanly virtues almost to a vice,
Thrice a week the house was scoured from top to toe,
And the floors were scrubbed so very bright
You could scarce stand upright,
For fear of sliding,
But that she took delight in,
She railed against the filthy herb, tobacco,
Protested that it spoiled her best chintz curtains,
And cost her many pounds in stucco.
Then she quoted old King James, who sayeth:
‘Tobacco is the devil’s breath!’
Dick gave up his favorite pipe,
But, alas! the time must come when she must die!
Imagine now the doleful cry,
Of female friends, old aunts and cousins,
Who to the funeral came by dozens,
Undertaker’s men and mutes,
Stood at the door like melancholy rooks,
But grief makes folks dry!
Cake and wine were handed round,
But Dick was nowhere to be found.
They searched the house about throughout,
Every nook and corner shelf—
They all thought he’d hanged himself.
At length they found him, guess you where?
My dear friends, ’twill make you stare—
Perched upon Rebecca’s coffin, quite at rest.
Smoking a pipe of Kirkman’s best.”

Pray, then, give o’er this little war, my fair readers. Yield to the inevitable with a good grace. Fill and light your dear lord’s pipe, or roll with your delicate fingers his cigarettes, and, like John Anderson, my joe, John, climb the hill together, enjoying your respective pastimes and your pleasures till you meet together at the foot—*Ainsi soit il!*

Finally, tobacco, both for chewing and smoking, has come to be as much a necessity to man as any other article of diet, and supplies of it are provided for home consumption and for expeditions with quite as much care. Governments have been forced to recognize the importance of the item in the purchase of rations for the army and navy. Even at the Military Academy at West Point, the authorities, after battling with the habit for sixty years, sending many a poor wight to grief in consequence of the *demerit* the forbidden indulgence has occasioned, have made a virtue of necessity, and provide a liberal ration of the weed for the youthful devotee.

And many good pastors, I can assure you, my fair readers, driven to the innocent deception by your frowns, have sought the undisturbed and sacred purloins of their studies to enjoy in quiet reverie and repose the inspirations of a favorite pipe. Would it not be better, and

inure greatly to your own advantage as well as to theirs, were they to meet together in clubs, as those intellectual giants did of old, at Will's or Button's coffee-houses, in London, and discuss and interchange ideas on the subjects of their respective discourses, enjoying the while their pipes and an occasional tippie? Would not this tend to bring us back to those good old days, and create that unison in Christ's Church so earnestly desired and so ardently prayed for? Try it, *Messieurs les Disputants*, and may *le bon Dieu* aid and abet you in the effort!

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

THE first European banners unfurled upon the shores of the New World, of which we have any authentic account, are those of Columbus, who landed on the small island of San Salvador, October 12th, 1492. Doubtless his ideas of a new world came from Iceland, which he visited early in 1477.

His son writes that Columbus, dressed in scarlet, stepped ashore, and planted the royal standard of Isabella, emblazoned with the arms of Castile and Leon. A white flag with a green cross was its companion.

In 1499 the eastern coast of South America was explored, and eight years later the discovery was announced to the world by a Florentine, Americus Vesputius, who gave name to the Western Continent. About this time the Cabots planted on the shores of North America the banners of England, and of St. Marks, of Venice. The early voyagers found that the Indians of North America carried as a standard a pole covered with the wing-feathers of eagles.

Then Aubert, and soon after, Cartier, planted, at Gaspe, the white flag of France, with its triple *fleur-de-lys*.

The red cross of St. George floated from the mast of the *Mayflower*, 1620, when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

Hudson sailed into New York harbor with the Dutch flag, a tricolor—orange, white and blue—and this with the letters W. I. C.—betokening the proprietary rights of the Dutch West India Company—floated for half a century over Manhattan Island, while the royal banner of Sweden flashed in the sunlight on the banks of the Delaware for a brief season.

The snowy banner of France was planted at Port Royal, in South Carolina, and at the St. John's, in Florida, but gave way to that of Spain, which has been reared at one time or another from the Potomac to Cape Sable, and thence to the Rio Grande, and along the western bank of the Mississippi, from its source to its delta, and thence westward to the sea.

The *fleur-de-lys* of France were long in proud sovereignty not only in Canada, on the Kennebec, Lake Champlain, at Oswego, Niagara, Pittsburg, and in the whole valley of the Mississippi.

The tricolor of France floated once, and once only, on our soil for twenty days, at New Orleans, when Spain surrendered Louisiana to France, and before it was transferred to the United States.

During the colonial and provincial periods the use of the English flag continued from Maine to Georgia, with the addition of many devices and mottoes.

Some flags were all red, with white horizontal stripes, or red and blue stripes; others were red, blue, white or yellow. Upon these were the pine or "Liberty Tree," and the words, "An Appeal to Heaven"; also stars, the crescent, anchor, beaver, and serpent—under the latter, "Don't tread on me." A flag at the battle of White Plains bore the words, "Liberty or death."

On January 2d, 1776, at Cambridge, Mass., was first hoisted the "Grand Union" flag of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and the thirteen alternate red and white stripes, emblematic of the union of the thirteen colonies against the oppressive acts of British tyranny.

This was the flag in use when the Declaration of Independence was read by the Committee of Safety at Philadelphia, in the presence of Washington, in New York, and from the balcony of the State House, in Boston.

On the 14th of August, 1777, Congress resolved "That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Once the stripes were increased to fifteen, but in 1818 they were changed back permanently to thirteen, perpetuating the original thirteen States of the Union; and it was decreed that for every new State coming into the Union a star should be added. The stars have five points; those on our coins, six. They were first arranged in a circle, afterward in the form of a large star, and now in parallel lines.

The flag of Mexico was acknowledged as supreme in Texas, New Mexico, California and Arizona, and was superseded by the Lone Star of Texas before the Stars and Stripes received its honors.

For five years the Confederate flags waved triumphant over most of the Southern States.

The Russian flag was recognized not only in Alaska, but at Bodega Bay, in California.

Thus many parts of the United States have witnessed a succession of national flags. Over Texas the French, Spanish, Mexican, Texan, American and Confederate flags have floated; over Florida, French, Spanish, English, American and Confederate; in Louisiana, the Lilies of France, the Spanish flag, the Tricolor, the American and Confederate flags; in California, Spanish, Mexican, Russian, and American.

HANDWRITING OF FAMOUS MEN.

SOMETIMES half a dozen engravers are engaged in rendering an artist's drawing of a single subject, which, when finished, presents to the unpracticed eye one uniform style. Nevertheless, a practiced eye can discover where each individual engraver's work leaves off, and where that of every one of the rest begins. In handwriting, as in other arts and in literature, "the style is the man." For all that, the evidence of handwriting, as of style generally, is not to be relied on when men's lives and liberty are at stake. Still less can character be judged from handwriting. Brave men may perpetrate a timid scrawl, generous and high-minded men may write a mean hand, and cowards produce a bold and flowing script. Porson, the great Greek scholar, among the untidiest of students, wrote neatly and elegantly. Cromwell's writing, though large, is shaky. Shakespeare's signature is not particularly clear. Napoleon Bonaparte wrote illegibly, it is said purposely, to hide his bad spelling. The handwriting of the tortuous-minded Charles I. is as clear and striking as that of Thomas Carlyle is crabbed and indistinct. On the other hand Queen Elizabeth's writing is magnificent. Edgar Allen Poe wrote beautifully, and with scarcely an erasure; whereas the manuscripts of Charles Dickens, to be seen in the Forster collection at South Kensington, are rugged, and full of alterations and emendations.

Again, handwriting depends for its style on the school in which it is taught, and the purpose to which it is applied. The manuscript of Byron, of Thomas Campbell,

and of Thackeray may be called the literary hand. It is uniform in color, small and fairly legible, but without a superabundant curve or flourish. The great mass of "copy" which passes through the hands of a modern printer is more or less of the same character. A commercial hand, as it is called, is something quite different. Given an envelope addressed by a city clerk, and one

from the hand of a University professor, and it is well-nigh certain that the former will be more distinguished for elegance and clearness than the latter.

Again, the writing of the rustic and uncultured class is so much alike as to defy differentiation. All this goes to prove that the evidence of experts must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt.



A BURDEN LOOSED.

A WEARY heart made moan,
And this was still its sigh:
"Was never a heart so lone,
So comfortless as I!
O! never did tired eyes weep
Such bitter, bitter brine;
And never before pressed weight so sore
On shoulders weak as mine;
Ah, me!
On shoulders weak as mine!"

With eyes and thoughts afar,
She saw not, while she wept,
How, through the door ajar,
A little child had crept.
A toddling two-years' babe,
It stole by shy degrees
Till its head was pressed to her heaving breast,
And it slept upon her knees;
Soft, soft,
It slept upon her knees.

Her tears gushed forth amain,
But these were tears of grace;
Her heart was sick with pain
For the little famished face,
And when the round eyes oped,

She soothed the child and fed;
She kissed it oft, and she laid it soft,
And watched beside the bed—
Watched, watched,
And watched beside the bed.

When sunrise lit the pane,
No baby blessed her sight;
But, lo! where its head had lain,
A hovering haloed light!
And gone from the weeper's heart
Was the weight that pressed so sore;
Her tears might flow for another's woe,
But she wept for her own no more;
Ah, no!
She wept for her own no more.

A TRAP FOR A YOUNG BRIDE.

By W. J. MORGAN.

It was my last day of single blessedness! To-morrow, ere noon, would see me ranked among the noble army of Benedicts, or martyrs, as my uncle, the most inveterate of bachelors, would have it.

It was the day before my wedding, and I had plenty to do; how to get through it all, even during a long June day, seemed a puzzle.

Imprimis—Morning—Park, with my betrothed, her last canter as Annie Beltravers, luncheon at her father's house, a visit east of Temple Bar to my family solicitors, a drive afternoon in park on my old regiment's drag, dinner with my uncle, Sir John Colebrooke, whose only favorite nephew and heir I was. The Opera—and, as a grand finale, a farewell supper to my late brother-officers, who all called me a fool to sell out of a crack cavalry corps, and throw away my liberty at five-and-twenty, whilst in their hearts I believe they all envied my good fortune in winning the belle of the season.

Such was to be the order of the day, and I hastened to get myself up under the surveillance of my French valet. What pains I bestowed on my toilet—engaged men always do! Now I have done with such follies, and leave them to my eldest boy, just passed for Sandhurst. The coat that fitted me so faultlessly *then* would not *now* button round my waist by six inches—out upon time!

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I think I see Adolphe putting the last finishing touches to my hair, adjusting the exotic flower in my buttonhole, dusting every speck off my boots. I think I see myself seated at last on my thoroughbred, Ladybird, and speeding along toward Grosvenor Square. There she was, my

bride elect, in all the glory of youth and loveliness, already waiting for me.

How well the tight-fitting habit showed off the delicate proportions of her sylph-like figure, how well the little black-velvet hat, with its white ostrich plume, became her—how perfectly she managed her steed!

What castles in the air we built "that sunny morn in Rotten Row!" What matter that they are still unrealized! That I am not Prime Minister, nor Viceroy of India, but a plain country gentleman, keeping a pack of hounds for the amusement of my neighbors, open house to all good fellows, and striving, with Annie's assistance, to bring up our youngsters in the way that they should go—



A TRAP FOR A YOUNG BRIDE.—"SHE RAN TO HER ROOM, AND RETURNED BREATHLESS WITH A ROLL OF NOTES."

no easy matter in these railroad times. But I am growing tedious.

That ride, like all happiness, came to an end; that luncheon was discussed, and I drove to Messrs. Surefast & Vellum, and inscribed my name on various parchments.

The senior partner was marvelously polite, and insisted on opening a bottle of rare old port [I found why some

hours later, in which to drink our future happiness. I next occupied the seat of honor on the drag of the—th Hussars, duly presented myself at my uncle's house in Park Lane, and was ushered into the drawing-room by the old butler.

"Just twenty minutes late, Harry," said Sir John, consulting his chronometer.

I had scarcely time to apologize ere the gong summoned us to a dinner worthy of Lucullus.

"The wine stands with you, Harry," said my uncle. "Why, bless the boy, he is so taken up with his future bride that he forgets his old uncle."

"A thousand pardons," said I, refilling my glass; "but, to tell the truth, I was thinking it was high time I was off to Covent Garden—though, indeed, Annie told me it was not likely she would go."

"Then, don't you go either, my boy. I shall be glad of a little more of your company; and, by-the-by, it is customary, is it not, on these occasions, to give the bride some present?"

I replied that it certainly was usual.

"In my day it was quite the reverse—we were the givers—cake and gloves to all our friends; however, I ordered this little ring to be made by Storr & Mortimer. It is the exact copy of a ring I once gave to another bride." (My uncle sighed deeply.) "Give it to your Annie with my love and blessing."

"I am sure she will prize it no less for its intrinsic value than for its being your gift," I remarked, as I examined the ring, an old-fashioned whole hoop of emeralds and diamonds.

"And I have something less ornamental, perhaps, but more solid, for you," continued my relative. "You know, Harry, you are my heir?"

"Unless, uncle, you took it into your head to follow my example."

"There is not the slightest chance of that," he replied, in almost a stern tone of voice, "if you will let me finish without interruption. I was saying you are my sole heir; you are going to my country seat for your honeymoon. Knowing your love for the country, I have made over Colebrooke Hall to you now by deed of gift contained in this envelope. You will find the place a sad wilderness—it will be an occupation and amusement for you both to get it into order."

"How can I ever thank you sufficiently," I said, as I took the deed from my uncle's hand. "It has been my dream to be a country gentleman."

"And you have realized it."

"Annie, too, I know, is of the same mind; but positively I feel as if I was robbing you. You must promise to be our first guest, uncle."

"Never; never do I wish to set my eyes on the place again. May it prove a happier home to you than it has been to me—may your commencement of married life there be more auspicious than mine was!"

"Than yours, uncle? I never knew till now you had been married."

"I was, indeed, though my experience of wedded bliss is very short. The tale is long ago forgotten. During my voluntary exile from England of so many years, the friends of my youth dropped away. I, who would gladly have followed them, was left. Except my faithful old servant, Bennett, few recollect the terrible mystery connected with my marriage—a mystery, the truth of which will, I suppose, never be known until 'that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.'" Tears glistened in his eyes, but brushing them hastily away, my uncle filled his glass, saying: "Here, Harry, is your good health and

your *future's*, and may your future be as bright and happy as my past has been dark and miserable! If you will have patience with an old man's digressions, I will tell you my life's story. During the few years I may yet have to live, you will repeat it to no one—your wife, of course, excepted: when I am gone, you may publish it to the world.

"In the stirring times when George III. was king when Napoleon Bonaparte was deluging Europe with blood, when Nelson swept the seas, and Pitt, Burke and Sheridan shook the Senate with their wondrous eloquence, I was as gay a young fellow about town as ever sauntered down Fox's Alley. I could tell you how I flirted with many well-known belles of the day then. I was just your age—a young baronet with a large rent-roll and an extravagant turn of mind. With neither father nor mother to contest me, I led a life of pleasure, and yet I suppose I was not so fast as some of you youngsters are now, or else I should not be the hale man I am.

"One night I went with a friend, whose name I have forgotten, to see the *début* of a young actress, reported to be of extraordinary beauty. The play was 'The Gambler'; but, in delineating the misery of the gambler's unfortunate wife, the *débutante* failed to please her critical audience, and was not applauded.

"She had mistaken her profession. Her beauty, which was really marvelous, did not atone for her bad acting. It seemed cruel; it raised pity in one heart, at least, among that crowded pit. I went behind the scenes: I sought to comfort the weeping beauty by assuring her that the same mishap befell the great Siddons.

"I went home that night, for the first time in my life, in love. I discovered that Alice Temple, such was her name, was not only a lady by birth, but her father, who had died two years previously of decline, had actually been rector of Colebrooke parish. Often and often, as a boy, I had seen little Alice at the rectory, which was in my own gift.

"Mrs. Temple, after her husband's death, was left almost penniless, added to which she lost her health, and it was to support her sick mother that Alice, much against her will, had gone on the stage, and—failed!

"Morally, I felt guilty of their misfortunes, and I hastened to make amends for my criminal negligence. I gave a pretty cottage, close to Colebrooke Hill, rent free to the widow during her life. I presented the vacant living to her nephew; and Alice, saved from a theatrical existence, accompanied her mother to her native country. I soon followed. Every day that I saw Alice I admired her more and more. I resolved that I would make her Lady Colebrooke.

"Away from the dissipations and racket of town life, I spent, then, the few happy days of my life in the society of the loveliest of beings. It was in the fir-woods above the house that I spent the happiest day of my life—the day she accepted me, and vowed that she had no other attachment to any but me. It was in those same woods that I passed the most miserable night of my wretched after-life—but I anticipate.

"I look back upon those few weeks as the one ray of real sunshine that has illumined a long, dark day. Together we roamed over the level country during the bright months of June and July. I got Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint her portrait. You will see it in the drawing-room, and will judge by that feeble reflection if I have exaggerated her charms. I require no picture—her face is engraved on my mind; that luxuriant hair, those deep, violet eyes, those pearly teeth! Here was a beauty almost supernatural. Sometimes I have thought she was

not mortal. I see your smile of incredulity—wait till you view that portrait—wait till you hear the end!

"Of course, all my friends warned me not to marry an actress; of course, I would not be convinced. What lover ever yet listened to advice? I married her. The knot was tied in Colebrooke Church. It was a quiet affair, very unlike what yours will be to-morrow. A friend now gone was my best-man. The clergyman, Edward Temple's daughter, two fresh-looking girls, Alice's bridesmaids, a few of my servants and tenants were the sole spectators. The ceremony over, we drove to the house, where a merry party of eight sat down to the breakfast; our healths were drunk, and then our guests left Alice and me to ourselves.

"We spent a happy enough afternoon, wandering over the house and grounds, and talking about the alterations and improvements we would make. The bright July day wore away; dinner-time came—we dined at six o'clock in those days.

"It was while we were sitting over dessert that Bennett—then footman—came to tell me that the head-constable from Hereford was in the hall, and wished to see me on special business. I bade him to ask if the next morning would not do, but he sent reply that the case was urgent and admitted of no delay.

"Inwardly anathematizing the man's ill-timed visit, I told Alice to amuse herself in the drawing-room and I would rejoin her in ten minutes. How that scene is imprinted upon my memory! I see her now sweep gracefully from the room, kissing her hand to me as she reached the door, and playfully remarking:

"I hope the constable has not come to carry you off to prison. It would be too bad to separate us so soon!"

"I see her *last* loving smile as she disappeared from the room. Yes, Harry, her *last*—I never saw her more!"

My uncle paused; I saw the big tears rolling down his cheeks; I felt, too, a choking sensation in my throat as I tried to say, "How shocking!" I could not utter a word. More than a minute's painful silence intervened before my relative commenced anew.

"The constable, after apologizing for disturbing me on my wedding-day, told me the full particulars of a dreadful robbery and murder committed the night before. The victim, Miss Marsden, an elderly lady of large fortune, and well-known for her public charities, had been barbarously murdered by two ruffians, in revenge, it was thought, for their failure in obtaining any booty.

"The police had succeeded in apprehending one of the villains; the other was still at large, but a celebrated Bow Street Runner was hourly expected from London. The whole neighborhood was alarmed, and a meeting of the magisterial bench was to be held the following day, at which I was particularly requested to preside.

"Having promised to do so, I dismissed my visitor, and found that, instead of ten minutes, as I had said, I had been detained nearly an hour, and I now hastened to rejoin Alice, and tell her the shocking occurrence.

"She was not in the drawing-room. The candles were lighted; the piano, which I had heard her playing at first, was open, and the music just as she had left it. The west window, which led on the lawn in Italian style, was open. No doubt, finding the room warm—it was a sultry night—she had strolled into the garden.

"I went out, but could see no sign of her. I called 'Alice!'—gently at first and then louder. Where could she be? Was she playing me a trick by hiding? Of course she was, and I commenced a diligent search among the shrubs, expecting every moment that she would dart forth, laughing, and throw her arms around me.

"The twilight deepened, and the bats flitted out, but no Alice appeared, and I became anxious. I was unwilling as yet to summon the servants, and thus much valuable time was lost.

"Darkness came, and the shimmer of lightning over the northeast, with now and then a low rumble, betokening an approaching storm.

"Becoming really alarmed, I returned to the drawing-room, and rang the bell violently. A cold shudder ran through me when I heard that Bennett had not seen my wife since just after she left me, but he thought she might be in her room, as he had seen her running up-stairs.

"Slightly relieved in mind, I hurried thither and knocked. No answer. She was not there, nor in the dressing-room, nor in the boudoir I had furnished for her so carefully.

"Meanwhile, the tidings that Lady Colebrooke was missing spread like wildfire through the house, and the servants came flocking to aid me in finding her. Some ran one way, some another; lamps and lanterns were lighted, torches procured, and accompanied by a band of twenty strong, I began to search the grounds, neighboring plantations and woods.

"The storm was steadily coming up; rain began to fall, but we heeded it not; our one object was to find the missing lady. What a bridal-night! Wet, weary, and with my mind tortured by all kinds of dreadful conjectures, I roamed backward and forward like a madman. I dispatched mounted messengers to the police. I shouted 'Alice' till I was hoarse, but it was all in vain.

"About two in the morning I returned to the house, drenched through and through. The first man I met was Mr. Temple, who, but fourteen hours ago, had joined our hands—and where was my bride? He implored me to get some rest whilst he and a fresh band of volunteers—farmers and tenants, who kept arriving—continued the search.

"No sleep for me till she is found," I replied, and once more we sallied forth.

"The storm was at its height; the blue forked lightning lit up the dripping firwoods, the deafening peals of thunder shook the welkin, and rain descended in torrents. But the elemental war deterred us not—with unflagging zeal we continued our fruitless efforts until dawn. The storm had exhausted its strength, the rising sun smiled away the clouds, but his light brought no light to me.

"The sun was high in the heavens when, more dead than alive, I was carried home, utterly spent with fatigue of body and anguish of mind. I lay motionless on my bed and tried to think, but my brain seemed on fire. Was my reason going? I knew not.

"At last weariness prevailed and I slept. When I awoke again it was dark. Oh! the horrors of that waking! When first I opened my eyes, I had forgotten all—then came the dreadful recollection—something was wrong, but what, I had forgotten.

"Then, with crushing force, I realized the awful truth! I rang the bell violently. The door opened, and Mr. Temple approached my bedside.

"Is she found?" I asked. "Tell me, or I shall go mad!"

"Think of her no more," said the clergyman; "she was not worthy of you."

"He then told me that since the Bow Street runner had arrived, the evidence that Alice had purposely left me was all too plain. One witness had seen her in earnest conversation with a young man in the Firwood Walk not ten minutes after the constable came; another had seen her run back to the house, whilst he waited for her; a third,



her own maid, saw her take a bundle of bank-notes from her casket.

"The guilty pair had been seen driving through Hereford on a dogcart, and the worst part was, that not a doubt existed but that the murderer of poor Miss Marsden and the abductor of Lady Colebrooke was the same man.

" 'They lie who say so!' I exclaimed. 'She loved me too well. She could not have been so false, so cruel! Come back, Alice!'

" 'Oh, my head—my poor head! I seemed to be going mad. The room spun round like a wheel, an awful weight seemed to be crushing on my brain. Was my head in a vise? It pressed tighter—tighter. Or was I dying? Yes, surely this was death. I recollect no more till I awoke as from a dream. I was still on earth. By my bedside stood a solemn-looking man, who was feeling my pulse.

" 'Where am I?' I asked.

" 'Hush! You must not talk now,' was the reply. 'You have been ill—very ill. You have had brain-fever.'

" 'Yes, I had been lying unconscious in that bed for one-and-twenty days. The crisis came at last. I recovered. Would to God I had died then! When better, I asked the clergyman, who had nursed me like a brother, if any clew was found of the guilty pair.

" 'Yes. They had been traced to Bristol. A ten-pound note paid me by my bankers the week before my marriage had been stopped at the Bank of England, and traced to a ship-agent, who remembers well

A TRAP FOR A YOUNG BRIDE.—"I THREW THE LIGHT OF MY BULL'S-EYE LANTERN ON THE REMAINS."

receiving it from a man who took a passage for himself and a good-looking young woman to America.

"It was too clear that this desperate villain had some mysterious power over my unfortunate wife, and they had gone off together.

"When shall I be strong enough to travel?" I asked the doctor.

"In a month, if you keep your mind calm."

"I will think no more," I said. "I will act in future."

"A month afterward, in company with the detective and Bennett, I sailed for America, and sought for years without finding the object of my voyage. In 1815 I returned to Europe, and roamed through every country, but in vain. I visited India, Africa, and Australia; I grudged no expense—no trouble. I never found my fugitive bride—I was never avenged on her infamous abductor.

"Do you think now there is much chance of my marrying again? I would not see her now. If she still lives, she must be a very wrinkled, old woman. I would not realize that beauty like hers could fade. If she

is dead, I have a strange fancy to visit her grave. I should like to be laid beside her. At times a strange feeling comes over me, and I think there must be some mystery about her disappearance—that she was not false.

"But, alas! the evidence against her is too conclusive. That ten-pound note! No, nothing will be ever known until we two stand before our Judge. Go, Harry; leave me alone. Let me recall her as she was that day—so young, so loving, so beautiful. Go, and take my blessing

with you. May you be happy in your choice. Come and visit me here as often as you like, but never, never ask me to go near Colebrooke Hall."

Such was my uncle's terrible dramatic story, told me on the eve of my own marriage.

* * * * *

Nineteen years since Annie and I were married—im-

possible! It seems but yesterday. And yet it is too true. Nineteen years have flown since that ride in the park with my then betrothed. Nineteen years have slipped away since my uncle, still living, told me that dreadful tale; and yet no clew to the mystery has been found. How time flies as one gets on in life! At first, like an express train starting, it only creeps along. What an age a year seems in our childhood! By-and-by it gathers pace—it flies—hurrying us past station after station, and whirling us rapidly on, faster and faster toward the great terminus, the grave.

When I look at Annie, I confess I do not see much change. Time has dealt very gently with



FOOLS AND JESTERS.—A COURT-FOOL AT HIS PRANKS.—SEE PAGE 540.

her. She has scarcely known care or sorrow, and it is these which age. When I glance round the breakfast-table, and see so many young faces, it is then I begin to realize the fact that I have been married nineteen years.

It is holiday time; all are at home. There is Henry, the eldest—a fine youth—waiting for his commission. Alice, the picture of what her mother was at seventeen, and a living staircase of girls and boys, each a step below the other, down to little Percy, the baby.

A warm July day makes every one feel happy. What a much more contented race we should be if we only had more sunshine!—and a projected picnic in the firwoods is the topic of our conversation.

A knock and ring. Who can it be? Who comes so early? It is Richard Temple, the young rector, grandson of Mr. Temple, who married my uncle sixty-five years ago. A fine, handsome fellow he is, and a pattern clergyman, beloved by high and low. A grand favorite, too, among the young people, and from a telltale flush on Alice's face, as his name is announced, I begin to suspect that he has secured that young lady's affections. Well, he is all I wish for a son-in-law.

"Sit down, Richard, and have some breakfast."

"Many thanks; but I have already breakfasted."

"At your age I was always ready for another breakfast; sit down."

But no, he could not be persuaded.

"I have called on special business," he said. "When you have finished, may I have an audience in your study?"

The blush on Alice's cheek deepened.

"Oh, oh!" thought I to myself; "he has come to carry off my daughter. This is sooner than I imagined."

That's the way our daughters treat us. We have all the trouble and anxiety and expense of bringing them up—only for the first young fellow who beckons them away!

"I am at your service, Richard," I said, leading the way to the sanctum.

Now for it—and yet the fellow is very cool. Can I be mistaken?

"I want you to come and take the dying deposition of an old man in the Casual Ward of Hereford Workhouse. He has something on his mind, and he will apparently confess it to no one but you. He asked for you by name repeatedly."

"Do you know the man?"

"No; he seems a tramp, but says he was born in this parish. I should think he had seen better days."

"It is curious. However, I will go at once; it is my duty, and must be done. James, order the ponies to be put to directly. Children, I am off to Hereford on magisterial duty. We must have the picnic to-morrow. The weather is sure to last. You will come, of course, Richard?"

"I will, gladly, especially as I have another subject I wish to talk over with you."

Three minutes afterward, my ponies, the best in the country, were scattering the gravel down the smooth approach, and whirling the light four-wheeled dogcart toward Hereford at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

I was right, after all. The other subject, of course, was a formal demand for my daughter's hand. I told him she was too young, etc., but in the end made him very happy by saying I had no objection, provided my wife had none.

"You have asked Alice?"

"Oh, long ago, and I know that Mrs. Colebrooke favors our engagement."

"Well, take care of her, Richard, and if she makes you as good a wife as her mother has made me, you will be a happy man."

How life repeats itself! So I won Annie. Truly, in our children's lives we live our own over again!

We talked on merrily, and the all-absorbing subject was not half exhausted when we rattled down High Street and drew up at the workhouse gates. I never enter that gloomy building without feeling a corresponding depression of spirits. Why do we build our prisons so like palaces?—*vide* Edinburgh and Gloucester Jails—and our

workhouses so like prisons? Honest but unsuccessful virtue scarcely brings its own reward—at least, in England.

On a wretched pallet lay the object of our visit—an emaciated old man with a white beard. His features were good—might once have been handsome—but time and privations, exposure to weather, and, above all, the lines which vice imprints on the countenances of its slaves, marred the expression of his face, and gave it a sinister look. His eyes were closed, but he was mumbling something with his lips when we entered the ward.

"Now, then, wake up," said the workhouse surgeon, in his rough but honest way. "Here's the magistrate come. Don't keep him waiting."

The dying man opened his eyes, and, casting a look of ineffable scorn on the doctor, turned to me, and, in a low, refined tone of voice, said:

"Are you Mr. Colebrooke?"

"I am, and at your service."

"Is your uncle—Sir John Colebrooke—still living?"

"He is."

"Swear me. You need not go," addressing Richard Temple. "As for you"—turning to the doctor—"you may attend to the other patients. I shall not require you any more."

The doctor took his departure, and I administered the usual oath, which the dying man repeated slowly and reverently after me.

"You have heard of Lady Colebrooke?" said the sufferer.

"Yes. What of her? If you can throw any light on her disappearance, I beseech you to speak while my uncle yet lives," I replied, with some excitement.

"You heard of the murder of Miss Marsden the night before Sir John's marriage?" he continued, not noticing my questions.

"I have, indeed! But what of Lady Colebrooke?"

"I murdered Miss Marsden! It was I who was seen talking with my sister the night she disappeared."

"Your sister?"

"Ay, my sister, Lady Colebrooke. Did you never hear of Alice's outlawed brother? The family disgrace; the son who brought down his father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave; who ruined his mother; who dragged down his only sister to the boards, whence she was rescued by Sir John, who raised up the family again from their low condition? I was that brother!"

"I never heard of such a brother. What is more, my uncle never mentioned such a brother. Have you proofs?"

"Proofs? What proofs could I have, only my word, my oath? You may believe it or not—just as you like. That I am a gentleman by birth, my conversation might tell you, and I speak on the confines of the grave—it is perfect truth. I am sinking now. Give me some brandy, for God's sake, or I shall die before I have spoken!"

I quickly produced a glass and poured out a glassful, which was drunk eagerly. New life sparkled from his eyes.

"Yes," he continued, "I was Arthur Temple, brought up for the church—ay, for the church! Ha! ha! ha!"—he laughed, wildly. "It was bad company—bad company brought me to this. I went from bad to worse. The night before my sister's wedding (I and my wife were hidden in my mother's cottage then) I robbed Miss Marsden's house with a mate, who was caught and hanged for the murder I committed. How well I remember the horrors of the next day! How I lay concealed in Colebrooke woods in momentary fear of detection, and only waited till they were married to extort—by fair means or

foul—from my brother-in-law the means to enable me to fly from the gallows. It was about half-past seven o'clock at night when I saw the police-constable enter the hall. Soon after I saw my sister on the terrace walk in front of the drawing-room; I confided to her my dreadful situation; I entreated her for money; I told her unless she gave me some her brother would be hanged. How shocked she was! Would fifty pounds do? she asked; it was all she had. Yes; I urged her to hurry. She ran to her room and returned breathless with a roll of notes. I buttoned them beneath my coat and said farewell. I could not kiss those pure lips, but I wrung her hand, and we parted. She promised she would try to detain the constable for half an hour. Meanwhile, I had a gig ready, and would be off with my wife to Bristol, where more money would be sent me to fly to America. I saw her run across the shrubbery toward the house. I waited for a few moments to catch the last glimpse of her as she entered the drawing-room window, but lost sight of her; she must have gone some other way. I never saw her again. Since then I have roamed the earth as a fugitive and vagabond—alone, for I lost my wife in a shipwreck. Our vessel was lost, and I alone was spared, to grow old with the mark of Cain on my brow."

"And what of Lady Colebrooke? Do you know that she was never seen since that interview with you? It is supposed that she fled with some paramour on that very night—it is supposed he was Miss Marsden's murderer!"

"She never did; she told me that evening that she had married the man she loved; there was never such a thing as falsehood in her!"

"Then, what could have become of her? Wretched man, if you know aught, confess it, for the unhappy husband's sake, who mourns her as false—for your own sake, for God's sake, speak!"

"Man, do you think that I would have harmed one hair of her head? I tell you I never heard of her disappearance till many years afterward. I know nothing more than I have told. No; bad as I was—blasphemer, drunkard, gambler, robber, murderer!" raising his voice at each word till he almost shrieked the fearful climax, "I would not have wronged my gentle, loving, sweet sister! No, no, no; I swear by the God before whom I shall stand this day, I know nothing more!—nothing more!"

Overcome with the exertion of speaking he sank down on the pillow—he gasped for breath, clutched the bed-clothes convulsively, a shudder shook his frame—it was all over, and the immortal soul of Arthur Temple returned to Him who gave it.

We know his earthly, what was his eternal, fate? Who shall tell?"

Perhaps a mother's prayers were answered; perhaps the good seed sown by his pious father, though it long lay dormant, may have sprung up at last. Like the dying thief on the cross, he may have sought and found mercy at the eleventh hour. It is not for us to judge. Let us part from him in Hood's words:

"Owning his weakness,
His evil behavior;
And leaving with meekness
His sins to his Savior."

* * * * *

That drive was a very silent one, very different from the drive out. Awed at the death scene, and amazed at the revelation we had heard, neither of us was inclined to speak.

The approach gates were in sight ere I said to my even more sombre companion:

"Instead of clearing up the mystery that man's confession seems to add to it."

"Would to God he had never spoken; would to God he had died with his secret!" exclaimed the young clergyman, in an agonized tone of voice.

"Why, Richard, what is it?" I asked, astonished at his emotion.

"Can you ask," he replied. "Was not that poor wretch my blood relation? Till to-day I was proud of my name, proud of my family! I did not know we numbered among our race a felon! This morning I asked for your daughter's hand; how can I sue for it now?"

"You forget, Richard, that he was by marriage, too, my uncle's brother-in-law. One cannot help such things. You should remember that amongst the chosen Apostles one was a devil! If I know Alice rightly this will not make her alter her mind; besides, there is no occasion for the matter being made public; you and I can keep this as a secret of the confessional!"

"I thank you for your generous view," said the young man, his face brightening up again. We had now reached the lodge where two of my children were ready to greet us.

"Oh, papa, come quick, and see the big hole George has found," said little Annie, a rosy-faced child of five—"so deep, so deep!"

"What hole? Where?"

"In the shrubbery," answered George, who was aged eight—"very deep; I couldn't reach the bottom with the long fishing-rod."

"In the shrubbery," repeated Richard Temple.

"Was it near the drawing-room?"

"Yes, close," answered the children.

"The spot where poor Lady Colebrooke was seen to disappear. Can she have fallen down that very pit?"

"I do believe you are right," said I. "You have fathomed the mystery; but say nothing yet—we may be wrong."

Following the eager children, Richard Temple and I soon arrived at the spot where all the rest were gathered. There, sure enough, among the dead leaves and rubbish, between the evergreens, was a yawning chasm with rotten wood clinging round its edges—the deserted shaft of a coal-pit.

"Keep back, children!" cried I. "And George, run and fetch McPherson and the gardener, and tell them to bring a good long rope; we must explore this mine."

The children were all in high glee, and soon the game-keeper and head gardener, accompanied by several other out-door servants, arrived. Jem Archer, who rode a thoroughbred steeplechase mare for me, readily volunteered to descend first.

The crowd around the pit's mouth was momentarily increased, first by my wife and daughter Alice, and then by the nurses and other servants. We lowered a lighted candle for fear of foul air, and then Jem Archer, lantern in hand, was let down by the strong arms of McPherson, a stalwart Scot, with instructions to shake the rope violently when he wished to be pulled up.

Richard took the opportunity for a *l'ite-à-tête* with Alice down the Firwood Walk. Leaning over the mouth of the abyss, we watched the light descending, descending, circling round and round, till it looked like a spark only.

At last it became stationary, and then moved along to the left.

"He has now ground," said Sandy McPherson; "an unco' depth it is—two hundred foot sheer!"

The rope shook violently, and they commenced hauling up. What an age it seemed to us bystanders before Jem



FOOLS AND JESTERS.—THE FOOL'S REVERIE.—SEE PAGE 540.

Archer's head appeared again! He was looking very white and scared.

"What hae ye seen, lad?" asked McPherson.

"Stand back; give the boy time," I said. "What is it, Archer?"

Richard Temple, who had returned at this moment, hastily whispered in my ear:

"Your prediction has come true; Alice is unchanged; now for mine!"

"There has been a murder down yonder, sir," said the boy, who had recovered his voice. (I exchanged glances with Richard.) "I saw a skeleton, the skull dashed in. There has been foul play, surely."

"I must go down next," I said.

"And I!" exclaimed Richard.

"And I, and I," from several others.

"And I, too, pa," said little Annie.

"One at a time, I'm hoping," said McPherson, in his dry way.

"There's a windlass and bucket over the old well that would do first-class, sir," said the gardener.

"You are right, and two can go at a time; get it fixed at once; and Jem, you saddle a horse and ride over to Hereford and bring back a policeman."

The impromptu apparatus was quickly set up, and Richard and I were lowered into the pit. Deeper and deeper still! It was not the first time either of us descended into a coal-mine, but this was, as it were, exploring the secrets of the grave. We did not for a moment doubt into whose tomb we were let down.

At last we reached the bottom. It was the very scene for a tragedy. Far above us, shrunk to a span, was the irregular surface, strangely studded with stars; I had often before noticed this, but not so markedly. Around us were the dim galleries of the deserted mine. Beneath our feet, lying among decayed leaves and rotten wood, were the relics of mortality that so alarmed Archer.

I threw the light of my bull's-eye lantern on the remains. There was the poor skull, crushed in by the terrible fall; there was the double row of pearly teeth (once so admired); there were the hollow

chasms, where once beamed those deep, violet eyes. And this was all that was left of that peerless beauty.

As if to banish the smallest doubt from our minds, on the third bony finger of the left hand, hanging loosely around, were the plain band of gold with which she was wed, and its keeper a whole hoop of emeralds and diamonds, the exact counterpart of the ring given by my uncle to Annie on her marriage.

Stooping down, I reverently removed the sparkling gauds which seemed a mockery there, and then I gave the signal to be drawn up. It was all clear as daylight.

After performing the act of mercy which saved her wretched brother from the vengeance of the law, she

must have hurried back across the shrubbery, all eagerness to detain the constable, ignorant of that ghastly *trap* for a young bride concealed beneath the dead leaves.

The boarding, placed over the abandoned shaft by careless miners long years ago, grown rotten by exposure to the rain and damp, gave way beneath her light tread, and precipitated the unfortunate lady into an untimely grave upon her wedding night!

There she had moldered peacefully away, whilst her more unfortunate partner had sought from shore to shore—as he supposed—a faithless wife.

"I must take the first train to town to-morrow morning, Annie," I said to my wife, after detailing our discovery. "My poor uncle must not be kept in ignorance another day. It will console him in his grief to know that she was leal and true, after all."

"Let us thank God!" said my wife, with a true mother's feelings, "that none of the dear children fell down that fearful pit. You must have it built over the first thing."

"I will, my love, as soon as we have removed my aunt's remains from their unhallowed tomb, and buried them in consecrated ground; meanwhile, I will have a strong fence put round it."

* * * *

At half-past eleven o'clock the express-train rattled into Paddington, and, chartering a hansom, I drove at once to my uncle's residence in Park Lane.

The blinds were down. I rang the bell with that sinking sensation which is often like a presentiment of evil. The door was opened by old John Bennett, and I saw by his face that something was wrong.

"What is the matter, John? Is my uncle ill?"

"Ill! He is dead, Sir Henry. Did you not get my telegram this morning?"

And the faithful domestic fairly gave way and cried like a child.

"My God! I came too late, then! Oh, John, if he had lived

one more day! It is all cleared up now—the mystery of Lady Colebrooke's disappearance!"

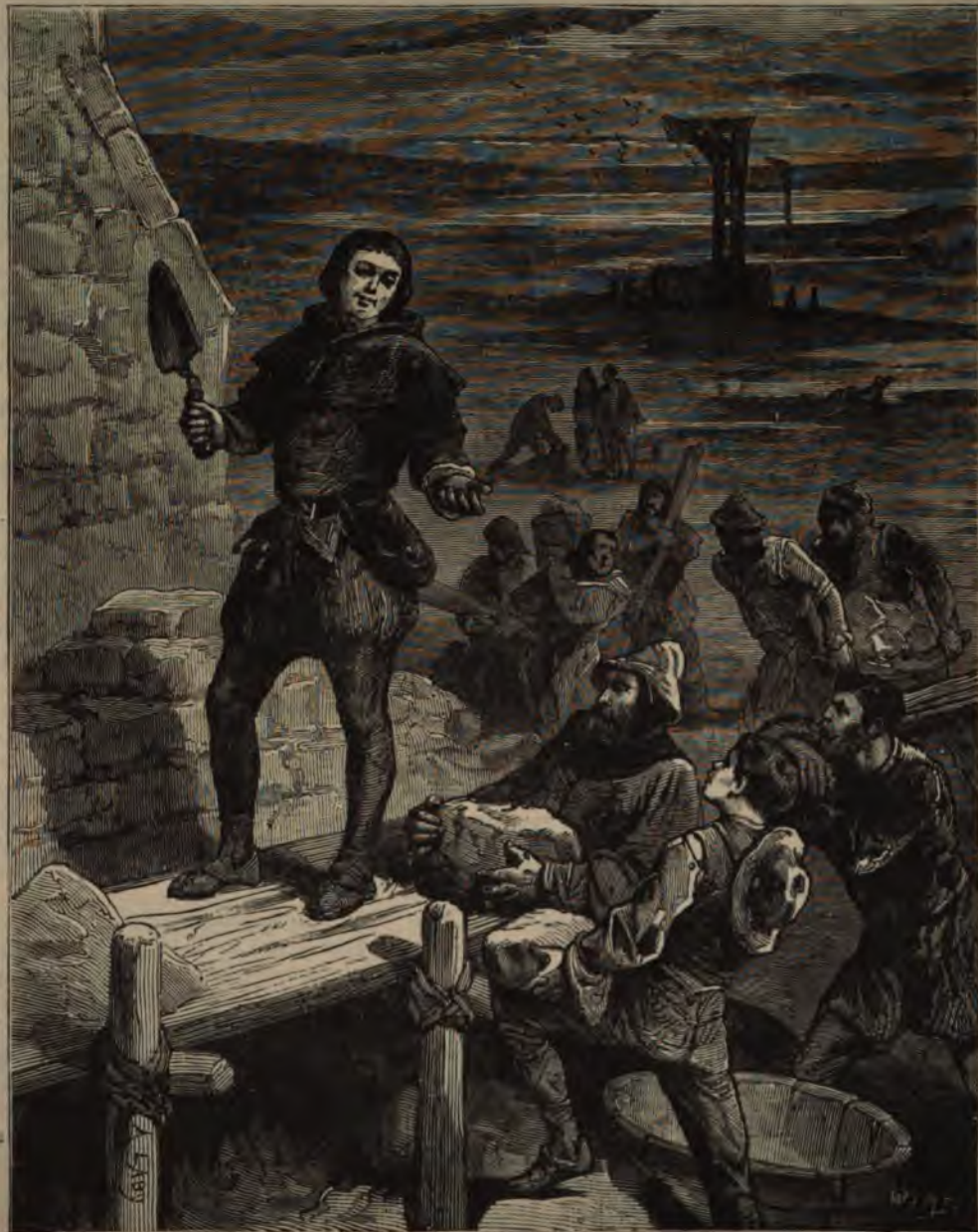
"Oh, sir, you cannot mean it!"

"I do. Only yesterday afternoon, at the bottom of an old shaft close to the drawing-room windows, I discovered her bones. I identified them by this ring—do you know it?"

"The very one my lady wore that day. I remember it well—thinking it was the handsomest ring I ever saw. And, strange to say, my master must have been taken ill about the time you made that discovery."

"And why—why did you not inform me then?"

"Because my master gave the strictest orders you were not to be summoned. He told me he wished to die alone. He often mentioned my lady by name, and said: 'I shall know it all soon!' Do not grieve, Sir Henry; he knows it now. He knew it *before* you could have told him. He is happier where he is. How often he longed for death—how often he said: 'If it would please God to take me—



FOOLS AND JESTERS.—RABERE, THE FOOL WHO BUILT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

but His will be done ! He was a really good, kind gentleman !"

My tale is drawing to a close. I only need add that a week after this there was a double funeral at Colebrooke Church, and husband and wife, parted so long, were together laid in the cold wedlock of the grave.

A simple marble slab records who rests below. Upon it are inscribed the following words and lines, which a friend suggested as peculiarly applicable :

Sacred to the memory of

SIR JOHN ALEXANDER COLEBROOKE, aged 89 years ;

Also of

ALICE TEMPLE, his wife, aged 18 years.

By a strange fatality,

These two never met from their wedding-day

Until the day they were together laid to sleep here,

Where they rest in hope of a glorious resurrection.

R. I. P.

LOVE'S ROMANCE.

THE death, a short time ago, of Miss Penelope Smyth, who married a prince of Cupua, recalls a curious romance of history.

She met the prince so long ago as 1836, and fell in love with him almost as ardently as he with her.

Old King Bomba was then in power, a most unamiable gentleman, and a gentleman about whose good deeds history is most discreetly silent.

He opposed the marriage, and as his little pack-of-cards kingdom had not then been tumbled about his dynasty's ears, as was the case later on, his objections had for a time some success.

But Love, just as it laughs at locksmiths, laughs at kings. Bomba took the trouble to have a special ambassador in England to oppose the marriage ; but in spite of the Sicilian envoy's fulminations, it took place all the same.

Various obstacles were, of course, thrown in the way of the union, but the devotion of the prince to his pretty sweetheart laughed them to scorn, and St. George's, Hanover Square, saw the lovers at last legally married.

Since then King Bomba, with all that belonged to him and to his, has almost as entirely dropped out of remembrance as the days before the Flood.

The death of the princess, however, revived the nearly forgotten story, thus leaving once more Dan Cupid master of the field, where Love has been so often found the victor, when the trifling distinctions of rank and caste were weighed against honest affection.

TWO ANECDOTES OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER was noted for a great mind and an ugly face. Concerning the latter, the following little story is told : Webster was obliged to make a night journey from Baltimore to Washington. The man who drove the wagon was such an ill-looking fellow himself, that before they had gone far Mr. Webster was almost frightened out of his wits. At last the wagon stopped in the midst of a dense wood, when the man, turning suddenly round to his passenger, exclaimed, fiercely : " Now, sir, tell me who you are ! " Mr. Webster replied, in a faltering tone, and ready to spring from the vehicle, " I am Daniel Webster, member of Congress from Massachusetts ! " " What ! " rejoined the driver, grasping him warmly by the hand, " are you Webster ? Thank God ! thank God ! You are such a deuced ugly chap that I took you for a cutthroat or highwayman ! "

When Daniel Webster was asked by a student who was about to graduate whether the profession of law was full, he replied, " The *lower story* is crowded, but there is always plenty of room *up-stairs* ! "

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

AMONG the charming women who, in 1784, adorned the Court of Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (or, more properly to speak, the English capital, for scarcely could that queen be said to have any court), might well be accounted Lady Payne, afterward Lady Lavington. Her person and manners were full of winning grace. At her house, in Grafton Street, the politicians of her day frequently met ; and Erskine having once dined there, found himself so indisposed as to be obliged to retire after dinner to another apartment. Lady Payne, who was incessant in her attentions to him, inquired, when he returned to the company, how he found himself. Erskine took out a bit of paper and wrote on it :

" 'Tis true I am ill, but I cannot complain,

For he never knew *Pleasure* who never knew *Payne* . "

AN OLD RHYME.

IN a very old edition of the diary kept by Dr. Burney during his travels, the following quaint verse, said to be by the English violinist, Davis Mell, is inscribed :

" Fair Italia plays the guitar, while the castanet pleases proud Spain ;

Lively France touches softly her lute ; Erin's harp wails her bondage, her slain ;

The German his trumpet blows loud ; England's violin steals out your soul ;

The fife for the Swiss, the drum for the Dutch—the fiddle out-values the whole . "

To all appearance the violinist, Peter Salomon, a born German, had chosen this ditty for his watchword in the year 1789 ; at which time, he being appointed Royal Musical Director in London, he proceeded to organize in Hanover Square those concerts now so well known under the name of " The Philharmonic . " For these he industriously gathered together from all quarters the most excellent of available performers, vocal and instrumental.

The old rhyme hung in great letters over his work-table ; the words " The German his trumpet blows loud " being underscored with red ink. Salomon's eyes went continually in this direction. The line was a grievous offense to him. In it his beloved musical Fatherland was mocked at and depreciated ; and the fact that to Switzerland and Holland only a fife and drum had been allotted proved in no way comforting.

In the deepest depths of his heart he had sworn an oath never to rest until he had either discovered in Germany the most wonderful of all trumpeters or had gathered together such an assemblage of Teutonic musicians as would astonish the world.

His orchestra was now almost perfect, and he continually entertained the public with some novelty, and brought hither, with his wand, artists from many distant climes. He could have been happy at his vocation had he never met with this wretched verse. But of late vexation had ever been gnawing at his heart. His Germany which had produced already a Glück, a Handel, a Mozart—that it should be held up to the scorn of Englishmen as a country of trumpeters !

Having duly or unduly fretted over this matter, the director at length, in the Autumn of 1789, resolved to revisit his home; to see how things were with his own eyes; to hear with his own ears; to recruit for his greatest concert; or to find his super-excellent trumpeter, in envy and admiration of whose strains all England was to ring.

Salomon went direct to Vienna. He desired much to make the acquaintance of Joseph Haydn, whose beautiful music was daily becoming better known and admired. The director resolved to pay his first visit in the city to this composer. The task of finding him was not, however, so easy as he had expected. He had to seek long and to ask many questions before making sure of the identity of the very modest dwelling in which he was at length positively informed the great man dwelt.

Joseph Haydn, at this time, was Kapellmeister and musical director to Prince Esterhazy, who paid him for his services at the rate of 400 gulden a year. His duties were manifold. He was conductor, composer, copyist and music-master. He taught personally every performer in his orchestra. From morning till evening he was rushing about on the business of his "dear master," as he always, with grateful simplicity, called the prince. It was only late at night he could find an hour to himself in which to jot down on paper a few of the many incomparable musical thoughts ever flowing through his gentle soul.

Well for Haydn that he was of a happy, peaceful and contented spirit. His serenity all came from within. In his home, even, there was much to irritate and disturb. His wife was of a restless and excitable temperament, more likely to need than to diffuse calmness. But her Joseph was a very fountain of inward bliss. Trouble passed over his head as clouds come and go in May. A melancholy glance, a deep sigh, then an effort, and all was forgiven and forgotten.

Any injury that was done him he wrote down on the sands of speedy oblivion; but a benefit received was engraved for ever upon the pure metal of his faithful heart.

He had many tempting offers of preferment, but he could not be induced to leave the prince. "I owe everything to my dear master," he would say. "All I do pleases him. I should be ungrateful if I left; I am a monarch within my little kingdom, and can make what experiments I like, and can watch the effect of any novelty I introduce. I am apart from the noisy world, and yet I am always busy. What more can I desire?"

Thus as the years went by, he continued his studying, teaching, directing, copying and practicing upon the many instruments at which he had made himself a proficient.

As he went from place to place where business called him, he always had a genial word for one or another, or could find time to caress a pretty child, to gather a way-side flower, or to bestow a trifle in alms, and was never seen without a smile upon his lips—the fragrant halo, as it were, of the newborn melody floating through his brain.

It was only in the Autumn and Winter months that Haydn lived in Vienna. During the Summer he and the prince resided at Eisenstadt, in Hungary. It was while traveling thither and back that most of Joseph's principal works were composed. Besides his symphonies and quartets, during these years of service under the prince, he gave the world his nineteen operas, his fifteen masses, his first oratorio, "Dido," his Seven Words upon the Cross, and his 163 pieces for the viola di bardone, his master's favorite instrument. What amazing activity! Peter Salomon knew the whole story well. As he thought it over now, his eagerness to see Haydn face to face grew in intensity.

He was doomed to be disappointed, however. The master was not at home. A servant showed the visitor through a narrow hall into a small sitting-room, and left him there, to listen and watch for Joseph's return. Salomon examined his surroundings with that lively interest we all feel in those things amongst which one lives to whom we cleave in love or admiration. The furniture was poor and shabby. A small spinnet stood in one corner, and near it lay a goodly heap of music. Flowers grew in the window, and a birdcage hung above them. The great musician never forgot to water the plants or to notice his canary. It was an especial favorite, and often pecked at his fingers as he sat at work.

Salomon waited for an hour. The pet songster chirped and twittered. The harvest sunshine streamed through the casement, transforming this plain, small room into a golden palace, and causing a splendid diamond ring upon the wealthy director's finger to flash and sparkle. The visitor drew it off, and put it to hide for a while within his waistcoat pocket. He did not wish to look too fine here in this humble but honorable dwelling. Some sudden feeling of shame at his own prosperity took possession of him. But no Haydn appeared, and the watcher at length grew weary of lingering, and began to remember that in all probability visitors were even now inquiring for him at his hotel.

He left the house, and slowly began to retrace his steps, meditating again, as he went, upon that ever-haunting and irritating rhyme. It was no consolation to him that Dr. Birney winds up his remarks upon Germany by confessing that in spite of its cold, unattractive landscape, its badly-paved streets, and its rough custom-house officers, it is yet quite possible to live contentedly and merrily in the Rhineland.

As he went along, and for the hundredth time muttered indignantly to himself those obnoxious words, "The German his trumpet blows loud," the sound of that very instrument suddenly smote upon his ear. A wonderful peal came wafting toward him, floating, or, as it were, forced forth from the uncongenial confinement of some narrow room close at hand.

Salomon soon found the house from which the music came, and identified the performers. Two men stood together. One listened in a respectful and admiring attitude. The other, who was slender and spiritual-looking, blew; and as he did so Peter Salomon's heart throbbed and swelled. It seemed to him that he stood in a battlefield; banners floated; horses impatiently pawed the ground; hosts of courageous men rushed forward, and a mighty shout, "Forward for our King and Fatherland! The Lord is on our side!" rent the air.

The window at which the listener stood was open. The director stepped inside with eager haste, and put forth his hand upon the slight man's shoulder.

"Found! Found!" he exclaimed. "You must come back to England with me. There cannot be a second trumpeter in the world like you."

The musician put his instrument down, and turned a wondering glance upon the impetuous speaker.

The latter began again.

"Yes, yes," he proceeded, in a reassuring tone; "I am in earnest. I do not jest. I am the Royal Musical Director in London. I can make your fortune for you. I have been searching for a splendid solo trumpeter, and have found you in the nick of time. I will certainly take you back to England with me."

The other smiled. He was as calm as the speaker was excited.

"It is impossible," he said, softly. "I have no time."



WILL SOMERS, JESTER TO HENRY VIII.

I have, as you see, to teach my pupils myself, for my name is Haydn—Joseph Haydn."

One year later, however, Prince Esterhazy died, and Salomon then succeeded in inducing this great man to come over to London for one of the Hanover Square concert evenings. On this occasion Haydn conducted the performance of one of his own symphonies, to the delight of an applauding audience. He was not the only German musician present who then did honor to his country. A singer named Gertrude Mara was universally allowed to be prima donna of the day, and to have distinguished herself far above all the Italian and French singers then in England.

During the supper party which wound up the night, the director read out Dr. Burney's old rhyme, and told, amid much laughter and applause, the story of his hunt after a trumpeter. Haydn was chuckling with the rest, when his fair countrywoman, the Queen of Song, quickly rose from her seat, hastened to him, and kissed him on the lips, putting a hand, the while, on each side of his head, and thereby dispersing a cloud of powder. All the other ladies present followed her example; and Joseph afterward declared this was the prettiest and pleasantest ovation he had ever received. It was during his stay in England that Haydn composed his best oratorio.

FOOLS AND JESTERS.

By N. ROBINSON.

"THE pleasure of laughter," says the Abbé Porée, "is not the least necessity of mankind." This remark of the eminent rhetorician, who had the glory of counting Voltaire among his scholars, is justified by the history of humanity. Man, in all times and in all countries, has endeavored to relieve himself of the annoyances and worry of existence; and when he did not possess the necessary qualities for such distractions in himself, it was but natural that he should seek aid from outside. Thus we see in antiquity, as in the Middle Ages, in private houses as in courts of princes, with the civilized nations of Europe as amongst the half-barbarous peoples of Africa and the East, personages whose duty it was to divert those for whom life was either monotonous or sad.

From the days of Æsop, who may safely pass as being the great original buffoon, history makes mention of a series of professors of laughter, whose lot it has been to contribute to the amusement of their contemporaries or dispel the bad spirits of their employers. Some of these have even pressed into the part of jester a more noble rôle, by using their assured impunity as a shield whilst administering severe reproof to those in power, and often bearing to the throne itself fearless counsel or the claims of the oppressed. With the right of saying everything that came uppermost—a privilege which they used and abused—jesters in their day have been the utterers of home-thrusts. Under a burlesque of cynical cloak, these truths have reached the ears of the master when there was no other mode of access; and it is certain that many jesters were men of great ability, who chose this mode of life in order to keep the sovereign or ruler in the straight path.

The custom of keeping fools and jesters in palaces and other great houses was at one time universally prevalent. It was founded upon, or at least was in strict accordance with, a physiological principle, which may be expressed under this formula—the *utility of laughter*. Laughter is favorable to



A GROUP OF COURT FOOLS.

digestion, for by it the organs concerned in digestion get exercise—the exercise necessary for the process. And, accordingly, we usually find an ample meal more easily



JOHN ANTHONY LOMBART, CALLED BRUSQUET, BUFFOON TO THE CARDINAL OF LORRAINE.

disposed of when merriment is going on, than a light one which has been taken in solitude and under a sombre state of feeling.

According to the ideas of modern society, cheerful after-dinner conversation is sufficient stimulus for the digestive organs. Our forefathers, less refined, went at once to the point, and demanded a fixed and certain means of stirring up merriment; and, perhaps, it may be doubted if they were not nearer to a truer philosophy of the matter than we are. Anyhow, the fact is, that all through the Middle Ages men of means and consequence did keep officers for the promotion of laughter in their households, and especially at meals. Such officers were of two kinds—one was an imperfect-witted man, or fool, whose follies were deemed to be amusing; he wore a parti-colored dress, including a cowl, which ended in a cock's head, and was winged with a couple of long ears; he, moreover, carried



THE WOMAN FOOL OF DION.



HER WAND.

in his hand a stick called his bauble, terminating either in an inflated bladder or some other ludicrous object, to be employed in slapping inadvertent neighbors. The other called a jester, was a ready-witted, able, and, per-

haps, well-educated man, possessed of those gifts of representing character, telling droll stories and making pointed remarks, which we occasionally find in a certain degree in private society. The fool was a very humble person, haunting kitchen and scullery, messing almost with the dogs, and liable, when malapert, to a whipping. The jester was comparatively a companion to the sovereign or noble who engaged his services. The importance of Berdic, "joculator" to William the Conqueror, is shown by the fact of three towns and five carucates in Gloucestershire, having been conferred upon him. And

THONIN, COURT FOOL OF HENRI II.

the names of Scogan, Will Somers, John Heywood, Pace, Tarleton and Archie Armstrong, who were "jesters" to a succession of Tudor and Stuart sovereigns of England, have been notably preserved. The portrait of "Will Somers," jester to Henry VIII., is a very fine representation of his class. It will be admitted that he is a perfectly well arrayed and respectable-looking person. It is a curious illustration of the natural need that seems to exist in a certain state of society for the services of a farce-maker, that Montezuma, Emperor of Mexico, was found by Cortez to have such an officer about his court.

It can scarcely be doubted that the female official fool had precedence of the male court and household jester. When Ceres went in search of Proserpine, the Queen of Eleusis sent with him one of the merriest of her maids, named Iambe. This maid, renowned at court for her wit, frolicsome humor, power of repartee and skill in saying smart things generally, was expressly sent with the bereaved mother to divert her sorrow by her quips and cranks, her jokes, gambols and laughter-compelling stories. This commission was, to the very letter, that which especially belonged to the official jesters; and there is no reason to hesitate in assigning to



PERKES, BUFFOON OF THE ELECTOR PALATINE CHARLES PHILIP.

Iambe the distinction of having been the founder of a race which is not yet extinct, and the godmother, so to speak, of satires in sharp measure which bear the name of Iambic.

The female table-jester was of old a personage common enough at inns on the continent. The readers of Erasmus will remember among his "Colloquies" one entitled "Diversorium." In that graphic paper we are taken to an inn at Lyons. The guests are received by handsome women, young maidens, and younger girls, all of whom also wait at table and enliven the company, whose digestion they make easy, by narrating joyous stories, bandying witticisms, playing give-and-take with the visitors, and showing themselves as ready to meet a jest by a sharp reply as to provoke a reply by a galliard jest. The youngest of these pretty and carefully-trained fools was never unequal to the task of meeting the heaviest fire of broad wit from a whole room full of revelers.

In the East, beyond the Bosphorus, this is still to be found in one and the same individual, in some families, a mixture of the domestic and the buffoon. These, however, probably, resembled rather the impudent French or Spanish, and even some English *valets* of the drama, than the official jesters—men whose impudent wit was tolerated rather than solicited or expected. The male fool, by right of office, is now to be met with only in Russia. They are by no means rare, and the old Russian joke of serving up dwarfs in a pie still pleases Imperial Grand Dukes. Catherine of Russia maintained a Finnish girl on her establishment, in whose incomparable mimicry of all the great people at court her Majesty experienced a never-failing delight.

In England those merry serving-men, whose success was sometimes rewarded by making them lords of landed estates, were occasionally employed rather for sedative than stimulating purposes. Strutt records that it was not unusual to engage them as story-tellers to kings and princes who required to be gently talked into sleep. This office has expired; but are we not all well acquainted with well-qualified candidates who survive?

When Richard II. was pressed by all classes of his people for reform in a Government under which they were sorely oppressed, his plumed and dainty flatterers advised him to place himself at the head of his army, and destroy nobles and commoners alike who were thus unreasonable. The King was perplexed, "But," says John Trussell, the historian, "there was present old Sir John Linne—a good soldier, but a shuttle-brain, of whom the King, in merriment, demanded in this case what was, as he thought, fittest to be done. 'Sir John swore, 'Blood and wounds! let us charge home and kill every mother's son, and so we shall make quick dispatch of the best friends you have in the kingdom.' This giddy answer," adds Trussell, "more weighed with the King than if it had been spoken in grave and sober sort; and thus it often happens that wise counsel is more sweetly followed when it is tempered with folly, and earnest is the less offensive if it be delivered in jest."

Of Henry VIII. Sir Merryman's name is better known to us than Will Somers, whose effigy is at Hampton Court. This good fellow's memory was perpetuated by the establishment of the "Will Somers's Tavern" in Old Fish Street. When tavern tokens were allowed to be issued—a permission in existence as late as the reign of Charles II.—the landlord of the above hostelry issued one with a figure of Will Somers on it, by way of distinction. Will and Cardinal Wolsley had many a bout at words, in which his eminence often came off but second best.

It is to be remembered that a time ensued when a distinction was made between a jester and a fool. A dramatist like Heywood did not disdain to be the former, mingling with gentlemen and scholars; but we see that the fool in

the days of Mary and Philip was of a lower degree. When the illustrious two just mentioned visited Faversham, the chamberlain kept a book in which he entered moneys given to the members of the royal retinue. The entry of "To the King's and Queen's jester—2s." indicates the position of the fool; two shillings was the lowest sum awarded to the lowest manial in the royal train. The keeper of the bears seems to have been a more important personage than the baser fool at Queen Elizabeth's Court, where her jester, Tarleton, the actor, was held in some honor. When fool and bearward followed Her Majesty to Canterbury the corporation gave liberally to her retinue; but while the bearward received an angel, or ten shillings, the fool, Walter, was put off with the odd money, which, added to the angel, just made an English mark. "Three and fourpence" was the sum that fell to the fool.

Let it not be considered irreverent if the words "Shakespeare" and "jester" be combined. They naturally occur here. There are four years—1585-89—during which nothing certain is known of Shakespeare's whereabouts.

In a letter addressed to Sir Philip Sidney from Utrecht, 1586, to his father-in-law, Walsingham, there is a passage to this effect: "I wrote to you a letter by Will, my Lord of Leicester's jesting player." Who was this Will, my Lord of Leicester's jesting player? Might he have been the immortal William himself? This knotty point cannot be unraveled here. The circumstance seems, however, to show that "jesting players" followed their patrons even to the tented field.

A famous person was Archie Armstrong, official fool to James I. and his son Charles. Archie was a sort of gentleman groom-of-the-chamber to the first King, preceding him when in progress, and looking after the royal quarters. In this capacity Armstrong was made a free citizen of Aberdeen, in Scotland, and held that freedom till his death. James must have loved him at one period, for, despite his hatred of tobacco, he granted a patent to Archie for the manufacture of tobacco-pipes. Oliver Cromwell was in the habit of hiring fools for the festivities at Whitehall. Upon one occasion, the marriage of Frances Cromwell to Mr. Rich, one of these fools attempted to blacken Sir Thomas Hillingsby's face with burnt cork while the choleric old knight was engaged in dancing, and Sir Thomas would have plunged his dagger in the fool's carcass had not the Lord Protector interfered. On another occasion "Old Noll" played the buffoon himself by snatching off his son Richard's wig, sitting on it, and then affecting to deplore its loss.

It is certain that the Hanoverian family brought no jesters with them to England, as the fashion for keeping fools was going out of the German Courts. The father of George I. retained a buffoon, Adelsburn, who exercised great influence over the Elector, not merely in a witty, but also in a ghostly, sense, for Adelsburn would ever and anon lecture his libertine sovereign with all the freedom and earnestness of Whitefield when belaboring a reprobate collier.

The fools of France held high rank in the history of that waggish and merry band. Caillette, the buffoon of Louis XII., was a noted *gaillard*. After Caillette comes the famous Triboulet, who served both Louis XII. and Francis I. He accompanied the former into Italy in the expedition against Venice in 1509. A noble having threatened to have Triboulet beaten to death for having spoken too glibly to him, the fool informed the King.

"Fear nothing," said Francis; "if any person dare treat you to such a fate, I will have him hanged a quarter of an hour after."

"Cousin," retorted the fool, "couldn't you make it quarter of an hour before?"

Victor Hugo's superb creation has immortalized the buffoon of Francis I., so replete is it with humor, and thoroughly enchainning interest.

To Triboulet succeeded a famous fool, Brusquet, so nicknamed on account of the *brusqueness* of his ready retorts. He first appeared on the scene at the camp at Avignon, during the invasion of Provence by Charles V., in 1536, where he practiced as a quack doctor. Having been discovered to be a cheat, but a merry one, he was brought before the King, who reproached him with having slain his patients through his remedies. "Faith, sire," said Brusquet, "those dead fellows were always complaining, and are they not completely cured of their ailments now?"

The reader who is desirous of enjoying the sayings and doings of Brusquet should read Brantome, who devotes pages to the *brusqueries* of this chic buffoon. Brusquet, who survived Henri II., remained at the Court of Francis II., and then at that of Charles IX. "Suspected of religion," says Brantome, "the poor devil was compelled to quit Paris, and he died in banishment in 1565, after having held the office of Court Jester from 1535."

To Brusquet succeeded Thonin, who, also, was successful in amusing Henri II., Francis II. and Charles IX. In 1556 he appears officially as Court Fool, and held the cap and bells till 1572. Thonin was fortunate enough to be able to make the terrible Constable Montmorency laugh, and under cover of a joke saved many an unfortunate wretch's neck from the hangman's noose. After Thonin came Le Greffier de Lois, a noted buffoon; but the two most celebrated successors of Brusquet were Sibilot and Chicot. With these worthies Henry III. associated the illustrious Mathurine, the first female fool officially attached to any court. Mathurine appears to have been a woman of spirit and character, ready with reply, and so devoted to the Catholic religion that she used every means in her power to convert every Huguenot she came in contact with. When Henri III. quitted Paris on the Day of Barricades—12th May, 1583—leaving the field clear to the ambition of Henri, Duke of Guise, Mathurine remained at the Louvre, and when Henri IV., after having entered Paris on the 22d of March, 1594, and after having heard a *Te Deum* at Notre Dame repaired to the Louvre, which he had not seen since the tragical night of St. Bartholomew, the first person whom he encountered on the staircase was the court fool, Mathurine, who rushed to embrace her royal master.

Mathurine it was who arrested the youth who attempted to assassinate Henri IV. on the 28th of December. This youth, who had glided into the apartment unperceived, struck at the King with his dagger. "Devil take that fool with her tricks," cried his Majesty. "She has hurt me." Mathurine sprang to the door, and barring the passage, prevented the escape of the King's assailant.

Mathurine died in 1627, and the jests of this fool to the courts of Henri III., Henri IV. and Louis XIII., long survived her. When Queen Christina of Sweden came to Paris in 1657, she was nicknamed Mathurine on account of her broad wit and numerous eccentricities.

Passing Maître Guillaume, Angoulevant, Marais, Jean Doucet, L'Angely, all excellent fools in their way, also the *farceurs* and grimacers of the Directory, we come to Coulon.

The most extraordinary combination of two offices that ever occurred existed at the court of Louis XVIII., in the person of Coulon, a medical man of great skill, who ultimately abandoned all practice except with respect to

the King, to whom he was at once doctor and jester. When a medical student, Coulon was wont, by his powers of mimicry, to keep a whole hospital-ward in roars of laughter. On one occasion, when officiating as assistant to the great Alibert, as the latter was bandaging the swollen legs of the suffering sovereign, Coulon so exquisitely mimicked his master behind his back, that the delighted Louis retained him thenceforward near his person. For the amusement of his royal patron, Coulon gave daily imitations. If the King asked him whom he had met, the medical jester would at once assume the bearing, voice, and the features of the person he desired to represent. It mattered not at all what the sex or the quality might be, or whether the mimicked individuals were the King's friends or relations, or otherwise. In either case, the monarch was in an ecstasy of hilarity as he promptly recognized each personage thus presented to him.

"Coulon," said the Duke of Orleans to him one day, "I happened to see and hear your imitation of me, yesterday. It was capital, but not quite perfect. You did not wear, as I do, a diamond pin in your cravat. Allow me to present you with mine; it will make the resemblance more striking." "Ah! your highness," replied Coulon, fixing the pin in his own cravat, and putting on such a look of the prince that the latter might have thought he was standing before a mirror, "as a poor imitator, I ought, properly, to wear only paste?"

His imitations, however, were so approximate to reality that he sat for portraits of Thiers and Molé; but Coulon's greatest triumph, in this way, was through a harder task. There was no efficient portrait extant of the deceased minister, Villèle. Gros was regretting this. "Ay," said Coulon, "no likeness of him represents the profound subtlety of his character, and his evanescent expression." As he said this, a living Villèle seemed to stand before the artist, who then and there took from this singular personage the well-known portrait which so truthfully represents the once famous statesman of the old Bourbon times.

The only man who ever resembled Coulon at the Court of France was Dufresnoy, the poet, playwright, actor, gardener, glass manufacturer, spendthrift, wit and beggar. Louis XIV. valued him as Louis XVIII. valued Coulon, and many dramatists of his day used to "book" his loose, brilliant sayings, and reproduce them as original. His royal protector appointed him his honorary fool; and it must be allowed that Dufresnoy had more of the old official about him than the refined and wealthy Coulon. The earlier jester, having got into debt with his washerwoman, settled the claim by making her his wife. It was a poor joke, and his wit seems to have suffered from it. He ventured, one day, to rally the Abbé Pelligrini on the soiled look of his linen. "Sir," said the piqued abbé, "it is not every one who has the good luck to marry his laundress!" The joker was dumb; and he stood no bad illustration of that line in Churchill, which speaks of men

"O'errun with wit and destitute of sense."

The combination of a serious with a jesting vocation was not at all uncommon at the Court of Russia. In the household of the Czarina Elizabeth, Professor Stehlin, teacher of mathematics and history to the Grand Duke, afterward Peter II., was also buffoon to his illustrious and imbecile pupil. This, indeed, was an office shared by all the young gentlemen of the Grand Duke's household, for they jumped to his humor and danced to his fiddling, in his wife's bedroom, at all hours of the night,



TOMB OF TRIBOULET, COURT FOOL OF FRANCIS I.



ARCHIE ARMSTRONG, JESTER TO JAMES VI.

in all sorts of disguises, and to the accompaniment of most undignified figures of speech.

At Cleves an Order was instituted, "The Knights of the Order of Fools." These sons of folly wore a distinctive dress, their red cloaks being emblazoned with the effigy of a fool in silver thread. The Order was created by Philip II. (Le Bon) in 1420.

An association called *Mere Folle*—Foolish Mother—was composed of five hundred personages of various rank—such as officers of Parliament, members of the chamber, lawyers, merchants, citizens, etc. On all notable occasions the society came to the front in gorgeous array, the members wearing robes of tintured silk, green, red and yellow, braided with gold, and caps with bells. The object of the society was mirth and pleasure.

Among the famous fools of foreign courts, Perkes stands foremost, being the official buffoon to Charles Philip, Elector of the Palatinate in 1728. A colossal statue of Perkes in wood confronts the celebrated Heidelberg tun, a fitting site for one of whom it is



A FOOL'S VENGEANCE.

asserted that he consumed daily from eighteen to twenty litres of the wine in the tun.

Passing from Germany to Italy we must say a word about the celebrated Pasquino, from whom the anonymous epigrams known for centuries as pasquinades, have come to us. In the Piazza de Pasquino, in Rome, still stands the battered effigy of the man in whose name were shot forth the withering shafts of ridicule that even the Pontiffs vainly endeavored to repress. To-day, as in the days of Pope Adrian IV., pasquinades continue to be launched against the Government.

Of the facetious and familiar Mr. Punch, or of Punchinello, it is unnecessary to speak, nor need we refer to the most modern type of buffoon, the circus clown, whose "I have-come-for-to-go-for-to-be-for-to-do"—and "How-is-your-grandmother-next-Saturday-week," possess such undying charm for the rising generation. The circus clown, then, with his stale puns and contorted conundrums, is the Omega of the great alphabet of illustrious buffoons.



LOIS.—"THE STRONG ARM CAST PROTECTINGLY ABOUT LOIS GAVE HER TREMBLING FINGERS COURAGE TO DROP THE LIGHTED MATCH INTO THE TINDER ON THE PORCH."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE MISER.

"To be frugal is wise"; and this lesson of truth,
Should ever be preach'd in the ears of youth.
The young must be curb'd in their spendthrift haste,
Lest meagre Want should follow on Waste;
But to see the hand that is wither'd and old
So eagerly clutch at the shining gold—
Oh! can it be good that a man should crave
The dross of the world—so nigh his grave?

Sad is the lot of those who pine
In the gloomy depths of the precious mine:
But they toil not so hard in gaining the ore,
As the miser in guarding the glittering store.
He counts the coin with a feasting eye,
And trembles the while if a step come nigh;
He adds more wealth, and a smiling trace
Of joy comes over his shrunken face.

He seeks the bed where he cannot rest,
Made close beside his idol chest;
He wakes with a wilder'd, haggard stare,
For he dreams a thief is busy there;

He searches round—the bolts are fast;
And the watchmen of the night go past.
His coffers are safe; but there's fear in his brain,
And the miser cannot sleep again.

He never flings the blessed mite
To fill the orphan child with delight.
The dog may howl, the widow may sigh;
He hears them not—they may starve and die
His breast is of ice, no throbbing glow
Spreads there at the piercing tale of woe;
All torpid and cold, he lives alone
In his heaps, like the toad embosomed in stone.

Death comes—but the miser's friendless bier
Is free from the sobbing mourner's tear;
Unloved, unwept, no grateful one
Will tell of the kindly deeds he has done.
Oh! never covet the miser's fame;
'Tis a cheerless halo that circles his name;
And one fond heart, that will truly grieve
Will outweigh all the gold we can leave.

LOIS.

BY DARD BEST.

MANY years ago—before the growlings of the wardog were heard in faint mutterings at the North—a company of strolling actors found themselves in one of the Southern cities, without funds, without friends, and without resources. Consequently, they were about to disband, but before doing so they were to meet at the Café de St. Pierre to say farewell to each other, and to take their last meal together before going their various ways.

There was Ordranneaux—a giant of a man, a warm-hearted, liberal, handsome fellow—who came sauntering down the flag-paved sidewalk arm-in-arm with Beltran, a slender youth, who did the "lady" parts with such exquisite ease—a small, spare, graceful youth, with a fresh, pink face, and big, melting eyes of an indescribable blue; hair of tawny gold, and worn in locks rather than in the manly fashion, but under the poor, frayed coat beat a heart manlier than even that of the Hercules who walked along beside him, and who minced his steps to keep measure with the slower, daintier pace of the blonde youth.

The Café de St. Pierre, at the time of which I write, was a headquarters of the Bohemians of the big Southern city, and when our two friends reached it the little tables under the leafy vines of the inner court were surrounded by *artistes, professeurs, literati*, and the odds and ends of theatrical companies.

A little to the left of the centre of the court a somewhat larger table stood, and seated around it were half a dozen or so of the actors who had come for the purpose of wish-
ish "good-speed" to their fellows-in-luck.

"Ordranneaux, you are late, as usual. A chair for the mademoiselle—this way!" and Beltran was pushed into a chair, and his hat taken from his head by a laughing fellow, who, strange to say, was the "serious" man of the troupe—the one who did the heavy-tragedy business.

Opposite him sat a cadaverous, sunken-eyed man, who, to all appearance, was a victim to incurable melancholy, but was, in reality, the funniest joker extant.

"Ah, Romeo," said the joker to Ordranneaux, "how goes the world? And how goes Juliet?"

"Answer for thyself, sweet one," answered Ordranneaux, as he sank into a seat at Beltran's side. "How goes it, love?"

"Name not this cruel parting——"

"We will not part, at least, Bertran."

And the round chin of the *blondin* was chucked by the fingers of Ordranneaux.

"By-the-way, friends, as this is the last of our meetings, I may as well tell you the rest of the story of *Lois Garcia*."

"Yes—tell. Was she freed, after all?"

"No; and I learn that the old French fiend, Dubois, has brought her up, and intends to make her his wife. Here," said he, bringing a paper from his coat-pocket—"here, in to-day's paper, is his advertisement for a governess—for *Lois*, no doubt."

And Ordranneaux, to still the excited clamor, read the few lines aloud.

It seemed as if Beltran did not listen to the story of the Creole's fate, for, to be candid, he was devouring a delicious *compote* of rich fruit as if appetite had routed all sentimentalism from his mind. Perhaps it was his very ravenousness that made Ordranneaux look sharply at him from under his straight, dark brows; for Ordranneaux loved this stripling with all his big heart and soul, and took a tender, even womanish, pride in his interests and welfare.

Since it is Beltran (whose life-lines are to be woven in and out upon the loom of this little romance) I must enlarge upon, I begin straightway. To be brief:

Beltran was born of Quaker parentage, but had always shown a violent antipathy to leading the life of a Friend.

An authoritative and stubborn will opposed him, and after many a hard-fought, theoretical battle, it all ended one day in Beltran running away. He went straight to the terrible playhouse, and, after a time, found himself victorious on the *wrong* side of the footlights. No use to try to reclaim such a willful wanderer from the straight and narrow road, proclaimed Father Stephen.

And so, though many a secret tear fell upon a spotless handkerchief and snowy cap-strings of a fond mother—who sat, a stiff, gray statuette of woe, in her bright, sunny sitting-room, waiting, waiting, waiting for the sound of a foot upon the stair—no whisper reached the two poor old parents of their evil-minded child.

Once Beltran had been coaxed into taking a female rôle when the star-elect of the evening had sent the manager a message that threw him into a comic spasm of chagrin. "Mademoiselle Angelique was ailing; would—ah, ciel!

would monsieur just excuse her this one time, and allow the lad Beltran to fill her place?" She asked this great favor, knowing well that Beltran could do it—had done it, in fact—before her very critical eyes. So Beltran was cajoled—was almost knelt to, and, as a *dernier ressort*, was promised a handsome bonus for the evening's work. Poor lad! That was a clincher—a little something to eat with his dry bread and cheese—a warm woolen undergarment, perhaps, to keep the cold winds from stabbing him with their icy, intangible daggers.

So the bogus Mademoiselle Angelique leaned over the tottering balcony and made desperate love to the new star, who, having missed rehearsal by the train's delay, had just come on. And it was a nice matter of judgment to know just how to divide the cheers of acclamation between Romeo and Juliet.

It is an amusing story to tell how the new star, Ordranneaux, fell madly in love with the witching, limpid-eyed Juliet; but here it cannot be written in detail, and, indeed, has no direct bearing on this little narrative, save that it caused a lasting friendship between the two—for Ordranneaux never quite woke up to the reality of the case, and kept in his sentimental attitude toward Beltran up to the time when my story begins.

I should state here that Beltran was starring it through the South as *Juliet*, with Ordranneaux for *Romeo*, when ill-luck befell them, and there came a disbanding of the old troupe.

At last the little supper was over, and sad enough was the parting. No company with human sympathies—and actors, as a rule, are the most sympathetic of all humans—can live for a while in each other's society and not feel the parting sensibly. But the laugh hid the gloom, and the jest went round in even a merrier vein as Ordranneaux and Beltran left the Café de St. Pierre, and lost themselves at last, by a turning in the street, from seven pairs of affectionate eyes.

* * * * *

Nearly two hundred miles below Vicksburg, on wide, flat lowlands, that have since been drowned and washed away by the Mississippi River, stood the immense plantation of "Bontemps." Seventy slaves in all did old Dubois own—heart, soul and body, he would have told you, in his shrugging, French fashion—seventy slaves, even if you did not name Lois—Lois Garcia, who was as much a slave as any kinky-headed son or daughter of *Afrique* among them. Not by right; ah! no. Old Mammy Disney could tell strange tales if she cared to—tales of fraud and cold-blooded lying; but tales that, even were she to whisper them, would bring her doom.

So the lies were left unearched, but the old white-headed mammy kept her bright-black eyes in unceasing vigilance upon the outgoings and incomings of the one who had been from babyhood her most precious treasure.

Ah! how sweet she was, the beautiful, beautiful Lois! The dark bright-red that came glowing up under the rich-hued skin; the small brown hands, and trim, belted waist; the purple lustre of her gold-banded hair—all these were the sweetest things in life to Mammy Disney, for they were her Lois's.

But Lois was so wild and willful. Like all young animals, she felt that bounding sense of freedom in her veins; and, like the white fawn she led about by its chain of blossoms, she, too, felt a loving chain about her, and staid her wayward steps at each light touch of the shining links.

Old Dubois loved her—ah, yes! what maiden could but be grateful to his fatherly care of her? And that she was a slave she knew, but a slave as the women of Circassia are.

No heavier work did the small brown fingers know than that of pounding the grand piano's keys; no more serious thoughts bothered the *petite* head than those of new toilets, and no care rested on the whole of the piquant little body that a nightingale could not have carried.

Meanwhile, Mammy Disney watched, and now that "ole massah" had just come back from a three years' tour, she felt the more need of watching, for Lois had grown in that short time—with true Oriental celerity—from a child into a woman.

If ever there should come a time for the disclosure of her long-kept secret—if ever the chains grew tight about her Lois—then she would tell the mystery to her one lamb, and was ready to suffer the martyrdom she knew full well would be her lot. If anything kept her from it heretofore it was the knowledge that her Lois was well cared for throughout her childhood, and the fact that, had Lois known it all, she and her heart's treasure would have been separated.

Well, old Dubois tightened the chain one link. A governess was coming down to polish the little brown diamond until it was ready for its golden setting; and Lois was forbidden to leave the house at certain hours after the arrival of the lapidary, who was to reveal the hidden fires of intelligence that lay slumbering in this human gem.

Monsieur Dubois had selected (by aid of correspondence), from among thirteen applicants, a certain Madame Ardono, who, to judge by her lengthy epistle, was a lady of very great culture—a lady whose husband was about to go North for an absence of some months.

The fact that this applicant was married went a long way toward weighing down the scale in her favor. No nonsense was to be expected from a married lady—and Lois was so full of wild, untamable mischief.

The day for the madame's coming had at length arrived. Lois came down into the long, cool drawing-room to meet what she had come to believe was an ogress of terrible mien. She would not change the soft white wrapper folds for any stiff, shiny silk in her possession, simply to propitiate the green eyes of her new dragoness.

Perhaps she thought that madame was coming alone; but not so. Monsieur accompanied his wife, and Lois, as she stepped forward to greet them, thought regretfully of a certain rich satin robe that would have made the husband of madame open his fine gray eyes even a trifle wider. But the moment was past, and monsieur was gazing at her with eyes full of curiosity, as it was.

Monsieur Ardono could stay but a short time. The carriage that brought him was waiting to take him back to the station where he was to catch the Northern-bound train.

But before he went, Monsieur Dubois had assured him that madame should be well taken care of.

"Madame shall have the west wing, sir; and as madame has no maid, and desires none, I will see that all her little comforts are attended to. You understand, sir, that the salary is to be paid monthly. No offense, I hope, sir. I am a blunt man, and you are in a hurry—two things I hope that will excuse me. I shall pay over to madame monthly the sum I have agreed upon, and she shall be served by the best of Bontemps."

So monsieur, with a feeling of satisfaction, bade his queenly wife adieu, kissed the beautiful mouth, held the stately form in a close embrace for a second of time, then dashed down the wide shell path.

Lois expected the limpid eyes to rain down a plenteous shower of tears, but madame's eyes were dry and her voice trembled not, though her husband had gone from her for an absence of months.

All through dinner-hour Lois held herself in proud

silence like a veritable Lady Disdain. And I may as well tell you here that through three successive weeks the dark little beauty recited her lessons like a lovely parrot, but grew no friendlier toward the yellow-haired princess.

But it all ended one day. Madame was sitting in the library awaiting Lois, and employing herself with re-reading a letter that had come to her that day—a letter that told her that a certain "Friend Stephen was dead."

She was reading this sad intelligence when Lois rushed in like a whirlwind, threw herself into the arms of her governess, and burst into a storm of tears. Madame put her arms about her, drew the dark, rumpled head to her breast and let her cry. And she, who had shed no tears at her husband's going, now felt the drops fall thick and fast, and saw them hide away in the wavy locks of rich, dark hair that belonged to the poor little head resting on her bosom.

"Friend Stephen is dead!"

These words burnt into her brain; but what ailed the *petite* Lois?

"*Vous est-il arrivé quelque chose?* What can have chanced to the little one? Speak, dear, I will listen."

And madame drew the small, brown hands from before the tear-wet face.

"Madame, ah, madame, read!" said Lois, pushing a crumpled bit of paper into the hands of her governess. "I have been cross and fretful and cold-hearted toward you, yet now I beg your forgiveness. Oh, madame, I need you."

"Thou shalt have me, *petite*. Sit you down upon this cushion while I find out what great woe has made this little Lois my friend!" And madame read.

It was, to be brief, no formal proposal of marriage from the master to the slave, but a hard and concise declaration of facts. Lois was to don the wedding-vail in a month's time. She must be ready to stand before the altar with her owner—But madame's eyes—the big, blue, limpid eyes—lifted at this word and looked at Lois.

"It is against the law, *petite*, this thing. He cannot marry you if you are a slave-born child—and if the one hundredth part of a grain of negro blood were in your veins he would not offer to! Oh, Lois"—and the voice of the speaker deepened strangely—"have you not guessed? You are a *Creole*!"

Lois looked at madame as if in a dumb stupor.

"Come, love; your story is well known to me and to others in the city. Your father, Monsieur Garcia, left you in care of Monsieur Dubois as his ward; and your

guardian was also intrusted with a nice little fortune that becomes yours when you are married. It seems Monsieur Dubois cannot bear to part with it, and so goes about getting it in a rascally easy and pleasant way! But I will save you—there is not a slave at Bontemps but knows your story; and, consequently, I have half a hundred honest followers!" As madame pronounced these last words she rose proudly to her feet, and arched her graceful neck like some divine goddess of protection. Then darting suddenly down, until her red lips were on a level with Lois's ear, she said, in a soft whisper—"I came to save you, sweet! That was the purpose of my coming;

but fearing, at first, that I could not have your friendship, I have known the full measure of despair!"

And Lois? Ah, the great light of her true parentage blinded her. No words that came to her in madame's clear whisper were startling after the intelligence of her birth. Down she sank upon her knees, with arms wide outstretched toward her new protectress, crying:

"I am, then, as white as snow—as white as thou art, dear, beautiful madame! And I shall be saved——"

"*Sh!* monsieur comes now," said madame, sinking back into her chair. "Such a naughty girl I have, monsieur! So untamable! I am about to punish her because she will recite her Shakespeare in so matter-of-fact a tone. Listen how it should be, Lois; get up, *petite*;" and madame went into the intricate mazes of *Ophelia's* mournful chant.

As for old Dubois, he stood on the threshold drinking in the pretty little picture to his heart's content. The piquant

loveliness of his Lois was only enhanced by the larger and more statuesque beauty of the now inspired madame. There was a certain graceful carelessness in Lois's attire that found no reflection in the toilet of the teacher, and the warm, golden silk of Dubois's ward clashed not against the rich blue dress of Madame Ardrone, the folds of which touched, now and then, the amber lights of Lois's robe. And if the lace on the blue width was a bit gairish and gaudy; if the ornaments about the golden head were suspiciously glaring and false, old Dubois cared naught. It was only a pity they should ever be separated—*ma foi!* such foils as they were to each other! But the old slaveowner mentally gave the medal of leather to the Creole, who stood seemingly enwrapped by madame's eloquence.



THE MISER.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 545.



SHALL THE BUFFALO GO?—A WOUNDED BUFFALO.—SEE PAGE 554.

"Bravo . bravo !" said monsieur, when all was done. "Ah ! Lois, see to it or thou shalt lose thy laurels ! I go to the city to-night. Has madame any commands for me ?"

"A letter for the post, monsieur, that is all," answered the governess, as she deliberately took Dubois's arm and marched him down the wide staircase to the late dinner.

What a meal ! Monsieur, on the one hand, thoughtful and polite, stealing curious glances at Lois, as if to learn whether the proclama-

tion of marriage had awed her as it should ; madame, on the other hand, keeping up a continuous babble, so that, had Lois tried, she could not have squeezed a poor little

syllable edge-wise into the rushing stream of words. But she did not try ; she only sat quiet, pondering over the sweet, wild fact that she was not a *fille de couleur*, but a white, free creature, and the silence on her part was profound.

How witty madame was ! Her tongue went on its melodious way, and hemmed in Lois,



EARLY INDIAN METHOD OF APPROACHING A HERD.

wrapped her round about, protected her by its unceasing noise. She could not get out, and monsieur could not get in the charmed circle of heavily laden sound-waves—an intangible curtain of tenderness.

When the oranges were brought to the table, madame stopped to get a breath, and chancing to look out of the low window, saw two eyes watching her from the shrubbery that grew near the house. Surely madame was free from all feminine nervousness, for the gay tongue-clatter began again, and Dubois, with a sigh of relief, arose, excused himself, and bowed himself out of their presence.

"Lois, come with me into the library. I have a terrible headache, and wish for rest and quiet."

This astounding communication, given for the benefit of old Nicodemus, the tall, grim servitor, who had waited behind the chair of monsieur at breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper for years and years. Very tall and very grim he appeared to-day; and if his eyes sent intelligent winks toward the shrubbery, they passed the two ladies unnoticed.

"Madame, rest here," said Lois, after the library-door was closed behind them, and she had wheeled an arm-chair from its corner. "I have a favor to ask of you, dear preceptress. May I not be less distant, and call you, therefore, by your christened name?"

"*Mais, oui*; my name is Bel—use it at your pleasure."

"Belle! That means beautiful, and to me it means—"

"What are you doing, mademoiselle?" interrupted madame, as she turned quickly, and caught Lois in the act of taking her high, tortoiseshell comb from its accustomed resting-place amid the soft, flossy puffs of yellow hair. "I must beg of you to leave my hair as it is. If I am suited in the style, and mademoiselle is not, that is a misfortune I cannot remedy."

"A thousand pardons, madame—I thought to soothe you and drive away the headache you said was so terrible. I—I—will never—never—" and Lois ran away to her own room to hide the great sobs and chokes that convulsed every atom of her diminutive anatomy.

"Whew!" whistled madame; "a little more and I'd have been done for! But, hang me, if I haven't broken the darling little witch's heart!"

A bell tolled suddenly without.

At the ninth stroke Nicodemus came in with a waxen candle, and sat it down upon the leathern-covered table.

"What bell is that, Nicodemus?" queried madame's soft voice.

"Dunno, mistiss; de owls do sometimes git in de bell-towah, and it peahs den as if de janglin'd ovalpowah youah eahs."

"Don't lie, my man—*what does that bell mean?*"

"Dunno, mistiss;" but the dark face had turned livid.

"You may go."

Madame Ardrone's sleeping-room, in the west wing, was on the ground floor, and, as the house of Bontemps stood on a decided elevation, quite a good view was obtained from its windows of the cabins of the slaves, whose quarters were on the level land at the foot of the lawn.

To one of these windows madame betook herself, and strained her lovely eyes to catch sight of anything unusual that might well happen after the ominous tolling of the bell.

About midnight a light tap sounded on her door.

"Enter!" she said, not stirring from her place.

"It is I, madame," whispered Lois. "Oh, where are you?"

"At the window. Stay where you are, *petite*."

"I am so frightened, madame—the blacks have arisen!"

"I know that."

"You are afraid, then?"

"*Afraid!* Go to your room, mademoiselle; lock yourself in; do not breathe or stir if an angel himself were to demand admittance. *Go!*"

"I obey," answered Lois, and the door closed behind her.

In half an hour's time there floated to madame's ears the muffled sound of footsteps, and the murmurs of an unintelligible language. Softly madame drew back the curtain folds and waited for what should come.

But nothing came save a sudden silence that was almost palpable.

Away through the darkness twinkled a faint light, as if a star had fallen to earth, and in a second's time it was gone.

The watcher felt that the place was peopled all about her. The air was full of secret vengeance, and laden with the voiceless tidings of insurrection.

As for Lois, when she reached the wide staircase in the eastern wing, she was surrounded by a dozen blacks, who gagged her, tied her hand and foot, and carried her noiselessly out of the door. Into a miserable cabin they thrust her, and locking the door, left her alone. She heard them, as they strode away, mutter:

"Creole! Massa debbil's bride! High-bawn, but niggah-faced!"

She listened intently, and heard their footsteps die away in the distance. Then a little clicking sound, as of the opening of a lock, assailed her ears, and a cautious "Sh!"

Her heart beat furiously. Slowly the door opened, and Mammy Disney stole softly in.

Dexterously the old, bony fingers untied the handkerchief that bound the mouth, and loosed the cords at waist and ankles.

"Not a bref, chile, from youah mouf. Listen to mammy. Dey's gwine t' fiah de house, and the old massa'll go out wid de smoke. Wen de bell tolls tree times, say youah pra'hs foh de old massa, for he'll need 'em. You's kep' heah—"

"I must speak, mammy. Monsieur Dubois did not come home to-night."

"You is mistaken, chile. Dave put up de boss—"

"And I must save madame. Oh, let me out!"

And seeing the dull glimmer of a light through the open door, Lois bounded past the stricken old negress and made straight for the faint glow.

It came from a little window in one of the cabins. Lois crept close to the door, opened it, and, with a bound, sprang into the midst of a great sea of swarthy, livid faces.

"Lois, by hebbin! Who let you out?"

"An angel!" cried Lois, who knew that the supernatural at once cowed them when nothing else would.

And as she stood there in the flaring light of a burning pine-knot, her amber silk flashed out a million scintillations, and her lustrous black eyes, open wide in their intense excitement, gave her, to their eyes, a divine radiance that enhaloed her.

"If you hate me because I am a Creole, I shall turn that hate to love. If you fear me, thinking I am the master's chosen bride, I shall show you that you have no cause for fear, for I give you my word"—and she came closer to the awed slaves—"that with these hands I will set fire to the Bontemps. Only let me go alone, and in three minutes I will light the fires you have prepared. Yes or no!"

"You's welcome t'go," muttered Nicodemus, who seemed the chosen leader of those poor, abused, short-sighted blacks. So Lois, provided with secret informa-

tion, went quickly up the lawn, and stopped at madame's window.

"Madame! Belle!"

"Here!" came in answer, as a form passed through the window and stood beside her.

"I have promised to set fire to Bontemps."

"How—you?"

"Else I could not have saved you. But I cannot murder, and monsieur——"

"Is in the city?"

"But Dave said——"

"Dave lied."

"Art sure? What would make him?"

"A bag of gold."

"I do not understand."

"You have no need. The gold was mine. Do you forget I came to save you, sweet?" and the strong arm cast protectingly about Lois gave her trembling fingers courage to drop the lighted match into the tinder on the porch.

"Farewell, poor, dear Bontemps!" and as she kissed one of the old wooden pillars of the porch, a tiny, spiteful flame burst out, and catching at the fagots stacked about, it flared, and grew from a snapping little elfin to a great roaring demon before Lois and her teacher had reached the outskirts of the great forest, that spread miles and miles toward the north along the banks of the Mississippi River.

All through the small hours of the night they tramped, until, safely sheltered in the dense undergrowth, they stopped to rest. Away in the distance the sky glowed with the tongues of flame that darted up as if they would lick the very stars.

Lois sighed, and the tears came into her hot, feverish eyes.

"God forgive me if I have sinned! Help me to pray, Belle."

"Poor child! do not grieve. This has been an awful night, and you have suffered from exposure and fatigue as well as terror. Rest your head upon my arm, *petite*, and try to sleep."

"And you?"

"I am strong and well. To-morrow we will find a landing-place—catch some Northern-bound boat, and I will take you to my home. Now, rest."

Up from the east a gray dawn stole and crept even into the heart of the dark old forest where the sleeper and the watcher were hidden.

Away in the south the sparks grew ever fainter, died away at last, and the clear blue sky looked down full of sunshine and glad new light over all the desolation of Bontemps.

Lois rubbed her sleep-locked eyes, yawned a little, and looked wonderingly up into the faithful blue orbs above her.

"I remember now," she said, after a while. "How good you are, and how I love you! I have slept long—ingrate that I am? But, madame!"

"Well, dear?"

"Your hair—it is all gone!"

Madame only smiled.

Lois looked at the mouth wreathed in happy curves, and let her eyes fall lower upon the stiff collar about the neck of her governess—upon the silken tie, the black cloth that covered her shoulders, and rubbing her eyes, she looked again and again.

"What masquerade is this, madame?" questioned Lois, looking at the elegant youth before her.

"Ask what masquerade this was, mademoiselle," said

her governess, pointing to a shawl that lay where she had thrown it, when she awakened, amid the dew-drenched tangle of brier and leaf. It was the familiar wrap of Madame Ardrono.

"I cannot comprehend," said poor little Lois, shaking her head. "I feel that I have committed a heinous crime, and that for this great sin I must suffer by losing my only friend."

"Mademoiselle, if you lose me as a friend, you gain me as a lover—if, with any grace, you can call it gain. I must tell you my life's story; then I shall leave it to you, mademoiselle, to accept me or reject me."

Briefly he related the childhood he had passed among the saintly "Friends"; of his waywardness, his subsequent hardship and success; of his friendship for Ordranneaux, and their journey through the South; and reached at last the story of Garcia's death as it came to him from Ordranneaux. It had come direct to his friend from the lips of Garcia's lawyer, who had not known, until a short time before his acquaintance with Ordranneaux, of Dubois's rascality.

Lois had been brought upon the plantation as Mammy Disney's own granddaughter, and the slaves counted the tiny two-year-old Lois among them in good faith. If she was somewhat better treated than they, they laid the treatment at the door of her bright beauty and sweet temper. And if the master lavished little gifts upon her, the hard-worked slave shared her luxurious trifle, as many a surreptitious gift of juicy fruit, bottles of wine from the master's cellar, or even a small handful of coin, found its way to the bedside of the worn and weary field-hand.

She was the angel of Bontemps; but, foolishly enough, Beltran had unwittingly changed their gratitude to hate when he had told them, under the guise of Madame Ardrono, all of her true birth. Instead of the help he sought and expected to find, he was plotted against, as far as the Creole was concerned.

At last the story was finished; the voice hushed its melody, and there in the shadow of the grand old forest trees the youth stood before the girl waiting for the word that should fill his heart with hope or despair.

"Lois!" he said, at length.

But her head was bowed before him, and the word he longed for was so softly uttered that the wind-fairies flew with it quite over his head, and he did not catch it at all. But his waiting ears caught sound of a clear, peculiar whistle.

"Will you not answer, beautiful?"

The whistle came louder and more shrill, and again Lois's poor little word was lost in the great "Halloo!" Beltran sent veering up through the tremulous leaves, until it seemed the sun-shafts caught the mellow tone as if it were a something of their own they were reclaiming.

"That is Ordranneaux searching for us," eagerly explained Beltran, as the whistle was repeated, and a faint call came to their hiding-place like a welcome fairy who brought only good news. "If you will remain here, mademoiselle, I will fetch Ordranneaux."

"Go," said Lois.

And Beltran went halloaing every third step he took through the brush and brier and swampy marshes, scarce noticing the thorns that tore his hands as he pushed the wild vines aside, intent only on finding Ordranneaux, who would know of some better place of safety than himself, since Ordranneaux had been roving around the country for a week past.

At last a whistle came close at Beltran's right hand, and dashing toward the stream of sound, he followed it up until he reached the fountain head, and stood face to face



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with Ordranneaux. Then such a series of embraces; such a lot of laughing, anxious inquiries; such banter and pet names followed, that they were half forgetful of Lois in their first emotion of gladness.

"Miss Garcia," said Ordranneaux, at last—"is she with you?"

"Oh, come quickly, Ordranneaux; I left her to come and fetch you."

And turning about, our hero nearly stumbled over a little gold-clad figure that stood in his path.

"Lois!" cried Beltran.

"I followed," said Lois, meekly. "You walk rapidly, 'Sieur Beltran.'"

"Ordranneaux, old fellow," said Beltran, gravely, "I have waited for two small eternities to hear Mademoiselle Garcia accept me, for she shall not reject me, shall she, *mon ami*? Lois, darling?"

"And I have answered twice, 'Sieur Beltran; but you were so noisy that I did not make myself heard. Now you may guess your answer, for I shall not say it again;" and the dark eyes peeped shyly up from under their long fringed curtains, and the little red mouth went up at the corners to meet a divine dimple in each rich-hued cheek.

"Little children, love one another," said Ordranneaux, solemnly. "There! I see I have lost my bonny Beltran!"

"You must not weep, my friend," laughed Lois, as she came from Beltran's side, and approaching Ordranneaux, drew the big, brawny hands from a face that was expressive of comic despair.

But the sun began to pierce the forest's heart with hot, long lances, and as they turned toward the little village wharf that lay a mile or so beyond, the heat grew fierce, even in the most shadowy recesses.

On and on they went, dragging their weary feet through marshes that soaked them and briers that made ribbons of what remained of Lois's silken robe.

When the shore was gained, and the little village opened out before their view in the hot sunshine, they heard from

far a-down the river the whistle of the boat.

"Let us rest in this shed," said Beltran, as they gained the nearest outskirts of the village. "You are worn out, poor Lois. But keep a brave heart, for we will be aboard that boat in half an hour. We had best keep out of sight of the villagers until the boat touches the wharf."

"You're right, my lad," said Ordranneaux. "They are to load some cotton at this place to-day. I will saunter down to the wharf, and as the last bale goes on you will hear a whistle, and then make a rush for the gang-plank."

All was done as agreed upon. Two stalwart darkies went lumbering up the plank with their big bale of cotton, closely followed by a dear young Adonis, and a wee mite of a maiden whose entire figure tried to hide itself under a shawl that had once wrapped a stately

Madame Ardrono within its folds.

The bell rang; the gangboard came grating in; the majestic *Queen of the Waters* turned about and went hurrying along through the yellow channels of the broad Mississippi.

And a horseman on shore drew rein

and shook in impotent rage as he caught sight of the three figures on the deck, and saw a little brown hand waving him a last farewell.

(The sentence preceding these remarks in parenthesis is, actually, the end of my story. I make this explanation because, though I have something more to say, I am not sure of being so happy in rounding up a concluding paragraph as I have been in the one referred to. The reason I have in adding these remarks is simply to give dear old Captain Anson G. Potter his just dues. Bless his good, noble heart, and every particle of his hale, old anatomy!)

When our friends, Beltran, Ordranneaux and Lois came first before his eyes, he gave a guttural cry of wonder, and "interviewed" them beyond all bounds.

Then, after welcoming them heartily to his beautiful *Queen of the Waters*, and assigning them staterooms, he came, all jolly and rosy, into the cabin with the big gong that is as indigenous to a steamboat as the fireman below stairs. This gong he pounded upon, and when he had gathered an astonished assembly of passengers, men, women and children, about him, he told, in his own racy way, the story of Lois, as the writer of this never could tell it.

But the end was not yet. Lois was coaxed out of her stateroom and presented to a small, feminine host, that immediately claimed her as its own, and took a delicately savage delight in pouncing upon her poor little tattered figure with the measurement of some needed article of apparel.

When the boat touched at Plaquemine Captain Potter landed, and brought a seedy young minister on board. Then Ordranneaux, was ordered to bring forward the "two poor angels," and Captain Potter had Lois provided with a lawful governor, in lieu of the recently lost governess, before the supper-hour.



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DRESSING THE SKINS.

And what a wedding-supper followed upon the heels of the interesting ceremony! The seedy young minister, who had been provided with a free pass for the entire length and breadth of the present trip, led off in eating as readily as in asking the blessing, and the toasts that the dear old captain made have never been forgotten by any of the participants. Again I say, "Heaven bless Captain Potter!"

SHALL THE BUFFALO GO?

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD BUFFALO HUNTER.

THE American bison, or "buffalo," as he is popularly but erroneously called, has long since ceased to exist eastward of the Mississippi River; and even in the further West his tribe is so alarmingly decreasing beneath the slaughtering gun of the skin-hunter, that his total extinction is threatened, at no distant day. Whether the buffalo ought to be preserved, or whether he ought to be exterminated to make room for the profitable cattle and sheep ranches that are so rapidly filling up our western territories, is a question difficult to settle. One thing is certain: unless stringent laws are soon enacted against the wholesale and wanton destruction of the buffalo, and some efficacious means devised for enforcing those laws, this noble game will, in another century, have disappeared, and our grandchildren will gaze with wonder upon some few rare specimens in the menagerie or zoölogical garden.

The antelope of the great Yellowstone Valley have already been practically exterminated, and the elk and black-tailed deer will soon share the same fate.

Are there, then, no game laws? Certainly. Section 641 of the Revised Statutes of Montana, for instance, prohibits the killing of buffalo, elk, deer, mountain sheep and antelope from February 1st until August 10th, penalty not less than \$50, nor more than \$250. Section 642 prohibits the killing of any of these animals at any time for their skins, under the same penalty as mentioned above. But these laws are a dead letter, and cannot be enforced, for the reason that the territory covered is so vast in extent. The entire United States Army, while it might protect, or partially protect, the 3,344 square miles included in the National Park, would be powerless to enforce the game laws as they now are.

The protection of the buffalo, however, seems to rest on different principles from that of other game requiring less extensive range. Within territorial limits, the killing of game for food by settlers is natural; and, in the opinion of many legislators, the killing of buffaloes in large numbers for food and hides is not objectionable; for between the Red River and North Platte the buffalo has been replaced by hundreds of thousands of cattle—far more useful animals.

The buffalo, moreover, require a large range of country, because they are migrating animals and do not inhabit the same section of country all the year.

The buffalo starts on its Southern tour with the first signs of cold weather. If unmolested by the hunters, the herds will drift, during the Winter, to the mesquite-covered prairies of Western Texas, and even to the banks of the Rio Grande River, returning North again in the Spring, after the grass comes. They remain in the mesquite country of Texas until after the calves which have been born during the Spring are old enough to travel—usually about the middle of March—when they again take their departure for a cooler climate.

In their migratory journeys the buffaloes travel in immense herds, numbering thousands, the "old bulls" always in the vanguard, acting as pilots. I have ridden

for a distance of forty miles across their trail when they were journeying South in the Fall of the year, and found the herds so thick that they could scarcely avoid me, and I was never more than 100 yards from buffalo at any time during my day's ride. The route along which they were traveling was trampled as bare of grass as Broadway for the whole distance.

It will be seen at once that as the country is settled these wild herds cannot be permitted to range at large and sweep all before them.

The following description of a buffalo stampede by a well-known sportsman-tourist, is both vivid and truthful:

"About ten o'clock, camp was aroused by the watchman. He had heard a sound which he could not make out. We all listened with breathless attention. The light western breeze brought at intervals a low distant murmur, like that from a far-off sea. What could it be? Anon it became more and more distinct, then died away, then came louder than before. Ere long it sounded like the roll of distant thunder, the hum of a busy city, the surf breaking over sunken reefs.

"Was it the roar of a prairie fire? No. There was no glow in the sky, and the grass was too green to burn. Was it the rush of waters? Had there been a storm to westward? Was a flood coming down the river? The idea took away our breath. We were camped on sand, and a big head of water would ground-sluice our foundations from beneath us. Could the sound be made by the distant herd? The wind was coming directly from them.

"It was the noise of the herd. They were coming. By-and-by, however, we ceased to hear them. The day-wind, which had been dying out, no longer blew. The night-breeze had set in from the opposite direction, and its sigh through the tree-tops, the hoot of the owl, and the ripple of the stream were the only audible sounds—and soon all were fast asleep again. I have reason to believe the guard slept, worn out with excitement and expectancy.

"Suddenly every one jumped to his feet. A terrific row smote upon our ears. The air shivered with noise; the earth trembled under our feet. The main herd was crossing the river close to camp. The roar of the bulls, the lowing of the cows, the tramp of thousands of feet, the splash of water as the huge mass of animals plunged and struggled through it, the crumbling fall of the bank as the buffaloes forced their way up its steep face—all were blended in one mighty tumult.

"We stood spell-bound for an instant, then a thought of terror forced itself upon us. What if the herd should come our way? What if they should stampede over the camp? Nothing could save us. We should be crushed into the earth, ground into powder. There would not be a 'grease-spot left of us.' We might climb a tree, true; but we should be left without food, without ammunition, out in the wilderness on foot. Better to be killed at once. There was but one safeguard—fire!

"True, it would be a beacon to any Indians who might be near, but that was only a possible, a contingent danger, while an immediate one stared us in the face. A pile of wood, grass, leaves, anything, everything, was raked together, the contents of the grease-pot poured over it, a double handful of powder scattered on, a match applied, and a column of fire shot up toward the sky. We were in safety so long as our blaze lasted.

"We stood watching and waiting, hour after hour, as that seemingly interminable multitude surged by, the ground trembling, and the din ceasing not. Since that night I have gone through many strange adventures, witnessed many striking scenes. The din of conflict, the terrors of an earthquake, the conflagration of a Western

city. I have stood on the deck of a ship aflame in mid-Atlantic. The murderous midnight rush of moccasined savages upon a surprised camp has found me *there*. I have been startled from deep sleep by the sharp firing of rifle balls, the quick zip-zap of flying arrows, the death-scream of a slaughtered sentinel, and the war-whoop of the Red Indian. But none of those scenes recall themselves more forcibly to me than does that midnight crossing of the Republican River by that mighty host of buffaloes in thousands."

The universal demand which has been created of late years for buffalo hides, especially for harness leather—for which purpose it is said to be peculiarly well adapted—and for carriage and sleigh robes, etc., has helped to cause the alarming decrease in their numbers.

In 1874 one large French tanning company contracted with Western dealers for 250,000 buffalo hides, which were supplied by the hunters during the Winter of 1874-75.

As soon as the buffaloes commence their southward journey the hunters gather their outfits, and getting on some watercourse over which they expect the herds to cross, they erect "tepées" or construct "dug-outs" and establish their camps. A hunter keeps four skinners with a wagon and span of mules or horses following him, one man in camp to stretch and dry the hides, and a cook, whose duty it is also to reload the empty cartridge shells.

I had an Irishman, a handy little fellow about camp, and a first-rate cook, with me during the Fall of 1874. On returning to camp one afternoon for more ammunition, I found him seated on a sealed copper keg containing fifty pounds of Hazard powder; and with a cigar-box holding about three pounds of loose powder between his knees, he was engaged in reloading shells, smoking meanwhile a short-stemmed clay pipe! He had not heard my approach, and my natural exclamation of surprise at his imprudence so startled him that he dropped his pipe into the box of loose powder.

After the smoke resulting from the explosion had cleared away, I hastened to the spot, expecting to gather up the fragments, if any remained, of my little cook; but instead of mangled portions of a human body, I discovered Pat sitting on the ground rubbing his knuckles into his eyes, and presenting a truly ludicrous sight, with every particle of hair burned from his head and face; and his first greeting to me was: "Fwhat the devil did yez spake for?" He was not seriously injured in any way, and luckily the magazine keg had not burst, so that the only harm done was the loss of the loose powder and about twenty shells, besides a considerable scare to both Pat and myself.

When a "tender foot" or "greenhorn" first comes out on the buffalo range, the hunters regale him with all sorts of stories of buffalo-fighting and miraculous escapes they have had, and also of the wonderful shots they have made at various times, and the luck they have had in killing immense numbers from one stand. It is almost needless for me to remark that such stories are mostly drawn from imagination, although when a wounded buffalo is crowded he will sometimes show fight, and in that case the activity and persistence displayed by him is astonishing.

On my first trip to the buffalo range, a party of hunters and frontiersmen, whom I had joined in the neighborhood of Camp Concho, Texas, began telling me some of these wonderful stories, and expatiating on the effects of "Buck Ague" as the nervousness which sometimes attacks a hunter on his first shot is called. On my expressing a disbelief in the stories and my confidence in

the strength of my nerves, one of the party offered to bet me a gallon of whisky that I would not kill the first buffalo I shot at—which bet I eagerly accepted.

A short time after this wager had been closed we came within sight of four old bulls quietly grazing in a mesquite valley half a mile to the left of the trail. "The Boys" immediately called my attention to them, and told me there was my opportunity to display my prowess as a Nimrod and win the bet.

I took my Spencer rifle out of the wagon and started on foot directly toward the game. After going a short distance I found a small arroyo, which I entered and followed, and by stooping over and occasionally crawling along on my hands and knees, I reached a spot within a hundred yards of the buffaloes without being observed by them. After waiting a few minutes until I had recovered my breath, and one of the buffalo, a very large bull, had turned so that he presented his broadside to me, I took aim and fired.

The buffalo dropped almost at the crack of my gun; but not being acquainted with the anatomy of the animal and the enormous length of the hump ribs on top of the backbone, I had aimed too high, and consequently had only creased him, or shot through the heavy sinews that run from the back of the head to the tail along the upper edge of the backbone. This has the instantaneous effect of stunning the animal, but he recovers in a very short time—a minute or two at most.

As soon as my buffalo fell the others ran away a short distance until they reached rising ground, and then stopped to look around for their enemy, and to see what had become of their wounded comrade; whilst I, not having a doubt that he was dead, ran up to the supposed carcass, and, laying down my rifle, attempted to turn up his head for the purpose of cutting out the tongue as a trophy to prove that I had won my bet, my having heard baked buffalo tongue descanted upon as a camp delicacy had probably some influence on my choice. However, on my approach to his head, the buffalo raised himself slowly, and stood facing me at a distance of not more than five feet.

Quickly recovering from the surprise occasioned by this, to me, strange and unaccountable proceeding, I seized my rifle, and, hastily throwing a cartridge into the chamber, presented the muzzle to his head and pulled the trigger. To my horror, the cartridge missed fire, and I, scared almost out of my wits, dropped the now useless gun, and, turning around, started to run in the direction of the arroyo.

After running a short distance and regaining my self-command, I looked back over my shoulder and saw the buffalo at full charge, with head down and tail erect—close enough, it appeared to me, to lift my streaming coat-tails with the points of his horns. I jumped to one side, and he passed me with the velocity of an express train; but checking himself within a few yards, he made a second charge, which I again dodged. On his coming the third time, I placed my Colt's army-revolver to his ear and fired, killing him instantly; but I was so afraid of a repetition of his previous performance, that I retreated to where I had dropped my rifle, and from there fired two more Spencer cartridges into his body before I dared to approach.

I then cut out the tongue and trudged joyfully back to the outfit, where the "Boys," who had been eyewitnesses of the fun, acknowledged that I had fairly won, and claimed that they had got the worth of their money in the fun.

A friend of mine, by name Jesse Cass, noted as

"Cowboy" for his agility in getting out of the way of fighting "long horns," having once wounded a four-year-old buffalo cow, observed that her left shoulder was broken, leaving the limb helpless. He thought he would test for himself the fighting qualities of the buffalo, not doubting that he could easily avoid a wounded cow, and dispatch her with a shot from his rifle when he wished. Accordingly, approaching her with his hat on the end of his gun, and skipping about, something after the manner of a farmer's wife driving a hen and chickens into a coop, he gradually made his way up to a little mesquite-tree, about eight inches in diameter, that stood within about fifteen feet of her, before she deigned to notice him. She then dropped her head, and without giving any other warning, charged at him.

Then the fun began. Jesse, with his right hand grasping the tree, dodging round and round, and the wounded buffalo hopping after him, until at last, stubbing his toe against a tuft of grass, he fell sprawling, at the same time throwing his gun a considerable distance away from him. Luckily for him, the velocity with which he was going threw him off at a tangent, and he brought up on his nose and elbows in the stony bed of an arroya which happened to be near.

The buffalo, seeing him disappear behind a little pile of driftwood that was lodged in the bend of the arroya, jumped down, and commenced to hook and tear it to pieces in her eager search; while poor Jesse, with his nose bleeding and his mouth knocked around somewhere under his left ear, scrambled upon his hands and knees around the first bend, where he sat watching the demolition of the drift-pile, and wondering how he was going to recover his gun and get away. At last one of his comrades from the camp, who had heard Jesse's shot, strolled over to see what luck he had, and killing the buffalo, released him. Jesse, in relating the incident over the camp-fire that night, said that there was plenty of sport

to be got out of a wounded buffalo, but that it was too one-sided a game, for the buffalo seemed to have all the fun.

As a matter of fact, buffalo-hunting, with a hunter of experience, is too much like butchering to suit a sportsman. A hunter with a good, long-range rifle, and with weather and ground favorable, can stop a herd of buffalo at a distance of from 200 to 500 yards, and hold them there until he has killed as many as his men can take care of the next day; the skinners generally being one day behind the hunter with their work.

From a camp located at the Beaver Dam, on the head

of the Middle Concho, in 1874, I killed and saved 1,600 hides in six weeks, netting one dollar each on them, and clearing \$1,600 for my six weeks' work. But I was not always so lucky, and have sometimes come out in debt after a long Winter's hunt. It really seems a great crime and a sinful waste of the food resources which nature has provided us with, thus to slaughter these animals for the sake of their hides, allowing the carcasses to rot on the prairies or be devoured by wolves and buzzards; but, as

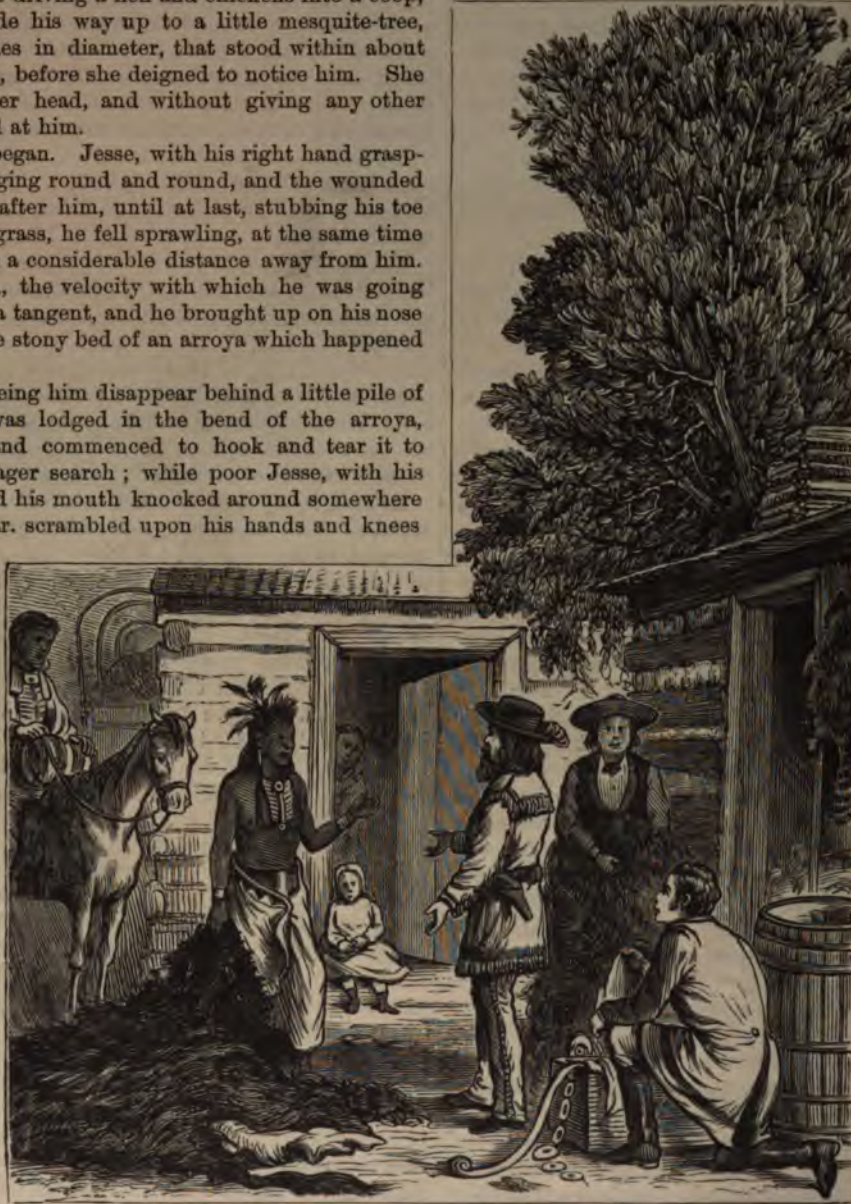
is always the case, there are two sides to the question, and the stockmen, who are constantly pushing their herds further and further west, complain that they require the grass that the buffaloes eat and destroy, and the room that they occupy, for their cattle and sheep, which are certainly more useful animals. Again, it is owing to the knowledge that they can live on the buffalo that the Indians break out from their reservations, and make their troublesome raids on the frontiers, stealing stock and massacring the settlers.

Many experiments have been made with the buffalo-meat, with the object to bring it into the market as a food product, but

none that I ever heard of have met with any success. I once put up 20,000 pounds of prime, selected buffalo-hams, smoked and salted, and also a lot of rib-meat, rolled and spiced—Fulton Market style—and shipped it in sample lots to New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago and other cities, but it never brought enough to pay the freight.

The only extensive use I have ever seen made of the meat was by the Mexicans, who used to come across the "Llano Estacado," or "Staked Plains," in large parties every Winter, for the purpose of hunting.

Their method of preserving the meat is to cut it into



SHALL THE BUFFALO GO?—BARTERING FOR THE HIDES.

long strings, or immense flakes, and after carefully removing every particle of fat—which becomes rancid—they hang it on lines in the sun and wind, without even salting it, until it is as dry and as hard as sole-leather. Then with rudely-constructed lever presses, they make it up into bales of about one hundred pounds' weight, cart it home and stow it away in a dark and dry place for future use.

A "Gringo," as they call all Americans or foreigners, would find great difficulty in making any kind of a meal out of the meat thus prepared; but the Mexicans, by their peculiar style of treating it, are able to make a very palatable dish, of which I have frequently partaken with great relish. They call it "*Chile con carne*," and it is prepared in the following way: Taking a sufficient quantity

as a "Greaser" is too lazy to practice the still-hunt. Their usual method is to charge right into the rear end of a herd of buffaloes, and kill them with lances or spears.

From the spice of danger attending it, and the skill required in the use of the lance, this style of hunting is considered to be pretty good sport by most Americans who have tried it. If your horse happens to stumble and throw you into the herd, or if you allow a wounded buffalo to turn and gore your horse, you stand a chance of being badly hurt, and perhaps killed.

The buffalo's horns are much more to be feared than are those of the ordinary domestic bovine. A buffalo's horns are of such shape that he can stand and drive them three or four inches into the ground, as I have seen him do frequently. I have watched him stop, and placing his fore-



SHALL THE BUFFALO GO?—SLAUGHTERED FOR A PASTIME.

of the *Carne seca*, as this dried meat is named, they place it on a block and beat it with a mallet until it is reduced to a powder. After carefully removing all strings and fibrous tissue, they place the pulverized mass in a frying-pan, or skillet, containing boiling-hot tallow, which is saved and rendered out during the hunt; and after the meat has been stirred around over the fire until it has soaked up all the grease, they add a boiling decoction of Chili peppers, previously prepared, and stirring the mixture around a few times, it is ready, and is really a very tasty dish to a hungry man. The Mexican way of preparing the peppers seems to give you all the delicious flavor and aroma, without that burning sensation in the mouth and throat which we find so objectionable in capsciums or Chili peppers as used in the North.

The Mexicans used to come across the plains from Santa Fé, New Mexico, and the settlements bordering on the Rio Grande, in large caravans every Winter, for the purpose of procuring buffalo meat. They always hunt on horseback,

feet on the edge of any hat, literally rend it to ribbons with his keen-pointed horns.

I once had a rare bit of sport with a young discharged soldier, who had taken a liking to that Western country, and had determined to settle there.

We were riding along, chatting together, and looking for a missing yoke of steers, when we suddenly came upon a herd of buffaloes which had been basking in the sun on the south side of the hill. Turning to my companion—who, by-the-way, happened to be an Irishman, Mike S—— by name—I told him to stand by, ready to assist me, and I would show him how the "Cowboys" caught and branded "mauricks" on the prairies. Singling out a good-sized yearling from the rapidly fleeing herd, I threw my lariat over his head, letting the bights fall in front of his fore-feet, then I stopped my pony, and bringing the yearling's head around under him, brought him heavily down. Leaving my horse standing with a strain on the lariat, I jumped off, and running up, grasped the buffalo by the tail and

flank, with my knees well set into his loin, so that I could hold him down.

I called on Mike to come and release my lariat. He suggested that we hopple the yearling with a pair of raw-hide hobbles, so as to keep him around, and perhaps we would be able to "gentle" him. Seeing a chance for fun, I agreed, and directed Mike to go to my saddle for the hobbles.

As soon as his back was turned I withdrew the pressure of my knees from the buffalo's loins, and giving his tail a sudden jerk, caused him to rise. Seeing Mike just in front of him, he lowered his head, and bounding forward, struck the poor fellow with the force of a miniature pile-driver, knocking him down on his face. I rushed up, and catching the buffalo by the tail and one hind leg, pulled him backward, allowing Mike to get up on his hands and knees, when I let the yearling go as before.

We had several rounds, the Irishman getting "knocked out" every time, I meanwhile hallooing to him to run, and making him believe that I was doing all I could to rescue him. Finally, the buffalo, getting tired of the monotony of the game, and seeking fresh foes to vanquish, suddenly turned on me. Having no desire to personally test his knocking-out abilities, I drew my pistol from my belt and quickly dispatched the pugnacious little animal, thus putting an end to the sport.

FOR THE DEAR GIRLS.

ONE of the most useful articles of the toilet is a bottle of ammonia, and any lady who has once learned its value will never be without it. A few drops in water takes the place of the usual amount of soap, and cleans out the pores of the skin as well as a bleach will do. Wash the face well with a flesh-brush, and rub the lips to tone their color. It is well to bathe the eyes before putting in the spirits, and if it is desirable to increase their brightness, this may be done by dashing soapsuds in them. Always rub the eyes, when washing, from the nose. Many contend that a free use of soap turns the skin yellow, and some go so far as to say that a frequent use of water is injurious.

Some prefer treating the hands, neck and the face to an ointment of glycerine, rubbed dry with a chamois skin. This is said to be attended with the most satisfactory results, and there is a story abroad just now that a young lady has not washed her face for three years, and always is clean, rosy and kissable; but she has come to grief, and her experience ought to be a lesson to every woman of sound mental condition; in a moment of gushing confidence, such as will at times attack even the best-regulated woman, she gave away her secret to her lover, and subsequently received a note from him stating he could not reconcile heart and manhood to a woman who could get along without washing her face. The face is more thoroughly rubbed or brushed with wet and dry brushes, and whenever a lady gets a chance she may be caught pinching her colorless cheeks—a very harmless and quite effectual means of making the roses bloom.

LORD BYRON CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

LEIGH HUNT relates the following: "I remember when I was showing Lord Byron and Moore my garden whilst in prison for publishing what was called a "libel" on the Prince Regent, a smart shower came on, which induced Moore to button up his coat and push on for the interior.

He returned instantly, blushing up to the eyes. He had forgotten the lameness of his noble friend. 'How much better you behaved,' he said to me afterward, 'in not hastening to get out of the rain! I quite forgot, at the moment, whom I was walking with.' I told him that the virtue was involuntary on my part, having been occupied in conversation with his lordship, which he was not; and that to forget a man's lameness involved a compliment in it, which the sufferer could not dislike. 'True,' said he; 'but the devil of it was that I was forced to remember it by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on; and to return was very awkward.' This anxiety appeared to me very amiable."

THE SHOULDERS OF MELCHISEDEK.

WHILE Dr. Chalmers was very busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him, under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him he called under great distress of mind.

"Sit down, sir—be good enough to be seated," said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly, and full of interest, from his writing-table.

The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the divine origin of the Christian religion, and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedek being without father and mother, etc. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, "Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way."

At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street-door, these words escaping among others:

"Not a penny, sir! not a penny! It's too bad! it is too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek!"

ROBERT BURNS.

BURNS loved praise, and loved it not the less when it came from the lips of an accomplished lady.

"Madame," said he to Mrs. McMurdoe, "your praise has ballooned me up to Parnassus." "My merit is not all my own," he said to Robert Aiken of Ayr, "for you have read me into reputation."

To one who was frugal of his wine at table, and who was standing holding up a fresh bottle, saying, "Do allow me to draw this one cork more; I ask it as a favor." "Sir," said Burns, "you hold the screw over the cork like Abraham holding the knife above his son Isaac. Make the sacrifice!"

Of the farm of Ellisland, when some one said it was good ground, Burns answered, "And so it is, save what is stones. It is not land; it is the riddlings of the Creation!"

"While at Moffat once with Clarke, the composer, the poet called for a bumper of brandy.

"Oh, not a bumper," said the musician; "I prefer two small glasses!"

"Two glasses!" cried Burns. "Why, you are like the lass in Kyle, who said she would rather be kissed twice bareheaded than once with her bonnet on."

Even on his death-bed Burns's wit still flashed out in the face of death. When he looked up and saw Dr. Maxwell at his bedside, "Alas!" he said, "what has brought you here? I am but a poor crow, and not worth plucking." He pointed to his pistols, took them in his hand, and gave them to Maxwell, saying they could not be in worthier keeping, and he should never more have need of them. This relieved his proud heart from a sense of obligation.

Soon afterward he saw Gibson, one of his brother-volunteers, by the bedside, with tears in his eyes. He smiled, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me!"

NEPENTHE.

THE north wind follows free and fills
Our rounding sail, and overhead
Deepens the rainless blue, and red
The sunset burns on quarried hills;

And peace is over all, as deep
As where, amid the secular gloom
Of some far-reaching, rock-built tomb,
The nameless generations sleep;

While, undecayed as on the day
That saw them first, the Kings of old,
In sculptured calm serene, behold
The slow millenniums pass away.

Still, far behind us, as we cleave
Smooth-flowing Nile, the din of life
And passionate voices of the strife
Are hushed to silence, and we leave

The cares that haunt us, dark regret
For wasted years, and wild unrest,
Yearning for praise or pleasure, blest
With life's last blessing—to forget.

For still in Egypt's kindly air,
Strong antidote of mortal woes,
The painless herb, Nepenthe, grows,
Which she whom fair-haired Leda bore

Mixed in the wine, and stilled their pain
Who wept in Spartan halls for sire
Or brother, wrapped in funeral fire,
Or wandering o'er the boundless main.

It is undeniable that the more fully we come to know the average man or woman, the more unexpected good we find in them, and the greater allowance we see ought to be made for their defects. One good rule, then, for securing justice in this matter would be to speak no ill, and, as far as possible, to think no ill, of strangers or enemies, simply because in the one case we have no adequate means of judging, and in the other we are disqualified from doing so by our feelings.

AMBER is being found in large quantities at the digging-station of Palmucken, near Königsberg, a solid piece weighing eight pounds and a half having been recently dug up. Latterly the shelving bottom of the Baltic, in-shore, has been plowed by an instrument towed by a small steamer, a diver following the plow and gathering the amber thrown up. It is now intended to increase the yield still more by means of charges of dynamite.

ONE of the greatest artifices the devil uses to engage men in vice and debauchery is to fasten names of contempt on certain virtues, and thus to fill weak souls with a foolish fear of passing for scrupulous, should they desire to put them in practice.

REAL AND IDEAL.

THE following story is told of the late John Timbs, formerly sub-editor of the *Illustrated London News*. Timbs, having a woodcut of a hopfield, sent a proof of it to a special correspondent, and asked him to go down to Maidstone, visit a hopgarden, take note of all he saw and heard, and describe the scene as faithfully and accurately as he could.

The "special" went down into Kent, spent a day and night among the hop-pickers, and then came home and wrote his descriptive column. The next day he took it to the office and handed it to the venerable sub. Mr. Timbs adjusted his spectacles and began to read; but before he had got through the third side of the copy he burst out with:

"What's this, Mr. Jones? Do you really think we could put this in—oaths, intemperance, impiety, debauchery? Why, sir, what were you thinking about? This will never do!"

"No, I thought not," replied the writer; "but you'll remember you told me to describe exactly what I saw and heard—"

"Yes, yes; but really, you know," angrily interrupted Timbs, "this is too gross, too gross!"

"Perhaps this will do better," calmly remarked the "special," handing him another manuscript.

"Read it, sir; read it," said the sub-editor.

The journalist read it, and his hearer was charmed—such well-turned phrases, such happy conceits, such poetic descriptions!

"Yes, that's better, Mr. Jones; much better—just what I wanted. Allow me to congratulate you."

"Ah," said Jones, quietly, "I thought you would like that! It is what I wrote before I went down to Maidstone!"

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF COREA.

BRIEFLY, the seven wonders of Corea are as follows: The first is a certain hot mineral spring near a place called Kin-shantao, the healing properties of which are believed to be miraculous. Its virtues are in constant vigor, and so great are they that they have never failed in efficacy within the memory of man. No matter what disease may afflict the patient, a dip in these healing waters will prove as sure a cure as the bath in Jordan did to leprous Naaman.

The second wonder is also connected with water. There are two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other—in fact, there is almost the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. These have two peculiarities—when one is full, the other is empty; and the Coreans seem to believe that somewhere deep in the bowels of the earth there is a mysterious tide, which ebbs and flows with marvelous rapidity at stated intervals of time, filling one spring while it empties the other. But the strangest part of the phenomenon is that the water is so strongly sweet that whatever is cooked in it, no matter how bad it may be of itself, immediately acquires a most delicious taste.

The third is called Cold Wind Cavern. There is a cave somewhere in the mountains in which a mysterious wind blows perpetually—a wind so cold as to pierce to the very bones, and so strong that the most powerful man is unable to stand against it.

The fourth wonder is the ineradicable forest. There is a large grove of pine-trees that sprout again directly they are cut down. It matters not what injury is done to the

root—nothing will avail to destroy it, but up it will sprout again in no time, like a phoenix from its own ashes.

The fifth wonder is more wonderful still. This is the floating stone; and a temple has been reared in its honor, called the Fou Shih Miao. In front of the temple stands, or appears to stand, the extraordinary stone. It is of

a more practically useful nature. It is called the warm rock, and forms the summit of a hill upon which there is a pavilion, or kiosque, for the benefit of travelers. Here they may rest and pass the night. However cold the weather may be, there is no stove, nor any need for one; the stone on which the rest-house stands diffuses its won-



FORGET ME NOT.

great bulk, and a sort of irregular cube in shape. To all appearance it is resting on the ground, and perfectly free from all supports on any side. But if two men, standing at opposite ends of it, hold each the opposite ends of a thread, they will find themselves able to pass the thread under the stone without encountering any obstacle!

The sixth wonder also consists of a stone, but a stone of

derful and benign warmth through every room in it. The seventh wonder is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. Around the large temple where it is enshrined, for thirty paces square, not a blade of grass will grow; there are no trees, no flowers; the very birds and animals desert it, instinctively recoiling from profaning with their footfalls a plot of ground so holy.



APRIL FISH.—"I GOT UP AND CROSSED THE CARPET TO WHERE SHE SAT. 'MADAM,' SAID I, HUSKILY, 'YOU DO NOT APPEAR TO HAVE RECOGNIZED ME.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

A DAY-DREAM.

By JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

It fell upon a day in summertime,
When leaves were densest, and a gloom of shade
Sank deepest down upon the woodland glade
And all the birds were mute—I lay beside
A lake within the forest heart; and lo!
Lulled by the heat, half sleeping, half awake,
I saw, or dreamed I saw, within the lake
Strange shadowy phantoms moving to and fro.

And, floating on the surface, bubbles bright
And many-hued were dancing—ruby-red,
Purple and azure, and of every shade
That Iris steals from sunshine when the light
Pierces the raindrops. Ever and anon
I saw the phantom-creatures spring to snatch
Some glittering bubble, and at last to catch
An airy globe that burst—and then 't was gone.

And down the creatures fell, or, thrust aside
By others struggling upward, passed from sight;
And some, before they reached the water's height
Where played these mocking globules, sank and died.
While now and then I saw some creature lie
Calm and unmoving, though before its eyes
On the translucent water glowed a prize
Brightest and largest, dancing vainly by.

While thus I gazed upon this wondrous scene,
My thoughts took shape in words, and then I cried
Unto the forest-deeps. They only sighed
With rustling leaves, nor told what it might mean.
When, startling the deep silence, and the air
A voice as of an Angel, sharp and clear
Rose cheerily from out the greensward near,
And to my sense this vision did declare:

"Man, what thou seest is the type of life,
And all those creatures are thy fellow-men,
Evermore seeking vainly to attain
Those bubble-prizes amid toil and strife—
Power and wealth and fame. Yet some, more wise,
Know they are vanity and empty air,
And so they heed them not, and give no care
To gain the glittering things the others prize.

"Soon all those little lives shall pass away,
And all those bubbles burst. Then, mortal, know
The nothingness of all things here below.
Elsewhere the Real seek." From where I lay
I sprang affrighted, and I looked around.
I saw fishes swimming in the lake,
Darting up swift the Summer flies to take,
And heard the grasshopper's clear ringing sound.

APRIL FISH.

By WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

I RECOGNIZED the knock instantly, and opening the door,
saw my uncle.

"Glad to see you, Charlie!" he said, shaking hands, and
I am sure the old fellow was glad. "I don't know any-
thing that could have been more opportune. Dinner in
twenty minutes—only a small party—so you needn't be
very elaborate."

Uncle Christopher was looking better than I had ever
seen him; about ten years younger, and in quite a radiant
humor.

"There's only Major Boodle and his wife," he con-
tinued, straddling a chair in, as I thought, a very free-
and-easy sort of way, for him; "and the Wyndle girls, and
Mrs. Marsh, and the young lady, Miss Rosa Johnson."

"Is it possible she is here yet?" said I, stopping short
in the careful process of parting my hair.

"H'm! Yes; I was very anxious to get rid of her at
first, just as I wrote you," pursued Uncle Christopher,
bothered slightly, I fancied. "There being no children
here, we had, of course, no need of a governess, or music-
teacher; but she has made herself so agreeable and is so
poor—not a friend on earth—that I really hadn't the heart
to—tell her to go. She is a most delightful young
woman, Charlie; the voice of a nightingale, and all sorts
of fascinating qualities, and really she has almost made
herself a necessity."

He was actually enthusiastic. Uncle Christopher, who
hated and abhorred women, young and old, and had even
endured the society of homely Mrs. Marsh under protest!
I began to feel more hopeful. My story, when I should
unfold it, would shock him, of course—would perhaps
excite him to fury for a while; but on reflection he would
see how I had been made a victim of, would pity, would
perhaps forgive.

"Don't be deceived, Uncle Christopher," said I, earn-
estly, "as you have often remarked to me. Women—you
know what you always said women were—serpents—beau-
tiful fiends—arch temptresses—"

"I know, I know, Charlie," he replied, bothered again,

"so I did; the sex as a rule are not to be trusted, and I
never would marry, and always threatened to disinherit
you if you married; but—but you see there are exceptions
to all rules, and I have discovered lately, Charles, that
men and women were, perhaps, intended for each other,
after all."

"Has Miss Rosa Johnson wrought the change?" I in-
quired, coldly, and even sarcastically.

"She has, sir; she has opened my eyes to a good many
things. When I introduce you to that young lady, you
will pronounce her an angel."

"A dark angel, I fear," I retorted, bitterly.

"Why, what a prejudiced dog you are!"

"The effect of your schooling, Uncle Christopher, and
of experience."

"Experience! What do you mean?"

Here was my opportunity to throw myself at his feet
and unfold all.

Unluckily, the first bell for dinner rang, and my uncle
jumped up, briskly.

"Come along, Charlie; there will be just time to intro-
duce you; and you had better take Mrs. Major Boodle
out."

So down we went to the parlor. My uncle made me
known generally, and then, leading me to a corner by the
window where a young lady was sitting, said:

"Miss Johnson, this is my nephew, Mr. Kensett."

The young lady looked up. One glimpse of that ex-
quisite, that cruel face was enough. I staggered back,
managed to recover myself sufficiently to make some sort
of a bow, and immediately walked off.

A moment after, dinner was announced. In a dream I
walked out with Mrs. Major Boodle, and the soup had
been served when I heard her saying, evidently in conclu-
sion:

"Thus demolishing, you perceive, all foregone theo-
ries."

Mrs. Boodle was lean, dry and scientific. She had written
books which I would as soon have undertaken to read as a

volume of geometry, or one of George Eliot's novels; but I had pretended, on previous occasions, to have her works by heart, and she was under the impression that she was holding communion with a kindred mind. So, under a shower-bath of science, I shivered all through that dinner, keeping a steady eye, however, upon Miss Rosa Johnson, whose glance in return sometimes just grazed mine.

Oh, womankind! No wonder my uncle had always hated and feared you!

Miss Johnson laughed and talked, and held everybody under the spell of her witchery. My uncle, old Major Boodle, and even young Winkles, who had dropped in too late to get any soup or fish, were in ecstasies. I—alas! I sat with feelings no imagination can paint.

At last it was over, and when they had all gone back to the parlor, I managed to steal out upon the lawn for reflection and a smoke. My heart was bursting. What would I not give for some one to confide in?

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Kensett."

It was Mrs. Marsh. She had seen me from the window and had come out, hastily wrapped-up, for one of our old-time chats.

Mrs. Marsh was middle-aged and voluminous; for five or six years my uncle, in deference to the necessity for some one, had tolerated her as his housekeeper, which, I thought, spoke eloquently for her discretion and general merits.

"Mrs. Marsh, I would pay you a good deal more than a penny, if I had it, to be relieved of my thoughts," I replied.

"I noticed that you had something on your mind at dinner," she answered, as we began walking up and down. "Your visit here is unexpected—isn't it?"

"No; I've been thinking of coming for a long time—by which I mean about a fortnight. Mrs. Marsh, I have always looked upon you as a model of prudence and an exception to your sex. I would like to ask you, if you have no objection, a question. What is the history here of this Miss Rosa Johnson?"

Mrs. Marsh cleared her voice and looked away thoughtfully at the western sky.

It was a beautiful evening—the last day of March, and the month was going out with lamb-like mildness, with, as it were, an apologetic bow.

"Miss Johnson," said Mrs. Marsh, deliberately, "about a month ago wrote to your Uncle Christopher for a place in his family as governess or music-teacher. You know his violent antipathy—formerly—"

"Formerly?"

"Formerly—to our injured sex. He instantly wrote her a furious and insulting reply; but before he could post it, Miss Johnson made her appearance. She descended upon him in the solitude and defenselessness of his study. What occurred there I do not know. You can form your own theory when I relate that Miss Johnson has been here ever since."

"But in what capacity? Upon what pretext?"

"In the capacity of mistress of the revels—directress of the amusements—manageress of the entertainments; that is the only description I can give. Mr. Kensett, your uncle, I am afraid, is in the toils. Miss Johnson has charmed him as a snake charms a bird in a tree. A complete revolution has taken place in his character. Every evening she has played and sung to him, and delivered a treatise upon the claims of womanhood. What is the consequence? Simply that a revolution has followed. He, the uncompromising misogynist, is now the passionate vindicator of female supremacy; he, the fanatical disciple of Malthus, is now the enthusiastic advocate for wholesale

marriages. He wishes everybody to marry, with one exception—yourself."

"And why not I?"

"I have heard him make the exception, and that is all I know. But for all these wonders, you may thank Miss Johnson. She has bewitched him—she has bewitched everybody but me."

"Of course she has. Just as you say, she would charm the birds out of the trees. Mrs. Marsh"—I seized her hand with a convulsive grip—"you are not a frivolous creature like most of your deceptive sex. I feel that I can trust you with a secret. That woman—Miss Rosa Johnson, as she calls herself—is my wife!"

Mrs. Marsh uttered a stifled shriek.

"It is true. I married her secretly about a year ago. She was a poor shopgirl, earning her living by standing in a store, and she pretended to love me. I was poor, as you know, struggling at the Bar, patiently waiting for my dead uncle's shoes. But they did not come. My wife revolted. With characteristic levity and heartlessness, she said to me, after a few months: 'Charlie, I was tired standing in a store, and married you in the hope of being provided with a seat; but I find you are as indifferently supplied with furniture as myself. You promised that we should have luck soon, Charlie. Let us, like sensible people, shake hands and part till it arrives.'"

"And with that, Mrs. Marsh, she left me. In vain I told her about my uncle and my expectations, of the obligations I was under not to marry, under the penalty of being disinherited; in vain I spoke of the wisdom of patience—I might as well have talked to the empty air; better, indeed, for I might have had an echo, whereas in her case there was no reply."

Rap-rap-rap was thumped furiously on the window-pane behind us, and my uncle appeared there, smiling and beckoning. He threw up the sash, and shouted:

"Come in, Charlie, and hear Miss Johnson sing."

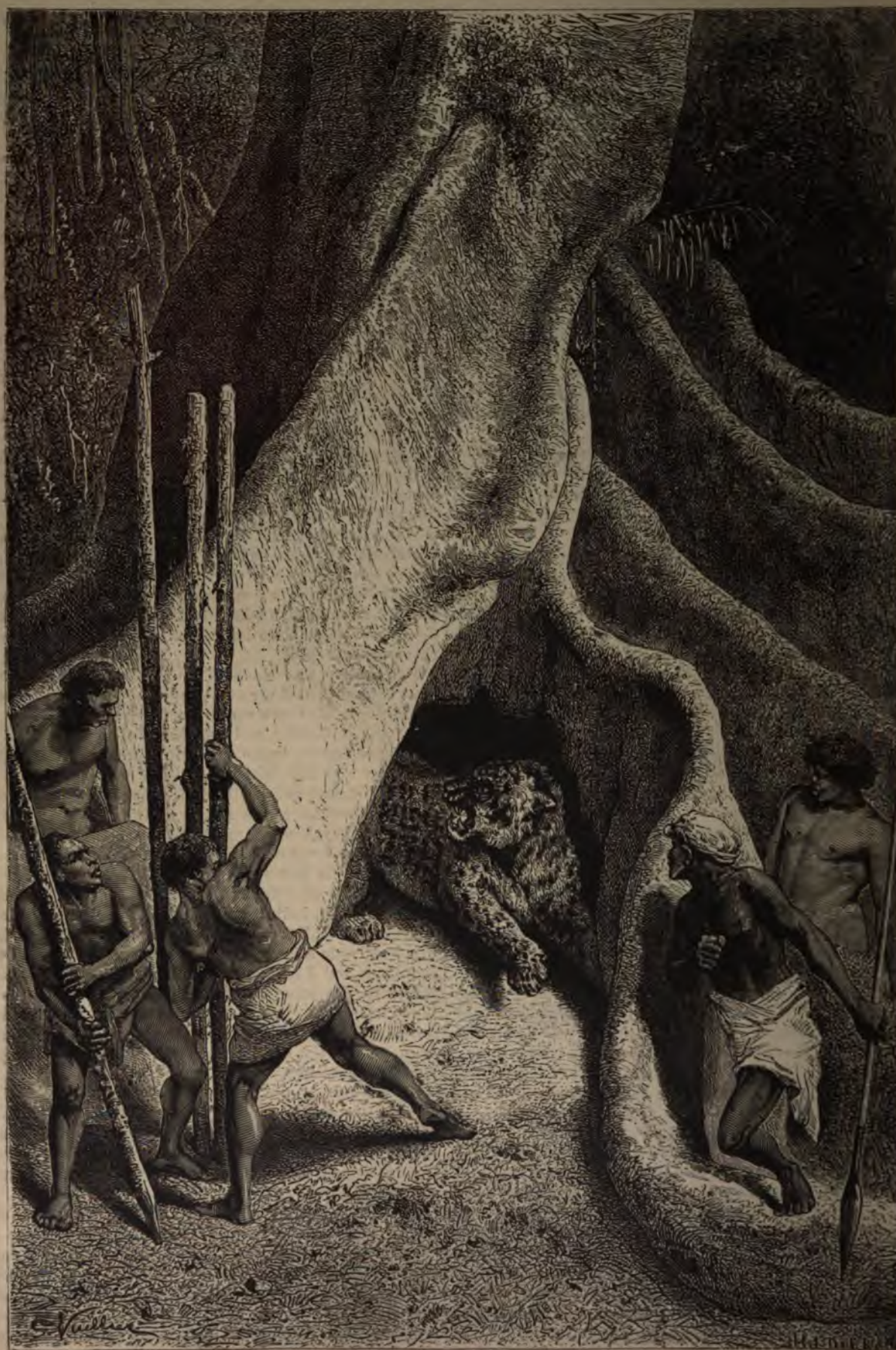
This, of course, broke up the conference, grown so interesting, with Mrs. Marsh. So in we went together.

Miss Johnson, as I shall, for the purpose of clearness, continue to call her, was already seated at the piano, with that idiot, Winkles, on one side of her, Major Boodle on the other, and my uncle hovering in the rear. And she sang—what do you think?"—"Am I not, Dearest, Thine Own?" archly glancing in turn at each of the three, and setting the trio, individually and collectively, distracted.

I don't think I ever passed a more miserable evening. We had cards after a while. I don't recollect what the game was, but I lost every round without exception, and Major Boodle being my partner, we very nearly came to blows about it. But I did not care; on the contrary, nothing would have given me more pleasure than to have gone out into the apple-orchard with him and exchanged shots or sword-thrusts.

At last our stupid game was over, and while Mrs. Boodle was thrashing the piano with all the muscular vigor of her years, my uncle Christopher called me to the sofa. A servant had handed round some wine—sherry, highly flavored, apparently, with lamp-oil—and some cake that tasted like Castile soap.

"I never drink wine, Charlie," said my uncle, holding up his fourth glass to the light and squinting through it; "but when I get hold of an article like this, I can't resist. What a color it has!" And it had—the color of varnish. "And what capital, solid, substantial cake this is!" So it was—it had the gravity of lead. "Both together, they enliven me, and I feel as frisky—excuse the remark—but I feel as frisky as a cross-eyed cat with the crampcolic."



A JAGUAR-HUNT UNDER A GIANT OF THE FOREST.—SEE PAGE 567.

My uncle squirmed and giggled, and even kicked out his feet. It was, of course, the sherry. His face was violently red, and he had a rather maniacal glare, I fancied, through his spectacles; quite good-humored, of

"You wish *me* to marry?" I gasped, breathless.

"I do. I feel that it is quite time, and, in fact, I have determined that further delay would be criminal; so you shall be married to-morrow. I congratulate you."



course, but rather startling. But, recovering a little, he pursued:

"Charlie, I have now the opportunity of talking to you seriously. My boy, you have known me as the enemy of marriage—you have known me as the inveterate hater of the female sex."

"I have," I cried, seizing his hand and shaking it violently, "and I have esteemed you accordingly. I have looked upon you as one man picked out of ten thousand; and when you die, my dear uncle, I thought of putting a monument over you with the inscription in—"

"Hang it! Don't let us talk about death or monuments, my boy. I am not thinking about death at all, but of—of something else—quite a different part of the prayer-book."

"Baptism!"

"No, sir. Confound it, how dull you are! Take a glass of sherry—it will stir up your wits."

"Thanks; I am afraid it might—I mean, I don't like wine. I am temperate—cold water, you know."

"Yes, sir, I am thinking of quite another thing. I have changed my views—my ideas are directly the contrary of what they were; in short, sir, I am thinking of marriage."

"Oh, Uncle! think of your past record."

"I don't care about the past, Charlie. Besides, I have nothing to do with it beyond giving my sanction. It is you that I wish to marry!"



A DAY DREAM.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 562.

And he now shook my hand as heartily as I had shaken his, and smiled through his spectacles with a wilder glare. It is needless to say that I could scarcely believe my

senses, and that my head was in a whirl. There had been no divorce—not even a legal separation—simply a brief residence apart, from motives of prudence. She certainly did not—could not—hate me; while I—well, I felt already that I was beginning to love her more madly than ever.

"She is a fine figure of a woman, Charlie," said my uncle, reflectively.

"So she is," I replied, with enthusiasm.

"Plenty of her for the money," he pursued.

I thought the remark a little coarse; but I answered with fervor:

"Yes; and so distractingly beautiful, and possessed of so many accomplishments."

"Yes; bakes a pot-pie just the way I like it, and I consider her unapproachable on a batter-pudding. She can darn a hole in a stocking so that you could never tell where it had been."

"Indeed? But of course she does everything well."

"She snores a little, though—I have heard her through the wall—but I suppose you won't mind that; and she uses hair-dye—I found some of the empty bottles hidden in the chimney; but that's no fault, I'm sure."

What foxes some old fellows are! Here Uncle Christopher had found out these things, of which I had never had any suspicion.

"Not a crime, certainly," I admitted.

"Good health—capital digestion—the appetite of an omnibus-driver," he pursued, with enthusiasm. "I congratulate you again. I wish you joy. I intend it to come off to-morrow."

Sudden, of course; but I didn't care.

"I have sent for the Reverend William Boggs—he's an old schoolmate of mine—and he'll tie the knot," and my uncle rose. "I have not failed in my duty by you, Charles; I provide you with a wife, not young, not frivolous, extravagant; but elderly, settled and economical; a wife and mother in one—I drink her health—the paragon of her sex—Mrs. Marsh!"

"What!" I yelled the word; everybody looked around.

"Mrs. Marsh," said Uncle Christopher, distinctly.

"My present housekeeper and valued friend, Mrs. Marsh; she is the lady I design you shall wed in the morning. It is the dream of my life—the aspiration of my later years."

He walked off, leaving me there in a state of collapse. Mrs. Marsh—a two hundred and fifty pound relic of the Middle Ages—might be my grandmother! And I a married man already—the lawfully-wedded husband of the most exquisite being ever compounded of flesh and blood! What could it mean? Why, uncle was mad—a gibbering lunatic—a microcephalous idiot!

Well, what was I to do? I must take action. I could not sit still and tamely submit; or, if I did, twenty-four hours later would see me a bigamist.

As for my wife, I had not a hope in that direction. With her unscrupulous principles, I felt sure she would rather relish seeing me in a criminal situation than not. The figure I should cut in a shaved head and attired in penitentiary costume, would, I was certain, tickle her sense of the humorous in its most sensitive spot.

No, I must fly—I must make forth to some distant quarter of the globe and bury myself for the remainder of my existence in an impecunious obscurity.

It was growing late, and the people were going. Major Boodle and his wife had already vanished, and Wynkles, having wound himself up in the folds of his ulster, was preparing to depart with the Wynkle girls. My wife and my uncle bade them good-night at the door.

At last I heard Uncle Christopher's heavy footsteps as-

ceeding the stairs to his room. Rose would, of course, follow, and I should be left to put the lights out and lock the doors.

I was mistaken. She did not follow, but very coolly walked into the parlor, and went over to the fire and took a chair before it, to warm herself. Her back was toward me; the pose of her figure was enchanting—the Hogarthian lines and curves of perfect beauty; and as I sat admiring, I felt a kind of magnetic thrill run all through me.

I could stand it no longer, but got up and crossed the carpet to where she sat.

"Madam," said I, huskily, perhaps sepulchral, for I experienced great emotion, "you do not appear to have recognized me. Possibly you have forgotten that you were once legally united in the bonds of matrimony to the unfortunate individual who now stands before—I mean, behind—you?"

"No," she answered, slowly, without turning her head; "I remember it with a—painful distinctness."

"Ah, painful, no doubt. But I may, perhaps, be allowed to remind you, madam, that you are not yet a free woman—that the premises in question still belong, although unoccupied, to the former tenant until he chooses to sign a release. Do you apprehend my allegory?"

"The former tenant has not lately, I think, looked very closely after the property he claims. He was not able to improve it while he had it, or even to keep it in good repair. He did not even pay his ordinary taxes, and his property was forfeit."

"Rosa," I murmured.

"Charlie," she replied, in a similar low tone.

"I—I hope you are not as mercenary as ever. I—the surprises of to-day have been, I assure you, anything but agreeable. You can scarcely conceive how painful it has been to meet you figuring in this masquerade—in the guise of a single woman, and wearing the adopted name of Johnson. The name of Smith or Brown would have been unconventional and eccentric enough; but what shall I say of the wild extravagance of Johnson?"

"My own name I had parted with, and I had no right to yours—" she hesitated.

There was a slight pause. I approached nearer; I bent over her.

"Rosa, I have been very miserable. I am in a most unpleasant situation. My uncle has been talking to me of marriage."

She got up and faced me, and suddenly hid her exquisite countenance on my shoulder; she was crying.

"To me, also," she sobbed, "and I was afraid he is gug—gug—going to ask me to be his woo—woo—wife!"

I kissed her. I kissed her several times. On reflection, I think about fifty times.

"I came here," she explained, fervently, "with a purpose—to win an influence over your uncle; to change, if possible, his views about marriage, and then to reveal our secret. I have succeeded in changing his views about marriage, and now I am afraid that he wants to marry me?"

"Rosa, he wants me to marry also—to unite myself with the plethoric relict of the late Melchisedech Marsh. Can you credit it? Unfortunately, but too true. With swift and stealthy footsteps my fate advances. The sacrifice is designed for to-morrow. Rosa, if you will consent to reunite our fortunes, we both may still be saved."

"What do you propose to do?" she asked, dubiously.

"To fly. We will rise together early for a horseback ride," I continued, in an intense and hurried whisper.

"We make directly for the railway station, and leave the horses with some one there whom we can trust to return them. We then take the train, and are free!"

"I see!" she said, clapping her pretty hands. "And with the horses we send back a note, telling your uncle our secret, and explaining everything."

"Yes," I added, eagerly; "and adding that the whole thing was intended as a capital first of April joke. What a laugh we shall have at Uncle Christopher! He will be a regular April foo-fish, as the French call it."

"But I am afraid he will be very angry, Charlie, and will never forgive us, and will disinherit you, after all."

"Nonsense! Nobody ever gets angry at being made an April foo—I mean fish. And, moreover, you have succeeded in altogether removing his prejudice against marriage. He may be a little vexed at first, I allow; but depend upon it, when he recollects that it is the first of April, and that we have so cleverly made a foo-fish of him, he will laugh uproariously, and will telegraph for us to return immediately."

I convinced her, being so fully convinced myself; and as it was now growing pretty late, we parted.

That night I scarcely slept. With the earliest dawn of the first of April I rose, and, a few minutes later, down came my wife in her riding-habit. The coachman gave us the horses without suspicion, and away we went.

Our programme was carried out exactly. At the station we placed the horses in charge of a reliable agent, together with a note for my uncle, and shortly after the train was thundering away with my wife and me, seated side by side in the magnificent drawing-room coach, exchanging notes and endearments, and having the greatest amount of laughter imaginable over the surprise and chagrin of poor Uncle Christopher, which we pictured to each other in graphic outlines.

About nine o'clock we stopped for breakfast at a place called Brookdale. Here a telegram awaited us. It was from Uncle Christopher, and had been dispatched about an hour before.

The message was written in exuberant spirits, and to the following effect:

"Capital joke for the first of April! I had not the least suspicion. Boggs came, after a journey of two hundred miles, and when he read your note, was the most disgusted man you ever saw. He felt it so much that I pitied him, and concluded that, rather than have no marriage at all, I would marry Mrs. Marsh myself. And so I did. Now that it is over, Charlie, I must inform you that the whole circumstance of my intending you to marry Mrs. Marsh was a piece of waggy on my part and a first of April joke—I intended you should marry Miss Rosa Johnson. I did not know you had anticipated me."

When I had finished reading this wretched attempt at humor, I looked at my wife, and she looked at me. We both felt that we had been, to employ a vulgar expression, "done"—done brown—completely brown, on both sides. My Uncle Christopher a married man! Where were my expectations?

My Uncle Christopher, for whose shoes I had been waiting so long and patiently, captured, caught in a quagmire, entrapped in a Marsh! It was sickening to think about.

My uncle has never invited us to come and see him. I look upon him as being in the toils—he breathes the pestilential influence of a Marsh. He has, I am sorry to say, a family. One might have been pardoned—but it's twins. The incident is discouraging.

Still Rosa and I are happy. I am still at the Bar, and getting on slowly. I sit patiently on the shore, casting my line in the troubled waters of the law, and now and then I pull up a—; but the metaphor is painful.

A JAGUAR-HUNT UNDER A GIANT OF THE FOREST.

THE buttressed trees of the northern part of South America impress all with wonder. Here Nature, like a skillful architect, braces the mighty trees to meet the shock of whirlwinds. Instead of straight smooth trunks, the traveler finds at the base curious natural buttresses extending out for a distance and tapering up to meet the trunk fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, thus immensely increasing the resistive power of the tree. Elsewhere he finds, especially in damp ground, trees from which immense roots spring out, not underground, but far above ground, which strike into the earth at a distance and serve the same purpose.

These trees form at the base convenient refuges for wild beasts and occasionally for human beings. Where one is decayed at the base, and a cavity formed in the trunk, it is sure to be a refuge of some black jaguar. When such a lair is discovered a party of natives, white, Indian or negro, is formed, and they always arrange to call upon him at noon, the hour when the feline is always "at home."

The men carry a number of long sharp posts, which they plant around the opening and interweave with stout vines. The jaguar is so cowardly that it never rushes on the men, but yells, rolls, foams and frets in impotent rage. This appears incredible, but is attested by Mr. Lacharme and Lieutenant Reclin.

One day José, one of Lacharme's exploring party, saw a gleam of light on the animal, and being certain that there must be an opening in the trunk above it, climbed up, and with his herculean strength drove his lance down through the hole into the animal; but the part of the tree on which he stood was a mere shell, and under the efforts he made it gave way, and as the steel head touched the animal, José came down astraddle upon it. The wounded animal then bounded out, leaving José stunned, clawed, bitten and bruised, all the wiser for the lesson he had received, but consoled with being able to boast that the fine specimen died by his hand, as it did a few moments after.

When they have fenced the jaguar in, they kill the animal with firearms if they possess them; if not, with spears and clubs.

FREIBURG.

HOW MELANCHOLY but how true it is that, in traveling, our pleasures and our pains for the most part wait upon the elements. And though one of the subtle charms of a Summer's sunny day may lie in the very feeling that it cannot last for ever, and may change with the hour, when the inevitable change comes it is the more intolerable from the very contrast that went before. We mourn our lost sunshine; grow depressed, restless, and impatient; gaze upward again and again for the smallest vision of blue sky, that, like a watched-for visitor, seems to tarry so long; and for the time being feel, in the way of happiness, insolent and adrift.

So was it on entering the good old town of Freiburg. The previous day had been exquisite beyond comparison—a day that only now and then comes to us; standing out in a lifetime as beautiful above other days; seeming to breathe an atmosphere of heaven rather than of earth; full of an ethereal beauty which makes us feel as if, even without wings, we had the power of soaring into all that blue, vaulted distance.



FREIBURG.

The glories of the day had culminated in a gorgeous sunset. The sky was studded with fleecy clouds that floated in midair like tinted opals; the very atmosphere seemed to flash colors around; the hills were thrown out in deep lights and shades; the pine forests were gilded and touched into glowing life by the declining sun; a glow for a moment deepening to crimson as he sank to the horizon. The ruin crowning the height opposite St. Margherita, and just above the railway station, stood out sharply and romantically amidst all the effects of sunset and twilight. And the town itself, surrounded, guarded by these wooded heights, seemed wonderfully favored. Full of repose; abounding in lives that, in the midst of all these beauties of creation, ought to be good and blest above the common lot of mankind.

But the next morning all had changed, simply because the clouds during the night had gathered, and the rain was coming down in a swift stream. The few steps from the station to the Zähringer Hof in Freiburg were yet enough to drench one through and through, and make one feel that when it rains in the Black Forest it rains in earnest. It was taking the old town at a disadvantage.

Happily, the very sharpness and fierceness of the rain—like all violent outbursts, whether in nature or mankind—brought with it a promise of short duration. In effect, by the afternoon the waterspouts had ceased to empty themselves upon the earth. But the clouds remained; mists hung about the hills; a respite was granted, and nothing more.

Near the hotel were houses, large, white, and cool, with lovely gardens in which grew graceful acacias, many-colored flowers and trailing creepers, vines and the delicate convolvulus. Opposite, in the busy life of the station, trains with their living freight were keeping up a constant rush and roar; not very romantic, but very necessary to the demands of the Nineteenth Century. Upward, to the left, you presently come to the principal street, adorned with two quaint Gothic fountains, the one with an odor of sanctity about it in the form of statues of bishops, knights, and saints of the Church; the other bearing the image of Berthold, Duke of Zähringen, who founded Freiburg about the end of the eleventh century. And above the sloping, gabled roofs of the houses, like a

vision of fairy architecture, rose the exquisite fretted spire of the cathedral.

Before the eleventh century Freiburg was a small village inhabited by miners. Since that time, like almost all these old Continental towns, it has gone through many vicissitudes. Wars, the love of conquest, the rise and fall of empires, inevitably leave their mark upon the world. We would forgive this, if they only left us more traces of the past in these ancient towns—more of antiquity; monuments of a strong and powerful age inhabited by a race of men earnest in all they did, in their very wars and works, their failings and vices, as much as in their virtues.

A great deal of Freiburg is modern and uninteresting from the antiquarian's point of view; but there are a few quaint bits about it that stand out in contrast with the new. Houses that here and there remind one of the old world streets of Holland, and seem to have been asleep for two or three centuries, while a new world was springing up around them.

The gateways are ancient and curious, and certainly add much to the picturesque impression of the town, especially the St. Martin's Thor, with its half-obliterated fresco, representing the legend of the saint sharing his coat with a mendicant.

But the glory and ornament of Freiburg is its Cathedral.



THE CASCADE IN THE BLACK FOREST.



THE KAUFHAUS, FREIBURG.

With the exception of Cologne, it is said to be the only large Gothic church in Germany in a state of completion. Without being of great size, it is of exquisite proportions, full of beauty, of delicate symmetry in its pointed arches and noble pillars. Many of the windows are of wonderful old stained glass that throw a dim religious light over the interior. The sun, streaming in through the ancient windows, checks the pavement with many colors, bathing pillars and arches in lights and shadows, raising them to a beauty that might adorn a fairer land than that of earth. Look which way you will, all is harmony so just that the building gives one the impression of being larger than it is in reality. The pulpit is a wonderful bit of stone-work, and there are good pictures and good carving in the chapels behind the choir.

When I first saw these chapels, services, or, rather, confessions, were in progress. Devotees were kneeling before pictures and painted images, quietly waiting their turn to enter the confessional-box. In the centre compartment, here open, without door or shutter, was seated a priest, and in either wing a woman crouched in the corner—one confessing, the other biding her time. It was only possible to take a quiet, quick look at all; one's presence amidst these devotees seemed an intrusion.

The chapels were not open to the public, and the old "Suisse," guarding the entrance like a dragon, had passed me in under a strict promise that I would not linger long. Even in the moments I remained I ran the gauntlet of many a pair of bright eyes, perchance disturbed many a train of introspective thought; for the fair devotees guessed too surely that the intruder was not there for purposes of unburdening a conscience, however great might be its load.

But the most conspicuous and most perfect portion of the Cathedral is its tower and spire of open-work, of exquisite finish, delicate as lace, a dream of architectural beauty. This spire, 365 feet high, may be seen for miles around, far and near; alike from plains watered

by the Dreisam and the Rhine, and from wooded heights that slope upward and outward, chain beyond chain, in many directions, stretching up into cloudland.

From the summit of the tower the view is beautiful, extensive, and varied. Twelve miles away the Rhine glows through wide plains; nearer, the waters of the Dreisam run through the town; far off are the blue Vosges Mountains, misty and dark and purple, but ever graceful and dreamy. Again, in the opposite direction, beyond those wide plains, bounded by low wooded hills, commences the wild Höllethal, one of the most picturesque and interesting valleys in the Black Forest.

Immediately beneath one's feet lies the town, surrounding the Cathedral, as if to guard this treasure from the approach of enemies. The plan of the town may be easily traced; its public buildings noted; its church-towers and steeples rising here and there in humble

imitation of the glorious structure on which we stand. The river wends its quiet way onward, like a large silver thread, calm, silent and placid, type of many a life full of noble thoughts and quiet deeds.

The town is full of animation. Immediately below is the market-place, with its wonderful old Kaufhaus. The market is full of buyers and sellers; women, with large white kerchiefs over their heads, are doing their best to get rid of their wares, and so return home with a comfortable feeling of being wise and thrifty housewives. People are flitting to and fro, apparently silent as ghosts, since they are too far off to be heard. But the rattle of wheels charges like distant thunder through the streets, and if ghosts have vehicles, these cannot belong to any unearthly visitant. Further off, the barracks, with the soldiers moving about, form a cheerful break in the scene.

The life and energy in the town make the silence and repose of the great stretches of hill and valley beyond it all the more forcible by contrast. How strange it all seems, this disposition of the world in which we live! On the one hand a few small towns, relatively speaking, where men



OLD GATEWAY, FREIBURG.

swarm and herd and hustle each other, go through all kinds of work and toil, rise up early and late, take rest, eat the bread of sorrows in their struggle after fame and fortune, or, it may be, only their daily wage that barely keeps the wolf from the door; and, on the other hand, those immense stretches of country—the greater portion of this beautiful earth—given up to the silence and solitude that have reigned there since the creation, and seem to have been created for silence and solitude alone.

But not alone from the Cathedral tower are wide and beautiful views apparent. Passing out by the Schwaben Thor, and ascending the Schlossberg amidst sloping vineyards, you presently reach the ruin-crowned height, and are rewarded by a yet lovelier view than that just described. For now the whole town lies spread before you, framed by surrounding hills, and above the houses stands out the beautiful Cathedral, throwing its refined and solemn influence over all. Through the open spire you may see the sky beyond, and the work looks so delicate and fragile it is difficult to realize that it has stood there for centuries, and is capable of standing there for centuries yet to come.

From this height the beauty of the situation of Freiburg was apparent—a gem in a very lovely setting; though, on this particular afternoon, overshadowed by gloomy clouds, unrelieved by the lights and shades and laughing sunshine, which are to scenery what life is to the human frame.

The Kaufhaus, or Merchants' Hall, just alluded to, in the market-place, is perhaps the most curious building in Freiburg, and apparently one of the most ancient, dating back to the fifteenth century. It is of Gothic architecture, with a round, arched portico supported by five pillars, a small turret on either side, jutting out beyond the rest of the structure. Curious frescoes and statues of the Emperors of Germany adorn the front, whilst colored tiles decorate the slanting roof with its gabled ends.

Sunday morning I went to hear High Mass at the Cathedral, when, it was said, grand music would be heard. Of course, different people have different estimates of what is music and what is grand. Certainly, it was the very place for the enjoyment of good music; but though the orchestra was not bad and the singing was passable, it fell very far short of its reputation.

One of the most interesting visits is that to the convict prison, just outside Freiburg. Here again (strange fate), I was met with the answer that the governor was away at a marriage in the town—just as though marriages were for ever taking place in the Black Forest. However, more fortunate than at Villengen—not having a woman's will to deal with—after a few preliminary ceremonies, the great prison doors swung back, admitted me within their precincts, and swung to again with an ominous sound.

The prisoners here are all sentenced to solitary confinement, be the term long or short. Nothing could be better organized or regulated. The long passages were as clean, the iron rails as bright, as though built but yesterday. No sound re-echoed through the great building, of which one wing remains to be added.

I was admitted into several of the cells, but as a rule visitors are not allowed to enter them or to speak to the prisoners. Solitary confinement, with a silence as profound as that reigning within monastic walls, is the stern rule; the latter, to some of them, probably a greater punishment than the loss of liberty. But without entering many cells, the warder slipped aside the little wooden slide in the door, about three inches square, through which one is able to see into the most of them.

The prisoners were all at work, some at one trade, some

at another. Many of the faces convinced one that they were in excellent keeping, and could not do better than remain there for the rest of their days. When they came out, the chances were that they would soon find their way back again. No power on earth could keep such faces and such expressions out of mischief. Others, again, must evidently have got into prison through the force of untoward circumstances; a cruel fate more strong than they; faces that were never born, never meant to stand in a felon's dock, or to yield to the temptation of crime. Here the general expression was one of melancholy and dejection. One longed to enter, bid them be of good courage, hope for better days, and a chance of redeeming what had been wrong in the past. But this was not permitted. Only if there is anything in mesmeric influence, in a sympathy which unconsciously asserts its presence, surely a glimmer of hope must have darted through the souls of some of those poor wretches, making their present life more bearable, their future less dark.

Who can tell the remorse and regret, the misery and despair of the "might have been" which must eat into the very souls of the few out of these thousands, who, in a moment of sudden weakness or dire temptation, have fallen from their "high estate" as honest men?

The chapel was fitted up in a series of small boxes, or compartments, so that no one prisoner could see another. Sunday morning is the only time they are allowed to break silence and talk to the minister, as he catechises, questions, and does his best to convert them from the error of their ways. Sunday morning, consequently, is to some of them probably the happiest time of the week.

The bakers were at work in the bakery, making the day's consumption of bread—or, more probably, the morrow's. Great ovens, seven times heated, immense baskets full of dark-brown loaves that sent forth a steaming, savory odor that might have adorned a king's table. The men, with nothing on but loose trousers, looked as jolly and happy as sandboys, and in midwinter one might have envied them their berth. But it was midsummer, and none but salamanders could have stood coolly before those ovens.

I was sorry to leave the quiet prison, where calm reigned so conspicuously; where the long, silent corridors, white, clean, and bright, were positively cheerful, in spite of the sad histories they inclosed.

Back in Freiburg, I came upon a wedding at the Cathedral—probably the very marriage at which the governor was "assisting." Smart carriages, to which there seemed no end, were dashing away from the doors, full of people dressed in dazzling raiment.

It was one of my last impressions of Freiburg. That afternoon I left it, and once more entered the Black Forest by the Höllenthal, or Valley of Hell. Out through the quaint streets and the Schwaben Thor, crossing a bridge that spanned the river, the town was soon numbered among the things of the past. The river frothed over its rocky bed; a few picturesque, straggling houses lined the banks; a large and somewhat uninteresting plain stretched on either hand, bounded by low, undulating, wooded hills. All this narrowed and disappeared at the entrance to the Höllenthal, by many considered, it has already been remarked, one of the finest valleys in the Schwarzwald.

Don't go to law, unless you have nothing to lose; lawyers' houses are built on fools' heads.

A STRING of opinions no more constitutes faith than a string of beads constitutes holiness.

THE TWO D's; OR, DECORATION AND DRESS.

WHEN every magazine, big or little, bristles with advice on Dress and Decoration of rooms, it would seem as though the mystery of being beautiful in either department were easy enough, or, at least, that a very little attention to the subject sufficed to make any one an authority.

What every one seems to know so much about surely cannot be hard to achieve. When public attention is once fixed on a subject, something good ought to come of it, for a healthy public opinion is soon formed about anything which attracts general notice.

Who lets loose these floods of "good" advice? Why don't the ready writers occasionally evolve an idea, or talk more briefly on what they do not understand? Alas! why do not the most popular fashion-plates depict women with something like the human form divine, instead of producing lay-figures quite as grotesque as any being that ever walked on legs in London or Paris?

But the pages of ignorant, commonplace and empty "suggestions" on the fashionable subject, which, for brevity, I may call "*the two D's*," fail somehow to enlighten society. All the boasted new facilities, and all the fuss about art principles, it seems, can no more protect us from hideous rooms than from wasp-waists, draggle-tails and crinolettes.

Women who have every means of knowing better—who frequently *do* know better—shuffle and waggle in garments that impede every graceful movement and contradict every natural line, in and out of the ugliest, most unimpressive rooms—rooms either spotty and uncertain in effect through confusion of detail, or dull and "unbecoming" through misapplied masses of color.

Why are these things tolerated? Partly through cowardice; partly through indifference to the value of pleasant images.

There is a comic side to every blunder. For instance, it is no doubt funny to see a gown which has been apparently planned on some Elizabethan model, with all its salient points misunderstood; such as the farthingale with its baggy fullness belonging to the hips (originally this was a stupid parody of the Greek *kolpos*), hinted at by a bagginess *all down the front, or round the knees!* and a churn-like Holbein bodice somehow recalled in a tight French corset all seams, with a pinched waist; and, to crown all, unmeaning sleeves belonging to a wrong period, or to none.

It is also funny to see a well-made girl jogging along with a crinolette behind her: a vibrating protuberance like a beehive, on which rests a monstrous deformity called, perhaps, a "bow," but having no meaning in that place, and no object, save to waste stuff, enrich the seller and fatigue the wearer. Look at the fashionable costumes in the advertisement columns! Are they not like bad dreams? What meaning has puff, or frill, or fold on yonder abominable mummy-case, miscalled a skirt?

So, also, it is odd enough to see the "Præ-Raphaelite" blunders. Many a girl thinks she is picturesque because absurd, and disguises her neat shape in a colored bed-gown, brodered in what she, *perhaps*, imagines are sun-flowers; deforms her arms with improperly-puffed sleeves, and ruins her face by dead-alive colors, and her hair by emulating "Robin Roughhead," till all her friends—at least those among them who wish her well—sorrowfully admit that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

But the "antics" of such folks have long been sufficiently exposed, and too many may have been encour-

aged by ridicule, when the contempt they deserve would have been better conveyed by silence; for silence would not have caused them to be confounded with the *real* "Præ-Raphaelite" teachers—those students of ancient lore who had all a genuine lesson to teach, and who did not blunder.

Let us remember, the proper function of the two D's is not to make people personally ridiculous, but to bring as much enjoyment and instruction into common life—into parlor, schoolroom, bedroom, however homely—by harmonious colors and pretty thoughts and ideas, as many of us have been used to expect only in pictures.

And the two D's are inseparably related to each other. Why should a beauteous scene be only expected in a picture? Why is it only discoverable on a small scale, framed in gilt stucco, and hung up by a string, like an old coat or the recent kitten? Why is not such a scene evermore about us, surrounding us on all sides with changing points of view as various as those in wood or vale, and all satisfactory—perchance the more satisfactory because so much less demand is made on the brain by a scene naturally about us than by a scene we have got to seek for. Why do we seldom see a room such as an artist calls *paintable*? Well, it is probably because, as a rule, only artists know how to select, and to distribute colors and forms so as to please the eye. Yet how precious a faculty! how profitable a study!—for beauty and comfort impress us unconsciously, and the unconscious impressions may be the most valuable. A condition of pleasantness—that is, a sense of delight without any tangible object, at least without effort—has a real power in refining and raising the character, and is good for us all, unless the sense be over-stimulated or cultivated to the detriment of other senses of equal or greater importance.

Even so, a condition of ugliness and discomfort oppresses or injures, by blunting the sensibilities or lowering the spirits.

Again, in a beautiful scene, why are not we ourselves an element? It is not very difficult at any time to employ in common life the kinds of colors and shapes that look well when depicted on canvas. Canvas can show us nothing that has not at some time existed in or been suggested by common life. Why, therefore, should not life be brought round again to the pictorial ideal, by the intellectual use of what is pretty and nice?

It is particularly easy now, when the shops have been forced to provide so many really beautiful things, and when people are so eagerly improving their houses and themselves outside and in.

Yet how many picturesque rooms and figures do we see? Money enough and to spare is spent on this "*fad*" and that. So-called "Queen-Annites" have brought a regular revolution into our homes. But are our homes more home-like, more comfortable, more beautiful, more dear to us, since one fashion in furniture has given place to another?

We see *some* rooms such as an artist would call *paintable*. Increased liberty of action has given us *some*. But people's own (*i.e.* original) taste is still too rarely allowed to have its way, or having it, too rarely gives us any good thing, and with the present facilities this is more noticeable than ever.

Rooms belonging to rich and cultivated amateurs are generally either over-furnished or under-furnished. The *objets de vertu* which have been collected at such cost and pains because they are the fashion, have little *raison d'être* where they are found, however beautiful they may be. They crowd the house till it looks like a curiosity shop, or else they are frugally scattered with a palpable

aim to seem "select," and their fewness and goodness carry a sort of self-consciousness and affectation with them.

Now when we enter a room, the *first* feeling ought to be, "How comfortable!" the second, as we glance quickly round to discover *why*, ought to be, "How beautiful!" Not a touch too much nor too little. The art is to conceal art; and when the first impression is that of hyper-refinement, just as when it is that of depletion, or of conspicuous wealth, we may be sure the room is not perfect. Directly affectation enters, beauty decamps.

Is it not just the same with persons as with their dwelling-places?

The purse-proud Cræsus, whose beaming hospitality you consider vulgar, is scarcely more trying than the very superior individual who palpably thinks *you* so. And when the very walls cry out, "We are bare because scarcely anything is good enough for us," the impression is as uncharitable as when the indiscriminating ensemble seems to cry, "Give! give! We can never be too full."

The decoration of a room meant to be inhabited ought to be primarily determined by what is becoming to the inhabitants; and the inhabitants, if art and culture have any meaning, ought to try and deserve this. Otherwise, no room can really form with its living figures the pleasing effect that we call "picturesque." That, by-the-way, is a foolish term, but we have no better in use to

describe the enjoyable scenic combinations that a canny artist knows all about, but people unversed in the "mystery" think get together by chance.

The decoration of a room is but a kind of detached dress, so great is the influence of the "background" on human "looks." Similarly, dress may be properly regarded as furniture of an intimate, special and personal sort. The two must, therefore, always be considered together.

You must not buy dresses which in fashion or color are unsuitable to your room, and you must not have rooms which disagree with your dress.

This, so far from being difficult, is the simplest thing

in the world if you never for either purpose buy anything that is crude and disagreeable. For good colors (I mean *natural* colors; as of the flowers and mosses, fishes and birds, and such natural objects) have the property of never injuring each other by contrast, and so all the tints in the gamut are at your disposal, and will go together. Not to have them too pure is the sole secret of arranging colors.

And all good forms—that is, forms that are not unmeaning—will go together, and therefore a little common sense in the first selection of each thing is the true secret of arranging forms. Nothing, or as little as possible,

should be admitted in the room that is not in itself a good background to humanity. No chair or cabinet of ugly color and ungainly shape, no sofa or tablecloth that an artist would disdain to paint, ought to occupy a place in the living picture. Keep chairs and cabinets that can be in any way made to look pretty; choose (if you cannot get old marqueterie and carved oak) simple forms in sofas and tables, that you can treat with nice draperies and vases of fresh flowers. Of course the piano is always a trial, for it is never *less* than ugly, though it is often *more*; but even that can be screened off, or draped so as to be bearable. Book-cases allow of imaginative treatment, with niches for pots and fancy glass; and Oriental carpets are now so cheap that they are within everybody's reach.



FREIBURG CATHEDRAL.—SEE PAGE 567.

Many firms sell charming wall papers—not Morris's only, but made after Morris's model, in darkish, soft colors. All darkish walls are more becoming than pale ones, because the light which falls on the furniture and on the living folk brings out bright portions and edges that lose their importance if seen against a pallid background. Light upon light is as ineffective as dark upon dark, and in a picture an artist makes the surroundings subservient to whatever he means should catch the eye first. Surely that ought to be the people, when people are present!

Gold is a good background, therefore gilt objects are always effective, but not too many nor too bright; above

all, not in vulgar masses of coarse molding, like the chairs and *consoles* sold to an ignorant Cræsus.

The Queen Annites protested very properly against too much of anything, when they tabooed great mirrors and gilt frames; but they went immensely too far. They are the rabid teetotalers of art. They condemn useful elements overmuch, demanding total abstinence where they should have merely taught us to be temperate, and rooms furnished on their principles are always cold and unsympathetic; dull as a table without wine.

Let us learn to make a proper use of all good things; and a bit of old gilding (old gold tones into a darker tint and loses some gloss) is a beautiful ornament when understood, and I unhesitatingly add, so is a big mirror.

Some of the little old Indian caskets and cabinets, of ivory or white wood, delicately carved in lace-like patterns, gilt like sunlit threads on milk, give a *cachet* to any room. So does a piece of Moorish Renaissance work,

however, don't rule the world, and the world has happily concluded to do without their rule.

A curtain, wherever it is, is a valuable opportunity for good color and well-managed folds, and many of the modern copies of old hangings are a really splendid ornament. Draperies are not sufficiently used.

A room should be treated as much as possible like a picture.

In a picture, monotonous angles, as in paneled walls, would be judiciously broken by the shrewd introduction of some bracket, shelf or plate. Yet most people still enunciate the angularity of panels by sticking one square picture in the middle of each. "Why this thusness?" as Artemus Ward said. If the panel is of good oak, let us now and then see the fine fabric unspotted by hanging things. But because one panel is left bare, don't leave all the panels without ornament. Suspend a handsome drooping object of some sort so as to break the lines a



SQUARE NEAR THE CITY HALL, FREIBURG.—SEE PAGE 568.

whereon gilding forms a prominent part. One fine gilt chair is never out of place; and well-chased and hammered brass-work (originally a mere substitute for the richer metal) is always a useful bit of color.

No doubt brasses—even old brasses—may be over done, like masses of cheap gilt stucco. Everything is bad when you get too much of it. Even gold plate, of which few of us have an overplus, may vulgarize a dinner-table when in too great profusion and mixed ill with other elements.

Never be afraid of a little bit of nice gilding in a dark corner. It brings light, defines distance, accentuates a desirable angle as nothing else can.

Avoid flimsy curtains hanging over the fireplace. They are bad in taste, for they suggest a conflagration, even if they don't lead to it. They are too short and stubby to add anything to the "background." But *long* curtains at window or door, and especially when cleverly arranged about a large mirror, immensely add to the grace and comfort of a room, and often magnify its size, though I have known people object to such use of a mirror on moral grounds—as they would object to padding their dresses and replacing lost teeth and hair. These people,

little without causing a disagreeable shock to the eye, or place some tall palm-plant so as to serve the same purpose. But plants, young trees and bushes are not often enough used and appreciated, even by those who love flowers.

A dress, whether in life or on canvas, in order to be considered as a beautiful one, must be regarded in two lights; first, in its relation to the wearer, and second, in its relation to the surroundings. A dress may be of the most splendid material without being a beautiful dress, for it only becomes a dress when *put on*. At other times it is only a mass of drapery. If a dress is fine in color, and graceful in its lines, it may not be becoming to the wearer, or it may be all three, and not be in harmony with the ever-varying surroundings.

So a dress may be said, like a woman, to be good in coloring, good in shape, to have its "points," in fact; but we only call a woman or a dress *beautiful* when the charms are without limit. Such a dress would harmonize with any ordinary complexion through the softness of its color; with every figure through the gentle adaptability of its main lines; with any surroundings through its evasion of too marked and conspicuous a character. A

"period" dress is often dissonantly out of character with certain rooms, and though often the rooms are to blame, the dress comes in for a share of criticism. It seems affected.

A beautiful dress is almost certainly of good material. Be it of chintz, muslin, silk or wool, it must be the best of its kind. A beautiful dress "goes" with everything, as a beautiful room "goes" even with vulgar inhabitants.

Beauty in a dress, beauty in decoration, like beauty in architecture, largely rests upon character—the human soul within, about, behind it. Individuality supplies the interest, as in a picture. Harmony, like a charitable mood, is the other grand secret—an open secret, yet somehow as hard to find as genuine charity.

To find a beautiful room, or a beautiful costume, is to find a human soul, for the heart and brain shine through tint and fold. Hence how needful that a pure mind and a genial soul should be clothed about with what is individual and genuinely their own, rather than with some concoction foreign to them which may speak for itself an alien language.

Color and form, whether on skirt or sofa, sleeve or chair, have their own mute speech and associations. In a word, the two D's—Decoration and Dress—ought to be as natural and as expressive, and as beautiful and closely fitting each to each, as the plumage and the nest of a bird.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

DURING the Revolution the captain of a little band of soldiers was giving orders to those under him about a heavy beam that they were endeavoring to raise to the top of some military works which they were repairing. The weight was almost beyond their power to raise, and the voice of the superintendent was often heard shouting "Heave away! There it goes! Heave ho!" An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the superintendent why he did not render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turned round with all the pomp of an emperor, and said: "Sir, I am a corporal!" "You are, are you? I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and, taking off his hat, he bowed, saying: "I was not aware of that." Upon this he dismounted, and pulled till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. And when the beam was raised, turning to the little great man, he said: "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I shall gladly come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington.

THE OLD FAMILIES OF NEW ENGLAND.

THE English ancestors of the Washingtons, the Randolphs, the Fairfaxes and the Talbots were no higher in social position than the families of the Winthrops, the Dudleys, the Eatons and the Saltonstalls. The foremost families which came to New England were of precisely the same rank with the foremost families which came to Virginia, and in many instances there was relationship between the former and the latter. So far as mere names go, this is well illustrated in Bishop Meade's list of old Virginia families, in which occur such names as Allen, Baldwin, Bradley, Bowdoin, Carrington, Cooper, Dabney, Davenport, Farley, Gibbon, Holmes, Hubbard, Lee, Morton, Meade, Nelson, Newton, Parker, Russell, Selden, Spencer, Talbot, Tyler, Vaughan, Walton, Ward, Wilcox and Wythe—every one of which is a name of frequent

occurrence in New England. Two-thirds of the names in Bishop Meade's list occur also in Savage's "Dictionary of the Settlers of New England."

Most of the leaders of the Massachusetts colonists were country gentlemen of good fortune; several of them were either related or connected by marriage with the nobility; the greater part of them had taken degrees at Cambridge, and, accordingly, one of the first things that naturally occurred to them was to found a new Cambridge in the New World. If they had remained in England, many of them would have gone into Parliament with Hampden and Cromwell, and would have risen to distinction under the Commonwealth.

LONGINGS.

BY HORACE RUBLEE.

I LONG for some intenser life,
Some wilder joy, some sterner strife!
Like a slow stream whose windings pass
Through level mead and dull morass,
In one unvaried, sluggish tide,
The current of my life doth glide,
With no fierce grief, no ecstasy,
To break its drear monotony.

A dimness, as of sad eclipse,
Darkens above my soul, and dips
My being in its sombre gloom,
Which naught is potent to illumine;
And while Life's morning yet remains,
While youth should burn along my veins,
My blood seems waxing thin and cold,
As I were prematurely old.

Once more, beneath the advancing sun,
The Earth her Summer pomp puts on;
Once more, beneath the Summer moons,
The whip-poor-will her song attunes;
Once more the elements are rife
With countless forms of insect life,
And Nature's endless music thrills
The echoes of the encircling hills.
But all too feeble is the ray
That glances on our northern day;
And Life, beneath its faint impress,
Grows sordid, cold and passionless.
I long to meet those ardent climes
Where the sun's burning heat sublimates
All forms of being, and imparts
Its fervor even to human hearts;
To see, up-towering, grand and calm,
The King of trees, the lordly Palm,
And when night darkens through the skies
Watch unknown constellations rise.
The floral pomps, the fruits of gold,
The sunny heavens I would behold,
Where Nature wears her fairest dress,
Her most surpassing loveliness.

Or if it be my lot to bear
This pulseless life, this blank despair,
Waft me, ye winds, unto those isles
Round which the far Pacific smiles;
Where through the sun-bright atmosphere
Their purple peaks the mountains rear;
Where Earth is garmented in light,
And with unfading Spring is bright.
Then, if my life must be a dream,
Without a plan, without a scheme,
From Action's storm and tumult free,
A dream of beauty it shall be.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

At the harbor-mouth of the little Norman seaport stands a lofty crucifix, high up against the sunrise and the sunset; the figure carved realistically enough, with

eyes gazing over the sea, watching since time immemorial the outgoing ships. It is the last picture on the eyes of the fishermen as they sail away to northern latitudes for their hard, cheerless labor off the Newfoundland coast, and the first high landmark that greets those of them who return; for of the frail vessels that venture thither sometimes no tiding comes again; and on those vessels sailing in, often some voice fails to answer when the women stream out to welcome them from the pier-head. For here there is a widow's dress in every young wife's wedding-chest.

It was well thought to set it there; for who so mystically-minded as a sailor, ever face to face with the mystery and the majesty of Nature? A good thought for these simple minds to associate with the haven of their home when they start, as one of them finely expressed it, into the great waters to see the glory of God. So it stands there, and the rough sea-winds shake it, and the sea-swallows rest on the arms of the cross, and at times the spray rains over the three white figures at the base.

A little while ago they built a scaffolding round it, and I saw that they were regilding the crown of thorns. To-day there was a great stir in the little town. From the old church, a mile up the inland valley, a long procession passed along the hillside road, and down the sloping streets to the port. Many children, all in white, and music, and many banners of many colors, came winding on below the great gray cliffs; little boys, in sailor's dress, carrying a model ship; then the banner of our Lady, borne by the virgins of the town; something pathetic there also—old wrinkled faces, two of them yet dressed in the virgin white among the young girls, and a coarse jest in the crowd, perhaps. The sea had never brought their lovers home, yet they followed, though their yearly prayers had little availed.

Then the choristers singing—an old brass trumpet to give volume to the sound; then the priests with cross and candle; so along to the Calvary at the harbor-mouth. They are ranged round it now—the priests and choristers below, the fishermen and their banner in front, the white children in a wider ring, and all the people of the little town around. On one side the giant cliffs: on the other the calm sea, with its little sails drifting down the far horizon. Some one has crowned the plaster Madonna with a crown of white roses. A young priest is preaching at the foot of the cross. A few of the boys, in their festival dress, have broken away, and, climbing the steep grass bank that leans against the cliffs, are running races down it; but the crowd is attentive, silent, a few women crying. Then there is a prayer, and they all break up, and, chanting, form into procession again.

A few peasant folk linger, and go up to put their alms in the box by the altar; one old wrinkled woman kisses the feet of each saint in turn. All is silent now; the procession passes out of sight round the streets of the little town, and the crucifix stands lonely by the sea once more. So again to-day, perhaps, there was a regilding of the crown of thorns.

MINUETS and gavottes are to be adopted this season in Paris instead of the usual hackneyed waltzes and quadrilles, and fashionable Parisiennes are inviting their friends to meet and practice the old dances. The ladies intend to adopt suitable antique costumes, and even the invitations are got up to match, the dainty pink or green vellum cards representing an old spectacled musician playing the violin, while a powdered courtier and marquise of the Louis XV. period tread a stately measure to his music.

A RARE BIT OF LACE.

A PIECE of lace belonging to Mrs. Cooke, of Georgetown, is said by connoisseurs to be actually worth its weight in diamonds. It is like a spider's film, and is woven in a "lost" pattern. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace-making in France and Brussels, and came about in a curious way. Before the French Revolution whole villages supported themselves by lace-making, and patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heirlooms, for the most celebrated weavers had as many orders as they could fill in a lifetime, for it was tedious work. But they were bound by an oath, taken on four gospels, to work only for certain dealers. When the reign of terror began all business of the sort was interrupted for the time, for the "aristocrats" filled the tumbrils and crowded the guillotine, and the revolutionists were too busy driving them there to think of purple and fine linen. When the storm subsided the dealers and workers were far apart; some dead, some lost and some escaped to foreign lands, and such of the women as remained were bound by their oath to work for but one. And this oath, in spite of Robespierre's doctrines, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there are instances where they suffered actual want rather than break their word. Some, however, taught their children and their grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved; but some of the daintiest and finest were never recovered, and—to make a long story short—Mrs. Cooke's lace is woven in one of these last named.

ABOUT PERFUMES.

SOME time ago it was announced in one of the fashion-papers, which claims to be, and doubtless is, trustworthy authority, that in the exalted circles of Europe it is not customary for a lady to use more than one perfume. She chooses, early in her society career, one particular fragrance, as she might a color, or a flower, and wears it constantly, and becomes associated with it.

There is something interesting in the idea, when one reflects how suggestive scents are. They sometimes call up a whole scene, people, attitudes, conversation, and the indefinable impressions of a situation. In this they are not unlike music. An air is heard sometimes, suddenly, and in an unexpected place, and immediately there is a kind of thrill. When and where was it heard before? There is some association with it, but what? Memory for a while is tortured. But presently the truth flashes upon the mind—it was at some ball years long before, or at the opera, and the brilliant lights, the living figures, the dresses, the dialogue, the surroundings, and more than all, the emotions—everything instantly comes back. This is, perhaps, particularly true of waltzes, and of tender songs, and of plaintive and melancholy music in general.

When perfumes first began to be used can never be known, for there is no record; but they are mentioned in the history of the remotest people. The Bible is full of references. They were used in embalming the dead and to gratify the senses of the living. The faculty of smell is so delightful that it is the natural impulse to draw what pleasure there can be from it, and so we find the custom of using perfume, or, rather, odors, common among the rudest and most barbarous classes.

At first the materials are coarse, pungent, and to a more refined taste offensive; but with the progress of civilization the sense naturally grows more delicate. Nowadays

even the sweetest perfume is disagreeable if strong, or, as we say, loud; nothing can be more vulgar; the tendency is to select odors that are thin, spiritual and exquisite—those that will steal upon the senses with a vague and voluptuous delight.

A Paris actress is reported to have claimed recently that each perfume has its special physical and moral qualities, and according to her observations musk predisposes to sensibility and amiability; rose to audacity, avarice and pride; geranium to tenderness; violet to mysticism and piety; benzoin to dreams, poetry and inconstancy; mint and verbena to a taste for the beautiful arts; camphor to stupidity and brutality; Russia leather to indolence; while, as she states, ylang-ylang "is the most dangerous of all," although she does not explain how.

There might be something of truth in this whimsical fancy if we suppose the result to follow from the life-long use of a single odor, although we may doubt if each particular effect is as the lady describes. But it seems more likely that one's temperament controls the preference for scents rather than the reverse. Some people who are very fond of perfumes in general cannot endure certain kinds. In medical works it is related of

several who were made ill by smells found agreeable by the mass of humanity. Even now we find many who do not like musk. Nevertheless, this was the favorite perfume of the Empress Josephine, and it has been lately stated by those who visited Malmaison before the sale, that it still clings so tenaciously to her boudoir there that repeated fumigations have failed to extinguish it. Musk, according to the actress, predisposes to sensibility and amiability, and truly the unfortunate Empress had both; but still, to most nostrils it produces a kind of close and suffocating sensation.

Some persons are said to exhale a natural perfume, altogether independent of artificial aid. This is told of Alexander the Great. The elder Dumas relates the same thing of a beautiful countess whom he knew. As she passed through a room she left a fragrance like a goddess. It was the opinion of the ancients, however, and is of many moderns, that, as Montaigne says, "the best and chiefest excellency is to be exempt from smells." We can easily guess the reason, because it is natural to suspect

that in some cases an artificial odor conceals a natural one that is unpleasant. Montaigne, however, avers himself to be a strange lover of good smells. The simple he considers to be the most pleasing.

Perhaps one reason those who do not like artificial odors have for their prejudice is because they are acquainted with the sources from which they are derived. Perfumes that smell like flowers are, as chemists know, rarely extracted from flowers. Many disagreeable drugs and other things are used, often offensive insects.

Some animals like perfumes—cats for instance, while to others they are repulsive. Dogs have a particularly noticeable antipathy to cologne, and even more refined preparations. This is the more singular, as the sense of smell in dogs is so re-



LONGINGS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 574.

markably acute. What we consider so agreeable excites in them the greatest disgust.

To the use of perfumes in moderation there can probably be no objection. Those who object to them are generally found to be a little coarse; but, after all, it may be an educated taste. Nothing, however, can show a more contemptible mind, or worse taste, than to go about overloaded with smells, and it is something particularly forbidding in the masculine sex. The poets and satirists of all ages are never tired of condemning and ridiculing it.



THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF CLAIRVILLE. —“‘YOU MUST HAVE HEARD OF HER UNHAPPY FATE? SHE WAS MURDERED, YOU KNOW.’ THE DETECTIVE KEPT HIS EYE ON HIS COMPANION’S FACE WHILE SPEAKING THESE WORDS.”

THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF CLAIRVILLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

TORTONI’S was rather empty when the two young men seated themselves at one of the tables and ordered their absinthe. At this hour of the day the Parisian world—at least that portion that frequents the celebrated restaurant—was either driving on the Bois or lounging about the different clubs which have become so marked a feature of the great city. With little difficulty Trochard succeeded in obtaining a table which was out of earshot of any of the guests, so that he was able to carry on his conversation without fear of being overheard.

Vol. XV., No. 5—37.

In spite of the time it had taken them to come from the Bois, Charles de Clairville had not as yet been able to overcome the curious emotions raised in him by the sight of Justine and George Douglass. Here was, indeed, in this girl’s case, one of those remarkable transmogrifications of which Trochard had spoken when moralizing by the lake.

Scarcely six weeks before, Justine had been only the Countess de Clairville’s waiting-maid, and, seemingly, well content with her position. And now she was as brilliantly dressed and as much at ease under the criticising

eyes of the beau monde of Paris as if she had spent her life enduring just such criticism.

This was strange enough, surely, but how much more singular was the presence of the young Englishman who had been an inmate of Clairville at the time of the awful tragedy.

In a dazed sort of way, De Clairville's mind seemed to be working out a chain of thought independent of his control or direction.

Trochard, who had waited to speak until the garçon had placed the absinthe on the table and retired, now broke in :

"Certainly, monsieur, we have made a remarkable discovery this morning. I formed a rather high opinion of Mademoiselle Justine's astuteness when Monsieur Duchatel was examining her, but I never supposed her mental powers or *beaux yeux* would elevate her to such a height in so short a time."

Charles stared fixedly at the detective, and said, in a hollow voice :

"I cannot understand it—Justine and Douglass together. What does it all mean? For God's sake, tell me!"

"That question can only be answered after we have found out the source of Mademoiselle Justine's present affluence; and I admit I consider it of so much importance that I shall set about at once investigating mademoiselle's life since she left Clairville."

"You cannot suppose that there is any connection between what we have seen to-day and—and—the Countess de Clairville's death?"

"My mistake in that affair has made me disinclined to suppose anything. Ask me what I think of this at the end of a week, and I may then be able to tell you; at present, I can only say that I shall look into it, and now, monsieur, it is necessary that I should ask you certain questions, which, of course, are not dictated by any curiosity, but are indispensable to enable me to form some plan for our proposed investigation. You remember this letter which you received the day before the murder, and whose contents you narrated to me? Excuse me, Monsieur le Comte, but I am forced to ask you whether you believe the charges made in that letter against your wife were true?"

"Monsieur!" cried the count, in an excited tone.

"I regret to wound you," broke in Trochard; "but I may as well tell you what at present is my theory. We know robbery in this case was but a feint, and yet we know that the furniture in the Countess de Clairville's chamber showed signs of having been searched in the most careful manner, especially the writing-desk. Is there any one who could be so deeply interested in obtaining some papers or letters possessed by your wife, as to have been willing to commit murder to obtain them? In order to answer this, I must know whether you believe the charges brought forward in the letter to be true."

"But you said you believed the letter was only sent to procure my absence from Clairville on the night of the murder."

"Nor have I changed my mind, Monsieur le Comte; but still I wish an answer to the question I asked you."

De Clairville remained silent for some moments, evidently greatly affected. At length, mastering his emotion, he replied :

"I told you before that the result of my interview with madame made me persevere in my attempt to keep the rendezvous given in that letter. I do not remember what my wife said. I will not say she admitted or denied anything; but I must confess," he continued, covering his face with his hands, and speaking in a broken voice, "that

her manner more than her words made me doubt her. It was the first time in our married life, and it almost broke my heart."

The agent respected the other's grief for some time, but at length, when the count had acquired some control over himself, asked if there was anything in the past life of the Countess de Clairville that could give the slightest foundation for such a charge as that made by the anonymous correspondent.

De Clairville made no reply until after long reflection, and then he said :

"You shall be the judge. I will tell you the history of my acquaintance with Mademoiselle Clothilde de Fleury. My father's death made me, at an early age, master of a large fortune. My sister Marguerite at that time was completing her education at the Ursuline Convent, at Caenyenne, to which place she returned after the funeral ceremonies were over. My mother had died many years before, and my father's death left my sister and myself alone in the world, with none but the most distant of relatives to appeal to for sympathy in our bereavement. After my sister's return to the convent, I sought relief from my grief in travel. After visiting Italy and the south of Europe, I returned to France. On arriving in Paris, I was delighted to meet my old friend and schoolmate, Paul Savart, who had just taken his degree in the university. I had not seen Paul for a great many years, for although we had been schoolfellows as boys, our paths in life later on had been separated, his family going to live in Arles. I was charmed to meet him and renew our acquaintance, and when he informed me that he was going to Trouville to refresh himself after his arduous studies, I asked his permission to be his companion. This was willingly granted, and together we made our way to the seashore. Trouville, when we arrived there, was almost deserted. We had come too late for the season. All the fashionable people had left the place, and only a few invalids remained. It was excessively dull, and I was growing weary of the place, when we chanced to make the acquaintance of a young Englishman—that very George Douglass whom you saw only a short time ago with Justine in the Bois. He was then staying at Trouville, making preparations for a trip to South and North America, where he proposed to remain for a number of years. He was an agreeable companion, and in himself would have been a God-send to us in our friendless condition; but through him we soon made still more pleasant acquaintances. He often spoke to us of certain friends of his who were staying at Trouville—an invalid lady, Madame de Provois, and her niece, Mademoiselle de Fleury—and at last offered to present us to the ladies. I was at first indisposed to accept, but at Paul's importunities, I at last consented."

Count de Clairville here paused, and bending down his head, remained silent for some moments; then resuming, went on, sadly :

"Clothilde de Fleury was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and the moment my eyes fell upon her, I felt satisfied that I had met my fate. I soon discovered that she was without fortune, entirely dependent upon her relative, Madame Provois, who seemed to me rather harsh toward her beautiful niece. Familiarity with Clothilde made her loveliness only more attractive, and at length I made up my mind to ask her hand in marriage. I was much surprised, when I spoke of this to my friend Paul, to find that he disapproved of it, and seemed rather indisposed to converse on the subject; but when, some days later, I brought it up again and demanded to know if his disapproval was due to any penchant of his own for

Mademoiselle de Fleury, he unhesitatingly answered No. He was too poor a man to marry; and that he advised me to watch George Douglass, whom he believed to be greatly taken with Clothilde. However, when I made my proposals in form to Madame de Provois for her niece's hand, they were accepted. I will say that the old lady did not seem anxious to part with her companion. My acceptance by Mademoiselle de Fleury did not appear to affect Douglass in any wise; he still continued his visits to the invalid up to the day of his departure to take ship from Havre. Madame de Provois returned to Paris, escorted by Dr. Savart and myself. After our return I hurried on the preparations for my wedding as fast as was possible. Madame de Provois's fortune was barely enough to support herself and furnish the comforts her invalid condition required, and she could do no more for Clothilde than give her a limited trousseau. At length the day for our marriage arrived. Dr. Savart had been my adviser and friend throughout, assisting me in a thousand ways, and when I bade him good-by after the ceremony—we being then about to start on a trip to Florence—I made him promise to join us at Clairville when we returned. From the day of my marriage up to the time of the receipt of that frightful anonymous letter I was perfectly happy. My wife was all I could desire, and seemed as much attached to me as a husband could wish; we were never separated except for an occasional visit my wife paid to her aunt, Madame de Provois. We spent all our time at Clairville, and Clothilde seemed delighted with the place; was constantly employed in plans for its improvement. My friend Paul visited us frequently, and to my intense delight, I discovered, a few months before my wife's murder, that my friend had fallen in love with my sister Marguerite, who had come to live with us after she left the convent. This was the condition of affairs at the time of my wife's awful murder. You now know the whole history of my life."

"Pardon me," exclaims Trochard; "but Monsieur George Douglass was staying at Clairville when the occurrence took place?"

"Oh, yes," cried the count, "I had forgotten that. He returned from America after an absence of six years, during which time he had visited all the wildest and most unfrequented portions of the New World. He arrived in Paris some three months before the 9th of September. I met him one day in Paris, and he appeared so charmed at my recalling our acquaintance, that I invited him to Clairville. He came some few days after, and renewed his friendship with my wife with evident pleasure. He was most interesting in conversation; he amused us all with his account of the wild life he had led during his six years' wanderings. He had brought back with him many strange weapons, with whose use he was singularly familiar. He could shoot a bow with the dexterity of a Comanche Indian, and throw the lasso as skillfully as a Mexican Vaquero. He had also a great many curiosities which generally interested my wife and sister. This is all I can tell you, as I noticed nothing unusual in his intercourse with my sister, and certainly not with my wife."

"And yet he was greatly affected by the sight of Madame de Clairville when the murder was discovered. Inspector Robelot stated that the young man seemed almost unconscious, and could do nothing but stare at the countess. And when I myself arrived, I was struck by his extraordinary pallor and evident nervousness."

"Monsieur," interrupted the count, "you cannot understand what pain you are causing me, and what wild doubts you are building up in my mind."

"I do not wish you to go any further, Monsieur le

Comte, than to believe that the first thing we must do is to ascertain the cause of the intimacy between Monsieur Douglass and Justine. This shall be my task. For you, I advise that you remain quietly in the apartments I have selected for you, for the present; but first, monsieur, I desire to know what arrangement you have made in regard to the Chateau de Clairville, and whether the furniture in the countess's room has been moved."

"My sister has refused to live at Clairville, so the place at present is untenanted, except by an old woman who takes care of the house. My wife's chamber has been locked, and no one has entered it since the funeral."

"And the escritoire?"

"The papers of the countess are still there. Why do you ask?"

"Because I intend to visit Clairville and examine those papers. You will write an order to the old woman who has charge of the house, and date it back so it may appear to have been written before your departure. I shall go down to Rosière to-morrow, and immediately on my return I will begin my investigations of the personal affairs of the charming Mademoiselle Justine, and I trust soon——"

"Yes, monsieur, as you say, if the bonds should rise, I have no doubt it would be a good speculation; but who would be disposed to risk their money in such a venture?"

Charles de Clairville looked up in amazement at the sudden change in conversation; but a cautionary glance of the police agent attracted his attention to the fact that some strangers had entered the restaurant, and seated themselves at the next table.

Trochard now rose, and the count having paid the garçon, followed him from the salon. They parted at the door, Le Renard handing Charles a card, on which was inscribed the number of the house where he had secured apartments for him.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the day succeeding the interview at Tortoni, Trochard took the train for Rosière, where he arrived about twelve o'clock. Le Renard was still the Parisian exquisite in appearance, and flourished a small cane in the jauntiest manner possible as he left the station-house on his walk for Clairville.

Rosière was as dull and lazy as usual, its white streets glaring brightly in the sun. The only sign of animation was the tick-tack of Père Arsine's hammer, that worthy being still busy with his cobbling. The few inhabitants visible leaned over the half-doors of their shops, blinking in the sunlight or chatting in the most listless manner with their opposite neighbors. Even the appearance of the handsomely-dressed stranger sufficed only to make them stare and open their dull eyes a little wider.

As Le Renard passed the police-office, whose neat, whitewashed front formed a marked contrast with the dingy houses around it, he could not resist the desire to take a peep at the interior, to ascertain if his friend, Inspector Robelot, was still enjoying good health.

A single glance showed him the great man enthroned behind his table, pretty much as he had been on that memorable morning when Claude Lavise had made his abrupt entrance.

The detective felt a strong desire to test the efficacy of his disguise. Without hesitation he entered the little office, and accosting Jean Baptiste, politely inquired the direction to the Chateau Clairville.

The name of Clairville made the inspector start, but Renard had the satisfaction of seeing that he was recognized, and after having received the information he

had demanded, he left the office and resumed his walk. The distance was not long, and he soon reached the brick wall which divided the grounds of the chateau from the public road. As he drew near to the gate he was surprised to see a man standing in front of it, evidently talking to some one within.

The person was tall and broad-shouldered, dressed plainly, but in clothes that indicated the gentleman. His back was toward the detective, but at the sound of Trochard's feet on the hard road he turned round, and Le Renard recognized George Douglass.

Nothing but his matchless self-control, the result of long years of practice, could have enabled Trochard to conceal his amazement at this discovery.

Here was the very man whose intimacy with Justine he had promised the Count de Clairville to investigate; here was a gentleman who had been an inmate of the chateau at the time of the murder, and for some weeks before. What could bring him to this spot? Surely the house could possess nothing but unpleasant and painful memories. Vulgar curiosity could not bring him to this place, for the chateau and grounds must be well known to him. What, then, did his presence mean?

All this passed through Trochard's brain in a moment, for he still continued to advance, and reaching the gateway, he saw that the person with whom Douglass had been conversing was an old woman.

Bowing politely to the young Englishman, he accosted the woman, and asked if that was the Chateau de Clairville. A rather surly affirmative was the reply, whereupon he explained that he had a letter from the owner of the house, authorizing him to visit it, and, producing the letter, he offered it to the venerable Cerberus, who appeared indisposed to receive it, grumbling out something about not being able to read.

"Oh! if that is the case," exclaimed the agent, "this gentleman, I have no doubt, will read it for you; and as you appear to be acquainted with him, you will accept his assurance that I am fully authorized by the Count de Clairville to inspect the property."

While speaking, Trochard offered the letter to George; the old woman, however, broke in with the declaration that the monsieur was entirely strange to her, and had only a few minutes before been asking for permission to see the chateau, a thing which was strictly forbidden by the agent of the count.

"Excuse me, monsieur," said Trochard; "my name is Jules Lacour; I am a speculator in real estate. That is to say," he continued, with a smile, "I invest my money in landed property. If you desire it, you can accompany me in my examination of the premises. If you will take the trouble to glance at this letter, you will see I have full authority from my friend, De Clairville, and can assure this venerable dame of the fact."

The Englishman acknowledged the politeness by a bow, and quickly replied that his name was George Douglass, and that he really was anxious to obtain admission to the house, but without any desire to purchase. Then he read the count's letter, and assured the portress that Monsieur Lacour had spoken correctly.

The old woman still hesitated, and Trochard, perceiving it, declared that unless instantly admitted, he would go to the Inspector of Police at Rosière.

This mention of the police settled matters at once; the gate was quickly opened, and inviting Douglass to enter, the detective led the way up the avenue. As he approached the house he turned the conversation to the fatal event of the 9th September, and expressed great surprise, which, in his case, was really unfeigned, when

George Douglass announced that he had been an inmate of the place when the crime was committed.

"Really, now, monsieur, I can scarcely understand how you would be willing to return to a place which must be haunted with the most disagreeable of remembrances. The whole affair was a terrible blow to my friend, De Clairville. When I met him in Paris, after the trial, I scarcely knew him. By-the-by, what a stupid thing it was to charge Charles with the commission of such a deed! I cannot understand how any one could have imagined him capable of such an act."

"Monsieur," replied Douglass, gravely, "circumstantial evidence was very strong against the count, and, had he not been able to prove his whereabouts at the time of the murder, must have convicted him."

"I did not attend the trial. Was there any suspicion awakened as to any other person?"

"No, Monsieur Lecour; the case is as dark as ever."

"Well, well; perhaps it was some vulgar assassin. It seems to me I read something about a robbery."

"There was no robbery. The man who killed Clothilde de Clairville did it for revenge, or to remove a dangerous witness."

The young Englishman spoke in a grave tone, and a dark frown gathered upon his frank countenance.

During this conversation the old woman had conducted them around to a door at the back of the house, which she unlocked, and gave them admission.

"Now, monsieur," exclaimed Trochard, as they were inside of the house, "as you have been here before, you must doubtless be familiar with the place, and can act as my guide."

"Certainly, sir," replied George, "if you will follow me."

Trochard eagerly scrutinized the face of the young Englishman, and carefully watched his every motion, as under his guidance he visited the salons, the dining-hall, the library and the other apartments on the lower floor.

The gravity of George's expression became more and more marked, and he seemed to scarcely hear the lively chatter of his companion. When he mounted the handsome staircase to the second floor the detective heard a faint sigh, and when Trochard started mechanically in the direction of what had been the countess's apartments, George stopped, and said, in a low, melancholy voice:

"You must excuse me, monsieur, but I cannot enter those rooms in company with another person. They were the apartments of Madame de Clairville, and you will excuse me, sir; but madame was a dear friend, whose untimely fate I still sincerely deplore. I scarcely suppose it indispensable that you should see those rooms, and if you will allow me, I will save you the trouble of a visit by describing them to you."

"Excuse me, monsieur," replied Trochard, "but the errand with which the Count de Clairville charged me obliges me to enter that very chamber. You see, I have even the key," and drawing it from his pocket, the detective approached the door of the bedchamber and inserted it in the lock.

A shudder ran through the frame of the Englishman as the door was thrown open. The *portière* had been pushed back, and the whole interior was plainly visible. The room was exactly in the same condition as when Inspector Robelot entered it, to find the body of the lovely countess stretched cold and lifeless upon the bed.

"Monsieur," said the detective, stopping in the doorway, "you will excuse me, but my business obliges me to remain for some time alone in this apartment. When my task is accomplished I will be pleased to see



"HANG CARE."—FROM A PAINTING BY ROMAN RIBERA.

Monsieur, I do not doubt you will find much to interest you about the place."

The young man drew back with a bow, and Trochard entered, closing the door.

The room, as we before said, was in exactly the same condition in which it had been found on the morning the murder was discovered.

The clothes of the murdered woman still filled the armoire, and the scattered papers still bore witness to the search of the *escritoire*.

In spite of what he had said to De Clairville of his hope of discovering some clew to the crime among the papers of the countess, the detective did not hasten to examine the *escritoire*, but seated himself at the table upon which Tomas had written the order for the count's arrest, and resting his head upon his hand, he tried to think what could be the motive for this strange visit of George Douglass. The more he considered the affair, the more did the suspicions which had existed in his mind in regard to the Englishman appear less and less founded.

The warm, open frankness in George's face, and a sincerity in the tones of his voice, had prepossessed the detective very strongly in his favor. He had begun to consider the question whether he might not make Douglass an ally in this effort to revenge the murdered woman. What would he risk by revealing his true position? He was perfectly satisfied now that no taint of complicity in the odious crime could attach to that young man, whose blue eyes had looked so honestly into his own. He could keep the Count de Clairville's presence in Paris a secret, and only explain that he was an agent of the prefecture, charged with another examination of this mysterious assassination; and what might he not gain by the revelation? He could at once discover the connection between George and Justine, and through his assistance might easily become acquainted with the waiting-maid, whom he still felt assured was, for some as yet unexplained reason, somehow mixed up in the case.

George could easily present him in his new character of Jules Lacour, and once an *habitué* of Justine's *salon*, he felt certain of his ability to make his way to the bottom of all her secrets. These advantages he would surely gain, if nothing else.

With Trochard it was a habit to make up his mind with lightning rapidity; and having decided upon a course, there never was an instant's hesitation.

He registered his intention with a blow of his fist upon the table, and rising, opened the door, and went out into the hall, where he could hear the sounds of his companion's feet pacing up and down.

"Monsieur," he said, abruptly, "will you be so kind as to follow me into that room?"

George made a motion of dissent, but the other went on, resolutely:

"I have something of importance to say to you. Let me beg of you, for the sake of the murdered woman who a short time ago lay upon the bed of that chamber, to consent to hear me." The young man's face grew as pale as death; he hesitated a moment, then bowing in an easy and graceful manner, he followed the detective into the room.

Trochard closed the door, and motioned him to a chair, into which he fell. Exhibiting signs of the greatest agitation, for some time the agent remained silent. Pacing up and down the chamber as Duchatel had done on the morning of the examination, he waited until George had recovered his faculties; then stopping abruptly in his walk, he fixed his eyes upon him to study the full effect of his words, and said, in firm voice:

"My name is not Lacour; I am Jules Trochard, an agent of the Prefecture of Police."

George uttered an exclamation of surprise, but the detective was glad to see no signs which, to his familiar eyes, seemed to afford any proofs of guilty fear. He went on quickly:

"I am charged by the prefecture with another investigation of this case. It was I who almost caused the conviction of Count de Clairville; and for that reason I feel myself bound to discover the real author of the crime. I believe you, monsieur, are actuated by somewhat similar feelings. I tell you all this frankly, and I ask you to become a partner with me in this task."

George's hesitation was but momentary; he rose and stretched out his hand to the detective, who clasped it in his own. He said, firmly:

"I will."

"Thanks, monsieur," cried Trochard. "I expected no less. And now I hope you will seat yourself and tell me anything you think I ought to be informed of. And first, if you will excuse me, I should like to know how Mademoiselle Justine, who, a few weeks ago, was simply a waiting-maid, is suddenly able to appear in a phaeton on the Bois?"

"That is no more surprising to you than to me," replied George. "A few words will, however, explain my connection with the girl. About two weeks ago one of my friends informed me that a young lady of his acquaintance, who had seen us together, had desired him to bring me to her house; I, of course, demanded to know who the lady was, but was assured with a laugh that she was not a very dangerous person—gave nice suppers, and allowed her friends to play *baccarat* in her *salon*; and, above all, was very anxious to make my acquaintance. I demurred, assuring my friend that I had no desire to be drawn into an intrigue, but he protested that the lady's intentions were purely platonic. Being dull and dispirited, I at length gave way to his importunities. Imagine my surprise when, having been ushered into a handsome house in the Avenue d'Eylau, I discovered my hostess was Justine, but Justine deified; Justine sprung at one bound from a waiting-woman into a *dame du monde*. She was very polite, received me in the most cordial manner, and introduced me to all the *habitués* of her *salon*, amongst whom were several of my acquaintances. When I left, she begged me to return, and having but little to do in Paris, I complied with her request; besides, to be frank with you, I could talk to Justine of the Countess de Clairville."

The detective gave a little start, and said, eagerly:

"Did Mademoiselle Justine speak about the countess's murder?"

"No; we spoke of my early acquaintance with madame when she was Mademoiselle de Fleury. Justine appeared anxious to hear of her mistress's former life, and I was only too willing to talk. Monsieur, I don't know why I should be ashamed to confess to you that I was deeply in love with Clothilde Fluery, and even offered her my hand, which was rejected. You can now understand how much I felt her unhappy death, and can believe me when I say I would give half of my life to discover her assassin."

The detective remained silent, turning over in his mind the young man's words.

"You can present me to Mademoiselle Justine," he said, at length.

"Certainly," replied George.

"That is well; and now you can assist me in my errand here, which is to examine the papers contained in that *escritoire*."

George assented, and they immediately set about their investigations.

Every paper was scrutinized with the most watchful care; but at the close of his labors, when not a single document remained, Trochard was obliged to confess that his toil had been fruitless.

The contents of the desk were merely old letters from schoolmates, *billet doux* from the Count de Clairville, and a number of business papers and bills.

Satisfied at length that nothing was to be discovered here, the detective resumed his seat at the table, and begged George to narrate all that had happened on the night of the murder.

"Alas! monsieur, that is very simple. The countess and Mademoiselle Marguerite passed the evening with us in the *salon*. When I say us, I mean Dr. Savart and myself. Mademoiselle was seated at the piano, and Paul, that is, Dr. Savart, was turning the music. Madame and I were seated at a distance. I remember this well, because, taking advantage of the distance between us and the young lady, Clothilde seized upon this moment to inform me that she had had a serious quarrel with Charles. Some one had been writing him letters which made him very angry; that he had gone to Paris, but she expected he would return next morning cured of his ill temper. This confidence annoyed me a great deal, and my annoyance was increased when she asked me whether I thought Paul Savart was serious in his attentions to Marguerite—I mean Mademoiselle de Clairville. She said that Charles was eager for the match, but she herself did not approve of it. Her conversation was cut short at this point by the cessation of the music, and soon after the countess bade us good-night, and left the *salon*, and this was the last time I saw her alive. Mademoiselle Marguerite retired at the same time, and I went up with Paul Savart to his room, which was next to my own. We were quartered in the *mansard*—*apartments à garçon*—adjoining each other. I remained some time chatting with Paul, and then, having partaken of brandy-and-soda, which he pressed upon me, I went to my own room, and seated myself near the window. My room was immediately over Clothilde's. I could hear her voice humming a tune. I staid there some time listening to her. At length I became very sleepy, and retired to bed. I awoke at daylight, as usual—a habit which I acquired in my wild American life—and dressing, I left the chateau, took a long walk, from which I returned just in time to assist in the discovery of the murder."

"This is all you know. You did not notice anything remarkable or unusual?"

"No, monsieur."

Trochard considered for a space, and then said:

"The solution of this affair is not here. We must seek for it in Paris. I shall return there at once, and if you will give me your address I will call on you and claim the introduction to Justine which you promised."

George wrote the address on his card and handed it to the detective, saying:

"You will find me at that place at seven to-morrow evening, and if you will permit me, Monsieur Trochard, I would like to be left alone in this room."

The agent assented, bidding the young man adieu, and quitted the apartment, and made his way out of the house.

The old woman escorted him to the gate, and received with a grumble the piece of money he gave her. A few moments' rapid walking brought him to the station, and after waiting half an hour, he was joined by George Douglass, and taking the first passing train, soon reached the depot in Paris, where they separated.

CHAPTER XV.

THE house in the Avenue d'Eylau occupied by the *ci-devant* waiting-maid was a handsome building, the appearance of which indicated that its occupant was able to expend a certain amount of money upon the luxuries of life. Nothing was in bad taste about the exterior, whose plainness gave little indication of the splendor of the interior.

Trochard, as he passed through the vestibule in company with his new-found friend and ally, would have been surprised to see the taste displayed in the decoration, had he not been aware that the skill of the Parisian decorator is at the command of any one able to pay for him. Knowing this, he could easily understand how a girl who but six weeks before had been a servant could now be the mistress of a dwelling as perfect in its appointments as if it had been arranged by a veritable and very rich grand dame.

A footman in a neat livery conducted them through this vestibule, which was ornamented with plants in Japanese vases. At the far end a handsome stairway, with a railing of carved mahogany, led to the floor above. This was divided into a number of apartments. The *salon* was in the front of the house; and following their guide, they soon reached that apartment. The same good taste was displayed here which had made itself noticeable in all the other parts of the house. The walls were frescoed and hung with a number of excellent pictures in ornamental frames; the scarlet and lace curtains, rich Brussels carpet, large mirrors, and elaborate candelabras holding wax candles; the elegance of the furniture, and the thousand decorative nicknacks scattered about, made the *coup d'œil* of this room a charming one.

A number of persons had already assembled, mostly of the male sex, though there were several handsomely dressed women, who enlivened with the bright colors of their costumes the black monotony of the full-dress worn by the gentlemen.

One of these turned at the sound of George Douglass's name, which was announced by the footman, and hurriedly came forward to meet the new arrivals.

Trochard recognized Justine. She was charmingly arrayed in a dress of shaded scarlet satin, which showed off her graceful form to perfection. Her rounded arms were bare to the elbows, and the square-cut corsage was rather indiscreet in its revelations. Her black hair was drawn loosely backward from the face and twisted in a knot at the back of the head, which was ornamented with a scarlet camellia. Her dark eyes flashed and sparkled, and her red lips were wreathed in smiles. She made, in short, an enticing picture.

As she approached the young men, she offered her hand to George.

"This is my friend, Monsieur Lacour," said Douglass.

Trochard bowed, and took the hand extended to him, which was small and white, but showed some of those signs of labor that time alone could erase.

"Delighted to meet you, monsieur," she exclaimed.

"Any friend of George is always welcome. You see he is already teaching me to shake hands like one of his own countrymen."

The detective murmured some complimentary words about the offered hand, which seemed to please Justine, who smiled approvingly.

"We are, as you see, only a small party this evening; but still I think you will not find it dull with Julie and Fifine, and later on we will have some *baccarat*, and that is a mistress whom you know no man can resist," and the girl uttered a gay laugh, glancing at George for approval.

"I believe," responded Douglass, "that Julie and Fifine must content themselves with my companionship, for I want you, my dear Mademoiselle Justine, to be particularly attentive to my friend Lacour, who is a great admirer of the ladies, especially brunettes."

"And he shows very bad taste," said the girl, archly.

"Surely not in admiring mademoiselle," cried Trochard, in response to a flash of the black eyes, in which he read a challenge. "And then, you know," he went on, quietly, while George, excusing himself, made his way toward the group at the other end of the room—"and then, you know, blondes are so common."

"Why don't you make your friend, George, think the same; being a blonde himself, he should naturally admire dark women, but instead, he has the stupidity to go wild over blue eyes and baby faces."

Jules saw his way to making a point, and answered, quietly:

"Well, you must admit, mademoiselle, that blondes are sometimes almost irresistible. Now, there was that beautiful creature, the wife of my friend, De Clairville; she was simply superb. You must have heard of her unhappy fate? She was murdered, you know." The detective kept his eye on his companion's face while speaking these words. Justine gave a start at the mention of the name of Clairville, but quickly recovered herself, though for some moments she was quite distraught. He waited until he saw she was following what he was saying, and then, in a perfectly natural voice, he continued: "That poor Countess de Clairville! Hers was certainly a most unhappy end. The whole affair was recalled to my mind this very day—the fact is, my friend George and myself were down at the Chateau de Clairville on a visit this morning. The place looked very sad and deserted, and——"

"I suppose, monsieur," exclaimed Justine, breaking in suddenly—"I suppose you and George had to satisfy yourselves with seeing the chateau from the outside, for I understand the Count de Clairville, before he departed for America, left orders strictly forbidding any one being admitted to the interior."

"Pardon, mademoiselle," cried Trochard, who had not failed to mark the fact that Justine waited eagerly for his answer. "De Clairville, before his departure, authorized me to visit the house now and then, to see that it is kept in repair; and, therefore, Douglass and I were not compelled to remain on the outside, but went all over the interior, and even entered the countess's bedchamber, where the murder was committed."

The girl was considerably agitated, but controlled herself, and changed the conversation abruptly, saying:

"But here I am, monsieur, monopolizing all your attentions, and there are Julie and Fifine, and my other friends, ready to scratch my eyes out for not introducing you. You will allow me, monsieur," and rising from the *cousseuse*, on which they had seated themselves at George's departure, she led the way toward that part of the room where the company were assembled in little groups, chatting gayly.

The detective was soon acknowledging the smiles showered upon him by the other women, and the polite salutations of the gentlemen. He took care, however, to warn his ally, foreseeing that Justine would attempt to capture George, to ascertain all that had transpired at the Chateau de Clairville during their visit, and was soon congratulating himself on his precaution, when he saw the Englishman led away by the brunette.

The conversation of mademoiselle's guests was charmingly vivacious, though the men appeared rather bored—

a fact which the ladies were too kind to notice, but knowing their charms would prove no rivals to the seductive attractions of *baccarat* later on, they endeavored to make as good of use the present occasion as possible. Trochard was a mine of information upon the *on dits* of the world—that *monde* which the little world of Paris worships at a graceful distance. He knew all about that terrible scandal in regard to Madame de G——; why the Russian Minister had been obliged to send his *attaché* back to St. Petersburg; could tell what costume Mademoiselle de D—— intended wearing in the new piece at the *Folies Dramatique*, and a thousand other delicious bits of gossip, which his female hearers devoured with as much gusto as they would their Guinea peaches.

During all this time he was careful not to lose sight of the young Englishman; he could see that Justine was talking earnestly, and with considerable evidence of excitement, but the calmness of George's demeanor, as well as the irritation of the young woman, assured him Douglass was obeying his command to tell her nothing about the visit.

The evening was advancing, and several of the gentlemen were beginning to show signs of impatience, which was noticed by the ladies, who hastened to chime in with their cavaliers.

"That dear Justine is so busy with her Englishman," said Fifine, "that she doesn't seem to notice that Charles Balcore has bitten the end of his mustache off, and Adolphe and Laurent will soon go raving mad if they have to wait much longer for their dear *baccarat*. Go, Julie, and tell her we are all waiting to tempt the blind goddess," and Fifine, who was a charming little creature, with big brown eyes, blonde hair, not wholly unartificial, and an expression of childlike trustfulness, fixed her seductive glance on Trochard, and inquired whether monsieur was willing to go partners with her, declaring she was the luckiest person in the world, and always won.

Jules hastened to reply, accepting the proposed partnership, and Julie returned with the mistress of the house, who excused herself for her seeming inattention. It took but a few moments to arrange the table. Justine called out:

"Come, my friends, all is ready. Adolphe takes the bank, and you must try to pump him as dry as possible."

The detective had so managed it that he and la belle Fifine were placed near to George Douglass, who was banking with Mademoiselle Julie, and he was thus enabled, without being observed, to question him in regard to the interrupted conversation with the brunette.

The Englishman assured him he had given her no information of what had transpired at Clairville, although she seemed very anxious to know what had taken him there, and even questioned him closely with regard to the present condition of the bedchamber where the murdered countess had breathed her last.

The game progressed with varying fortunes; for some time the bank was successful, carrying all before it, but at length luck changed, and the fair Fifine had the pleasure of seeing her gold pieces and notes rising into a delicious mountain range in front of her.

Adolphe at last was cleaned out. The company now began to feel the need of some refreshment, and the announcement of supper by the footman was hailed with joyful acclamations.

The repast was served in a handsome drawing-room, and the complimentary remarks of the party were sufficient proofs of its excellence. Champagne was abundant, and its exhilarating influence soon began to make itself apparent in the increased gayety of Mademoiselle Fifine

"THE LITTLE SAMPLER WORKER."



"THE LITTLE SAMPLER WORKER."—FROM THE PICTURE BY M. ALBERT ANKER.

and the other women, who chattered like so many parrots.

Jules, who had never taken his attention from Justine, saw that she was still pre-occupied. He judged, from what George had told him, that the visit to Clairville was the disturbing cause, and concluded, as she could not get anything out of his friend, she would, perhaps, make another attack upon him; he was, therefore, not surprised when she accosted him as they were rising from the supper-table.

"Come, monsieur," she said, gayly, "you must not let Fifine keep possession of you the whole evening, or I shall grow jealous."

"Take him, my dear," broke in Fifine, in a loud laugh. "The dear fellow has brought me good luck. I think I must have won a thousand francs. He is a perfect Mascot. Take him, my dear Justine; perhaps he will bring you luck as well," and the artless Fifine, who had taken a little too much champagne, shouted, uproariously.

Trochard was only too willing to accept the offered *tête-à-tête*, and presenting his arm to the hostess, they returned to the *salon*, into which all the company were now crowding, to renew their game.

"Are you anxious to continue, monsieur?" asked the brunette, glancing in the direction of the table.

"Not if mademoiselle will afford me the pleasure of her company," answered the flattering Trochard. "I am not so wedded to *baccarat* as not to be willing to forsake it at any time for a pair of bright eyes."

"So, monsieur, you are disposed to be complimentary. I thought you said you preferred blue eyes, like those of your friend, poor Madame de Clairville."

"Excuse me," interrupted Trochard; "it is my friend Douglass who admires blue eyes. But you must admit the Countess de Clairville was a very beautiful woman. I don't wonder at the devotion of her husband."

"Ah, yes," said Justine, in a slightly mocking tone of voice; "that poor Count de Clairville! What *bêtes* you men are, after all, monsieur!"

"You say 'that poor Count de Clairville' in a strange voice, mademoiselle. Surely, if a man was ever happy, it was he. Rich, handsome, and a beautiful wife who loved him devotedly."

"Ah! bah, monsieur, as for the devotion!" and Justine ended by an elevation of the eyebrows and a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"Surely the countess was devotedly attached to her husband. My friend Charles seemed to have no doubt of his wife's affection."

"Do you see, monsieur, you men are all blind. The Count de Clairville could see no further than that"—and the brunette measured off an infinitely small distance on her slender fore-finger with a rosy thumb-nail, and looked provokingly wicked.

"It seems to me that you are making charges."

"And suppose I did, monsieur?"

"But still this must be all speculation on your part. You could not still know anything about the countess."

"I know what I know," answered Justine, with a low laugh. "But, to be frank with you, I was acquainted with the countess, and why should I be ashamed to tell you I was an attendant of hers? You would not think it, monsieur, would you?" she asked, archly.

"Surely you are jesting?"

"Not at all. I was the Countess de Clairville's maid—" She hesitated for a moment, then went on: "But a relative of mine dying and leaving me a bequest, I changed my condition of life. I hope you think for the better," she said, merrily.

Trochard was uttering some complimentary speech when she broke in, abruptly:

"I am going to treat you as a friend, monsieur, although our acquaintance is of the shortest; but, then, you are a friend of that dear George. This is what I wish: I am devoured with curiosity to see the inside of the Chateau de Clairville once more. I will own to you I have even tried to obtain admission, but the portress is incorruptible. You have the open sesame. Will you assist me to gratify my curiosity?"

Trochard saw his way to playing the trump card, and exclaimed:

"Certainly, mademoiselle; I am at your service," said then, after appearing to hesitate for a moment, he went on: "But favor for favor. You have made insinuations which lead me to believe that you know something about the countess. My friend De Clairville is dying with grief at the loss of his wife. If I could convince him she was not so true as he thought, it would be a terrible blow, but might save his life," and Trochard, while saying these words, fixed his keen glance on the brunette's face.

Justine closed her eyes to escape his piercing scrutiny, and remained for some time silent.

At length she said:

"I do know something, monsieur, and if I tell it to you it may open your eyes to the Countess de Clairville's character."

The detective expressing the greatest attention, she went on:

"Madame de Clairville had a lover whom she used to meet in Paris."

"It cannot be possible"—with well acted astonishment.

"But I tell you I am sure."

"The countess, however, never left the chateau."

"You are wrong, monsieur. She went once a week, and sometimes oftener, to see her aunt, Madame Prevois."

"And you would imply, mademoiselle—"

"I imply nothing. I will tell you what I know. The Countess de Clairville had every confidence in me, and were she alive, I would not, of course, speak of this. The day before she left the chateau to visit her aunt, I was always charged with the posting of a letter at Rosière."

"And this letter was directed to her lover?"

"No, monsieur, it was addressed to a porter of the house in Paris; but not the house in which Madame Prevois resided."

Trochard could scarcely repress an exclamation of delight, but mustering up all the calmness he could command, he asked, in a quiet voice:

"Do you remember that address, mademoiselle?"

"Certainly," replied Justine. "It was Rue Michel, No. 201;" then suddenly recollecting herself, she said, "but really, monsieur, I have been very indiscreet. I cannot imagine what was the matter with me. I must beg you to promise me the utmost secrecy in regard to what I have told you."

"You may rely upon me, mademoiselle. But you will allow me to communicate with the Count de Clairville?"

Justine considered for a moment, then replied:

"On condition that you wait until one month from to-day."

"I promise. Mademoiselle, now you must tell me when I am to have the pleasure of escorting you down to Rosière, for that is a pleasure I cannot make up my mind to delegate to my friend George."

"Could we not make a little party? I know Fifine and Julie would be charmed to see the place."

"That is delightful. I am at your service whenever mademoiselle will select a day."

Trochard felt he had now discovered all that he was likely to find out for the present. He was now anxious to break off his *tête-à-tête* with the brunette, and after some failures, at last succeeded in catching George's eye. The young man comprehended his signs, and leaving the *baccarat* table, joined them, declaring he was weary of the game, and that Julie had been abusing him for the last hour for his ill-luck.

The duet now became a trio, and Trochard soon slipped away and joined Fifine, who, having succeeded in losing all her winnings, as well as her own stake, was only too ready to welcome any one who would keep the pot boiling.

When Le Renard bade the charming Justine good-night, which was really good-morning, the brunette bade him remember the proposed *fête* at Clairville, which, she said, she would arrange for an early day.

"Monsieur," said the detective, when they were outside of the house, "to speak a language familiar to you Englishmen, the fox is unearthed; we are on the scent."

CHAPTER XVI.

LE RENARD was not the man to allow grass to grow under his feet; he believed the information he had obtained from Justine was of so much importance that he could not too quickly verify its truthfulness. He was now satisfied beyond all doubt that the waiting-maid was, in some manner, connected with the tragedy at Clairville. He did not, as yet, attempt to say what her connection with the affair was, but he was confident that his first duty was to establish a strict surveillance over all her movements. He had formed a tolerably high opinion of the brunette's sagacity, and thought it very unlikely—at least at the present—that anything could be made by a direct attack; whilst by keeping an eye upon her he would always be able to appeal to the single combat as a final necessity; and in the meanwhile he would be ready to take advantage of any accidental chance which this surveillance might afford. He therefore visited the Prefecture, and obtained the services of one of the most trustworthy men on the force, whom he instructed to maintain a constant watch over Mademoiselle Justine's movements; to observe carefully who visited her house, and, if possible, to establish relations with some of her servants.

Having charged the *mouchard* with these instructions, he hastened to the apartments occupied by the Count de Clairville, which were in a large house in the Boulevard de l'Opera.

Instead of going directly to the address given by Justine, he determined to pay a visit to Madame de Prevois, the aunt of the deceased countess.

His reason for doing this was based upon the fact revealed by the maid that the letters posted by her were always sent the day before that on which Madame de Clairville visited her aunt.

He expected, either from Madame Prevois herself or some person in her employment, to ascertain all that was necessary to make out the chain of evidence establishing the identity of the Countess de Clairville with the writer of the letters sent to the porter at Rue Michel, No. 201. Trochard could not have explained very clearly what he expected to find out from the invalid aunt; but he always maintained that in his profession there was such a thing as inspiration, and at present he felt this inspiration moving him straight in the direction of the Count de Clairville's rooms for the purpose of obtaining the address of Madame de Prevois.

As he hurried along, he turned over and over in his mind the facts elicited during the interview of the preceding night, and after weighing them carefully, came to the conclusion that he would not tell De Clairville, at least for the present, of the insinuations made by Justine against his wife; he would only relate his strange meeting with George Douglass at the chateau, and having convinced the count of the innocence of the young man from any taint of complicity in the murder, would ask to be allowed to reveal the fact of De Clairville's presence in Paris.

He felt that the young Englishman could be of great service to him, especially in watching Justine, whom he now believed to hold the key of the whole affair, and he trusted to be able to make the count believe in the entire sincerity of George's desire to be of assistance. This mental retrospection occupied him during the time, it took to reach the house on the Boulevard de l'Opera.

It had been arranged between them that the count should for the present remain in his apartments, and there Trochard found him.

The excitement which had sustained him from the time he left the ship at Southampton up to his meeting with the agent in the Bois had not survived the solitude and confinement of his apartment.

He looked dull and dispirited, but brightened up somewhat at the sight of Trochard, and eagerly demanded what had been his success at Clairville.

This was soon explained to him, and the whole story of the meeting with George Douglass, and as much of his interview with Justine as Trochard considered wise to reveal.

The count was delighted to hear of the friendly feeling manifested by the young Englishman, and espousing the agent's belief in George's good faith, authorized him to give his address to Douglass as soon as possible.

After conversing for some time, Trochard inquired whether he knew Madame de Prevois's residence. He said, in a careless manner, that as Madame la Comtesse had been in the habit of visiting her aunt, he might by questioning that lady discover something that would be of assistance.

"But, my dear fellow," broke in the count, with a slight smile, "Madame de Prevois is very old—a bedridden invalid, and quite childish. It is impossible she could be of any assistance."

The agent still persevered in his idea, and declared it was his duty in such cases not to leave a stone unturned.

"We never know, I can assure you," he exclaimed, "where we are going to lay hold upon the first threads of the clew."

"Well, well," replied De Clairville, "if you wish to call on the old lady, you are at liberty to do so; but I don't envy your morning visit. Here is her address."

He wrote a few words on a card and handed it to Le Renard, who left the room, saying he would inform George Douglass of the count's whereabouts, and begging him for the present not to leave the house.

Once in the street, he read the direction, which was that of a house in the Rue St. Denis, No. 72. It was some distance, but hailing the first passing vehicle, he soon reached it.

Having dismissed the *fiacre*, he entered the building and inquired for Madame Prevois.

The porter to whom he addressed his inquiry stated that madame occupied the suite on the first floor, but he did not think she would receive visitors. However, monsieur might ask for Mademoiselle Pauline, Madame de Prevois's companion.

Trochard hastened to avail himself of this advice, and

ascending the stairs, pulled the bell of the first floor. After some time, the door was opened by a wrinkled old woman, who asked his business in a very curt manner. He replied he desired to see Mademoiselle Pauline, as he understood Madame de Prevois was too unwell to receive visitors.

The old woman mumbled out a reluctant invitation to enter, and closing the door, asked him to take a seat while she notified Mademoiselle Pauline of his presence.

The ante-chamber in which the agent found himself was very plain and severe in its decorations, and afforded little to interest the eye or occupy the mind; however, he had not much time to study the surroundings, for in a very few moments the door by which the old woman had retired was opened, and a young lady appeared.

We say young, for Mademoiselle Pauline de Prevois was still a young lady by courtesy; she was tall and slender, with sharp features and a severe expression about her thin lips, which would have satisfied any man that Mademoiselle Pauline would not be disposed to look leniently on the short-comings of any of her own sex. Her costume was exceedingly plain—nay, even mean, and paid but a poor tribute to the munificence of Madame de Prevois.

Trochard studied her closely, and mentally came to the conclusion that mademoiselle was just the kind of woman to detest the lovely countess to such an extent as to be very willing to do her an evil turn; he therefore concluded to state his business boldly, and taking but a minute to arrange his ideas, said:

"You must excuse me, mademoiselle, but I merely used the name of Madame de Prevois in order to obtain an interview with you." The lady drew herself up with a repellant gesture, but paying no attention it, he went on rapidly: "You are undoubtedly acquainted with the Count de Clairville?"

Pauline gave a violent start, and then collecting herself, she replied:

"Yes, monsieur; I am even a distant relative of his deceased wife. Clothilde was my cousin."

"I was aware of it, mademoiselle, and I will speak out at once. The unhappy fate of the countess and the trial of the husband for the murder of his wife are matters of public notoriety. Monsieur de Clairville has left France for America; before his departure he charged me to investigate some serious charges brought against his wife in an anonymous letter."

Mademoiselle de Prevois showed signs of interest, her gray eyes twinkled, and the uncertain hue of her complexion was tinged with a faint glow. She answered almost immediately that any service she could render to the Count de Clairville would be a duty, as he had been very generous to Madame Prevois and herself.

"That is no more than I expected, Mademoiselle de Prevois. That tallies with the assurance of the count that you would willingly answer the questions he desired me put to you,"

The lady assented.

"The Countess de Clairville, I am assured, was in the habit of visiting her aunt, Madame de Prevois, at least once a week, sometimes oftener; this had been her custom for many years preceding her death. Now, mademoiselle, you must not be surprised at what I am going to ask you." He stopped a moment and seemed to think, and fixing his eyes on his companion, he said: "When madame came here it was by the first train from Rosière; she must, therefore, have arrived at quite an early hour; will you tell me how she employed the day? She never returned to Clairville until the evening."

"Monsieur," replied Mademoiselle Pauline, "it has been on my conscience for some time to speak to the count, but rather than cause trouble, I abstained from what I deemed my duty"—this word the young lady uttered with an air of rectitude that was almost overpowering in its solemnity. "Clothilde's conduct, to say the least, was very singular; but after she married the Count de Clairville she was very intolerant of opposition, and would have resented any advice from me. As to Madame Prevois, she has been for several years almost an imbecile."

"You say the countess always arrived here at an early hour?"

"It is true, monsieur; and she was always very plainly dressed, rarely wearing any other costume than a black silk, which I thought very remarkable in a woman of her wealth and position. She would remain with us generally for two hours, and then leave the house, to which she did not return till late in the afternoon. She was always closely veiled on such occasions when she left, and seemed particularly anxious that no one should recognize her."

"Did you never speak to her of the imprudence of such conduct?"

The flash of mademoiselle's gray eyes at this question revealed the fire that burnt under her icy exterior.

"I did attempt to do her this service once, but received such a rebuff, monsieur, it was impossible for me to repeat it. My only course would have been to speak to the count. This, as I told you, I refrained from doing, fearing to wound one who had been so exceedingly kind to Madame Prevois and myself."

"You have, however, no knowledge of where Madame de Clairville spent the hours of her absence from this house?"

"No, monsieur. I only know she left in a carriage and always returned in a different vehicle from the one in which she departed. That is all I know."

Trochard had now ascertained all he desired to know, or was likely to obtain from Mademoiselle de Prevois; he therefore thanked her for her attention, and assured her the count would be deeply grateful for her evident desire to serve his interests, and, begging her to keep his visit and questions a profound secret, took his departure.

Just as he was leaving the house the idea occurred to him that the porter might know something of these mysterious departures and returns.

The man, upon being questioned, stated that he remembered Madame de Clairville; she used to visit her invalid aunt frequently. Yes, he had seen her leave the house closely veiled; where she went he did not know, but monsieur might find out from Jacques Dubois, who drove a *fiacre*, No. 1,008. He had carried madame on one occasion.

Having ascertained that Jacques could be found in a neighboring street, Trochard, having given the man a *pourboire*, which he felt would insure his silence, hastened to find the cab-stand, and inquired for Dubois. He was lucky enough to find No. 1,008, and ascertaining that Jacques Dubois was the driver, he jumped in and ordered himself driven to Rue de Lisle. After they had gone some distance he suddenly stopped the vehicle, and questioned the man with regard to the veiled lady whom he had taken from No. 72 Rue St. Denis.

At first Jacques could not remember, but the agent having stimulated him with a twenty-franc piece, he became more communicative, and after scratching his head for some time, he at length recalled the veiled lady, and after considerable pressing, recollected he had taken her to Rue Michel. He could not say she stopped at any

particular number—in fact, she stopped at the corner of Rue Michel and the Rue Montmorenci, paid him his fare and dismissed him.

There was nothing now to be done but to order himself to be driven to the same place. This Trochard did, and following the example of Madame de Clairville, dismissed the *fiacre* at the corner of the two streets, where the veiled lady had alighted.

He was now but two squares from his destination, and walking up Rue Michel, soon reached the house No. 201. It was large, but unostentatious, showing nothing peculiar about its exterior, and differing but little from the majority of the houses in the neighborhood.

Le Renard entered, and rapped at the porter's lodge; in response to his knock the door opened, and the agent beheld, framed in the doorway, a picture to which Gavarni alone could do justice.

The person whom he saw was a veritable prototype of the immortal Anastasia Pipelet. The florid hues of her pimpled face seemed to indicate that she was no enemy to the seductions of Bacchus. Her costume was of the plainest, the robe being a nondescript garment, as uncertain in its form as in its hues, and the dingy shawl, which was crossed over her shoulders and tied in a knot at the back of what was supposed to be her waist, was in the last condition of antiquity; her face, which was tied up in a red cotton handkerchief, seemed to indicate that she was a victim to the agonies of toothache, which was rather strange, as, upon closer view, it appeared that most of her teeth had long before taken their departure. She was a creature purely Parisian, and one whom Trochard under-

stood how to manage. He therefore said, with a seductive smile, that he would like to enter madame's lodge and ask her a few questions about one of the residents of the house; would she kindly allow him to order a bottle of wine, if such a thing was to be obtained in the neighborhood?

The guardian of No. 201 received these overtures in a very friendly manner, and declared her poor apartment was at the service of monsieur, and if he would enter and

be seated, she would herself procure the wine from a café that was but a step away.

The agent complied with the invitation, and had scarcely time to become familiar with the milkpails, charcoal and firewood which comprised the stock-in-trade of the portress, when the charming creature returned, her face wreathed in smiles.

Trochard could not help feeling a sense of amusement at the thought of this hag in the character of a correspondent of the beautiful Countess de Clairville. Conquering his sense of amusement, he politely invited his hostess, who had placed the bottle on the table, to be seated and share the

wine, a request she was only too willing to comply with.

"Madame," began the agent, when the glasses had been filled and emptied, "I desire to ask you a few questions in regard to a lady whom I believe to be a resident of this house."

"Oh, but monsieur," broke in the portress, "the secrets of my lodgers, do you see, they are sacred to Modeste Gigot."

"Nor would I seek, madame, to invade that secrecy were it not a question of life and death to one of my friends."



READY FOR A CANTER.

Le Renard paused for a moment, passed his handkerchief across his eyes, and then went on in the most mournful tone: "Yes, Madame Gigot, I feel you can sympathize with the woes of an unhappy and too credulous husband, deceived by the most unworthy of women"—and the detective sighed profoundly, and wiped away an imaginary tear.

The small eyes of Madame Modeste glowed like coals of fire, and the rosy hues of her countenance grew more intense.

"Ah, monsieur," she replied, "these poor husbands, they are always deceived. But, *grâce à Dieu!* it is the duty of us honest women"—and madame drew herself up proudly—"to do all we can when appealed to in the cause of virtue. You understand, monsieur, I should keep the secrets of my lodgers; that is my first duty, but *dame de pitié*, the assistance of an injured husband, the cause of virtue, these should be above all. Speak, monsieur"—and Madame Gigot, filling her glass and emptying it, waited Trochard's questions with an air of profound attention.

A HOLIDAY GAME.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

ALL in the golden sunshine,
'Neath the chestnut-trees, at play
A group of merry schoolgirls;
Who so happy as they?

Playing among the buttercups
Gilding the green-grassed earth;
Making the Summer breezes
Carry afar their mirth.

Earnest as though their lifework
Were centred in careless play,
And the wreath of glory they strive for
Fair-born of a Summer day.

Play on; play on, ere the tempest
Sweeps over life-skies so fair,
Ere sorrow shall leave its traces,
And years shall be full of care.

Play on; play on in the sunshine,
The world is all fresh and free,
And a fairy kingdom is circling
The wonderful chestnut tree;

And merrier music is ringing
Than ever the song-birds sing,
In the chorus of glad voices
Where youth is the blooming king

Play on; play on while the joy-bells
Are pealing their mirthful strain;
For the golden pleasures of childhood
Will never come back again.

ILMA.

"ILMA, my child, how late you are to-day! Harold Vaughan is waiting for you up-stairs."

I was tired and cross, unreasonable and nervous, and in no way inclined to see a visitor, even though that visitor was one of my most faithful friends, and the once chosen companion of my brother, who was now sleeping the last long sleep. So I tossed my hat and cloak on the little lounge, and knelt beside the fire that cheered and warmed the cozy basement where auntie always sewed, and passed her peaceful days during my school-hours.

"It has been such a miserable day," I complained, fretfully. "The boys were never so stupid and unruly, and I had to keep them after school-hours to pay for im-

perfect lessons. That's why I am so late. And now I must go up-stairs and be bored for an hour, I suppose. How provoking for Harold to call at this time!"

Auntie laid her gentle hand upon my head, caressingly. "Never mind, dear," she said. "Maybe better times will come for you. Harold is certainly very attentive, and such friendship as his is pretty sure to mean something more than friendship."

I felt my face turning red, but as yet I felt no consciousness of secret delight at auntie's hint.

Harold had *always* been good and kind to me, and I had been used to his little loving attentions for so long that they had seemed a part of my daily life, and I suppose I forgot to appreciate them as they deserved.

Perhaps my unamiable mood prevented my appreciation this afternoon of Harold's call. At any rate, I went very unwillingly up-stairs and entered the small parlor.

The first thing I saw was a magnificent basket of flowers standing on the small, round fancy-table, which had been a gift, also, from Harold some time ago. The giver himself stood in the shadow, further back, and I thought first he had grown tired of waiting and departed, leaving his comforting gift behind. So I bowed my head over the beautiful flowers, and rejoiced in them with all the love for the fragrant things my tired heart could give. Then a hand took possession of *my* hand, and a voice said, pleasantly:

"I'm glad you like the flowers, Ilma, and I wish—oh! how I wish that your *life* could be brightened as regularly as your parlor with flowers and the pretty things which I love to send you, darling!"

It was the first time I had ever heard such a peculiar tone in Harold's voice, and certainly he had never before called me "darling," or by any other such intimate title, and I drew my hand away from his close clasp hastily, thinking of auntie's previous words.

"You are surprised Ilma, I can plainly see," resumed Harold, with flushed face; "but, indeed, I cannot any longer withhold words which you ought to have heard long ago. Do you think it possible for me to help loving you, darling Ilma, when I have known you so long?"

"I can't see what there is in or about me to attract you," I replied. "But it is very foolish for you to care for me, Harold, since I can give you only friendship for all your love."

"That sounds hard, and not like yourself," he answered, with an expression of pain on his handsome face. "You might put your denial in pleasanter words, Ilma, since, at any rate, they are hard to bear."

"Pardon me, my friend," I said, touched by the sorrowful voice. "I did not mean to speak impatiently, but indeed, Harold, I am in no mood this afternoon for pleasant thoughts or words. I have come from school wearied in mind and body, and am sorry you happened to call, since you find me in one of my worst moods."

"I do not care in what mood you may be, Ilma. My love for you has grown so deep and true a love that not even your worst word can turn it from yourself."

He was smiling now, dear old fellow, because he saw a faint gleam of sunshine about my mouth, I suppose.

His earnest words and still more earnest face touched me deeply, but I could not help being amused at the idea of such a plain, ordinary-looking girl as myself winning the love and admiration of Harold Vaughan over the crowds of pretty, dainty damsels of fashionable circles, any one of whom would have jumped at an offer from my brother's friend.

Still I did not feel that I loved Harold Vaughan, although I cared a great deal for his friendship, and had

learned almost unconsciously to depend upon his thoughtful care of me, and his kindness for many and many a comforting gift and pleasure.

So I told him, in answer to repeated entreaties on his part, that I could never love him enough to be his wife, but to my friendship and sisterly regard he was welcome always. I told him that I had never failed to enjoy and appreciate his gifts, the flowers especially, and that his friendship for me I valued more than words could tell, but I did not want him to ask me ever again the question I now answered with a final negative.

I knew that my manner was hard and cold, but some perverse spirit had me under control, and Harold little knew that I was ready to cry for his disappointment and my own coldness.

But I didn't love him, I kept saying to myself all the while, as a sort of excuse for my conduct—and so what was the use of prolonging matters? He did not know, neither did auntie, as I did, that only a few days ago I had heard—no matter how or when—that "Miss Ilma Shirley only waited a chance to jump into Mr. Vaughan's arms, poor thing!"

"Jump into his arms!" Indeed! not I—and even if I had cared for him, I think that spiteful hearsay would have separated us.

When I had finished speaking Harold came and stood gravely before me.

"I cannot compel your heart to accept me, Ilma," he said, "but my heart shall never turn from you or cease from loving you. I cannot come here after this only as your friend, for my love would constantly betray itself, and so vex you; but, Ilma, listen, dear: In every way that it may be possible, I shall prove my desire to serve and please you, and you will know that at no time shall I forget you. Your life lately has been hard and discouraging, dear, and God knows I would gladly give you all of the sunshine that has fallen to my lot. But you will not receive it with the incumbrance of myself, it seems, and so I can only serve you at a distance. Good-by, my Ilma, for mine you are, at least as far as my *thoughts* hold you. One day, perhaps, you will want to see me, as I shall always long to see you!"

Then, before I could answer, he had left the house, and I had only the fragrance of his flowers to tell me of his love, and the words of true and noble friendship I had listened to a minute before.

Then I went down-stairs, carrying my flowers to auntie.

She sat before the fire in the fast-falling gloom of night, and I could see how terribly worried the poor, pale face looked.

"Ilma, you have sent him away! I know, for I saw his face as he went down the steps; and such a suffering face—such a sorrowful, despairing face, I never want to see again. Oh! how could you, after all his kindness during the past year!"

I put the flowers in her lap and stood silently beside her; for, if I had spoken, I should have cried. All the nervousness and worry of the long day—all the crossness and unamiability—had gathered themselves into one great lump, and settled in the narrowest part of my throat.

I felt as though I were choking, and tears would have relieved me, if only I had not been too proud to cry. So I stood moodily staring into the fire until our one servant came to set the table for dinner.

Then the gas was lighted, and we talked of other matters until our early bedtime.

The days passed as usual with me after that, but I was conscious of a kind of void, just what I couldn't describe, but a sense of something gone and finished, or laid aside

for ever. It oppressed me, somehow, and vexed me with its unexplainable annoyance.

One week passed, and I came home from school late Friday afternoon—as on the previous Friday—tired and worn out, and sad beyond expression.

When had a week passed before without my having seen my brother's friend, Harold Vaughan? And who would have thought I could miss him so?

But then I *didn't* marry him if I didn't love him, and no doubt he would soon get over his foolish fancy, and visit me as frequently and gayly as before.

Thus I tried to comfort my rather lonely heart, and let myself in at the front-door with my latchkey, actually trying to hum a merry song. The parlor-door was open, and the breath of the heliotrope and tea-roses floated out to welcome me.

There they were—the lovely, fragrant things—placed just where I could not fail to see them, and seeming to say, in plain, flower language, "Here we are, you see, Imla Shirley, bright tokens of Harold's remembrance of you and thoughtfulness of your liking for flowers."

The dear, dear things! I laid my face down amid the blossoms, and when I lifted it again there were one or two tears sparkling on the creamy tea-rose leaves, which kept the secret for me faithfully—the secret that I already missed my one faithful friend, and would have been glad if, at that moment, he had entered the room with his eager step and cheery face; only he must not have spoken of marriage or love; I was no more ready to listen to that to-day than a week ago.

Well, auntie came in presently and found me arranging my flowers fondly, lingering over them, and fussing with the delicate things as I would rather she had not seen me doing.

"Oh, Ilma, child, hasn't it been a long week? Somehow, I miss Harold Vaughan—don't you? He sent these flowers this afternoon, with compliments, for Miss Ilma. But why in the world doesn't he call lately?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Really, I can't tell, auntie, unless he intends keeping a sort of foolish determination not to visit me as a friend, when his whole heart proclaims him a lover instead. Those are his very words, auntie; don't laugh at me. I'm not a sentimental one, am I?"

"I don't know what to make of you, Ilma," she replied, wearily. "You don't seem to have any heart, and yet I'm sure you have always liked Harold very much. It is none of my business, to be sure; but then I like to see you happy, my poor, motherless and fatherless child! Poor, dear George! If he had only lived! A brother would have been a great comfort to you, wouldn't he, Ilma?"

By this time I was fairly ready to cry, but, as usual, too proud, and auntie saw only a shrug of my shoulders (I found that habit a splendid way of ending conversation between auntie and self) as she sighed and left me alone again.

I looked around the room. Here and there were pretty, fancy vases of curious design, little nick-nacks on tables and mantles, a small, marble-topped flower-stand, on which stood a pot of finely growing ferns and grasses—all of these were gifts from Harold, and how could I help liking him, though I couldn't love him?

And so the weeks passed by. One day of every week brought me some loving gift from Harold, which I would find on my return from school. Now it would be a basket of flowers, fair, fresh and dainty; now a box of choicest candies; now a new book or new music (sometimes I found a minute to spare at the piano); and once,

when I came from school, a stormy, dark, disagreeable afternoon, I found on the piano-top, in charming contrast with the dark cover, a ground-glass slipper, purely white from dainty heel to dainty toe, and nestling within, in place of some fairy foot, a bunch of violets, sweet and

my heart, though strongly moved, yet failed to respond as the writer urged:

"Ilma, may I come now? Haven't I waited long enough for your heart to know itself? I do not forget you, Ilma—I *cannot* forget you."



A HOLIDAY GAME.—SEE FORM ON PAGE 600.

dewy, and fragrant as violets could be. Who but Harold—dear fellow!—would ever have thought of so dainty a gift?

With it was a note, the first he had written to me since the long-ago night of my curt words to him.

By the fast fading light I read only these few lines, but

That was all; but still I didn't think I could bind myself to marry. Certainly my heart had learned to think of Harold as once I never dreamed it would. In all these long weeks I had missed and yearned for my absent friend; but if he would only come back as my plighted lover, he had little chance of ever returning, for I would



ILMA. — "I LAID MY HAND ON HAROLD'S FOREHEAD, AND TOOK WITH THE OTHER HIS FEVERISH HAND, AS I HAD A PERFECT RIGHT TO DO."—SEE PAGE 590.

not promise to marry Harold Vaughan, nor did I love him.

I still insisted.

"Come back as my friend, Harold," I wrote, simply, in reply, and my note went to him the next day.

But he didn't come, although, in expecting and watching and waiting for him, day by day, I learned a new secret of my heart which I had not known before. And meanwhile my school duties wore wearily on.

But one day I returned from school later than usual to find that Harold had called to bid auntie and me good-by. He was going away for some time and could not leave until he had said good-by to the two he cared for so sincerely.

What cruel fate could have kept me so long on the way? He was gone when I reached home (auntie said he

would have missed the train had he waited longer for me), and I could only receive the many kind messages he had left me, and try to be content with them.

When another week passed, and still another, and no little gift from my friend brightened either of them, I somehow grew restlessly lonely, and began to wonder what I should do if Harold never returned, even though he was only a friend, and *not* a lover!

Then one day, in the midst of a stupid recitation at school, when my mind had begun to wander from the lesson and search for my absent friend, there came a telegraph-boy, in gilt buttons and stripes, bringing me immediate summons home. As the note was written by auntie I knew *she* was all right, and so was puzzled all the way home to know why she had summoned me.

Ah! how could I guess that Harold had been brought

to his home crushed and unconscious, through the fearful railway disaster which the papers were just proclaiming?

Poor, poor Harold! his first conscious words were something about *me*; and his mother, in haste, sent a message to auntie, who summoned me at once. In two minutes I was at his home—auntie and I—and there, in an adjoining room, I was forced to listen to the constant cry (for Harold had grown delirious again):

"Ilma! Ilma! dear Ilma! may I come to you now?"

"He has called for you in that way ever since they brought him home, Ilma," sobbed his mother. "I did not know he loved you so. Oh! how *could* you refuse my boy if he loved you so?"

And auntie cried silently with poor Mrs. Vaughan, while

I—oh, what did I do? I stole softly into the sick-room and laid my hand upon Harold's forehead—yes, laid one hand on his forehead, and took with the other Harold's feverish hand, as I had a perfect right to do, for, at last—at last, I had learned my own heart, and if Harold only awoke to reason and health again, and cared to ask me the question of long ago over again, despite all "hearsays," spiteful or otherwise, Ilma Shirley would gladly "jump at the chance," and marry Harold Vaughan.

How long was it before the blue eyes opened again to meet mine? I don't know, but it seemed to me a long, long while before the weak lips framed the request, "May I come now, Ilma?" And I said, "Now and always, dear Harold, as *you* will"—at last!

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY N. ROBINSON.

It was in the August of last year that I took several days "off" for the purpose of "doing" the British Museum, and Great Russell Street was compelled to recognize in me one of the small army of visitors which daily marches into this marvelous collection of the treasures of the earth since the Flood.

The original Museum was Montagu House, purchased by the Government, in 1754, from the two heiresses of the Montagu family. After coming into possession, the trustees immediately laid out thirty thousand pounds on necessary repairs and alterations. The Museum was opened to the public for the first time on January 15th, 1759. The establishment then consisted of three departments only, devoted respectively to printed books, manuscripts, and natural history. That the Museum was highly appreciated, even in the earliest stages of its existence, may be easily imagined when I say that Northouck (1772), describing it when first founded, styles it "The wonder of all that beheld it, and confessed, all things considered, to be superior to any other Museum in the world."

The Museum, as a building, is described in a work published in 1830 as "A large and imposing rather than a grand or graceful edifice; entered by a simple, if not mean, portal, which opens into a quadrangle, formed on three sides by a long and lofty front and wing, and on the fourth side by a dilapidated Ionic colonnade, never handsome, with the gate in the centre."

The difference of the appearance of Montagu House from that of the Museum of the present day is very striking, not only with regard to the building itself, but also as to its situation relatively to the country and the town. The old house remained, down almost to the close of the last century, quite open on the north side, and commanded views of the surrounding fields; whilst the present edifice, although occupying the same site, and, indeed, covering a much larger space of ground, is almost completely shut in on three sides by streets and squares which are built up close to its walls, so that the only view of the edifice that can be obtained is that of the principal or southern front, in Great Russell Street.

The walls of Montagu House were removed piecemeal as the new edifice progressed, and their last fragments disappeared in 1845. In place of a dull brick wall which separated the old house from Great Russell Street, there was erected a handsome iron railing, partly gilt. Through this the magnificently enriched front of the new building can be surveyed by the passer-by in all its entire length. It presents a recessed portico and two projecting wings;

and as the edifice faces the south, the play of light and shade caused by the forest of Ionic columns with which the whole is faced, is such as no other portico in London possesses. At either extremity of the courtyard is a range of houses for the resident officials of the Museum.

In the centre of the iron railing—which is raised upon a granite curb, and is formed of spears painted of a dark copper-color, with the heads gilt, and an ornamental band—is the principal carriage-gate and foot-entrance, strengthened by fluted columns with composite capitals, richly gilt and surmounted by vases. The style of architecture throughout the exterior is Grecian-Ionic. The southern façade consists of the great entrance portico, eight columns in width, and two inter-columniations in projection. This is approached by a broad flight of steps. On either side is an advancing wing, giving to the entire front an extent of 370 feet; the whole surrounded by a colonnade of forty-four columns, raised upon a stylobate five feet and a half high. The columns are five feet at their lower diameter, and forty-five feet high. In the tympanum of the pediment there is a group of allegorical figures representing the "Progress of Civilization."

The building consists of four ranges of apartments, north, south, east and west, with a series of magnificent corridors three hundred feet in length. The southern range, which occupies the exact site of Montagu House, contains the grand hall and staircase. That extensive additions to the original designs were made goes without saying, the most notable being the gallery for the Elgin marbles, and the inner quadrangle, which contains the reading-room, and the accommodation prospectively necessary for the annual increase of the collection of printed books. It is one of the principal architectural features of the Museum, and the only one that is visible at a distance, the dome that crowns it forming part of the view of London, as seen from Hampstead Heath, and from the Norwood and Sydenham hills, near the Crystal Palace.

This great Museum of art, of natural history, and of literature has been of gradual, and, until of late years, of slow growth. It dates its actual foundation from the year 1753, when an Act of Parliament was passed "for the purchase of the Museum, or Collection of Sir Hans Sloane, and of the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts; and for providing one General Repository for the better reception and more convenient use of the said collections; and of the Cottonian Library, and of the additions thereto." Virtually, its origin may be ascribed to the formation by Sir Robert Cotton, at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, of his noted collection of

manuscripts, embracing biblical, historical and literary remains of the Early and Middle Ages, and especially rich in English literature, monastic records and state papers. The collection received augmentations from his descendants, and was eventually presented to the nation by his grandson, Sir John Cotton, in the year 1700.

The history of the Cotton Library is directly connected with the origin of the British Museum, for it was in consequence of the building in which it was preserved at Westminster being destroyed by fire, in the year 1731, that the Government of that time was induced to consider the scheme of a general repository for that and similar collections, realized by the Act of foundation of the present Museum.

The several collections enumerated in the Act of Incorporation—the Museum of Sir Hans Sloane, the Harleian Manuscripts, and the Cottonian Library—were brought together in the year 1754 in Montagu House, Bloomsbury, which had been built for Ralph, Duke of Montagu, and the site of which is occupied by the existing Museum. They were opened to the public on the 15th of January, 1759. Admissions to the galleries of antiquities and natural history were by tickets only, on application in writing, and were, in the first instance, limited to ten for each of three hours in the day. Visitors were not allowed to inspect the cases at their leisure, but were conducted through the galleries by officers of the house. The hours of admission were subsequently extended, but it was not till the year 1810 that the Museum was freely accessible to the general public, for three days in the week, from ten till four o'clock. The present arrangement, by which it is opened daily, and only particular rooms are closed alternately on four days in the week, dates from the month of February in the year 1879.

For a long period Montagu House was made to accommodate the Library and Museum with the collections which had subsequently accrued to them, and in the year 1816 accommodation for the Elgin Marbles had been obtained by temporary additions to the old building; but in the year 1823 space was demanded for George III.'s extensive library, then become public property.

The gift of the Royal Library to the British Museum by George IV., was certainly a munificent present; but when it is described as a gift "greater than has been bestowed by any sovereign on any nation since the library of the Ptolemies was founded at Alexandria," one cannot help smiling at the loyal exaggeration. The following is the text of the letter by which the gift was accompanied, addressed by the King to Lord Liverpool, Prime Minister:

"PAVILION, BRIGHTON, January 15th, 1823.

"DEAR LORD LIVERPOOL—The King, my late revered and excellent father, having formed, during a long series of years, a most valuable and extensive library, consisting of about 120,000 volumes, I have resolved to present this collection to the British nation.

"Whilst I have the satisfaction by this means of advancing the literature of my country, I also feel that I am paying a just tribute to the memory of a parent whose life was adorned with every public and private virtue.

"I desire to add, that I have great pleasure, my lord, in making this communication through you. Believe me, with great regard, your sincere friend,

"G. R.

"To the Earl of Liverpool, K. G., etc."

It had now to a very considerable extent become apparent to what dimensions a combined National Library and Museum of art, archæology, and natural history might be expected to attain. It was determined, therefore, to erect a special gallery for the reception of the Royal Library, and to make it a portion of a new building designed for the other collections, in place of Montagu House. By the year 1845 the four sides of the

present Museum had been erected, and Montagu House had, to the regret of many, been removed.

As time went on it was found necessary to make additions to the new buildings as designed by Sir Robert Smirke, and in 1857 the important feature of the present magnificent Reading-room, with its surrounding galleries for books, was added by Mr. Sidney Smirke, from designs suggested by the late Sir Anthony Panizzi, at that time keeper of the department of printed books.

Of the several departments which constitute the present Museum some have been only gradually developed. Originally there were only three, viz., of Manuscripts, Printed Books, and Natural History, the Coins and Medals and Prints and Drawings being united with the Printed Books.

The Department of Antiquities took its rise from the purchase, in 1772, of the collection formed by Sir William Hamilton, while ambassador at the Court of Naples, the foundation of which was the collection of fictile vases belonging to the family of Porcinari. It included, in addition, numerous objects in terra cotta and in glass, very many coins and medals, together with bronzes, sculptures, gems and miscellaneous antiquities, and was purchased from a special Parliamentary vote of £8,400. A large portion of a second collection, of equal extent to the first, was lost by shipwreck. The foundation of the Egyptian section of the department was laid by the acquisition, in August, 1802, of the antiquities acquired by the capitulation of Alexandria.

In the years 1805 and 1814 the department was further enriched by purchases of classic sculpture and other objects collected by Charles Townley, of an ancient family of Lancashire. The collection includes the majority of the finer single statues now in the Museum. The chief of them came from excavations at Hadrian's villa, near Tivoli; from the Mattei collection at Rome; from excavations at the Villa of Antoninus Pius at Monte Cagnuolo, near the ancient Lanuvium, and from the Villa Montalto at Rome; or were acquired by various purchases. During the collector's life these marbles were preserved in a house adapted for the purpose in Park Street, Westminster. Mr. Townley died in the year 1804. By his will he bequeathed his collection to his brother, on condition of his expending on a building, for its exhibition, a sum of not less than £4,500; or, failing his brother's acceptance of the condition, to his uncle, on the same terms, and if declined by both legatees, it was to go to the British Museum. In the following year, 1805, a grant of £20,000 was obtained from Parliament to enable the trustees to make an arrangement with the family for the purchase of the marbles; and subsequently, in 1814, the bronzes, coins, gems and drawings of Mr. Townley's collection, which were not included in the bequest, were acquired for the sum of £8,200.

The years 1814 and 1815 are the period of the enrichment of the Museum by the acquisition of portions of the frieze, metopes and sculptures in the round of the Parthenon of Athens, and the Temple of Apollo at Phigaleia, in Arcadia. The Parthenon sculptures—partly the work of Phidias and the most precious relics of antiquity—with other works of Greek art at its highest point of excellence, had been brought together by the Earl of Elgin, chiefly during his embassy at Constantinople, in the years 1799 and 1811; and an Act for the purchase of his collection, for £35,000, was passed in July, 1816.

The Phigaleian marbles had been excavated by Mr. C. R. Cockerell, the architect, and others, who had formed an association for the purpose of exploration of antiquities. They were purchased in 1815, 1816 for £20,000.

Another interval of ten years was followed by the acquisition of Mr. Payne-Knight's marbles, bronzes, coins and other antiquities, bequeathed by him to the Museum, and

years 1851-1860 were added the Assyrian sculptures excavated by Mr., now Sir, Henry A. Layard.

In the years 1856, 1857 were acquired the remains of the



PRINCIPAL FAÇADE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM FROM GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

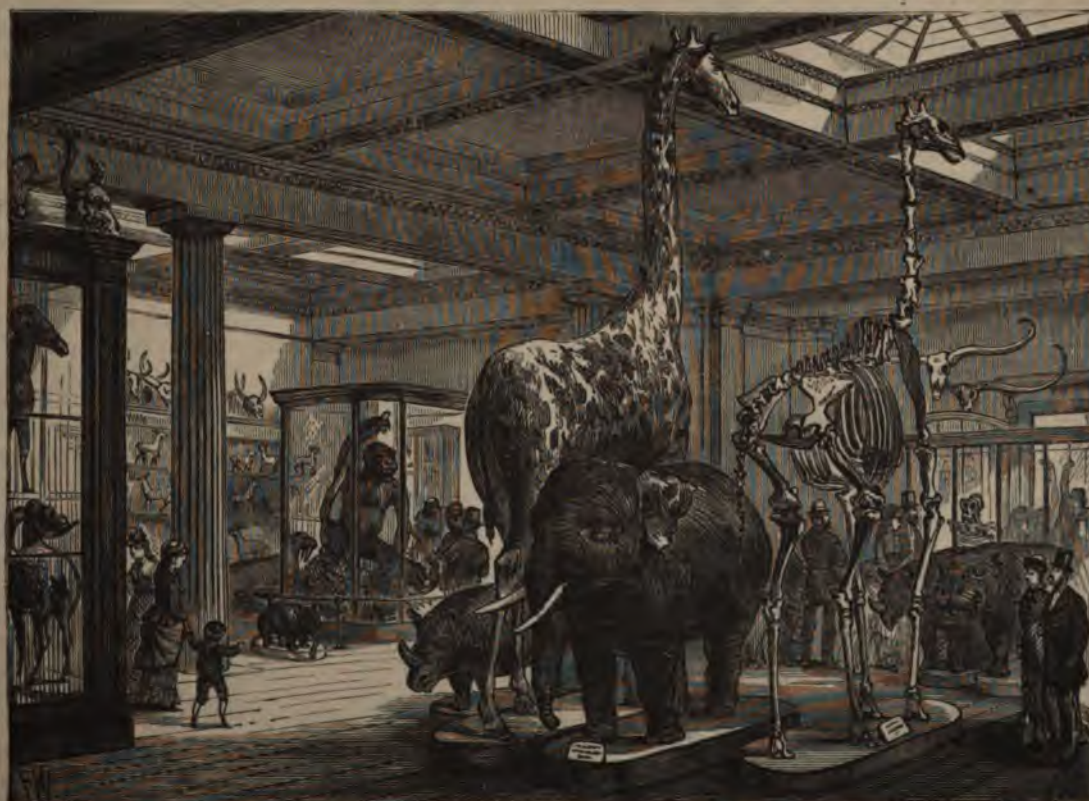
estimated at the time at not less than £60,000. The marbles recovered by Sir Charles Fellows from the sites of buried cities in Lycia were received in 1845. In the famous Mausoleum, with other works, from Budrum, the ancient Halicarnassus, recovered by Mr. C. T. Newton, the present keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities.



THE NINEVEH GALLERY.

Since then many choice works of Greek sculpture have been added to the Museum: especially may be mentioned those obtained from excavations at Cyrene in 1861, and by purchase from the Farnese Palace, at Rome, in 1864.

The latest acquisitions of importance are the remains of extremely interesting sculptured columns and other objects recovered from the buried ruins of the Temple of Ephesus in the years 1863-1875, under the direction of



THE MAMMALIA GALLERY.

Mr. J. T. Wood, and a series of architectural members and pieces of sculpture with a number of very important Greek inscriptions, excavated by the Society of Dilettanti on the site of the Temple of Athena Polias, at Priene, and presented by them in 1870.

These successive acquisitions have made the Museum collection of Greek marbles one of the richest in Europe in works of the finest art. In sculpture of purely archaic interest the Museum is quite pre-eminent, for no other gallery can show works to rival in antiquity and completeness the wonderful monuments of Assyrian art unearthed by Mr. Layard at Kouyunjik, the site of the ancient Nineveh, and at Nimroud. The colossal bulls and long extent of sculptured slabs covered with inscriptions which ornamented the palace of Sennacherib, the records of Assyrian history inscribed in cuneiform character on sundried bricks and cylinders, with ivories, bronze vases and numerous other objects, brought together within the Museum walls, have been the means of, in a great measure, restoring the history and realizing the grandeur and advanced civilization of an ancient empire, the memory of which had been almost lost.

The great collections of sculpture successively absorbed by the Museum were, in the majority of instances, accompanied by other monuments of ancient art—as bronzes, fictile vases, coins, gems and gold ornaments; and these received large additions from the purchases made at the sale of the celebrated Pourtalès collection in 1865; the acquisition of the Blacas collection in the year 1866; and the two collections purchased from Mr. Alessandro Castellani in 1872 and 1873, respectively. These are mostly brought together in the suite of rooms on the first floor.

As was to be expected from their many-sided interest, the collection of coins and medals, from being a small branch of general antiquities, has grown to be a separate department. The first considerable acquisitions were derived from the general collections of Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Hans Sloane. The cabinet of Anglo-Saxon coins of Samuel Tyssen was purchased in the year 1802, for £620; and this was followed, in 1805 and 1814, by the Townley collection; in 1810 by that of English coins formed by Edward Roberts, of the Exchequer, bought by Parliamentary vote for £4,200; in the following year by the Greek coins of Colonel de Bossett (£800); in 1824 by the coins and medals in Richard Payne-Knight's collection; in 1833 by the Greek and Roman coins of H. P. Borrell, of Smyrna (£1,000); in 1836 by the Oriental collection bequeathed by William Marsden; in 1856 by Greek and Roman coins from Sir William Temple's collection; in 1861 by Mr. De Salis's present of Roman coins of all metals; by that of Mr. Edward Wigan of imperial Roman gold coins, in 1864; by upward of 4,000 coins, chiefly Roman gold, from the Blacas collection, in 1866; and in the same year by the Greek coins bequeathed by Mr. James Woodhouse. In 1872 the sum of £10,000 was expended in the purchase of the finest specimens of Greek and Roman coins in the Wigan collection.

The extensive cabinet of gems which constituted the main feature of the Blacas collection, comprising 951 cameos and intaglios, including the chief part of the Strozzi collection, belongs to the department of Greek and Roman antiquities, and is placed on view, with other gems and with gold and silver ornaments, in the room adjoining the department of Coins.

The original conception of the Museum as the combination of a library with works of classical art and specimens of natural history for a long time almost excluded the important, and, to the general visitor, perhaps more interesting branch of Ethnographical and Medieval antiquities,

though this was from the beginning partly represented by a portion of the Sloane museum. But, though of late growth, this department has rapidly developed itself, and is destined to form a conspicuous division of the Museum. The warlike weapons, the articles of dress and ornament, and other objects from the South Sea Islands, now no longer to be obtained, which had been derived from Captain Cook's explorations, until recently formed the principal representatives of the ethnographical section. But the addition of the prehistoric and general collection of Henry Christy, presented by his trustees to the nation in 1865, not as yet, however, placed in the Museum galleries, but still preserved in what was the private residence of the collector, raises it to a first importance.

The Medieval section has been greatly assisted by donations and bequests of glass, of rare pottery, Oriental arms, etc.; of European and Oriental armor; and the gift of Major-General Meyrick, in 1878, of Oriental armor and military weapons, with other objects. Specimens of Majolica, and antiquities of all descriptions, together with an extensive collection of Oriental porcelain, have been from time to time presented by the present keeper of the department. Among the principal purchases are those at the Bernal sale in 1855, for which a parliamentary grant of £4,000 was made; and in 1856, of the carved ivories collected by Mr. W. Maskell. A collection of British antiquities was commenced in 1851. It comprises illustrations of the early history of the British Islands through its various phases of early British, Roman and Saxon, lately enriched by the donation from Canon Greenwell, of his very valuable collection of early British remains excavated from the barrows of England, and comprising about 200 British urns and a number of relics found with them.

Although the antiquities of India have always been represented in the Museum, the collection was not considerable; and this was the less important as the Indian Government had a Museum of their own in London. In consequence, however, of the recent transfer from this institution to the British Museum of the early Buddhist sculptures from Peshawur and the Amaravati Tope, they are now likely to occupy a more prominent position.

The Natural History collections have also been of late growth—though now developed to magnificent proportions.

The deplored necessity of separating the Natural History collections, in order to make room for expansion of the other branches of the Museum, has already so far operated that the three departments of geology, mineralogy and botany have been withdrawn and are now established in the new building erected in Cromwell Road, South Kensington. Difficulties in obtaining fully furnished cases for exhibiting the specimens have delayed the opening to the public of the galleries in which they are placed; but the work of arrangement is being actively proceeded with.

The Zoological collections, constituting a full half of what is comprehended under the general term of Natural History, still for a time continue to occupy galleries in the British Museum. Zoology was to a small extent only represented in the Sloane Museum. Colonel George Montagu's Ornithological collection was added by purchase in 1816; but it was only in the year 1837, after Major-General Hardwicke's collection of Indian animals of all classes (bequeathed in 1835) had been received, that a sufficiently large nucleus for a zoological department was formed.

The Department of Prints and Drawings occupies but a small space in the Museum building, but its contents

should be perhaps more generally attractive than any other of the collections. Original drawings of Michael Angelo and of Raphael, and of others of the Old Masters, with etchings and engravings of the different schools from the earliest period to recent times, are not only of the highest value for the study of modern art, but are objects of enjoyment easily appreciated by all classes. In addition to accumulations by purchase, it includes the collections of Sir William Hamilton, acquired 1772; of Mr. Townley, 1805, 1814; of Baron Moll, 1815; of Mr. Payne-Knight, 1824; of Mr. Sheepshanks, purchased in 1836; of Mr. Harding, purchased in 1842; of Raphael Morghen's works, purchased in 1843; Sir William Gell's drawings, bequeathed by the Honorable Keppel Craven, 1852; the political prints of Mr. Edward Hawkins, formerly Keeper of the Antiquities, purchased in 1867; the collection of Mr. Felix Slade, bequeathed in 1868; and that of Mr. John Henderson, bequeathed in 1878.

The Department has no gallery for the display of its contents, but, in order to make them in some degree more generally known, a selection, to such an extent as the space allows, is exhibited in the King's Library.

In addition to the numerous objects belonging to these several classes of antiquities and to certain branches of natural history, which are displayed in the various galleries open to the inspection of visitors, a large number, of equal interest, and essential to the illustration of the subjects they are connected with, are, from want of exhibiting space, either placed away in drawers or arranged in a very crowded state in the basement. Here are stored rather than exhibited very interesting monuments of antiquity, Indian sculptures, Mexican antiquities, many Roman sepulchral sculptures, Greek and other inscriptions in large numbers, and other precious remains. The removal of the Natural History collections now in progress will give the opportunity of bringing out the greater part of these antiquities for public inspection; at present they can scarcely be examined by individual students. In these obscure vaults are deposited also the first casts taken from many of the finest of the Museum sculptures, capable of being made available as models for art-students if placed in suitable galleries.

In concluding this short general view of the gradual formation of the different collections, it is essential to remark that they are exhibited not as mere objects of curiosity or of passing interest, but as means of direct instruction in art, archaeology, and natural science. It would seem, however, that this truth is far from being generally recognized. If lessons to students could be given from the visible objects and specimens exhibited in the Museum, it cannot be doubted that a more living interest in the sciences they illustrate would be awakened than can be excited by the more usual modes of teaching from the book.

The trustees at the present time are fifty in number. Of these, one is nominated by the Sovereign; twenty-five are official, among whom the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons are always included; nine are "family" trustees—the Sloane, Cotton and Harley families being represented by two each, and the Townley, Elgin and Knight families by one each; whilst the remaining fifteen are chosen by the former thirty-five. Of the Townley, Elgin and Knight collections we shall speak in due course.

Lord Macanlay was one of the trustees, and was anxious to improve the administration, but found it apparently a hopeless task. He writes, in his diary, under date November 25th, 1848: "After breakfast I went to the

Museum. I was in the chair. It was a stupid, useless way of doing business. All boards are bad, and this is the worst of boards. If I live, I will see whether I cannot work a reform here."

The nomination of the subordinate officers rests with the trustees, the candidates being subjected to a test examination before the Civil Service Commissioners. There are three grades, and in each grade promotion goes by seniority; occasionally an officer is promoted from a lower to a higher grade, but only in a case of singular merit.

The following is the arrangement of the collections on the various floors: To the *right* on entering the hall printed books and manuscripts. To the *left*, antiquities in sculpture. In *front*, Lycian sculptures and reading-room, and beyond, the older portion of the library and cataloguing rooms. In the basement, to the *left*, are mosaics, tessellated pavements, Roman sculptures, Assyrian bas-reliefs, etc. On the *upper floor* (right), zoological specimens. In the *front*, minerals and fossils. On the *left*, vases, terra cottas and small antiquities. On the *left*, Mezzanine floor, north end, is the Department of Prints and Drawings.

The magnitude of the Library may be gathered from the enormous staff required to keep it going. There are four keepers, four assistant keepers (one acting as superintendent of the reading-room), fifty-seven assistants employed in cataloguing, etc., and ninety-five attendants, besides a large number of binders and dusters. A sum of £13,800 a year is generally allowed for purchases. At the present time the library of printed books is estimated to contain 1,800,000 volumes; the library of manuscripts, 50,000, of which 8,500 are in Oriental languages; above 45,000 charters and rolls; 7,000 detached seals and casts, and more than 100 ancient papyri in Coptic, Greek and Latin—the Egyptian being preserved in the department of Oriental antiquities, together with the Assyrian and Babylonian literature, which is incised on clay and stone tablets.

The department of Printed Books, the foundation of which was laid in 1757 by about 50,000 volumes belonging to Sir Hans Sloane's library, has been enriched during the six score years of its existence by numerous gifts and purchases, and by the operation of the Copyright Act.

It is indebted, amongst numerous other benefactors, to King George II., for 10,000 volumes, called the "Old Royal Library," extending from Henry VII. to George II.; to S. da Costa, 180 Hebrew books, obtained for Charles II.; to George III. for tracts relating to, and published during the reign of Charles I. and the "Commonwealth" (1640-60), comprising 30,000 articles; to Dr. T. Birch, for works on history and biography; to Mr. Speaker Onslow, for a collection of Bibles; to Sir J. Banks, for 117 books printed in Iceland, and others on theology; to Sir J. Hawkins, for books on music; to Garrick, for English plays; to Rev. C. M. Cracherode, for 4,500 volumes, including many rare and valuable editions of classics; to Sir J. Banks, for 16,000 volumes, chiefly on natural history; to King George IV., for the splendid library formed by George III., comprising about 65,250 volumes and numerous pamphlets, called the "King's Library"; to the Rt. Hon. T. Grenville, a choice library of 20,240 volumes, formed by him at a cost of upward of £54,000; to Felix Slade, specimens of rare early bindings; to Her Majesty's Government, 511 volumes of important Chinese works, from J. R. Morrison's library; to the Secretary of State for India, a large collection of the official publications of the various provinces of India; to the Boston Public Library, an extensive series

of documents relating to State institutions in Massachusetts; to the United States Government, executive and legislative documents, etc.

The purchases of large collections of printed books have not been numerous, the £10,000 annually granted by Parliament for many years past having been chiefly expended in filling gaps existing in the library. The more important of the purchases have been: The library of Baron Moll, of Munich; the Ginguené collection of Italian, French and other works; a collection of tracts and documents published in Paris "during the hundred days"; modern Greek works from Lord Guilford's library; a remarkable series of block-books, and of the earliest specimens of printing, from the Weigel library; 2,000 volumes on the Reformation, from the Schneider library; the great Chinese encyclopedia, containing treatises ranging from 1150 B. C. to 1700 A. D., in 5,020 volumes.

The printed books occupy the east and north wings of the building, the inner and outer portions of the reading-room, and the Grenville-room. The catalogue of the general library now exceeds 2,100 volumes, besides eight special catalogues.

The national collection of manuscripts originated with the Cotton library, to which three important additions were made by way of commencement—the Sloane, the Harley and the Old Royal collections. Numerous gifts followed, of which may be briefly specified those by the Rev. T. Birch, of historical and other MSS.; by Francis Egerton, eighth Earl of Bridgewater (1829), of 67 MSS., and 96 charters, with funded and real property for the augmentation of the collection and payment of a librarian; Sir J. Ware, history of Ireland; Sir J. Banks, Icelandic MSS.; Sir W. Musgrave, general obituary, auto-

graphs, warrants and deeds; J. Doubleday, 2,433 casts of medieval seals; Rev. D. Lysons, materials for "Enchiridion of London" and "Mag. Britannia"; General T. Harwicke, correspondence on Natural History; Marquis Wellesley (1842), official correspondence and papers of the Marq. W., Gov.-Gen. of India, 1798-1805; the Yule Persian, Arabic and Hindoostani MSS.; Marquis of Westminster (1873), early deeds of Reading Abbey.

The more important of the MSS. acquired by purchase are: The Lansdowne MSS., bought in 1807 for £4,925;

Hargrave's law library (1813, £8,000); Dr. Burney's classical MSS. (1817, £13,500); the Arundel (Howard) MSS. (1831, £3,500, in duplicate books); Hasted's collections for Kent; registers of the Archbishops of Canterbury, 1279-1756; Biblical and other valuable MSS. from the Duke of Sussex's library, etc., etc.

Papers and correspondence of Warren Hastings, in 268 volumes; original letters of Lord Nelson, 1797-1805; the Oriental collections of Sir H. C. Rawlinson (Arabic and Persian chiefly); musical works of G. Jefferies, H. Purcell, C. Dibdin, Pergolesi, Zingarelli, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mercadante, Bellini and other composers; the Oriental collec-



THE ELGIN MARBLES.

tion formed by Sir H. M. Elliot, Foreign Secretary to the Government of India.

The other historical deed is a time-worn and highly-valued piece of parchment, bearing the signatures (or copy of the signature) of King John and several of the Barons—the famous Magna Charta. This is inclosed within a glass frame, and has a fragment of the seal, totally defaced, depending from it. After the injury sustained by this unfortunate document, when the library in which it was formerly kept (the Cottonian) was nearly all destroyed by an accidental fire, at Ashburnham House, in 1731, it

was carefully extended upon coarse canvas; but through the effects of time and other circumstances, the ink has become very pale, and the writing is now nearly illegible.

five barons who witnessed the King's act, and is placed side-by-side with the original.

Mr. John Tims, in his "Curiosities of London," says



THE KING'S LIBRARY.

Many years ago, however, an admirable fac-simile of the deed, in its original state, was made by permission of the trustees; this is surrounded by the arms of the twenty-

that this copy of Magna Charta is "traditionally stated to have been bought for fourpence, by Sir Robert Cotton, of a tailor, who was about to cut up the parchment into

measures! But this anecdote, if true, may refer to another copy of the charter, also preserved at the British Museum in a portfolio of royal and ecclesiastical instruments, marked 'Augustus II., art. 106'; for the original charter is believed to have been presented to Sir Robert Cotton by Sir Edward Dering, Lieutenant-governor of Dover Castle; and to be that referred to in a letter dated as far back as May 10th, 1630, still extant in the Museum Library, in a volume of correspondence. But it would appear that the original Magna Charta is still a matter of dispute."

These general outlines of the contents of the departments of printed books and MSS. can only convey a faint idea of the treasures of the national library. Persons desirous of consulting them must obtain a ticket of admission to the Reading-room.

To obtain a permanent ticket—which is under no circumstance transferable, and must be carefully preserved, as renewals are not now granted—a written application must be made to the principal librarian of the British Museum. This letter must be accompanied by another, signed by a householder or person of known position. Persons under twenty-one years of age are not admissible. Readers should be careful to observe all the regulations, as, if once excluded, they are scarcely ever readmitted.

Maps, charts and plans, as well as manuscripts and music, are also consulted in the Reading-room; *extracts* may be freely made. For permission to copy a whole manuscript application should be made to the keeper of the department. *Tracings* from books, manuscripts, autographs, shields of arms, maps, plans, etc., may be made with the sanction of the principal librarian, obtainable through the superintendent of the Reading-room; but tracings are not allowed from miniatures or illuminations in body-colors.

The Reading-room and new Libraries were built in agreement with a plan submitted by Sir A. Panizzi—in the vacant space formed by the inner quadrangle of the Museum, thus economizing ground and money, and securing the fittest situation, close to the apartments in which the books are deposited. The work was completed in three years, at a cost of £150,000—Sidney Smirke being architect, and Messrs. Baker & Fielder builders—and the room was opened 1857.

The Reading-room is circular, surmounted by an elegant dome 140 feet in diameter (only two feet less than the Pantheon, and one foot more than St. Peter's, Rome), and 106 feet high. It is constructed chiefly of iron, by which much space is saved, with brick arches between the main ribs, supported by twenty iron piers. It was furnished to seat 302 readers; but in 1878 the attendance averaged 392 daily—114,516 in the year. The shelves in the Reading-room contain 60,000 volumes; 20,000 on each of the three tiers; with the external shelves there is accommodation for 1,500,000 volumes. The number of printed books used in 1878 in the Reading-room was 1,358,273, or about 4,648 for each of the 292 days during which the room was open. The several catalogues are arranged in the central desks. The "Reference Library" in the Reading-room may be used without writing tickets, but for any other books the catalogues must be consulted and tickets made out on the forms placed at the central desks, of which the following is a copy:

READERS ARE PARTICULARLY REQUIRED

1. Not to ask for more than *one work* on the same ticket.
2. To transcribe from the catalogues all the particulars necessary for the identification of the work wanted.
3. To write in a plain, clear hand, in order to avoid delay and mistakes.

4. To indicate in the proper place on each ticket the number of the seat occupied.

5. To bear in mind that no books will be left at the seat indicated on the ticket unless the reader who asks for them is there to receive them.

6. When any cause for complaint arises, to apply at once to the superintendent of the reading-room.

7. Before leaving the room, to return each book, or set of books, to an attendant at the centre counter, and obtain the corresponding ticket, the reader being responsible for the books so long as the ticket remains uncanceled.

8. To replace on the shelves of the reading-room, as soon as done with, such books of reference as they may have had occasion to remove for the purpose of consultation.

N. B.—Readers are not, under any circumstances, to take a book or MS. out of the reading-room.

Attendants distribute to the readers the books they have asked for from the library, but readers are required to return them to the central desk when done with. Readers would do well to replace immediately after reference the books taken from the shelves in the room. Newspapers are consulted under the same regulations as ordinary printed books.

It may be as well to add here a list of a few of the offenses against the code of rules and regulations for which "readers" have at various times been excluded from the reading-room. Writing (or making marks) in pencil as well as ink, in Museum books, manuscripts, etc., even corrections of the press and the author; damaging book-bindings, etc.; tracing and coloring without permission; leaving the library-books on the tables, instead of returning them, and obtaining the vouchers or book-tickets; transferring reading-tickets to other persons for their use; taking books out of the reading-room; annoying lady readers; insulting the officials; disturbing students; carrying lighted cigars into the room; uncleanly habits; conveying away the property of the trustees (for which offense, we need scarcely say, a term of imprisonment has followed the exclusion); and also for employing fictitious names and initials in order to gain admission, or for passing under fictitious names and titles after admission gained. For this offense a "reader" of some standing, a foreigner, who had fraudulently assumed a sham title of nobility, in 1874, had his reading-ticket stopped.

To the right of entrance hall is the Grenville Room, in which are to be seen a bust of the Right Hon. T. Grenville, donor of this choice library; table-cases of block-books, precursors of printing; the "Biblia Pauperum," earliest specimen, once a popular devotional manual; the *Ars memorandi*, for learning by art the four gospels.

The MS. Saloon adjoins, and here are works in specimens of ancient and illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters, charters, bindings, and seals. I would advise the visitor not to miss any of the following: The Anglo-Saxon charters, A.D. 692-1331; copy-books of Edward VI., the Princess Elizabeth, Charles I.; Lady Jane Gray's manual of prayers, used by her on the scaffold; the *Basilikon doron*; Scott's MS. of "Kenilworth"; the Shakespeare autograph; plan of battle of Aboukir, by Nelson; British cavalry at Waterloo, mem., by Wellington; letters of eminent men, 16th-19th cent.; autographs of sovereigns; the illuminated Oriental manuscripts in central cases; psalters, breviaries, hymnals, with miniatures and borders; *Somme le Roy*, 14th cent., highly finished miniatures; in the upright cases, the "Codex Alexandrinus," containing Greek text of the holy Scriptures, 5th cent., given to Charles I. by Cyril, Patriarch of Constantinople; Books of Genesis and Exodus, A.D. 464, earliest dated MS. of entire books of scriptures; Bible revised by Alcuin, by command of Charlemagne; the Pentateuch, written on

goat-skins, 4th cent.; the Koran, written in gold, 1305-6; copy of the Gospels in Latin (Cotton MSS., Tiberius A. II., the only undoubted relic of the ancient regalia of England), sent over to Athelstane by his brother-in-law, the Emperor Otho, between 936 and 940, given by Athelstane to the metropolitan Church of Canterbury, and borrowed of Sir Robert Cotton to be used at the coronation of Charles I.; the "Book of St. Cuthbert," or "Dunham Book," a copy of the Gospels in Latin, written in the seventh century by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, and illuminated by Athelwald, the succeeding bishop; the identical copy of Guiar des Moulis's version of Pierre le Mangeur's Biblical History, which was found in the tent of John, King of France, at the battle of Poitiers; MS. of Cicero's translation of the Astronomical Poem of Aratus; the Bedford Missal, executed for the Regent Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V.; Psalter written for Henry VI.; *Le Roman de Rou* (Harl. MS. 1425); Henry VIII.'s Psalter, containing portraits of himself and Will Somers; Queen Elizabeth's prayerbook, written in a print hand; the cover is her own needlework; Harl. MS. supposed to be the best MS. of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales"; a volume of Hours, executed c. 1490, by a Flemish artist (Hemmelinck?), for Philip the Fair, of Castile, or for his wife Joanna, mother of the Emperor Charles V.; Carte Blanche which Prince Charles (Charles II.) sent to Parliament to save his father's life; Oliver Cromwell's Letter to the Speaker, describing the Battle of Naseby; Milton's assignment of "Paradise Lost" to Simmonds the bookseller for £15; original MS. of Pope's "Homer," written on the backs of letters; the Magna Charta (photographs, as the originals are fading); the bull of Leo X. conferring on Henry VIII. the title of Defender of the Faith, 1521; Greek and Coptic papyri; also royal, ecclesiastical, monastic and baronial seals.

Leading out of the MS. Saloon is the King's Library, containing the magnificent collection presented to the nation by George IV. Here are exhibited choice specimens of printing, engravings and drawings, playing-cards, and selections of the finest and most interesting medals in the Museum, and electrotypes of the choicest ancient coins, dating from B.C. 700 to the year 1. The most noteworthy are the beautiful specimens of Greek coinage in cases three and four; the magnificent medal of Jacoba Corregia; the famous medal of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, struck by Gregory XIII.; the great medals of the Valois kings; Napoleon's medal of the "Conquest of England"; medals by Princess Louise; portrait medals of Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots; medal of Blake's engagement, by Simons; the Dunbar military medal.

In the King's Library are the very fine water-color drawings recently bequeathed by Mr. John Henderson; views and studies of Canaletto, T. Girtin, J. R. Cozens, J. M. W. Turner, David Cox and W. J. Müller; German playing cards, 15th century, presented by General Meyrick; also early Venetian, Parisian, English and Chinese playing-cards; a remarkable series of portraits illustrative of English history and the engraver's art; works by Payne, Glover, Marshall and Cecil.

William Roger's contemporary print of Queen Elizabeth in her state robes is very remarkable; the double portrait of Charles and Doña Maria of Spain; J. Rutlinger's portrait of Elizabeth (unique); the Gunpowder Conspiracy; James I. and Prince Henry in Parliament, are also worthy of serious attention.

In the table-cases in this library are also the Mazarine Bible (Case 3), the earliest complete printed book known, beautifully printed, Gutenberg and Fust, Mentz, 1455; "Reynaert die Vos," 1479, first edition (Case 5); the ear-

liest productions of the printing-press in Italy, France and England (Cases 6-8); first edition of the "Divina Comedia"; Gasparinus Barzizius, 1470, the first book printed in France; the first printed Psalter, in Latin, on vellum—Montz, Fust and Schoeffer, 1457; the first book printed with a date (Case 3); "Æsop's Fables," Milan, about 1480; the first edition of the first Greek classic printed (Case 6); the first edition of Homer, Florence, 1488; Virgil, printed at Venice, by Aldus, 1501; on vellum; the first book printed in Italic types; it belonged to the Gonzaga family, and carries the autographs of the two Cardinals, Ippolito and Ercole, as well as that of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua (Case 10); the only fragment of Tyndale's first Translation, printed 1525—the edition was destroyed; of Shakespeare, all the four folios, and first editions of his 4to plays; his sonnets unique; books printed by Caxton; "Recuyell of the historyes of Troye," first book printed in English; the "Book of St. Albans," 1486; the specimens of fine and sumptuous printing (Cases 9, 10), Aldine editions of the classics; book illustrations (11); books with autographs of distinguished persons (12), such as Lord Bacon, M. Angelo, Katharine Parr, Sir I. Newton; indulgence of Leo X., sold by Tetzel, against which Luther expostulated, and thus brought about the Reformation; Luther's appeal; appointment of Cromwell as Lord Protector (13); typographical and literary curiosities, Cranmer's Bible; first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623; "Robinson Crusoe," 1st edition; specimens of choice Grolier and other bindings (14), and others too numerous to mention. I am merely naming those which struck me as being of most interest.

We now turn into the Galleries of Sculpture, entrance being on the left of hall. The first gallery contains the Anglo-Roman Antiquities and Græco-Roman Sculptures, busts of Roman Emperors, especially Cnæus Lentulus, from Cyrene; Julius Cæsar; the Young Augustus, in beautiful condition; Nero; Otho, very rare; Trajan; Hadrian (statue), bust of his wife, Sabina; Antoninus Pius; Marcus Aurelius; Faustina, his wife; Lucius Verus; Crispina; head of a Barbarian (Arminius or Caracacus); also two sarcophagi with reliefs, story of Achilles; labors of Hercules.

In the first Græco-Roman Room are Satyr playing with the infant Bacchus (Farnese); Apollo Citharoedus, statue from Cyrene; Apollo, heroic size (Farnese Palace); Venus, with vase, copy of Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles; Satyr playing on cymbals (Rondinini Faun); Canephora (Villa Montalto); gigantic vase, with relief; Satyrs making wine, very interesting (Hadrian's villa at Tivoli).

In the second Græco-Roman Room are the Discobolus, athlete throwing discus, after Myron (Tivoli); the Townley Venus, found in the marine baths of the Emperor Claudius at Ostia, 1776, a refined statue of the Goddess; Female bust (? Dione), very beautiful; Head of Apollo (as leader of the Muses), time of Lysippus, in excellent condition, the bold treatment of hair being wonderful; Bearded Male Head looking upward, Macedonian period, of masterly execution (Pantanello of Hadrian's villa); bust of Youthful Bacchus.

In the third Græco-Roman Room are Head of Hercules, colossal, found at the foot of Mount Vesuvius; "Clytië" (so-called), the portrait of a Roman lady of the Augustan age, in splendid condition, purchased by Mr. Townley, in 1772, from Prince Lorenzini; Heroic bust, very fine, from Ostia, restored by Flaxman; Statue of Thalia, Muse of Comedy; Head of a Muse, wreathed with myrtle; Apotheosis of Homer (relief from the Colonna Palace); Actæon devoured by his hounds (villa of Antoninus Pius); the



THE LIBRARY GALLERIES.

Farnese Mercury, life-size statue; Venus, torso, called the "Richmond Venus"; Ægipan; Visit of Bacchus to Icarus, relief; Satyr, recumbent, holding a winecup; Bacchic Thiasus, relief, from Galbi; Boys quarreling over game at knucklebones, modeled with great vigor, found in baths of Titus; Youthful Pan, sculptured by M. C. Cerdo; Nymph of Diana, seated, a refined composition (Garden of Sallust); Head of the Young Hercules, from Gezano; another from the Barberini Palace, a very fine type.

In the basement are tessellated pavements from Carthage and Halicarnassus and figures and reliefs of the Græco-Roman period (provincial art). Adjoining the Townley gallery is the new room of Archaic Sculpture. Here we will find the "happy tomb," from the Xanthian acropo-

lis; seated figures from Sacred Way, Branchidæ; examples of early Etruscan sculpture; terra cotta coffin from Cervetri, with male and female figure reclining on the lid, exceedingly curious; two large vases from Ialysos; the Choiseul Gouffier Apollo. In the ante-room: a seated figure of Demeter, and statue of Indian Bacehus.

Leaving the Lycian Sculptures, we come to the Mausoleum Sculptures, adjoining the Archaic room, and stand in mute admiration before the Mausoleum.

Erected to her brother and husband, Mausolos, Prince of Caria, by Artemisia, B.C. 352, this magnificent monument formed one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. It represented the apotheosis of the prince; Skopas, Leochares, Bryaxis and Timotheos were engaged upon it.



THE GREAT READING-ROOM.



THE LYCIAN GALLERY.

We now reach the Elgin Marbles, or Parthenon Sculptures. The production of the greatest of Greek architects (Iktinos), and of sculptors (Phidias), and erected during the administration of Pericles in honor of Pallas Athene, on the acropolis of Athens. These remains of the highest art of the sculptor were obtained by the Earl of Elgin, when ambassador at Constantinople, 1801-3; purchased from him by the Government for £35,000 in 1816, at a total expense of about £74,000.

The room adjoining is occupied by the Hellenic Marbles, obtained from Greece and its colonies. The Frieze of the Temple of Apollo Epicurius near Phigalia, Arcadia, erected by Iktinos, B. C. 450; it represents the contest of Centaurs and Lapithæ, and invasion of Greece by the Amazons. Recovered by C. B. Cockerell, and purchased in 1815-16 for £19,000. In this room I would draw attention to the remarkable figure of an athlete (after the Diadumenos of Polykleitos).

The Assyrian Collections are now arrived at. There can be no question that the objects which have been, and are at this day being, brought from Assyria and Babylonia, are among the most interesting in the British Museum. The recent expeditions of George Smith, who gave up his life in the work, and of Hormuzd Rassam, of Abyssinian celebrity, the discovery and decipherment by Smith of the annals from the libraries of Nineveh and Babylon, added to the previous discoveries of Layard, Rawlinson and Loftus, have brought to light as complete a history of an ancient and cultured people as could be looked for in these modern times. Slabs are here sculptured in relief,

representing the religion, warfare, customs (very fine series of lion-hunts of Assurbanihabla in basement), and domestic habits of the Assyrians; in the Nimroud, Kouyunjik (site of Nineveh), and Assyrian basement rooms; colossal lions and human-headed bulls, sculptures, inscribed columns, terra



THE ROSETTA-STONE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

cotta tablets, with the famous cuneiform texts incised, bronzes, and ivory carvings, bronze gates of Shalmaneser II., from Balawat, with military expeditions embossed, descriptive of the burning of a city of Rizia, king of a district near the source of the Tigris, reception of tribute by Shalmaneser II. from Sangara, King of Karchemish, also of the capture of the city of Sunguni, of Aramé, King of Ararat, and destruction of the cities of Parga, Ada and Qarqara, in Hamath; ivories from the Palace of Nineveh, cylindrical seals of Dungi, King of Babylonia, B.C. 2000, of Sennacherib, B.C. 700, of Nebuchadnezzar, B.C. 600; glass bottles, vases, one of Sargon, B.C. 721; bricks with royal names impressed, from Tower of Babel, etc.

Among the cuneiform tablets are Chaldean accounts of the creation and fall; address to primitive man; Chaldean record of the building of the tower of Babel, and account of the deluge; also the Chaldean version of the creation of the moon and stars, and narration of the events of the first three days of the creation—all of inestimable value as giving earlier traditions than those recorded by Moses. I also noted the tablet of Tiglath-Pileser II., recording the conquests of Babylonia, Palestine, etc., and mentioning, among the tributary kings, Merodach-Baladan and Ahaz, King of Judah, B.C. 745-727.

The visitor should take note, in this department, of the sculptured slabs recently obtained from the ancient Karchemish (Isaiah x. 9), with the "graven images," and picture-writing, yet undeciphered, of the Hamathites, the destruction of whose cities is represented on the gates of Shalmaneser II., above mentioned.

A glance up the principal Egyptian gallery is sufficient to satisfy us that the ancient Egyptians have been rightly described as the "monumental people of the world." Solid grandeur and simple art are impressed on every one of the relics here displayed. The larger antiquities, obtained on the capitulation of Alexandria, were presented by George III.; others were acquired from the Earl of Belmore, Belzoni's and General Vyse's excavations, Mr. Salt, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Duke of Northumberland, and Marquis of Northampton. These are arranged in chronological sequence, the earliest monument being at the top of the gallery in the Egyptian vestibule.

In the vestibule are statues and tombstones of the fourth dynasty, under which the great pyramids were built, a remote era, earlier than Abraham; the beautifully finished tombstones, with sculptured figures of the twelfth dynasty, the period of Joseph, and a colossal head of Rameses II. (Ibsamboul) over doorway, the latter a cast. On the staircase are Egyptian illuminated papyri, illustrating scenes from the after-life of the dead.

In the long gallery, north, are, colossal head and arm of Thothmes III. (red granite, Karnak); statues of Amenophis III. (black granite, Thebes); colossal heads and obelisk of the same Pharaoh; two granite lions from Mount Barkal; statues of the cat-headed goddess Sekhet (Bubastis); colossal head of ram (Karnak); the famous Tablet of Abydos, giving succession of the Pharaohs; also the well-preserved fresco-paintings.

In the central portion are, colossal busts of the great Rameses II. (Sesostris) from Thebes, and of a queen, the latter possessing a huge fist.

In the southern portion are massive sarcophagi of Nectanebo I. (B.C. 378-360), of Naskatu, priest of Memphis; of Hapimen, of Queen of Amasis II. (B.C. 538-527); gigantic scarabæus, emblem of the Creator; the renowned Rosetta-stone, containing an inscription three times repeated—1st, in hieroglyphics; 2d, in a written character called Demotic or Enchoreal; and 3d, in the Greek language. This celebrated stone furnished the late Dr.

Young with the first clew toward the deciphering of the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics. It was found (1799) by M. Bouchard, a French officer of engineers, in digging the foundation of a house, near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, among the remains of an ancient temple, and came into the hands of the English by the capitulation of Alexandria. The stone itself is a piece of black basalt, and contains a decree set up in the reign of Ptolemy V. (Epiphanes), probably about the year B.C. 196. The principal historical facts mentioned are the birth of the King, B.C. 209; the troubles in Egypt, and the decease of his father Philopator; the attack of Antiochus by sea and land; the siege of Lycopolis; the inundation of the Nile, B.C. 198; the chastisement of the revolted; the coronation of the King at Memphis, B.C. 196; and the issue of the decree itself the following day. The best rendering and explanation of the Rosetta-stone is, as our readers know, the work of students of an American college.

At the end of this gallery are the huge Khorsabad human-headed bulls; and specimens of the antiquities yielded by the Island of Cyprus, mostly statuettes in white stone, busts, heads, toys, and miscellaneous objects.

We now become engrossed by the smaller antiquities. On the upper floor, reached by the staircase at the end of the Egyptian gallery, are arranged the smaller antiquities. In the first Egyptian room are the mummies of Egyptians and animals, coffins; remains of Egyptian dress, ornaments, and articles of domestic use; also representations of gods and goddesses and sacred animals.

The well-preserved mummies of Cleopatra, of the Soter family; of Shepshet, B.C. 700; of Harnetati, high priest of Amoun are here; the coffin of King Menkara, builder of the third great pyramid, the oldest coffin with one of the earliest Egyptian inscriptions; the supposed remains of the king lie just by. Among the small figures of the gods are, Amenra (Jupiter); Osiris (type of Christ; judge of the dead); Isis and child Horus; Thoth (Mercury); Anubis, god of embalming; and Bes or Typhon (devil). In the civil section are the Egyptian pillow, chairs, the wig of an Egyptian lady; ivories, combs, ointment vases, some for *stibium* for painting the eyes, writing utensils, musical instruments, and specimens of the beautiful Egyptian linen. Amulets, scarabæi, bracelets, pendants for the neck remarkable for cleanliness of cutting as well as for the refined sentiments of many of their inscriptions. In the next room are further illustrations of the sepulchral remains; also numerous models of mummies, probably used as trade-samples by the embalmers, and at the dinner-table of the Egyptians, as a passing hint that even at the feast death, everywhere else present to the denizen of the Nile valley, should not be forgotten. Likewise here we have the Gnostic amulets worn about the second century, A.D.; some of the talismanic inscriptions running: "Give grace to the possessor," "Sabaoth," "One God in salvation," "Serapis conquers the evil eye."

In the second Egyptian room are temporarily placed the unique examples of ancient and mediæval glass from the collections and bequests of the late Mr. Felix Slade (1,750 specimens) and the temple cabinet.

Here is a fine glass amulet of Pharaoh Nuantef IV., B.C. 2423; also small Phœnician vases with metallic hues; a cup with figures in relief from Cyzicus; Anglo-Saxon tumbler and cups; early French goblets of J. and A. Boucault, and E. Boselon; German ruby glass; engraved glass from Flanders; Venetian glass, the early blue cup with triumph of Venus; the elegant specimens of *retro di trina*; mosque lamps.

In this room I also noticed the Witt collection of antiquities used in the bath of the ancients, strigils, oil-vases, etc.; specimens of Roman pottery and red ware; and vases from tombs in Cyprus.

The Museum is particularly rich in the fictile vases of Etruria, Greece and Italy, chiefly from the Hamilton, Townley, Elgin, Payne-Knight, Canino, Pourtalès, and Blacas collections. The paintings on these vases are extremely edifying, illustrating as they do the art, religion and customs of the Greeks, chiefly. They are of various sizes and shapes, having distinct names, such as the *oinochos*, *aryballos*, *amphora*. The Panathenaic amphora (24), oldest specimen; the large krater from Cære; the Caninus vase (Surprise of Thetis by Peleus); vase with name of Polygnotos; the Athenian pyxis (158). The celebrated Portland vase, found in tomb of Alex. Severus, and of his mother Julia, near Rome (from the Baberini palace), can be seen in the Gem-room. To miss this vase would be a fatal error.

In the second vase-room are beautiful groups of small terra cotta figures, rhytons, toys, Roman mural paintings from Pompeii, etc.; the Flute-player; also miscellaneous objects in glass, bone, ivory, and other materials; the Cnidian imprecations on lead; tickets for the theatre (*tesserae*); weights. They are simply superb.

From the collections of Payne-Knight, Temple, Felix Slade, Woodhouse, Hamilton, Townley, Blacas, Pourtalès, Castellani and Pulszky, the Museum has derived most of the antiquities in this group. The Etruscan, archaic Greek, and later bronzes, chiefly Roman, are seen in the wall-cases.

In the table-cases are select specimens of early bronzes from a tomb at Polledrara; archaic Etruscan bronzes in case B, incised *cista*, boxes or caskets used for strigils and articles of the toilet. Armor, Etruscan mirrors in case C, with classic legends incised. The embossed bronzes in case D, especially the group in high relief, combat between a Greek warrior and an Amazon, found near the River Siris, South Italy; Mirror, subject: Menelaus seizing Helen at the Trojan palladium—a beautiful and very precious work, from Cervetri; and *Dikasts'* or jurors' tickets.

In case E.—Ganymedes, in perfect condition; Silenus *cistophorus*—a rare work; Seated philosopher; Jupiter, seated—finely modeled; Head of Mercury, best period of art; Jupiter, two figures, very fine works; Apollo (androgynous), a beautiful bronze; Lamp (head of greyhound), highest art; Head of Hypnos, god of sleep; Ionic head (? King of Numidia), invaluable as an example of ancient portraiture; Male head (? Homer), one of the finest Ionic bronzes extant; Venus arranging her tresses, and Mercury holding a purse and caduceus—remarkable for elaborate finish and delicacy.

In cases 44-47 are the largest and finest bronzes, such as Venus adjusting her sandal; Bacchus as a boy; Hercules holding the apples of the Hesperides; Pomona; Busts of Claudius and Lucius Verus; Meleager slaying the Calydonian boar. Also, in cases 56-60, Lamps and Roman candelabra.

In case F.—Locks, keys, fish-hooks, knives, needles, etc., establishing the antiquity of many domestic implements.

Case A.—Armlets, brooches, horse-trappings, etc.

In a separate case is the gem of the collection, a colossal head of Artemis, of the best age of Athenian art, and the largest known work of the kind. This belonged to a statue, of which the head also remains. It was found in Armenia, at a cost of £8,000.

In the British and Medieval Room are very instructive

examples of British antiquities anterior to the Roman invasion, Roman remains found in the country, and Anglo-Saxon antiquities. The department has recently been enriched by the Meyrick armor, carvings, enamels, etc., and by the Henderson metal works, pottery, majolica, and glass, exhibited in the new room at the top of the principal staircase.

The ethnographical collections and prehistoric remains, illustrating the manners and customs of the savage races of the earth, will repay examination.

The gold ornaments and gems in the collection include the Payne-Knight, Cracherode, Townley, Hamilton, Blacas, Strozzi and Castellani cabinets. There are beautiful varieties of the gems of Egypt, Etruria, Greece, Rome, as well as medieval and modern intaglios and cameos and jewelry; also gold ornaments of the Celtic and Roman periods. A bust of Augustus with agis, the young Germanicus, Julius Caesar, Ptolemy Philadelphus and Arsinoë, Head of Medusa, Hercules, Jupiter Ammon. Celtic gold breastplate, said to have been excavated at Mold, Flintshire, after an old woman had reported that she had seen a British chieftain, in glittering armor, standing on the spot. Etruscan jewelry, gold, unsurpassed for delicacy and elaboration of simple design. Special note should be taken of the fine fibula from Cervetri, the necklaces, bracelets, and the bullae worn by the Etruscan children. Also of the vase placed here.

On the upper floor, near the British room, are coins and medals. Here are an unrivaled series of the mintages of the world, ancient and modern, and examples of English and foreign medals of great artistic merit, specimens of which we have seen in the King's Library.

Mr. John Tims, in his "Curiosities," remarks that "the real Queen Anne's farthing, with the figure of Britannia on the reverse, and below it, in the exergue, the date, 1714, brings from seven shillings to a guinea; but at Baron Boland's sale, in 1841, a pattern piece fetched £9 9s. The idea that there is but one Queen Anne's farthing in existence, and that only three were struck, is a popular error, several hundreds having been struck. This erroneous belief has caused the British Museum authorities almost as many annoyances as the rarity of a 'tortoiseshell toment.'"

The Greek coins are invaluable as original works of the highest art. For the study of this art, of chronology, history, mythology, geography and metrology, these coins, coupled with the Roman series, are of an importance which is scarcely yet recognized. This department includes, besides, extensive purchases and gifts. The Cotton and Sloane collections, the Anglo-Saxon coins of S. Tyssen, English coins of E. Roberts, of the Exchequer, the Greek coins of Colonel de Bossett and of H. P. Borrell, with Roman pieces, the Payne-Knight collection, Marsden's Oriental coins, Sir W. Temple's Greek and Roman coins, the Roman coins of Mr. De Salis, the Imperial Roman gold coins presented by Mr. E. Wigan, in 1864, and the fine series of Greek and Roman coins purchased in 1872, from the collection left by him (£10,000), the Blacas Roman gold coins, the Woodhouse Greek coins and the cabinet of coins and medals belonging to the Bank of England, including the Cuff and Haggard medals presented in 1877. By the efforts of Mr. Stuart Poole and his staff, these various collections—numbering between two and three hundred thousand pieces—are admirably arranged, in five classes—Greek, Roman, English, Medieval and Modern and Oriental; and of the Greek, Roman and Oriental classes exhaustive catalogues are being published.

The Greek series commences with the silver coins of

Egina, and the Lydian staters in electrum (gold with silver alloy), and extends throughout the whole Greek period, to the time when the Greek cities enjoyed the right of coining under the Roman rule.

The Roman series begins with the *aes grave* (copper 1 lb. in weight), and extends to the fall of the Western empire. The Medieval and Modern series follows on from the fall of the Empire in the West, and commence with the coinages of the several sovereign princes of Europe. The English series dates from the Heptarchy, seventh century. The Oriental includes the coins of the Pagan and Mohammedan princes of the East.

In the Department of Prints and Drawings the collections have been enriched with the valuable donations by Cracherode, Payne-Knight, Fawkener, Nollekens, Earl of Exeter, Society of Dilettanti, Towne, Crowle, W. Smith, Hon. R. K. Craven, C. Hall, Mrs. Garle, Slade, Anderson, and by the recent splendid bequest by Henderson, of drawings by Turner, David Cox, Girtin, Cozens, Canaletto and Müller.

The prints, drawings, etc., are arranged chronologically and according to schools. Of the Italian school, the specimens of the best masters are very fine. There is a valuable series of the German school, the Dürer and Holbein being second only to the collection of the Archduke Charles, at Vienna. The Dutch and Flemish schools include fine examples of almost every great master; the Rembrandt etchings are the most complete series in Europe. Of the French, every leading artist is well represented. Of the Spanish, few but very choice prints and drawings. Of the English, specimens of every known master. The Nielli are exceedingly rare. I would call attention to the cast of the famous Maso Finiguerra, Pax; illustration of the invention of engraving. Silver pax from Sta. Maria Novella. Hone-stone carving by Dürer, "Birth of St. John."

In the Natural History Departments are specimens of

the worlds of Zoölogy, Geology, Mineralogy and Botany. The collections are arranged in galleries on the first floor, reached from the main staircase. In the East Gallery is the magnificent collection of birds, birds-of-paradise, Amherst pheasant, and Impeyan pheasant, also the Coot's nest, and nests, etc., of Fowl of Taviuni and great crested Grebe; the shells (finest collection in the world); and the Lemurine monkeys in table-cases, the ruffed lemur, black indri, crowned propithecus, great crested owl.

The North Gallery contains nests of birds and insects (interesting), gigantic land tortoises of Aldabra and Islands of Abingdon and Galapagos; reptiles and batrachia, the gigantic Anaconda boa seizing a wild pig; star fishes and sea urchins; British animals, fishes, insects, spiders and crabs, sponges, etc.

In the department of Geology we have the fossil plants, fishes, bird remains (large *Dinornis*), eggs (some enormous), mammalian remains, fossil reptiles, sponges, corals, nummulites, stone lilies, worms, insects, crustacea, shells, elephants and mastodons, fossil female skeleton, cave-remains, South African reptiles (new), and the pygmy elephant of Malta.

In Mineralogy the finest and best arranged collection in Europe, embracing every species of mineral; with the largest assemblage of meteorites (one three and a half tons, from near Melbourne); aërolites,

etc.; and in Botany the herbarium has been rearranged, and is almost perfect. Interesting exhibited collections of fungi, algæ, lichens, mosses, ferns, grasses, palms, cycads, conifers, parasitical plants, fruits and stems, proteaceæ, fossil plants. Sections of wood are exhibited in table-cases. The mammoth tree of California; beams from palace of Nimroud of the cedar of Lebanon.

I have now endeavored to tell the story of this modern cave of Aladdin and of the jewels I gazed at therein. Should this article prove an Open Sesame to even one reader of the *POPULAR MONTHLY*, my gazing shall have been done to a purpose.



THE VENUS OF THE TOWNLEY GALLERY.



THE LOST MINE.—"THEY WERE WHIRLED AWAY WITH FRIGHTFUL VELOCITY, AND HAD ALL THEY COULD DO TO KEEP THEMSELVES
IN THE CENTRE OF THE STREAM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE LOST MINE.

CHAPTER I.—A RELIC OF THE AZTECS.

Down through great gaps in the mountain-walls, tearing through dark and gloomy cañons, of startling depth and unknown length, and then winding, or sometimes dying, among arid plains, the branches of the great Rio Colorado find their way to the main stream, and to the stormy waters of the Gulf of California.

A glance at a map of New Mexico, Arizona, and the more northern Territories, will give some faint idea of those unexplored, unsurveyed, yet weird and wonderful regions.

Our story, however, though it will bring us among them, opens on the balcony of the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, years ago.

Two young men were conversing in low tones, between the puffs of their Havanas. Both were of robust and powerful frames; but while the blue eyes and brown curls of the one betokened his Anglo-Saxon lineage, the handsome face of the other was of a fairly, Spanish darkness.

"Well, Waring," said the latter, "our intimacy began romantically enough, and it has ripened apace; but as yet, I believe we have learned very little of each other's history or plans."

"The fact is, Leon," said the blue-eyed man, "my history is not worth telling, and my plans are vague enough. I don't care to follow the beaten track of other explorers, and I have a sort of fever for going into some place where I shall be ahead of all other white men."

"My notion exactly; but where is that?"

"I think we know as little of Arizona as of any other corner of the earth."

Leon gave a slight start, and for a moment did not answer. Then, with a keen scrutiny of his comrade's face, he said:

"You are right, doubtless; but what if I should say that I have been there before?"

"It might interfere with my notion of preceding all white men; but, perhaps, you could act as guide."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Like the grave."

"Swear to me, then, and I will tell you."

Joe Waring was fairly startled by the solemn earnestness of his strange friend, and even more by the fearfully impressive language in which he worded what sounded very much like an oath of secrecy; but he gave all the required assurances, and Leon continued:

"Then I will say that I can be your guide in Arizona; and I am not a white man!"

"Not a white man!" exclaimed Waring, as he almost sprang from his chair. "You are not an Indian?"

"I scarcely know what I am. I was twelve years old when the Apaches stole me from the Maricopas, among whom I was brought up, and I was a year older when I was captured from them by some traders. How I was adopted by a miner, who became wealthy, and educated me as his own son, would take too long to tell; but I well remember that my grandfather was a sort of a priest among the tribe, and that he was as unlike the other Indians as I am. Thereby hangs a tale that I will tell you, if we are to go to Arizona together."

"Go? Why, after what you have already told me, I am wild to go. I shall be in a fever until we are fairly on our way. My outfit, as you know, is all ready, and yours cannot take long to gather. All we need, then, is the right men, and then we can run down to Los Angeles.

"We only want half a dozen men—true grit and veteran miners; and I know how to pick them out better than you do. I want some genuine old 'brethren of the mountains,' whom I can trust."

Leon's black eyes were lightening now with a fire which gave almost a sinister cast to his fine countenance; and after a little more conversation the two friends parted, to press their preparations for their trip.

CHAPTER II.

FAIRLY STARTED ON A MINE-HUNT.

A few weeks before this, as Joe Waring was going home to his hotel at a somewhat late hour, long after midnight, he had been attracted by a row of some kind, in a side-street branching off from the main thoroughfare, in which he was walking; and as he saw one man defending himself against three, his natural chivalry prompted him to interfere. His powerful arm was a most timely and acceptable succor, and the result was an intimacy of rapid growth between him and Ferdinand Leon. Both of them were "foot loose," with plenty of money, and, with all the frankness of youth, they speedily became almost inseparable.

This much is by way of explanation, and we really have nothing to do with the dry details of the journey, which carried them by way of Los Angeles, on the coast, and through the passes of the "coast range"; but we will join company with them again on the lower waters of what is now known as "Bill Williamson's Fork," on the east side of the Colorado, and with the perilous and unknown wilds of Arizona spreading out before them.

So far as men, animals and equipment went, their "outfit" was unexceptionable, and the half-dozen sturdy "mountain men" who rode behind them would have delighted the very heart of Fremont or Kit Carson.

These latter knew very little, and cared less, as to the precise map of the journey for which they were engaged. They only knew that they were "found" with all the necessities, well mounted, well paid, and were to have a share in the result. As to the danger and difficulty of the trip, that was fairly "nuts and honey" to men of their stamp, Comanches and Apaches being expected as a matter of course.

As they rode along Leon entertained his friend with numberless wild legends of the region around them; of its history during the Spanish occupation; of the wonderful reports of the early Jesuit missionaries; and, more than all, of the times of the ancient Aztec glory, when it was a garden of productiveness, thickly strewn with cities, whose ruins even yet remained to witness for the power and civilization of the vanished race.

In those days, so ran the legends, the numberless mines of silver and gold, with which all that country abounds, had been by no means neglected, but had been kept from the vulgar as a sort of sacred thing, specially appertaining to the priestly caste; and as, by one misfortune after another, the Aztec race was compelled to loosen its hold upon its ancient empire, they had concealed, with superstitious devotion, and the cunning of priestly craft, all traces of the sources of the wealth which had been the foundation of their power.

"It is my belief," said Leon, "that my grandfather was one of the last relics of that ancient caste, and the depository of their secrets, into which, for their preserva-

tion, he was trying to initiate me at the time of my capture by the Apaches; and I think I remember quite enough of certain wild midnight excursions in his company, to be of special service to us on this trip of ours. The only thing that bothers me is, that our men will learn as much as we do; and yet we cannot do without them."

"Swear them," said Waring. "I believe any one of them will keep a miner's oath."

"No doubt. That is my notion; but it may not be necessary. Time enough for all that hereafter."

"About how far have we to travel?"

"Three or four days' journey ought to bring us to a good spot for exploration, even if we take it easy."

"Any Indians?"

"Swarms of them; and I am half surprised that we have not yet met any."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth before a half-suppressed shout from one of the men, who had ridden somewhat in advance, interrupted their conference. They were just mounting a slight acclivity, and a few bounds forward brought them to its crest.

The meaning of the shout was at once apparent. They themselves were partially hidden by the tall stems and branches of the cactus plants around them, and but for the shout they might have concealed themselves, had they chosen. The shout, however, low as it was, had attracted the attention of a party of about a score of Indians, who were lazily plodding along in the hollow beyond, and who were clearly bent on learning its meaning. Evidently it puzzled them, for they were out of the range of hostile war-parties; and yet it was not an Apache signal, for Apaches they were at once pronounced by all the mountain men.

"Shall we hide, or fight?" said Waring.

"Neither," said Leon. "We can't hide, for they know that somebody is here; and, to tell the truth, as they are a small party, I don't mind having a chat with them, if only to learn what bands are on the warpath. They are not strong enough to pitch into us off-hand; they will talk with us first."

The Indians were still sitting in seeming irresolution, their mustangs huddled closely together, as they consulted in rapid gutturals, and Leon rode boldly forward toward them. About half-way, he reined in his horse, extending his right hand with the palm up, and the well-known invitation to a parley was promptly accepted by an Apache warrior, who came galloping up to meet him.

In a few minutes the two "embassadors" seemed to have arranged some sort of a treaty of peace, and, in obedience to their loud summons, both red men and white men rode forward to join them.

The former were, as the mountain men supposed, a band of Apaches, but were not at that time attached to any one of the main divisions of their tribe. They were on an independent hunt for game, scalps, or miscellaneous plunder, and a few horns of fire-water obtained from them a noisy invitation to accompany them to their camp, which, they said, was at no great distance.

There were reasons both for and against an acceptance; but Leon, who was practically "captain," of that expedition, decided to go, and an hour later found our adventurers among the scattered lodges of an Apache camp.

CHAPTER III.

AN APPARITION AND A PURCHASE.

The Plains Indians generally were at that time in the midst of one of their occasional spasms of good behavior, facetiously termed *peaces*, with the white men; and a few

presents of trinkets and fire-water seemed to have put that band in a very conciliatory frame of mind, for they speedily began preparations for some kind of a feast of welcome, making all sorts of protestations of their goodwill and their joy at so opportunely meeting their "pale-face brothers."

Ordering their men to keep well together, and have a sharp eye on their horses and mules, and, accompanied by the chief first spoken of, whose name the latter translated as "Ragged Hill," Waring and Leon started on a stroll through the little camp, for it was, as yet, scarcely midday. All was as familiar to Leon as it was novel and interesting to his friend. One lodge was very much like another, however, for squaws, papooses, dirt and tethered mustangs.

"I can't make them out," said Leon, in English; "they are not exactly a war-party, and yet I can see that they have been on a trail. Most likely down below the Hasayampa, among the Mojave and Maricopa villages. They strike them, whenever they get a chance."

"Not enough of them to have done much harm," said Waring; "but what sort of a lodge is that?"

As he spoke, he pointed to a conical lodge, covered with beautifully-tanned antelope skins, and much smaller than the rest, which stood somewhat apart, apparently guarded by several lounging old haridans of squaws.

"Big medicine, I reckon!" said Leon; and without any outward semblance of haste or curiosity, he bent his steps in that direction.

Ragged Hill seemed a trifle uneasy, but made no direct opposition; and the white men paused a few paces distant from the door of the lodge, as if interested in the odd devices on the antelope-skins. The chief had just begun to mumble something in his guttural vernacular, when, suddenly, the robe which fell before the entrance was thrust aside, and a lithe and graceful figure, in a picturesque Indian dress, sprang out, and stood for a moment like a statue in front of the lodge, casting rapid glances in every direction, as if seeking some explanation of the varied sounds which had greeted the arrival of our heroes.

Closely following her, however, was a wrinkled old squaw, whose cracked voice rose to an elfish screech, as, with tongue and gesture, she seemed to demand an instant return to the lodge, whether it might be shelter or prison.

The graceful apparition, however, motioned her aside with a gesture of haughty disdain, for her eyes had fastened upon Leon and Waring, who had stepped forward as if with one motion. The chief himself had begun to address some orders to the other squaws, but it was too late, for Leon had already spoken in Spanish to the stranger, and the male and female redskins suspended operations for a moment, as if the occurrence was to them an unforeseen puzzle.

For a moment the lady of the lodge returned no answer. Waring had rapidly scanned her from head to foot, and could scarcely conceal his astonishment. Indian—at least, Apache—she certainly was not; for though her hair was of raven blackness, it was silky, and fell in undulating masses to her waist, and her complexion was a clear brunette, through which the roses in her cheeks blushed with a beauty unknown to the coarse-grained squaws of the Western plains. And yet he could scarcely say that she had the look of a Mexican; far less, of an American woman. He turned an inquiring glance to his friend; but Leon's face was as pale as ashes, and there was a look of intense interest in his glowing black eyes, far different from their ordinary dreamy expression.

When Leon spoke again it was in a tongue Ragged Hill



"DON'T CRY, JOHNNY!"—FROM A PAINTING BY KAREL OOMS.

may have imagined to be English, but which neither he nor Waring understood, and, to the further astonishment of the latter, after gazing for a moment in Leon's face, with a look like a startled fawn, the stranger turned, and disappeared as precipitately as she had come, under the drooping curtain of skins.

"Silence!" muttered Leon, in English. "Give no

which left his friend a good deal alone in his further conferences with Ragged Hill.

All the conversation between these two was carried on in Spanish, even after they were joined by other of the Apache warriors, though the latter conversed freely among themselves in their own tongue, seeming to have no fear whatever that it could be understood by any pale-face



THE IMPRISONED OWL.—SEE PAGE 624.

token of curiosity, but move on with me and the chief." Waring obeyed, though his curiosity was intensely excited. He had a good deal of confidence in his friend, however, and clearly saw the expediency of leaving to him the management of any affairs to which their Apache acquaintances might be parties. He even forced himself to simulate a degree of interest in various lodges, ponies and implements of Indian warfare, hunting and housekeeping,

listeners. At last, however, as the time for the feast drew near, Leon excused himself ceremoniously, on the plea of necessary preparation; and he and his friend were once more by themselves.

"Well, Leon," said Waring, "now we have got rid of old What's-his-name and the rest, tell me what is up."

"There's a good deal up, and we are fairly in for it."

"In for what?"

"For the wildest kind of an adventure. Whom do you think we have found in the fair lady of the medicine lodge?"

"Couldn't guess, for my life."

"Nor I, either, at first; but it flashed on me in a moment, when I came to look at her dress. They stole her on this trip, just as they stole me; and now they scarcely know what to do with her."

"Why, what is she?"

"One of the old race, just as I am. Some sort of a cousin of mine, I suppose, only I told her not to let them know it; for I have not forgotten my mother-tongue yet, nor Apache, either."

"Can you speak Apache?"

"Not very well, perhaps; but I can understand it when others speak it."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Do? Why, I have done it already! I have bought Ladoga, for that is her name, for *you*, and a pretty price, in horses and things, I have agreed to pay."

"Why for me? I'll back the price, though, and never mind the figure."

"It seemed better, somehow, and I made a greater bargain than I could for myself, you seemed so tremendously indifferent about the matter."

"It's queer enough, on my word; but it's all right, now you've bought her!"

"No, it ain't."

"Why not? Isn't it a bargain?"

"An Indian bargain—with the worst thieves and liars above-ground! They don't intend we shall carry off our purchase, you bet!"

"How do you know, and how are you going to help it?"

"Know—help it!" said Leon. "Why, I heard them talk it over in their own lingo, which they thought we did not understand. They mean us to keep our confidence in their good faith, so as to be off our guard; and they are to be reinforced by to-morrow night, so that they can sweep Ladoga and her lodge away from us, as they did from her unsuspecting friends, the Maricopas. We will block that game, though, or I am mistaken. Did you notice what a beauty she was?"

"I could paint her picture," said Waring, "and I'm in for a rescue at any expense. I don't need a mine particularly, and such an affair would quite fulfill all my intentions in coming to Arizona. When is our purchase to be delivered?"

"After the big eat this afternoon, and then we must make the tallest kind of tracking right into the wilderness. I'm glad our horses are in tiptop condition."

"Why not go straight back?"

"A delay of six hours at the Colorado Crossing, and we would have the whole tribe around us. So, now for the feast, and then for Ladoga and a night-ride."

The quick blood was warming to fever-heat in the veins of Joe Waring at the sudden conception of an adventure so full of all the romance of flight and fight, danger and rescued beauty, and, but for a quiet caution from his friend, he would have burst out into a hurrah.

"Hist!" said Leon. "Keep up your indifference. We are watched at every turn, and they must only suppose that you are satisfied with the bargain I have made for you. I must go and caution the men about drinking, and tell them to keep well together. We mustn't leave our animals unguarded, either, for it would scarcely pay to be left on foot out here."

So saying, the friends separated, and we will leave them for the present to their preparations for the coming "grand feed."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHASM BRIDGED.

SO MANY pens have described the grotesque and often disgusting features of an Indian feast, with its coarse and swinish gluttony, that we need not linger there, though our heroes were compelled to do so for three long hours.

Meantime, almost unconscious of the yells of the dancers, or the other sounds of rough merriment which came from around the camp-fires, the captive Ladoga sat silently in the tent of antelope-skins, seemingly absorbed in contemplating the hurried changes in her fate. But three days since she had been an object of jealous care and superstitious veneration to the small but important tribe who had been her protectors. Then she had suddenly found herself a prisoner to the worst savages on the plains—spirited away in the night, lodge and all; and now she knew that she had been ransomed; or, rather, purchased, by a pair of utter strangers. She could have wept, but that, to her simple and untutored mind, there was in it all such a world of food for curiosity and excitement.

At least she was able to maintain a degree of haughty and unswerving reserve before the wrinkled squaws who had announced to her the fulfillment of the promise which Leon had made during his brief address of that morning, and who now deemed it their privilege to intrude upon her privacy from time to time, with rude and garrulous prophecies of her probable destiny in the hands of her new owners.

"Her owners?" Masters of her fate they certainly were; but such men! Not at all like the vagabond Mexicans and traders who had been the only so-called "white men" upon whom she had ever set her eyes before. These two, in the glory of their young manhood, seemed to belong to another order of beings—as, indeed, they did. And the one who had spoken to her, she thought, who could he be?—for he seemed familiar with the sacred tongue, which no white man could ever have heard. Even the blue eyes and clustering, brown curls of Joe Waring only added to the air of once of mystery and distinction which seemed to invest the two handsome young strangers. At all events, it was decidedly pleasant to think of leaving the camp of the hideous and hated Apaches in such company, and she waited, with more than a little concealed impatience, the hour of her transfer. She had little enough of baggage to prepare, and her simple ideas found nothing to regret in such a circumstance. It is only a high state of "civilization" that calls for "Saratoga trunks."

At last the feast was over, and Leon took advantage of the full-fed good-nature of Ragged Hill and his followers to make a prompt tender of the blankets, trinkets, ammunition, firewater and four-footed "considerations" for the transfer of the captive. The Indians, to all appearances, seemed entirely satisfied with their bargain, and the medicine lodge was "struck" for removal without further comment from them. They exchanged a few keen glances among themselves when Leon ordered his men to prepare the train for removal, but accepted his explanation that he had chosen a good camp of his own at a short distance, as they had no doubt of their ability to watch his every movement. Ladoga herself, with her small quantum of baggage, was mounted on one of the handsomest of the spare mules, and Joe Waring devoted himself to her service for the present, as Leon, in his capacity of captain, was busy with other affairs.

He now had an excellent opportunity for a closer observation of his new purchase, and most satisfactory were

the results of his inspection ; for Ladoga was singularly beautiful, with a grace and dignity of manner rare, if not unknown, among the down-trodden females of the ordinary run of "aborigines." She seemed more than a little reserved, though she evidently understood his Spanish very well, and answered his questions and remarks for the most part in monosyllables. He made up his mind that she was under eighteen years of age, though her form was full and rounded, and there was a degree of intelligence in her large, dark eyes, which betokened a mind of more than usual activity. He determined that, come what might, such a being as that should never be again surrendered to the tender mercies of the Apaches. The latter, when their white acquaintances bade farewell to their camp, seemed disposed to accompany them, and did so for some distance, performing uncouth feats of horsemanship, and rending the air with discordant yells as they rode round and round the little cavalcade.

All this, however, was in honor of their guests, and was not continued long, as their gorge of deermeat, and their sundry potations, had scarcely tended to prepare them for a long ride.

Leon did not doubt that his place of encampment would be noted, but had little fear of an immediate attack, and he now returned to the side of Ladoga, and, half to Joe Waring's disgust, monopolized her in a prolonged conversation as they rode along.

At first Waring could see clearly enough that his friend was refreshing his knowledge of the region through which they were passing, and with whose leading features the "Lady of the Lodge" was, no doubt, familiar. Many of Leon's queries, too, were made in Spanish, but before long the two relapsed altogether into that strange but not unmusical tongue which formed the bond of mutual confidence and understanding between the interesting relics of the ancient race.

Waring could scarcely suppress a twinge of jealousy, and he certainly did wish that he understood Aztec, for the faces of the mysterious pair underwent countless and rapid changes of expression during their discourse. At last he interrupted them.

"Do you know where you are going, Leon?"

"Pretty nearly, thanks to my own good memory and Ladoga's assistance. I am going to show these Apaches something new in the line of getting off safe. When they saw me take this direction, they thought we were running our noses straight into the worst kind of a trap."

"How is that?"

"Why, a couple of miles further on is the deepest kind of a chasm, such as are common in this region, utterly impassable for over thirty miles up and down. It is in the form of a half-moon, and they reckon on its bothering us until the rest of their band comes up, and then they will have us at their mercy."

"But will they?"

"Not much, this time. I'll show you."

Waring was contented to wait for developments, and before sunset they halted near the brink of one of those strange freaks of nature so common there and in Mexico, but almost unknown elsewhere. The ravine, or chasm, was wider above and below them, but at that point it was less than twenty feet from edge to edge of the sharply-defined rocks on either side, while the precipice, shelving or perpendicular, descended into a yawning gulf, full two hundred feet in depth.

"That's a sticker," said Waring; "how will we ever get our horses over?"

"It'll be a sticker to the Apaches, but scarcely to us," said Leon.

"How so?" asked his friend.

"How so? With eight men, all handy at a job, plenty of tools in the outfit, and no end of the best timber, with horses to haul, I'd agree to bridge a wider chasm than that in an hour. There's no great hurry, either, for they'll let us alone to-night."

The thing certainly did put on a different look, and as for the mountain men, it was quite an old story to them. So, while part of them busied themselves about a camp and "corral," so stationed as to cover the proposed bridge from observation, the rest were leisurely preparing a set of timbers and crosspieces. Two stout young pines, about eight inches in diameter, other sections of pine, about eight feet long, split in halves, and pinned to the long pieces, a "tackle and fall" rigged to a tree, with a couple of mules to pull, and the thing was done. An army could have crossed on that same bridge.

A keen lookout for Indian scouts had been kept up while the work was going on, and the rock was carefully cleared of any traces which might have betrayed them afterward.

Shortly after dark the animals were blindfolded, to prevent fright, and led over one by one; the camp-fires were replenished, that the Apaches might imagine them still there; and then the adventurers pried the further end of the bridge loose from the rock, and as it tumbled heavily into the abyss, Leon said:

"What do you think now about the Apaches following our trail?"

"Not to-night they won't," said Waring; "and it will take them some time to catch up with us if they go around. I reckon we are safe now."

"From that band, but we are likely to meet more of them. Every step is a new danger now," said Leon.

"Where are we going?" asked Waring.

"Only two days from now, and then our trip will be up, and we can go home, successful or not."

"It's a good success thus far, anyhow," said Waring, as he cast a side-glance at Ladoga.

That young lady had seemed to take a deep interest in the bridge, and openly expressed her satisfaction when she saw what a barrier the ingenuity of her white friends had placed between her and her probable pursuers, for she fully understood the reason of so much haste and precaution.

CHAPTER V.

THE MODE OF AZTEC MINING.

WELL pleased with their manœuvres, the whole party pressed forward, the confident manner with which Leon led the way impressing not only Waring but the mountain men with a strong conviction that he knew very well what he was about, and where he was going. So he did, in a measure; but Ladoga rode close beside him, and the mysterious pair conversed constantly, in low tones, in that strange but musical tongue which few, if any besides themselves, could comprehend.

As for Waring, he was possessed with a deep and almost romantic feeling of interest in his fair "property," and would have been far better satisfied if his friend had not monopolized her so completely. He had his revenge, however, when, as the gray in the east betokened the approach of morning, they went into camp in the shade of a grove of giant pines, for, from that time forward, Leon seemed possessed by a spirit of silence, though evidently under strong excitement, and Ladoga was turned over entirely to the attention of her blue-eyed guardian.

She seemed not in the least fatigued, and abruptly negatived every idea of sleeping. Nor was it difficult to

imagine a part, at least, of her conversation with Leon, for she was full of *naïve* and innocent questions about that unknown world of civilization from which Waring and his friend had come, and of which her own ideas were vague enough. Here Waring was in his element, and exhausted not only Spanish, but the language of signs as well, in endeavoring to give his beautiful friend all the informa-

feeding the animals, they again pressed forward, with no special fear of pursuit, but with a sharp lookout in front and rear for wandering parties of enemies.

All that day, however, passed without interruption, except a trifle of temporary excitement in killing a couple of deer; and when they went into camp at night, Ladoga's own lodge of antelope-skins was pitched for her.



A DARING MANŒUVRE AT SEA.—“WHILE THE BRITON LOOKED ON, UNSUSPECTING OF ANY ATTEMPT AT RESISTANCE, A BROADSIDE OF DEFIANCE BELCHED FORTH FROM THE LITTLE CARBONADES OF THE SLOOP.”—SEE PAGE 623.

tion in his power, all the while filling his brain with strange imaginings—as strange, perhaps, as her own—of what a life might be in reserve for this beautiful relic of a lost race.

And she certainly *was* beautiful—that he could not only see but *feel*, and more than once he experienced a twinge of jealousy as he caught her dark eyes wandering to the now somewhat gloomy face of Leon.

After breakfast, and a few hours spent in resting and

The next day's march was also pressed forward with all possible expedition, and while it carried them over a not very rough country, and through frequent belts of forest, they were never out of sight of rugged-looking mountains in the distance.

Leon's reticence seemed to increase rather than diminish, and when, as the sun was going down, he at last shouted for a halt, and rode forward, accompanied only by Waring and Ladoga, he seemed another man from the

gay lounge on the balcony of the Occidental. Waring rode with him in silence, but a few moments brought them to the brow of a wooded cliff, from whose edge the horses started back in fear and trembling.

Sheer down before them, full three hundred feet, yawned a chasm, at the bottom of which raved and brawled a torrent, whose noise barely reached them where they stood. They had dismounted, and Waring noted, as he peered over the perilous edge, that the chasm varied greatly in width, the side walls seeming almost to touch each other in places, and that to the northeast-erly, or up the stream, the land rose in high hills, which must vastly increase its awful depth and grandeur.

"Where are we, and what is this?" asked Waring.

"We are not many miles from the cañon of the Dark-Spirit," said Leon, in low tones; "and we are at the end of our journey."

"How so?" asked Waring.

"Here is our mine," said Leon.

"I must say that I don't see any signs of a mine hereabouts."

"Why, any miner knows that his most important works are a deep shaft and a good drain, and that's half the expense of mining. Now, the old-time men were keener

than we moderns, and in cañons like these they took what Nature had prepared for them. At the surface of that water they struck their veins, hundreds, if not thousands, of feet lower than they could in yonder hills and mountains, while the river itself is the best drain in the world."

"I see," said Waring, "that's the plainest kind of common sense; but how did they ever get to their mine?"

"That I will show you in the morning, and we will talk it over at the camp to-night. I think I can show you something that you never saw before."

By this time the whole thing, so simple, so truly scientific, and yet so unexpected, began fully to dawn upon the mind of Waring, and he went back to the camp as excited and as silent as Leon himself, for he thought he saw before him a partial revolution in American mining enterprise, whatever might be the fate of their own adventure.

As for Ladoga, she seemed more than a little bewildered at first; but if Waring understood the meaning of her deep-drawn sigh, as she turned away from the brink

of the chasm, she had resigned herself to the guidance of her fate and her new friends.

They kindled few fires that night, but the trio of "leaders" sat in council and converse long after the hardy mountain men had sunk into the deep and healthful slumber of the weary.

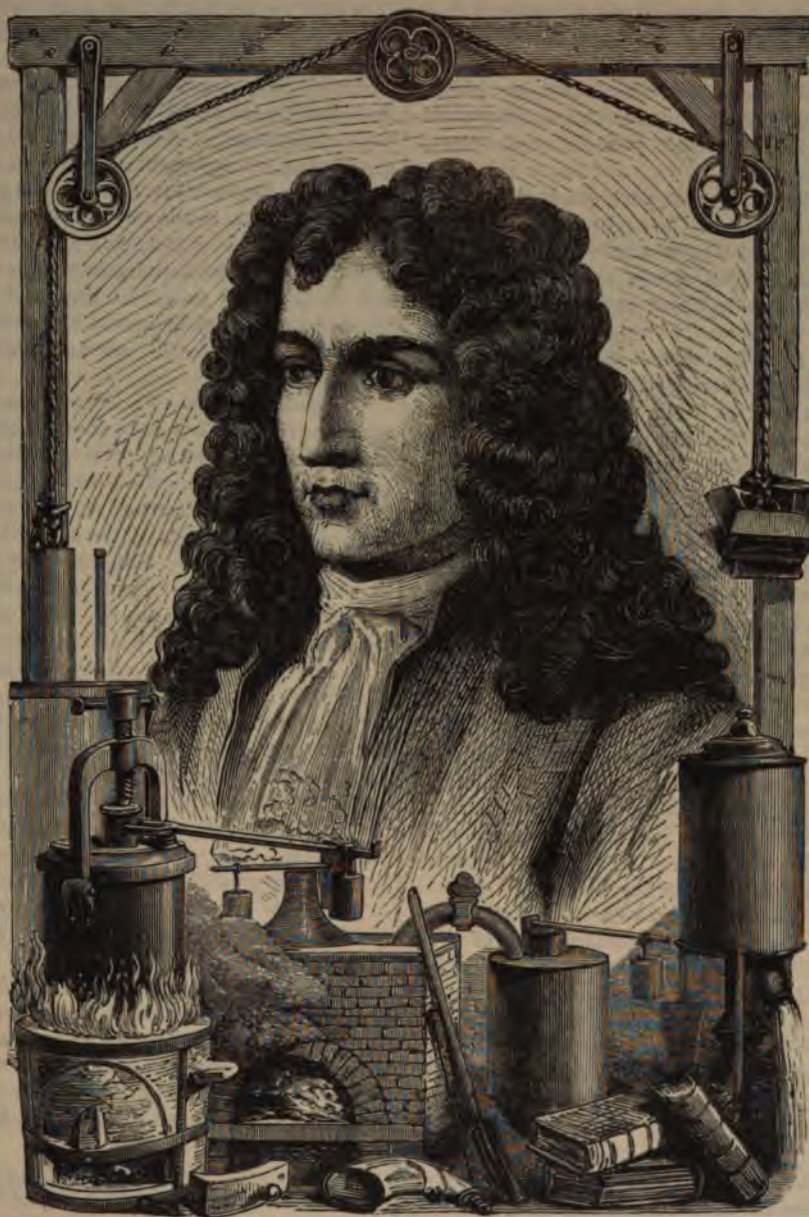
CHAPTER VI.

THE IDOL OF THE MINE.

WITH the earliest dawn of day the camp was astir, the men being full of curiosity over the novel exploration of which Leon had given them some hints during the previous evening. His first step was to order the construction of several strong rope-ladders, hide lariats forming the "ropes," and two or three light structures of wood, which were either ladders or bridges, as one might

choose to call them. The packages of tools and mining supplies were then opened and repacked in smaller parcels, and at last Leon announced that all was ready, and leaving but one man as a guard at the camp, the remainder took up their designated burdens and started.

Ladoga herself led the way, following the course of the cañon until they came to the edge of a broad fissure which branched off from the main chasm. Without a moment's hesitation, Leon proceeded to fasten one end of a rope-ladder to the end of a young tree near the brink, and threw the other over. It hung close to the face of the



DENIS PAPIN.—SEE PAGE 620.

cliff, the lower end resting on a projecting ledge about twenty feet below. It was now a game of "follow my leader," and in a few moments the whole party were huddled on the ledge. The only part of their lading which seemed likely to trouble them was the wooden frame before spoken of, for, when Leon turned around the sharp corner of the ledge, toward the main chasm, they saw before them a steep and ragged path, partly natural, and partly, to all appearances, cut out of the solid rock. Here and there was a semblance of rude stairs, but all were moss-grown and slippery, and it was evident that only the very strongest nerves and the coolest head had any special business to attempt a descent along that narrow and dangerous path incumbered with anything like a burden. All that party, however, were of the requisite steadiness, and they kept on their perilous way without hesitation.

The descent was, for the most part, gradual, though, here and there, a sharp turn in the rock necessitated the utmost caution, especially to the two men who were carrying the wooden frame. The chasm at last seemed to narrow rapidly, until, at a depth of somewhat more than a hundred and fifty feet from the upper surface, a projecting crag on the opposite side reduced the width to about twenty feet. Here Leon again paused, and held a brief conference with Ladoga. Her gestures were a clear enough explanation, and in a few moments the wooden frame was firmly fixed against the rock, and was gently lowered until it rested on the opposite side. It seemed a fearful sort of bridge to cross on, but Ladoga tripped lightly over it, and fixed it more firmly in its resting-place. The rest followed, not without some stopping and crawling, and then they could see at once that the worst of this adventure was over. No time was lost, however, and a few minutes more found them all, breathless and panting, on a broad platform of rock near the edge of the water. The latter, which Leon explained to be a confluent of "Bill Williams's Fork," was narrow, indeed, but fearfully rapid, and evidently quite deep, hurling its mass of black and gleaming waters downward at a rate which plainly showed the impossibility of any access from below. Here and there, on the jagged rocks at the side, huge masses of driftwood indicated that at some seasons the torrent reached a much higher level.

Neither Leon nor Ladoga manifested any more hesitation here, however, than at any previous stage of their progress, but confidently thrust aside a mass of hanging vines and bushes that hung against the face of the rock, disclosing an opening about three feet wide and six in height, in which, with their wondering followers, they disappeared. At a few paces, however, Leon paused, opened his package, and produced a miner's reflecting-lamp, which, when lighted, threw a strong and steady glare before them. There was now nothing in the nature of the passage at all more singular than in thousands of others, cut in other rocks for similar purposes; but who would have thought the old Aztec priests so cunning in their mining!

The trend was slightly upward, and the rock was of a soft and shaly texture, dripping with moisture and covered with fungi. There could be no danger of foul air in such an "adit," and they moved forward without fear until the passage suddenly opened into a chamber of large size, from whose glittering sides the white quartz here and there reflected the radiance of the lamp. In one corner was a rude sort of table of stone, which might have served as an altar in days gone by, and which Waring would probably have passed without notice, but Leon sprang toward it with a loud exclamation. The direct

blaze of the lamp—which was slung upon his breast—revealed a strange, misshapen mass of some dingy substance, standing on the table close against the wall of rock. It was about two feet high, and to a closer scrutiny it assumed a rude and distant resemblance to a man in a sitting posture. Waring in vain attempted to move it, a vague idea beginning to dawn upon him that it was the work of men's hands, and that it had a singular *metallic* feeling. Leon, without a word, rapidly passed a file over one corner of it for a moment, and then bade him look again.

There was no mistaking that deep and magical yellow—the little idol, if idol it was, was of *solid gold*. The mountain men burst out in a perfect yell of delight, for the whole mystery of the expedition was solved as by a flash of lightning. There was little need of any further exploration or explanation, but Leon called his friend's attention to the continuation of the passage through the rock, as well as to the peculiar character of the ore, with fragments of which the floor was thickly strewn. It was a species of semi-decomposed and very porous quartz, and though no gold was apparent to the naked eye, Waring was astonished with the information that it exceeded in riches the wildest and most extravagant yarns of the miners.

"Something like it is sometimes found in thin veins near the surface, but here the quantity is almost boundless, and it is the easiest rock for grinding and smelting in the world. We can gather driftwood enough in the cañon to reduce tons and tons of it, and every ton is a fortune. Judging from the dip of the rock, these veins here come out on the other side of the mountain, twenty miles away, and thousands of feet above this. We are at the bottom of the formation, or near it. So much for the wisdom of the old priests."

"Did they always climb down this way?" asked Waring.

"Oh, no; that passage leads to the daylight, but we could never have found the entrance. Besides, this is safer for us."

"How are we ever to move the idol?"

"Cut him up, run him into bars, and remove him piecemeal."

"But suppose the Apaches find our camp?"

"That is our danger, and we must make this trip a brief one. Let us go back, now. We have done enough for one morning."

The excitement sustained them in their climb to the surface, but the reaction came then, and they threw themselves on the grass in utter exhaustion. Nevertheless, Leon insisted on spending the remainder of the day in conveying the rest of their tools and material to the mouth of the mine, to be safe from Indian assaults.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ATTACK IN THE NIGHT.

AS THEY lay around the campfire that night, after extracting a tremendous oath of secrecy and fidelity from the miners, Leon unfolded as much as was necessary, not only of the history of the mine, but of his own plans and intentions, but we have no room for them in this story. As for Waring, he was hourly becoming more and more infatuated with the melancholy beauty of Ladoga, and the wonder and mystery which surrounded her.

Fatigued with the severe and protracted exertions of the day, it was not long before one after another dropped off into heavy slumber, and at last even the veteran mountaineer who was on guard dozed stupidly at his post.

Well was it for Waring that his own tumultuous thoughts would not allow his fevered brain to sink into unconsciousness, and that, after vainly tossing to and fro for hours, he quietly slipped out of his heavy serape, and silently walked out for a breath of the cool night-air.

He paused a moment by the tent of Ladoga, and was dreamily indulging in thoughts of the fair occupant, when his attention was arrested by what seemed dim and misty figures stealing around the camp in the darkness, at no great distance.

At first, a half-superstitious feeling came over him, as if he was beset by the ghosts of the departed workers in the ancient mine. The next, with a quick sense of coming peril, he was about to sound the alarm, and rush to arouse his comrades, when the air was rent by hideous yells on every side, and a hundred dark figures came bounding forward, sounding the appalling war-whoop of the dreaded Apaches. His next impulse was for Ladoga, but as he sprang to the door of her lodge, she came bounding forth, comprehending the situation at a glance.

Leon and his men were on their feet in an instant, and shouts and ringing rifle-shots answered the yells of the savages, for such veterans were scarcely to be taken utterly by surprise. Still, they were fearfully outnumbered and overmatched, and Waring saw, even while he employed his own weapons with the deadly courage of despair, that such a struggle could have but one termination.

Ladoga had not uttered a word, but a thrill of admiration went to Waring's heart when he found the brave girl standing undauntedly by his side, plying with rapid dexterity the light bow which she always carried.

"Could there be no escape—if not for the rest of them, for her?"

Just then he heard the voice of Leon ringing out clearly through the darkness and the tumult:

"The mine! the mine! Take Ladoga to the mine!"

Ladoga heard it, too, and—for they were nearer the chasm than the rest—they sprang forward into the bushes.

Their way was intercepted by no less than three of the yelling redskins. One of these fell at the first clang of Waring's revolver, a shot that came at random from behind them rid them of another, and the third grappled the young adventurer in a grip of death.

The white man was far the more powerful of the two; but no time was lost in wrestling, for Waring heard the twang of Ladoga's bow behind him, and as the grasp of the savage suddenly relaxed, she bounded past him, while he slung his late enemy from him, transfixed with an arrow, and followed her.

They paused as they reached the edge of the cañon. The sound of firing was growing fainter, though the war-whoops continued.

Ladoga held up her hand for silence, and listened breathlessly. One shot—two—three—at intervals of some seconds—then a silence, and then arose a prolonged yell, which could have but one signification—the Apaches were victorious!

Ladoga covered her face with her hands for a moment, and, with all his courage, Waring was fairly overwhelmed by the sudden and crushing nature of his calamity.

The war-whoops again arose, however, and were clearly approaching them. In a moment more the nearest bushes were thrust aside, and one of the miners quickly staggered forward.

"Help me—quick! Run—they are coming!"

"Where are the rest?" gasped Waring.

"Dead—all dead! Quick! here they come!"

As he spoke, he fell forward, for he was evidently badly wounded, and Waring well knew that he could never carry the weight of a man down the rocky path. Ladoga was already at the foot of the ladder, and as Waring sprang after her, the Apaches came yelling and bounding through the bushes.

It was no time for anything but self-preservation, and he cut the rope-ladder behind him as high as he could reach, before he followed his fair companion in misfortune.

Thoughts come quickly at such times, and he had already abandoned all hope that any white men were left alive in the camp.

In that dim light the Indians peered over the edge of the cliff in vain, after the scalped corpse of the unfortunate miner had been cast into the abyss; but some of the more daring were already exploring the rope-ladder. Their hesitation saved the fugitives, who pressed with reckless haste their fearful way in the darkness down the narrow and slippery path.

It was but a few minutes, yet it seemed an age, before they reached the bridge. When they had crossed it, Ladoga was about to cast it loose, but Waring prevented her.

"How shall we get back again?"

"Apaches will follow. Ladoga will show the way."

It was the first time she had spoken, and Waring at once saw the wisdom of obeying her. The bridge fell without noise into the stream below, and the forlorn pair continued their flight.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL PILOT.

LADOGA led the way at once into the inner chamber, and a fire of sticks was speedily blazing on the altar, sufficient to light up the room with a smoky glare.

Waring stood, and gazed for a moment in the beautiful face which was turned toward his own, and then held out his hand.

"Ladoga, I will stand by you."

"Ah, señor, this is dreadful!"

"You must be our guide, however. And what shall we do now?"

"It is drawing toward morning. Come, follow me!"

So saying, Ladoga caught up a burning brand, and entered the narrow passage leading upward. It was quite steep, and led in an almost straight line, with here and there a chamber like the one they had left.

Not many minutes brought them into a sort of grotto, and here Ladoga signified that they must wait. While the time crept slowly by, Waring made the best of it in conversing with his companion as to their future course. She explained to him, that from where they were, they could take a survey of a part, at least, of the outside world, and at last faint gleams of light, for their torch had long since gone out, began to find their way in through what seemed to be the chinks in the rock. As they grew brighter, Waring peered through one of them, and found that the pile of broken rocks before him filled up a sort of rude entrance, opening, so to speak, in a hillside, looking down upon a broad plain bounded by low hills.

The sun was just rising, and he strained his vision eagerly in every direction. Ladoga was doing the same beside him, and in a moment she gave a low exclamation. The reason appeared at the same moment to her companion, in the rising smoke from numerous camp-fires at about half a mile distant.

"Apaches!" said Ladoga. "We cannot get this way."

"How, then?" asked Waring.

"Come—Ladoga will show."

Carefully, through the dark passage, they found their way again to the brink of the water.

"There," said Ladoga, "we must float down.

All was still a mystery to Waring, but his friend proceeded to open the packages, and selected a couple of large buffalo-ropes. After cutting holes at short intervals in the edge of one of the robes, she passed a long hide lariat through them, and when this was drawn up a little, and fastened, the whole assumed the shape of a bowl, with the skin side out. When this was thoroughly greased, it was evident that a water-tight boat had been constructed.

Waring had heard of such things before, but hesitated about trusting such a cockleshell to such a torrent. Not so Ladoga, however, for when a second boat had been prepared, she gravely fastened them together, selected two

DENIS PAPIN

By HENRY C. EWART.

A STUDY of the story of human progress, and of the melancholy way in which mankind have treated the man whose discoveries and inventions have led that progress, suggests no more natural and just reflection than that of Bildad: "We are but of yesterday, and know nothing." The story of Denis Papin will well point this inspired reflection; and may help to a lowlier thought of self in this self-sufficient, conceited age.

Whatever may be the claims of John Fitch, Robert Fulton and others to the credit of having first made steam a practical power in navigation, it is certain that the first actual steamboat sailed down the River Fulda in the year 1707, bringing its voyage to a disastrous end at the jun-



PAPIN'S STEAMBOAT DESTROYED BY A MOB.

long poles from among the driftwood, and signified that all was ready.

"You can never manage them in that current," said Waring.

"Ladoga has done it before," she said. "You and I in one boat—load the other. Safe enough."

It was no time to think of loading themselves, even with gold. Only such necessities as arms and provisions were put in for cargo, and then the two fugitives entered their frail craft, and cut loose from the rock.

They were whirled away with frightful velocity, and had all they could do to keep themselves in the centre of the stream, and to be upset was certain death. They had no intention, however, of trying a land-passage before they reached the Colorado, and long before they floated out of that river, Joe Waring had made up his mind to paddle for the remainder of his life in company with his beautiful pilot, whether or not he ever again came in search of the lost mine or the golden idol.

tion of that river with the Weser. This wreck was the work neither of storm nor eddy, nor of any hostile forces of nature. It was wrought by forces springing from the evil in human nature itself, far more inimical to the progress of humanity than any adverse influences which weaklings bewail in the external world. This first steamboat was broken up by the selfishness and prejudice of a trades-union of boatmen, who had the satisfaction of delaying the progress of steam navigation for at least a century. They had their reward, such as it was; but their stupid victory and the misery of their victim—the constructor of the boat—together form a tragic picture impossible to contemplate without some useful lessons and possibly inspirations of patience.

The builder of this primitive steamboat was Denis Papin, a French Protestant, who had wandered thus far from his native home in Blois, after vainly seeking in London and in Venice an opportunity for developing his mechanical genius. His family had been Protestants for

more than one generation, stern Calvinists in a time when Nonconformity required some hardness of fibre. He was born in the year 1647, nearly twenty years before the fire of persecution was kindled that blasted for generations the noblest fruits of French genius in science and in commerce. His father was a physician, and Denis was intended for the same profession. It could not have been very profitable to his father, for in 1669, when the young man passed his examination at the Protestant Academy of Angers, he was unable to pay his fee, and was indebted to the faith of his examiners, who trusted him to pay it when he could. It is said that he practiced as a physician for two years. Whether his profits enabled him to pay his trifling debt we do not know; but they could not have been very large, for he gratefully accepted an offer of the celebrated philosopher, Huygens, to come to Paris and act as his assistant. Here he obtained the post of curator, or experimentalist, or both combined, under the recently established French Academy.

One of the first objects of research proposed by Huygens to his colleagues was the weight of the atmospheric air, and the mechanical effects to be obtained by means of a vacuum. In 1674 Papin published a little book detailing his experiments on this subject. This was brought to the attention of the minister, Colbert. He, however, looking upon it only as a description of curious recreations or scientific trifling, regarded it as possessing no interest for "practical" men. The fact that this "trifling" suggested the first germs of the mechanical might that has revolutionized the face of the earth, ought to be a warning to similarly "practical" men in this day of the Nineteenth Century.

In the following year, 1675, Papin went to London. The reason of the change is not known, but in all probability it was connected with his religious position. A young man stigmatized as a heretic could scarcely be happy in a society where Romanism was one of the essentials of respectability. Huygens himself, though not particularly scrupulous upon the subject, found his position intolerable, and in a few years afterward withdrew to Holland. The young Frenchman carried with him to London letters to Robert Boyle, the most prominent among the founders of the Royal Society. After some little time, passed not without pecuniary embarrassment, Papin was engaged by the Royal Society in a position somewhat similar to that which he had occupied in the French Academy. In this position Papin contentedly remained for several years, during which he continued his experiments on the weight of the atmosphere, and also on

the powers of steam. During this period he invented a sort of boiler, or digester, which, by means of superheated steam, extracted every particle of nourishment from bones and other materials not directly digestible by the human stomach.

This was the only invention of his that ever came into general use, but it does not appear that he himself gained any considerable profit from it. The most interesting feature in it was the safety valve, which in its essential principles was the same as that afterward applied to steam-engine boilers. In 1681 he went to Venice, apparently at the solicitation of the Venetian ambassador; but not gaining anything by the change, he returned to his old position in England three years afterward.

About this time he produced a scheme for conveying to a

distance the mechanical power of falling water. In our own day we are told that this is possible by means of electricity. But Papin's idea was to make the falling water work an air-pump of his own invention, by means of which a vacuum was created in a long tube extending to the scene of operations. The pressure of the air through this tube, on the principle afterward applied to the atmospheric railway, was the power by which he produced the mechanical motion required. The working of his scheme was exhibited in London; but the machinery had not been well constructed, its operation was defective, and the consequence was disappointment and failure.

Another change was now effected in his fortunes which gave the promise at least of additional dignity, though not of wealth. In the picturesque little town of Marburg, in Ger-



STATUE OF PAPIN, RECENTLY ERECTED AT BLOIS, IN FRANCE.

many, a small colony of French Protestants had been established, having been driven from their own homes by the suicidal bigotry of their native land. Amongst these was the widow of Denis Papin's uncle, a Huguenot pastor. This good man had suffered in his lifetime the double misery of hostility from outsiders and suspicion from the members of his own Church; for, being a man of somewhat liberal views, he was believed to have an inclination to a doctrine of tolerance too wide even for the members of a persecuted sect. The shadow of the suspicion attached to his name rested upon his surviving widow, and even upon his children. One of the daughters was herself a widow with one little girl. It is said that she had been a playmate of Denis Papin in childhood, and it is possible that an early attachment may have been nipped in the bud by the far-away wanderings which were her cousin's lot in life. However that may be, it was probably through some family influence that the reputation of the young French

mathematician was brought to the notice of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. This potentate invited him to take the chair of mathematics at the University of Marburg. The emoluments were scarcely larger than the modest sum that he was receiving in London, but living was much cheaper in the little German town; and it is not improbable that family affection, or perhaps something stronger, united with an innate love of wandering to determine his acceptance of the office.

At any rate, he had not assumed the position very long before he married his cousin, much to the annoyance of the Protestant pastor, who had scruples about the nearness of the connection, and a much stronger objection to the doubtful orthodoxy of the family; indeed, the marriage was delayed for some time by the difficulties thus occasioned. It is to be hoped that marriage added to the happiness of the wanderer, for certainly it very much increased his difficulties. He now became responsible for the maintenance of a considerable household, and the income of his chair did not realize even his limited expectations.

From his original pursuits, however, his devotion never varied. He was still intent upon the mechanical resources obtainable from the weight of the atmosphere, through the means of an artificial vacuum. His idea now was to obtain this vacuum by the explosion of a small quantity of gunpowder in a cylinder beneath a movable piston. The sudden expansion of the gases generated was to drive the piston upward, and the pressure of the air on the dispersion of these gases was to drive it down again. He constructed a model to illustrate his idea, and published a book upon the subject. But the practical effects were not equal to his expectation.

This was in the year 1688. It now occurred to him that his vacuum would be better obtained by the alternate generation and condensation of steam; and within an interval of two years, that is, in 1690, he read a paper to a philosophical society of Leipsic, in which he explained his theory.

It is difficult without diagrams to give an idea of a strange machine which has no parallel at the present day. But the fundamental notion of Papin was so simple and rude that it may, perhaps, be made intelligible in words. Imagine a cylinder of iron closed at the bottom, and with a movable piston. Water having been poured into the bottom of the cylinder, a fire is then lighted around it. The water being heated to boiling, the expansion of the steam drives the piston upward to the top of the cylinder. The fire lighted on the movable furnace is now removed, the steam is condensed, and the superincumbent atmosphere drives the piston down again to the surface of the water. The fire being once more applied at the bottom of the cylinder, steam is generated again, and the same movements are repeated.

Papin relates that though he worked with a model having a piston of only two and a half inches, the downward pressure of the air raised a weight of sixty pounds; and he calculated that by a very moderate enlargement of the cylinder weights of two thousand pounds could be raised. The movements given by a single cylinder of this kind would be discontinuous and spasmodic; but by a development of his plan, no less rude than the original idea, he proposed to employ several co-operative cylinders, and to move the fire about from one to another in succession. By another modification he moved the cylinders instead of the fire, finding this to be more practicable. How this plan was rendered practicable we cannot explain, because sufficient details are not given in the papers the inventor has left. But it is certain that this was the fundamental

principle of the engine by which he propelled a boat on the river Fulda a very few years afterward.

In 1695 he went to Cassel. The ostensible reason for his removal was the desire of the Landgrave to employ him upon some engineering works he had in hand. But there were other reasons which, if they did not actually drive him away from Marburg, at any rate made him glad of an opportunity for leaving. The Protestant pastor, who must surely have been a very narrow-minded man, brought his controversy against the deceased M. Papin to an issue by excommunicating his whole surviving family and all their connections. Great was the scandal occasioned by this squabble amongst religious exiles, who stood in special need of social harmony and mutual support.

One purpose which the Landgrave had in view in summoning Papin to Cassel was to employ his mechanical ingenuity in raising water from mines more expeditiously than had hitherto been possible. In constructing engines for this purpose the inventor made some improvements in the rough methods he had previously used. He appears to have discovered that the direct action of the steam might be made available as well as the pressure of the atmosphere. In a letter to Leibnitz he says: "In addition to the vacuum I avail myself also of the pressure that water in the course of expansion exerts upon other bodies. . . . As I believe that it is possible to employ this invention for many other purposes besides the raising of water, I have made a model of a little carriage which is moved by this force, and it acts precisely as I anticipated. . . . I believe that the roughness and the sharp turns of our highroads make it exceedingly difficult to perfect this invention for land carriage; but for carriage by water I have great confidence of speedy success if I had more help than I possess."

This is a very striking passage, and shows clearly enough that poor Denis Papin was quite aware of the immense future which lay before the invention he was endeavoring to perfect.

But, alas! there remained but little future for him in this world, and that of pitiable disappointment and misery. When in England he had seen a boat propelled by revolving paddles moved by horse-power. This boat was, we believe, the invention of Prince Rupert. Papin borrowed the idea of the paddles, but instead of horses employed his infant steam-engine to turn them. The boat he thus constructed was undoubtedly a remarkable success, considering all circumstances. He relates with glee, to his great correspondent Leibnitz, how it had been tried on the river at Cassel, in the presence of the Landgrave, and how its power was so great that it seemed to make little difference whether it sailed with or against the stream. But this was the extent of his triumph. A misunderstanding with the Landgrave about his pumping engines ripened into a quarrel which determined Papin once more to take refuge in England.

The difficulty now was how to convey his precious invention thither. If he could only sail his boat down to Bremen, he might there tranship the engines and have them conveyed to London. But for this purpose it was necessary to surmount the network of obstacles opposed by corporations of boatmen to the free passage of the Fulda and Weser. For some time Papin hoped to obtain an authoritative pass from the Elector of Hanover; but he was pressed by pecuniary difficulties, and delay became intolerable. He met with a boatman who professed to give him a document which would secure his passage into the Weser, and, trusting to this, he embarked his fortunes and his family on board his novel

craft. So far as Loch, at the junction of the Fulda and Weser, all went well. The boat ran rapidly down with the current, startling the sleepy villagers with its beating paddles, and perhaps exciting their superstitious fears by its uncanny appearance.

At Loch it was necessary to stop until arrangements could be made for a further passage. The document with which Papin had armed himself proved of no avail. The boatmen were on the alert; they insisted upon the preservation of their monopoly. It is possible, and, indeed, probable, that a fear lest this magic engine should supplant human labor added to the energy of their opposition. In vain Papin protested. In vain he appealed to the curiosity and the sympathy of an emissary from the burgomaster of Münden, to whom he explained the fruits of his ingenuity and toil. The stolid boatmen insisted upon their rights. They required the machine to be made over to them; and before many hours had elapsed they cut the matter short by dragging the machinery out of the boat and shattering it into fragments before the eyes of its agonized maker. This blow Denis Papin never recovered. Sending his family back to Cassel, he went, a lonely and broken-hearted man, to London, where once more he obtained subordinate employment. His genius was henceforth wrapped in clouds of descending night; and not to his eyes was it ever given to behold the rise of the brighter day which the triumphs of steam have opened to the world.

A DARING MANŒUVRE AT SEA.

It is nearly a century since a little sloop, not larger than one of our yachts of the present day, was becalmed on the Atlantic Ocean, in the latitude of the Capes of Virginia. There is nothing unusual in this fact; but a spectator might have seen drooping from her peak a strange flag for those times, unknown and unrecognized upon the high seas. Its blazonry of red and white stripes shimmered like a glory in the sunlight as some breeze set its folds in motion, and in the centre of its broad field was a pine-tree, at the foot of which was the representation of a coiled snake, with the motto, "Don't tread on me."

This was the first flag of the rebellious British Colonies, now the mighty United States, which ever floated over the ocean.

Another feature of the scene was, that the little sloop was heavily armed. From her portholes on either side protruded the muzzles of half a dozen carronades, while on her fore-castle might be seen one of those favorite and effective pieces termed a "Long Tom," mounted on a pivot. In a word, she was fully manned and equipped for war.

The weather was clear, and the surface of the ocean scarcely ruffled by a "cat's paw"; but the commander of the little craft, who was steadily pacing her deck, seemed by no means satisfied with the situation. Ever and anon, as he watched the horizon, his eyes were turned to the north-east, as if seeking indications of weather. Suddenly he paused before the officer of the deck, and exclaimed:

"By the beard of Neptune, I knew it!"

"What is it, captain?"

"The fog, sir; no bigger than your hand now, but in a short time we shall be enveloped in it."

The young officer looked sharply in the direction indicated, and soon discerned a dark, irregular line above the horizon, which one less experienced might have taken for land.

"I believe you are right captain," he said; "but we have a good offing, and they never last long."

"The offing is well enough in its way, sir," replied the commander, with a sharp metallic ring in his voice; "but we are right on the cruising-ground of the British men-of-war, and before your fog clears off we may be in one of their clutches."

Even as they conversed, the fog-bank visibly increased, and to the experienced eye of the commander it was bringing the wind with it. Directions were therefore given to get the sloop under easy sail, and have everything ready for a squall.

This was scarcely done before she was enveloped in the driving mist. The breeze, however, soon died away, and she floated idly on the water, enshrouded by the fog.

It was early morn when this happened, and the obscuration continued several hours. At half-past eleven the captain, who had gone below for a few moments, suddenly put his head above the hatchway, and demanded, in an angry tone:

"Who dared to strike that bell?"

It needed not the deck officer's reply:

"It is not our bell, sir."

For still the measured strokes rang out until the full tally of eleven was complete, and the shrill whistle of a boatswain was heard, followed by his hoarse voice, calling:

"All hands to grog, ahoy."

"A man-of-war, and close aboard on our weather quarter, by the beard of Neptune!" exclaimed the commander of the sloop. "Ease her off before the wind, and set all sail, Mr. Barney. No noise, but quick work."

The order was too late, for the freshening breeze had dissipated the top layer of the fog, and the upper spars of a large ship were visible not more than three cables' length to windward.

As often happens with fog-drift, less than five minutes sufficed to lift the veil, and our little sloop found herself under the guns of a large frigate, at whose peak floated the "meteor flag of England."

The clear bright eyes of the American captain fairly glistened with fire, and his firm lip was set with determination.

"Caught or not, as it may be—we shall see. No British dungeon for me, though. What do you say, men? Hiss! No cheers. Your eyes speak."

This was addressed to the crew, who had crowded on deck; and so perfect was the discipline, that though no word was spoken, the commander of the sloop understood that every soul there would live or die at his word.

"Sloop, ahoy! Lower your gaff, and pass under my lee," was the haughty command hoarsely bellowed through the trumpet of the British officer.

"Ay, ay!" returned the American commander, whose position was on the lee bow of the frigate, and who, instead of running off before the wind, which attempt would have been madness, wore around, dropping his peak in apparent obedience, and passed under the formidable broadside of the King's cruiser, being expected to "heave to," and surrender under her quarter.

Just as she was full abeam, the British captain, who had come on deck, perceived that the sloop's flag had not been lowered, and exclaimed, in a furious tone:

"Haul down that rebel rag or I'll sink you!"

The American commander was fully alive to the peril of the situation, and fully equal to it. He had determined that his flag should only go down with his vessel, but he felt that craft was allowable in such an emergency; so, while one of his men was conspicuously tugging at the ensign halyards, in a seeming endeavor to comply with the order, he replied, firmly:

"Ay, ay! But it won't come down!"

Supposing the halyards were foul, the British captain merely answered :

"Heave to under my stern until I send a boat on board."

During this brief colloquy the breeze had freshened,



BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 630.

and the sloop was out of the direct range of the frigate's guns. Thus, while the Briton looked on, unsuspecting of any attempt at escape or resistance, the peak of the sloop suddenly arose to its proper position, the glorious flag of freedom spread gracefully its folds to the breeze, and a broadside of defiance belched forth from the little caronades.

This was harmless, but as the frigate put her helm up to bear away for a broadside, a clear, sharp ring from "Long Tom" was heard, a well-directed shot sped its way, and with a crash came down her foretopmast with all its hamper, causing her to luff up suddenly in the wind, and send her broadside wide of the mark.

"The deuced Yankee sharpshooter!" exclaimed the British captain. "He has crippled us. Out with your stern guns, and sink him! Cut away the wreck! Take in your aftersail, and hoist the fore-staysail!"

This was done to make the frigate fall off with her broadside to the chase, and the orders were as rapidly obeyed as circumstances would permit; but bowling along, with the wind on her quarter, which had freshened into a steady gale, the saucy American sent several effective shots at her adversary, while another hastily fired broadside from the frigate again flew wide of its mark, and before the Briton was in trim for the chase, the sloop was beyond the hope of capture, having clearly the heels of her heavy pursuer.

The rage of the British commander was fearful at his disappointment, and when his executive officer thought to satisfy him by an allusion to the little worth of the prize, he exclaimed :

"Hang it, sir! there is promotion, if not knighthood, lost! Meanly as you think of her, the commander of yon sloop is no other than the notorious renegade and pirate, John Paul Jones!"

And so it was. The little sloop *Providence*, under the chivalrous and daring Paul Jones—one of the earliest friends of our country, to whom British hatred applied such terms of opprobrium—was the first vessel-of-war to

hoist the American flag, and the foregoing is a nearly accurate account of her escape from the British frigate *Leopard*.

AN IMPRISONED OWL.

THE owner of a large farm not far from Lancaster, England, had an opportunity of witnessing how an interloper is punished by the martin species of birds. A pair of martins had taken possession of a small box, and were building their nest.

One day, while they were absent, a screech-owl took possession of the box, and when the martins came home at night would not let them enter. The smaller birds were puzzled for a while and in a short time flew away, seemingly giving up the fight.

But if the owl was of this opinion he was sadly mistaken, for in a short time the little ones returned, bringing with them a whole army of their companions, who at once set to work, and, procuring mud, they plastered up the entrance to the box. They then all flew away. In a few days the box was examined, and the owl was found dead.

IRON COFFRET OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

In the fourteenth century travelers of both sexes used to carry with them their jewels, money and other valuables, including sometimes even title-deeds, in iron caskets of small size, which were intrusted to the care of their equerries. These coffrets were, like the one in our illustration, frequently masterpieces of iron ornamentation in the massive style of the period. They were generally made of iron, inlaid with copper, and partly gilt. Complicated locks, ingenious arrangements of bolts, and secret compartments, made it almost impossible for anybody but the owner to open the caskets, and the whole construction was sufficiently strong to resist any attempt to get at the contents by force. As specimens of early work in metal, they are much sought for by collectors. As the materials they are made of are almost indestructible, these caskets do not, from their small, intrinsic value, present any special inducement for consigning them to the melting-pot, like gold and silver. Caskets of this kind are still to be found for sale in Flemish, German and Italian towns.



IRON COFFRET OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem, but it is the benevolent man who wins our affection.

THE DIAMOND TIARA.

It would be hard to discover, in the length or breadth of the United States, a sleepier, duller little village than Edge Hill, although it lies within two hours' ride by rail of the City of New York.

It is true there is a walk or drive of five miles from the railway station to the village, and it seems as if those five miles had thrown the village and its people fifty years behind the age. There was the usual number of country stores, and a certain amount of traffic on the main street, while within a wide circuit were some of the richest farms

noon, when Winter seemed struggling to retain the power Spring was wresting from him, a traveler walked up the main street of the little village, and entered the bar of the only public-house—the Golden Horn.

It was not an unheard-of event for a tourist to come for fishing or shooting, or an artist for sketching, at Edge Hill; but in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, a stranger had never asked for a room at the Golden Horn in March. Not a chamber was in readiness, and the newcomer was invited to wait in the bar while one was being



in the State. There was the necessary great man, and great house, the latter being Edge Hill proper, and situated a mile from the village. Here for many generations had dwelt the family of Garwins; father, son, grandson and great-grandson, all inheriting the old place in direct line, until the Daniel Garwin holding it upon the evening in March I am about to describe failed to give a son to the line of Garwins, and so failing, started a chain of events which led to the incidents of my story.

Upon a blustering March after Vol. XV., No. 5—40.

THE DIAMOND TIARA. —"UPON THE FLOOR OF THE DRESSING-BOOM, GRASPING THE EMPTY CHEST, A MAN LAY WELTERING IN HIS BLOOD. ...STANDING IN THE CENTRE OF THE RING WAS A GIRL, YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL, BECKING, WITH WONDERFUL FEELING AND EXPRESSION, THE GLOWING LINES OF THE LOVE-LOES JULIET."

prepared. Throwing aside a wide-brimmed hat and a large cloak, he appeared to the curious eyes studying him a tall, rather fine-looking man of about thirty, with a pair of English side-whiskers, curling brown hair, and deeply set eyes, black as those of an Italian brigand.

"Can you tell me," he asked, after a half-hour of chat about the weather and the news in York—"can you tell me if Daniel Garwin still lives at Edge Hill?"

"Certainly he does."

"The father, I mean, of the celebrated actress, Laura—?"

"You'd better not talk about that, if you want a welcome," said one of his listeners.

"But my business here is to talk about that. I want to try to buy her stage wardrobe, unless her daughter thinks of using it. Does she inherit anything of her mother's talent, or, I might say, her parents' talent, for her father was as promising an actor as ever trod the boards. He would have made his name famous if he had not died so young."

"I guess you don't know much about old Daniel Garwin, Mr. ———"

"Carrington," said the stranger.

"Mr. Carrington! He would set the dogs on you, or shoot you outright, if you went up there to talk about his daughter's talent, or his daughter's stage wardrobe, and as for suggesting that his grandchild inherited a talent for play-acting! Well"—with an expressive shrug—"I had rather you did it than me!"

"But I want to buy the dresses and ornaments of the late Mrs. L——. I am willing to give a good price for them. It will be a favor to me, if you can tell me anything about the family."

"There is little enough to tell. Old Daniel Garwin, the most violent-tempered, cross-grained old man you ever met, had a little addition of sourness introduced into his composition by the death of his wife, soon after his only child was born, and having a girl upon his hands, instead of a boy. She was as handsome as a picture, was Laura Garwin, and when she was only about seventeen, an actor chap from New York came here to spend the Summer, and ran away with her. Nobody knew any more about her for fifteen years, and then the old gentleman took a journey to New York, and came home with a little girl, who has lived with her grandfather ever since. They do say that she will have a heap of money her mother made play-acting; but the old man is furious if it is even hinted at. He won't allow her to be called by her father's name, even, but adopted her, and gave her his own. She is Agnes Garwin, in her grandfather's house and in the village, and nobody dares whisper her father's name to her."

"How old is she now?"

"About eighteen. She must have turned ten when her mother died."

"But why is her grandfather so opposed to her mother's profession?"

"Bless my soul, stranger, she was a play-actress. You don't suppose any pious man like Daniel Garwin, member of a church, and one of its shining lights, wants a play-actress for a daughter, do you? Daniel Garwin may be a cantankerous, ill-tempered man, in his family, but there ain't a better churchman in Edge Hill."

"H'm! Yes; but if he is so opposed to all that belongs to the stage, I should think he would be glad to sell what I want to buy."

"It might be. Did you say she was a good one—a good player, Mr. Carrington?"

"She was a leading star in her profession, both in this country and in Europe. She had some dresses made in Paris that I am anxious to obtain, if possible."

"Your room is ready, sir," said a servant, appearing at that moment, and Carrington, with a courteous good-night, left the bar and went to his own room.

"Eighteen!" he muttered, after sitting musing for a long time. "An impressive age! I wonder now if she could be persuaded to aid me in case the old man will not sell the traps. I'll have what I want," he added, in a fierce whisper, "if I go through robbery and murder to get it. To think of its lying hidden away all these years!

It is five years now since I knew of its existence, and I have never been so near grasping it as this. If I fail now! But I will not fail! It is mine, as surely as if I held it here in my hand, for nothing shall stop me now."

Yet, in spite of his fierce resolution, Carrington returned to his room, late in the evening, baffled and disappointed in his first venture. He had seen Daniel Garwin, who treated his proposal to buy his daughter's stage-wardrobe as a direct insult, and working himself into a fury, ended by ordering his visitor out of the house in language more forcible than elegant.

For more than a month Carrington vainly endeavored to gain an interview with Agnes Garwin.

All his hopes of accomplishing the object of five years' search lay now in the success of his plan to lead her young feet into the pathway her mother had trodden; but it seemed as if the guardian angel of the girl was watching to baffle his scheme.

Fearing, perhaps, the fate that had deprived him of his only child, Daniel Garwin was strict almost to cruelty with his grandchild, and one of the most imperative rules he observed was to allow her no liberty.

If she went to the village, it must be when he was able to accompany her, and she was never permitted to leave the grounds of his large estate alone. She was free to roam there, but never to wander very far from the house.

Strangers the old man dreaded as if they were devouring wolves. It was a stranger who had carried away his child, and he was determined no such fate should deprive him of Agnes.

It would be too much to say that the master of Edge Hill loved his daughter's child. A stern sense of duty led him to obey Laura's dying summons, and to adopt her orphan daughter. The same sense of duty kept him vigilant in the welfare of the child who had proper teachers, a governess, and such advantages as he had given her mother.

But a still more imperative sense of his obligation to her made her grandfather guard against any danger of her following her mother's example. He conscientiously believed that the door of a theatre was a gate to perdition, and that an actor or actress gave up their soul's salvation for their profession.

The month following Carrington's visit was a hard one for Agnes. Knowing that the young man still lingered in the village, Daniel Garwin scarcely allowed the young girl to cross the threshold of the house, till she grew pale and languid for want of her accustomed exercise.

Matters were in this unpromising state for Carrington when, one lovely day in April, he resolved to return to New York until the vigilance of Daniel Garwin relaxed, and return secretly to the village when Summer might tempt others there, and he escape unnoticed.

He was strolling leisurely through a thickly-wooded portion of Daniel Garwin's grounds, when he made the resolve, and looking with thoughts that were certainly not blessings toward the house.

Suddenly behind him, and not far away, he heard a clear, sweet voice, reading aloud the impassioned words of *Juliet*.

Following the sounds with a soft, catlike tread, he came upon a clearing in the wood, a circle of grass like a fairy ring, shaded by the great trees around it, yet offering a broad stage for the little feet resting upon it.

Standing in the centre of this ring was a girl, young and beautiful, reciting, with wonderful feeling and expression, the moving lines of the love-lorn *Juliet*, and again, with

quick transition of voice, attitude and manner, answering in the impassioned words of *Romeo*.

It was an odd, fascinating scene, and the listener smiled, well pleased, as he noted the entire *abandon* of the reader. She was *Juliet*, she was *Romeo*! The rich color mantled in her fair face as she poured forth the words of the poet with all the force of feeling and inborn dramatic talent.

Suddenly, without a break, she tossed back the long curls falling over her face, and with a sprightly air, recited the first dialogue between *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*, again reading both parts with a marvelous adaptation of the characteristics of each.

A clear, girlish laugh finished the scene, and she threw herself down at the foot of a great tree, as if weary with her own performance.

The listener was wondering how he could present himself, smiling to think how much was already in his favor, when the girl again stood erect, and he fairly started to see her face.

It had been the face of a laughing, light-hearted girl, the long, soft curls falling around a delicate oval, with regular features and large brown eyes, full of vivacity and mischief. A rich color had stained the round cheek, and the figure, tall and slender, had seemed buoyant with life and animation.

In the place of the laughing *Lady Teazle* there stood now a pale muse of tragedy. The long curls were deftly wound in a natural coronet round the small, shapely head; the large eyes were dark and solemn, and the voice was deep and stirring, though ever musical.

Upon the calm Spring air this marvelously modulated voice now broke:

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."

Slowly, with the intonation of deepest feeling upon every word, the girl finished the passage, starting back to girlish confusion as a round of applause greeted the final words.

"Pardon me," Carringtonford said, stepping forward. "I have not enjoyed such an hour since I heard your mother."

"My mother! You knew my mother?" the girl cried, breathlessly.

"All lovers of the drama knew her," said Carringtonford, urging his advantage, "as they will all know her daughter a few years from now."

"No," she said, sadly, "they will never know me. But tell me, do I read as she did? Grandfather will never allow me to see one of the books she studied—not even a Shakespeare. I remember some of the scenes, but only a very few. Oh, if I could be like her! I have seen a whole theatre full of people rise to their feet to applaud her. That was in Russia."

"You were in Russia with her?"

"I was always with her, until she died. From the time I was a little child, I went every evening with her, and she would have me a seat where I could see her, and hear every word she spoke. I was so happy!"

"Are you not happy now?"

"Happy!" she cried, and her mother had never given one word more scornful emphasis. "I am miserable! Grandfather hates me, because my parents were on the stage. I am cramped in every word, in every action! Happy! The only happy hours I have are those when I can steal out here, and try to imagine I am a great actress like mamma."

"But why," asked Carringtonford, fairly trembling in his

eagerness, "do you not dress for your parts? You have your mother's wardrobe."

"I do not dare to ask for it. When we came, my grandfather had all the beautiful dresses and jewels packed in a great chest, and he carries the key himself."

"But the chest. Where is the chest?"

"Oh, that stands in his dressing-room, next the bedroom. You see, I could never get even a peep at the inside."

"Poor child! Such genius as yours should never be cramped in this way. You have your mother's talent—you should have her success."

"Do you think I could be a great actress?" she cried, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes.

"I think so. But I could tell you more if I could hear you read again. Will you let me bring you some books to-morrow?"

"Here?"

"Yes. I feel quite sure that, with a little practice, you will be able to make the public cease to mourn your mother's early death."

This was the first of many hours in the clearing of the woods—hours during which the young girl's cup of happiness seemed full to overflowing.

Books were supplied that fed the dramatic flame she had inherited, and she studied and practiced, till Carringtonford himself was amazed at the marvelous power of expression in one so young. She seemed in those hours to have no personality, no identity.

From the deep tragedies to the light comedies, she flitted with an ease that was wonderful, even considering her early observations, and her instructor persuaded himself that it was a praiseworthy and meritorious act to give the world a new star, and put the young actress upon the road to gratify her ambition and happiness.

But there was ever one obstacle. The long Summer days passed away, and Carringtonford was no nearer the real object of his pursuit than before. It was quite useless to hope that Daniel Garwin would so far assist his granddaughter in her heart's desire as to surrender to her the gaudy contents of the chest in his dressing-room, and without it Carringtonford assured his pupil it was useless to leave Edge Hill. Her mother's fortune would not pass into her hands until she was twenty-one, and there was no other money at her command to buy the necessary dresses for her profession.

At every one of the frequent meetings Carringtonford urged upon Agnes the necessity of obtaining possession of the chest; hearing ever for answer the same story of difficulty, almost impossibility, of gaining access to it.

"You must pass through grandfather's room to get into the dressing-room," she said; "and, excepting meal-times, he is always there."

In the meantime Carringtonford knew that if he could not soon obtain the coveted treasure, he must abandon its pursuit for a time, and leave Edge Hill. The money he had brought there—all he possessed—was very low, and he must obtain more to pay his expenses. The man was becoming desperate.

The little sum yet in his hands would last but a few days, and Agnes hesitated about taking the important step of leaving her home. Every chance of success, her teacher insisted, depended upon a suitable wardrobe, and she saw no way to command that.

The girl's whole heart was bound up in the hope of becoming a great actress. There was no romance beyond that of mystery in her daily meetings with Carringtonford, and she was yet young enough to be content to wait a little for the hour of her first step in her mother's profession.

So, when Carrington bade her farewell for a time, she felt no pang at the separation, but promised herself a Winter of hard study from the precious books he had provided, and built air-castles innumerable for the future.

It was dull at first to find no one at the old trysting-

Allen Duncan was a distant connection of the Garwin family, and, passing near Edge Hill, came to pay his respects to its owner. This, curtly told, was the history of the Winter.

What it was to Agnes would need a pen of gold dipped



TRANSITS OF VENUS.—VENUS CROSSING THE SUN.—SEE PAGE 630.

place to applaud and encourage her, no one to help her where difficulties of gesture or intonation occurred, no one to paint bright pictures of the future for her; but she persevered bravely till Winter set in, and her grandfather had a visitor.

in sunlight to describe. Love's young dream has given theme for stories old and new; but the dreamers can never realize that others have experienced quite such a paradise as the one they live in; that other hearts have felt quite such thrills of deep, pure delight as they ex-



TRANSITS OF VENUS.—PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS USED BY FRENCH OBSERVERS AT ST. PAUL'S ISLAND, INDIAN OCEAN, IN 1874.
SEE NEXT PAGE.

perience at the touch of one hand or the sound of one voice.

For once the course of true love seemed destined to run smooth. Daniel Garwin asked no better fate for the child he had adopted than to see her the wife of a man who inherited a name known through long generations for honor, probity and manliness; and Agnes forgot her ambitious dreams, forgot Carrington, forgot her books, in her happiness.

She had craved, since her mother pressed her lips to hers for the last time, to be the object of love, and for the first time this delight was offered to her. What was a profession, the applause of the world, compared to this new-born ecstasy of loving, where love was returned!

She had confided all her dreams to her lover, and at his request wrote a few lines to Carrington, abandoning her intention of following what she had believed her chosen life. Hot tears fell after the note was sent, but in her heart the young girl still cherished a hope that Allan would yet consent to her desires, when they were away from Edge Hill, and her grandfather's influence.

It was the night before the wedding that Daniel Garwin sent for Agnes to come to his room. Harshly as he had ever spoken to her, he told her that he had sent the contents of the chest in his dressing-room to her apartment.

"It may be that there is finery there that you can wear," he said. "I do not know. I never looked at the trash. But it



STATION AT RODRIGUEZ ISLAND, AFRICA, FOR OBSERVING TRANSIT OF 1874.

is yours. Had it not been, I should have given it to the flames long years ago."

It was an ill-advised movement for the old man to make, had he known all. Long after the household were asleep, a beautiful woman, locked in her own room, was carried back in imagination to her childhood—forward to a glorious triumph in the future, by the sight of the finery heaped beside her.

One after another of the dresses were donned, until, as the clock struck two, a *Lady Macbeth* in robes of crimson velvet and ermine, stood before the long mirror. Upon the youthful brow sparkled a tiara whose large, brilliant stones seemed jets of living flame. Even the girl herself paused in one of her happiest quotations to wonder at the brilliancy of the jeweled band above her rich brown hair.

"I look as mamma did the last night she played," she said. "I remember when she came to the dressing-room with this tiara in her hand, to show me the present thrown at her feet in the first act. We left Russia the next day, and mamma never played again. I heard the story, then, of a nobleman who loved her, and whose friends obtained her banishment. I wonder if he gave her the tiara? Oh! if I had only been a little older when mamma returned to New York, only to die. Hark! What was that!"

Cries for help—pistol-shots—the bells all over the house ringing loudly.

Forgetting her dress, her dreams, Agnes sped along the hall, following the cries and confused noises, till at last she arrived in her grandfather's room.

Upon the floor of the dressing-room, grasping the empty chest, a man lay weltering in blood; while, at a little distance, Daniel Garwin was stretched upon a low couch, dead. Allen Duncan, white as ashes, but cool and collected, knelt by the writhing, dying man, loosen-

ing the black mask upon his face, while the servants were grouped in horrified silence.

White and awe-stricken, Agnes drew slowly near her lover. Something in the figure on the floor looked sufficiently familiar to prevent any great amazement on her part when the mask was lifted, and Carrington's face was disclosed, fast growing clammy with the dews of death.

He looked at her with glazing eyes.

"It was my last venture," he gasped; "and it has failed like all the rest, Agnes!"

She knelt beside him, striving to keep back the faintness at her heart.

"You have clasped it on your head," he said; "the diamond tiara! It was your mother's last triumph when it was thrown at her feet. Do you know what it cost? It is no stage bauble. Every stone in it is a diamond worth a prince's ransom. I was steward to the duke who gave it. Years after, I found the bill amongst his private papers. I came to America to find it—to find you. I have failed again—failed again!"

Only a few words more, and the gasping utterance failed. The would-be robber lay cold and still beside the old man he had murdered in his last vain attempt to grasp the diamond tiara.

Four years after the events I have just recorded, a new star burst upon the dramatic world. Mrs. Duncan's feigned name still is a household word in many theatrolving homes; and her beauty and genius still win their meed of applause. Her husband is one of her warmest admirers, and triumphs in every success. But never, since the night she clasped it upon her brow for the first time has Agnes Duncan worn the gift that caused her mother's banishment from Russia, her grandfather's death—the diamond tiara.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

A POEM FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies—

Oh, the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the Springtime,
To tell the sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up everywhere.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright,
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door;

Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups,
Welcome, daisies white!
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight!
Coming ere the springtime
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

TRANSITS OF VENUS.

EIGHT years ago the astronomical world was excited over the prospect of an approaching transit of Venus, and of what might be discovered during its progress; last year a transit occurred from which at one time even more was expected, yet astronomers took the matter very calmly, and the outside world heard little either of the notes of preparation or of anticipations which astronomers have formed from the observations to be made. Yet the transit

was one in which we might be expected to take at least as much interest. It was visible under favorable conditions in countries more readily accessible—over the whole of the United States. Throughout the British Isles, France and Spain, Italy and Germany, also, it was partially visible.

It is not difficult to explain why the interest taken in the transit of 1882 was so much less than that which was

taken eight years before in the transit then approaching, although but five years before astronomers had been assured that the transit of 1882 was the one to which chief attention should be directed.

Let us, in the first place, briefly consider the history of past transits.

Venus travels round the sun almost exactly thirteen times while the earth travels round him eight times, thirteen periods of Venus differing from eight years only by about a couple of days. Hence Venus, making five more circuits than the earth does in eight years, passes necessarily five times in eight years between the earth and the sun. If she traveled in the same plane she would on each of these occasions pass across the sun's face, and be visible during the passage or transit as a black spot on his glowing disk. But she travels on a path slightly inclined to the earth's, and so generally passes a little above or a little below the sun. Only at or near the two points where the path crosses the level of the earth's motion, or the plane of the ecliptic, as it is called, does Venus, when crossing between the earth and sun, seem to pass across the face of the latter orb. If, however, she crosses his face at any such passage, she will pass very near his face, if she does not actually transit it, at the fifth passage thereafter, occurring eight years later. Then no transit will occur till the passage between the earth and sun occurs at the opposite point where Venus crosses the plane of the earth's orbit. On this side also there will generally be two transits separated by eight years within a day or two, and so on continually. The actual intervals between transits run, then, generally thus: 8 years, 121½ years; 8 years, 105½ years; 8 years, 121½ years, though it can readily happen that only one transit may occur at the time where the place of passage is near those two points of Venus's path where she crosses the plane in which the earth travels. These points of Venus's path lie in those directions from the sun in which the earth lies on or about June 7th and December 7th, consequently no transit of Venus can ever be seen except at or near these two dates.

The first transit ever observed was one in which Mercury, Venus's fellow-inferior planet, passed across the sun's face, in November, 1631. It was observed by Gas-sendi. He looked for a transit of Venus on December 6th, 1631, but failed to see it, "*d'abord*," says Dubois, "*parce qu' il fut empêché par la pluie*," but chiefly for the almost sufficient reason that (like the Spanish fleet) it was not in sight—the transit occurring during the night-time for Europe.

The first transit of Venus was observed in 1639, by Jeremiah Horrocks, a young English clergyman of twenty, living at Hoole. This excellent young astronomer had found that "Lansberg's Tables of Venus" were not accurate, and that the path of the planet being a little north of the positions assigned in the more accurate Tables by Kepler, the planet would pass over the southern part of the sun's disk. He told his friend Crabtree of this, and they both watched for and witnessed the transit, Horrocks at Hoole, near Liverpool, Crabtree at his home near Manchester. On Sunday, November 24th, old style (corresponding to December 4th, new style), these young but skillful observers witnessed the transit, Crabtree only for a very short time, but Horrocks during the thirty-five minutes preceding sunset. It is singular to consider that in England alone hundreds of observers on December 6th, 1882, watched a phenomenon precisely corresponding with that which, 243 years ago, was observed but by two lads only twenty years old.

In Europe and America thousands observed the phenomena of the transit, with the finest instruments opticians

can make, and in absolute certainty that the transit would begin and end within a few seconds, at the outside, of the predicted times. Less than two centuries and a half ago none of the regular astronomers knew anything of the approaching event. They did not suppose a transit would occur; and probably had they been told about the expectations of Horrocks and his friend they would have laughed at the wasted enthusiasm of the two youths.

Horrocks's observation was a precious gift to astronomy. It remains to this day one of the fixed route-marks of the planet Venus, and one of the most valued data in our knowledge of the solar system generally.

Time passed, and the value of observations of Venus in transit for determining the sun's distance was recognized by Halley, Newton's favorite disciple. He showed fully what Horrocks had more than hinted, that Venus, being between the earth and the sun, would be projected on slightly different parts of the sun's face as seen from different parts of that hemisphere of the earth turned sunward during transit, and that the amount of her displacement of the sun's face as observed from stations at a known distance from each other would suffice, if exactly determined, to indicate her distance from the earth, and with that the dimensions of the whole of the solar system. He recognized, however, the difficulties in the way of this direct solution of the problem of determining the sun's distance. He knew that observers far apart from each other could not readily determine the apparent place of Venus as seen by each at one and the same moment, with such accuracy that subsequently the distance between the two places could be precisely learned, which is essential to the determination of the sun's distance by this direct method.

Halley therefore devised a method by which the displacement could be indirectly deduced, as he supposed, with exceeding accuracy. Let each observer note the moments when transit begins and ends, or, in other words, the time occupied by Venus in traversing her chord-of-transit. From these observations the lengths of the two chords can be inferred with great precision *theoretically*, and then it becomes an easy problem in geometry to infer the distance between the two paths of transit.

It is essential for this method that the whole transit should be seen, or at any rate the beginning and the end (which is not precisely the same thing, for in every transit there are stations from which both the beginning and end of a transit, but not the middle, can be observed. But it is not always easy to find suitable stations for seeing the whole transit where it will last as long as possible, and other suitable stations where it will last as short as possible. So Delisle devised another plan by which the observations either of the beginning or end of transit would suffice.

Let one observer be placed at or near that part of the earth where the transit will begin earliest, and another at or near that part of the earth where it will begin latest (somewhat as one observer of a boat race might be placed on that part of a barge or pier where the racing boats would come into view first and another on that part where they would come into view last). It is manifest that if these two observers, at two known points of the earth, note the exact moment when each sees the transit first begun, the difference between the moments so noted by each will give a means of determining the precise effect of their separation by so many miles from each other, and so enable astronomers to infer the distance of Venus with the same degree of accuracy, theoretically, as by the other method. It is equally clear that two



LANDING OF THE TRANSIT OBSERVATION PARTY ON RODRIGUEZ ISLAND, AUG. 18TH, 1874.

observers might determine the distance of Venus with the same theoretical accuracy if one observed the precise moment when Venus left the sun's face, as seen from that part of the earth where this happened earliest, while another timed the same phenomenon as seen from the part of the earth where it happened latest. In each case, knowing the distance between the two stations and observing the effect of this displacement in modifying the moment of Venus's entry on or departure from the sun's face, the angular displacement of Venus can (theoretically) be inferred, and thence her distance; precisely



ENGLISH OBSERVATION PARTY AT HONOLULU DURING THE TRANSIT OF 1874.



FRENCH OBSERVATION PARTY IN THE GARDEN OF THE LEGATION AT PEKIN IN 1874.

as the angular displacement of a distant object seen from two stations separated by a known distance indicates to the surveyor the distance of that (perhaps inaccessible) object.

The chief difficulty in Delisle's method consisted in this, that each observer, either of the beginning or end of transit, would have to know the precise instant of *absolute* time when the phenomenon he was to observe took place; and for this purpose it was essential that the exact longitude of each place of observation should be known. For till we know the longitude we cannot translate the local time of any station into Greenwich or Paris time.

The transit of 1761 was one

in which great interest was taken by astronomers, chiefly because of the ideas of Halley, who was long since dead, and of Delisle, who was alive. Expeditions were sent out by England to Cape Town and St. Helena, while English astronomers at Madras and Calcutta were enjoined to observe it. French astronomers went to Tobolsk, Rodriguez and Pondicherry; Swedish astronomers, to Lapland; Russians, to Tartary and China. No less than 117 stations were occupied by 176 astronomers. Both Delisle's and Halley's methods were applied; and as at a great number of stations fine weather fortunately prevailed, astronomers supposed they had Venus fairly

in their toils, and, learning how far off she was when in transit, could deduce with confidence the dimensions of the whole solar system.

But they were doomed to disappointment. The Planet of Love had not behaved as had been expected. Theoretically, she should have appeared as a perfectly round black disk on the sun's face, and under that aspect the moments when she had just fully made her entry, and when she was just beginning to leave the solar disk, should have been determinable within a second. For in one case a fine thread of sunlight would be seen to form between the black disk of Venus and the dark background of sky on which the sun's disk is projected; in the other, a thread of sunlight, growing narrower and narrower, would break at the precise moment of contact (internal contact it is called), and in each case definite moments would be indicated, whether for measuring the duration of transit or for exactly timing the moments of earliest and latest beginning and ending. But, unfortunately, Venus declined at these moments of internal contact to present the fair round disk they had expected to see. She appeared pear-shaped, skittle-shaped and irregularly shaped—every kind of

shape, in fact, except round-shaped. The fine thread of light which astronomers were to see forming in one case and breaking in the other neither formed nor broke; but instead, a longish ligament of black seemed to connect the disk of Venus with the sun's edge, lying athwart a broad, irregularly-shaped background of luminous surface.

The results of calculation were, consequently, not very trustworthy. All sorts of solar distances were determined, ranging between 77,846,110 miles and 96,162,840. This was, manifestly, a very unsatisfactory result.

It was generally supposed by astronomers that this wide range of error arose from too much reliance having been placed on Delisle's method, though Halley's had been also to some degree employed. So they determined, in 1769, to employ Halley's method more fully. Preparations were made for sending observers to the South Seas,

California, Mexico, Lapland and Kamtschatka. The King of Denmark invited Father Hell, an eminent German astronomer, to observe the transit at Wardhuus, in Lapland, whither he went with Borgreving, the Danish astronomer. England sent Captain Cook to Otaheite, France sent Chappe d'Auteroche to Lapland. Many observations were sent also to other stations in Europe, North America, the East Indies and China.

But again astronomers were disappointed, though they did not find out the full measure of their disappointment till the middle of the present century. The values of the best computers ranged between about 96½ millions of miles and 92 millions; a range of discrepancy too wide to be satisfactory.

In 1825-27, Encke discussed the transits of 1761 and 1769 very fully, and in 1835, having gone carefully over his work, he published that estimate of the sun's "mean equatorial horizontal parallax" (this is for the dignity of science), corresponding to a distance of 95,365,000 miles (this is below the dignity of science), which so long did duty in our books of astronomy as the true distance of the sun, within a thousand miles or so. But about the middle of the century other methods



FRENCH ASTRONOMERS OBSERVING THE TRANSIT AT CERRO NEGRO, CHILI, IN 1883.

of determining the sun's distance showed such serious discrepancies that Encke's result began to be looked upon with grave suspicion. The moon's motions, observations of Mars, and other methods, seemed to agree in showing that the sun's distance must be less than Encke's calculations seemed to indicate, though they did not agree very closely *inter se*. Distances ranging between 91 and 93 millions of miles began to be in vogue, and when Pulkalky, Stone and Newcomb, treating the observations of 1769 in different ways, deduced different results, none of them even near Encke's, astronomers began to suspect that the observations made in 1769 could have had but little real value.

Yet did they not despair of obtaining highly satisfactory results from the observation of the transits of 1874 and 1882. They opined that the astronomers of last century

owed their defeat partly to the inferiority of their instruments, and partly to their want of experience in observation. They devised new methods for observing the coming transits; and they looked forward to results of great value and importance.

So far back as 1857, Sir G. Airy (then Professor Airy) called attention to what he supposed to be the fact that the transit of 1882 was the one of the pair which could alone be observed by Halley's method; and later, in 1868, he called together the chief captains and chartists of the Admiralty to get their opinion about the antarctic observations necessary for the due utilization of the transit now imminent. With cheerful alacrity Commander Davis, Admiral Ommanney, Captain Richards (hydrographer to the Admiralty), and others, attended his call, proved incontestably that the proposed antarctic expeditions were feasible and desirable, and gave promise to all the world, by every sentence they uttered, that those expeditions should be undertaken.

Unfortunately, the then Astronomer Royal was mistaken. The earlier, not the later, transit was the one to be observed by Halley's method. How his error had arisen it would take long to say; it is all fully explained elsewhere, and though in words he never admitted that he had made any mistake at all (officials never have done such a thing), yet in action he admitted the largest part of his error, and events demonstrated the test so unanswerably that he might as well have admitted that, too.

The advantage of the earlier transit lay not only in the greater observable differences of duration (on which, of course, the value of Halley's method depends), but in the greater accessibility of the stations at which the method could be employed. The antarctic stations had been described as accessible, and even eulogized as convenient, but were altogether inaccessible and utterly uninhabitable.

Photography is theoretically a most perfect way of utilizing a transit. Two observers at distant stations can take photographs at the same instant of time, or at moments readily comparable afterward, and there on the photographic image of the sun will be shown the round black disk of Venus, nearer to the centre in one than in the other, and so telling her own distance and the sun's. Or attempts may be made to take photographs showing Venus as she is entering on or leaving the sun's face. From what has been already learned as to the optical conditions under which her entry and exit are effected these last-mentioned photographs can be of very little use, but the others may be very valuable. English Government astronomers decided to take photographs on both plans. There was room, however, for choice as to the method of taking mid-transit photographs. The observer might use an ordinary telescope, enlarging the focal image to make a photograph of adequate dimensions, or he might use a telescope of great focal length, and photograph the larger image formed at its focus without any intermediate magnification. A number of considerations showed that the latter was the only method which could be trusted. European astronomers adopted the former method, because the only instrument they had yet used to photograph the sun were constructed on that plan. Their instruments for photographing Venus in transit were all modeled on the Kew photoheliograph, the object-glass of which is about three and one-half inches in diameter, with a focal length of fifty inches, so that the focal image of the sun is rather less than half an inch in diameter. This image was enlarged by a secondary magnifier to nearly four inches. American astronomers, however, attached more importance to the circumstance that it was the only

method which could be trusted, than to the difficulties which had to be surmounted in applying it. They used instruments having an aperture of five inches, a focal length of thirty-eight and one-half feet, giving images of the sun (at the focus) rather more than four inches in diameter. Of course a telescope forty feet long would be awkward to wield, and still more awkward to drive by clockwork so steadily that the solar image would rest unchanged in position on the photographic plate. So, as they could not conveniently turn these telescopes to the sun, they brought the sun to the telescope, using for the purpose a mirror so moved by clockwork as to send the solar rays in an unchanging direction—to wit, horizontally—into the photographing telescope, which throughout remained fixed.

Multitudes of photographs were obtained by English and continental astronomers, but as Professor Harkness puts it, the European photographs are useless. Consequently, at the conference held in Paris to consider how the transit of 1882 should be observed, it was agreed that "photography was a failure and should not be tried again," though some rather remarkable achievements in celestial photography since the transit of 1874 might have suggested a less despondent tone.

More extensive preparations than ever before were made by the principal nations of the world for observing the transit of the past year, the natural interest of astronomers in the event being heightened by the fact that no further opportunity for such study will be afforded until early in the twenty-first century. Seven expeditions were sent out by the United States, some of them to most remote regions. English astronomers were stationed in Canada, Natal, Madagascar, the West Indies, the Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand, Australia, Mauritius, and the Falkland Islands. Germany sent two expeditions to the United States, one being located at Hartford, Conn., and the other at Aiken, S. C., a third to the Argentine Republic, and a fourth to the Falkland Islands. A party of French astronomers was stationed at St. Augustine, Fla., and other expeditions were sent from that Republic to the West Indies, the Argentine Republic, and Patagonia. Denmark sent a party of scientists to the West Indies; the Argentine Republic established two stations of its own; Chili had one at Santiago, and there were also observers from Austria, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, Holland, and Mexico.

Besides the new stations expressly established for this purpose in remote parts of the world, great preparations were made for studying the event at all the principal observatories of this and other countries, special pains being taken in the United States at the Naval Observatory in Washington, and at Princeton, N. J., New Haven, Conn., and Cambridge, Mass.

It is needless to say that, as the 6th of December approached, astronomers everywhere studied the signs of the weather with intense anxiety, which deepened into apprehension as the prospect of a stormy day increased. In the United States the prediction of the Signal Service Bureau on the morning of the great day was waited with wide interest, and great disappointment was felt when the announcement came from Washington that cloudy weather, with local storms, was to be expected. It had rained during the previous night, and all the indications were most unfavorable; but happily the storm ceased before daybreak, and although the sun rose in a bank of clouds, it soon burst through them and shone brightly at intervals during the day in most parts of this country. In London a snowstorm prevailed, and the transit was totally invisible from the Greenwich Observatory, and bad weather also

prevailed in Paris and Madrid, but at most other places abroad the astronomers had good fortune.

According to the predictions of the astronomers, Venus would be seen touching the lower left edge of the sun at about eight minutes after nine o'clock, New York time. At that hour the sun entered one of the gaps between the rows of clouds, and its disk was seen pretty clearly defined. Observers aimed their telescopes upon the critical point, and at the appointed minute a black, perfectly defined line suddenly made its appearance on the very edge of the sun, which a second before had been as bright and clearly curved as the edge of a round golden mirror, at the very place where the astronomers had said it would be. In the fraction of a second it was no longer a line, but a smoothly rounded black notch in the edge of the sun.

The first contact had taken place, and Venus was fast swinging into line between the earth and the sun. The black notch deepened. Its curve was as perfect and its outline as sharp as the imagination could conceive. As it grew deeper and deeper, there presently burst into sight a marvelously beautiful phenomenon. The atmosphere of the planet had caught the sunbeams on its outer edge and bent them round so that it became visible as a beautiful half circle of light.

The sight was almost indescribable, and everybody who saw it uttered exclamations of admiration. Half the planet's body was between the eye of the observer and the sun, making a deep black scallop in the sun's edge; the other half, being yet outside the sun's disk, was invisible, but around its unseen edge, shining against the sky, and arching rainbow-like across the black gap in the sun's edge, was an arc of silvery light.

Some observers who were favored with very clear skies saw a yet more beautiful sight. To them that whole portion of Venus's disk which had not yet entered upon the sun's face appeared illuminated within the arc of light by a faint glow, presenting such an appearance as the new moon does when the unilluminated portion visibly reflects back the light poured upon it from the continents and oceans of the earth.

In about twenty minutes the black body of the planet had passed completely within the edge of the sun, and the second contact, as it is technically called, had taken place. The sight now was scarcely less beautiful. Different spectators got different impressions of it. To some it appeared like a perfectly round black hole in the sun; others compared it to a little black ball floating in a kettle of white-hot molten iron. As the planet slowly crossed the sun, keeping near the lower edge, thousands of persons stared at it with smoked and colored glasses, and several men who set up small telescopes in the streets and parks of New York city reaped a rich harvest of dimes from persons who crowded about them eager for a glance at the strange spectacle in the sky.

After the first two contacts were over the observers devoted their attention to studying the appearance of the planet, and searching for any possible satellite that might be seen accompanying it across the sun. Toward the third contact, which occurred at 2.52 P.M., the air grew hazy, and the sky had become quite cloudy when the last contact was observed at 3.11.

The observations at Princeton were very elaborate and interesting, and attended with a good degree of success. Including the students in Professor Young's class in astronomy, who assisted enthusiastically in the work, there were about twenty observers, and twelve instruments were in use. Professor Young himself observed the transit in the big blue dome of the new observatory

with the monster equatorial—a telescope second in size only to that at Washington. Perched in his observing-chair, which was swung half way to the lofty ceiling, with a gray cap drawn over his head and his keen eye at the eye-piece, he noted the contact, and then plied the powers of the spectroscope in the effort to learn something of the nature of Venus's atmosphere. His observations and those of his assistants showed plainly the lines indicating the presence of watery vapor in the atmosphere of the planet. Some other unknown lines were noticed, the nature of which remains to be explained. Complete measures of the planet's diameter were made with both filar and double-image micrometers. Professor Young's record of the times of the contacts, reduced to Washington time, is as follows: First, 8 hours, 55 minutes, 34 seconds; second, 9:16:18; third, 2:39:28; fourth, 3:00:14. The photographic work at Princeton was equally successful, 188 photographs being taken, most of which are excellent, although some were affected by clouds.

The object of taking these pictures was to obtain a permanent record of the precise position of Venus on the sun's disk at well-ascertained moments of time. Similar sets of pictures were taken in various places on this continent, as well as in the extreme southern part of South America.

The German observers at Hartford, Conn., were enabled to telegraph to Berlin the word "Wonderful!" their cipher word indicating successful observations of transit. This party consisted of Dr. Gustav Muller, first assistant of the Astrophysical Observatory at Potsdam for the past six years, and principally occupied with spectroscopic and photometric observations; Dr. Fritz Deichmüller, Observer at the Observatory of Bonn, who was one of the observers of the transit at Chefoo, China, in 1874; Julius Bauschinger, of Munich, a student of astronomy in the University of Berlin; and Hermann Dolter, a mechanic from Diedenhofen, in Lothringen, who was with the German observers sent to Mauritius in 1874. They came to this country some time beforehand, and erected the buildings required for their observations on the south part of the Trinity College Campus. The central building was the heliometer dome—a circular structure of plate iron resembling a miniature gasometer with a canvas cap. It rested upon a foundation of stonework, rough, but solid, for the instrument it held was a delicate one, and there must be no vibration. The building was thirteen feet in diameter, and for six feet up was of solid iron plates bolted together. Above it was continued with four or five feet of iron network to the roof. The building was constructed in Germany, and was first used at Chefoo, China, in the observation there of the transit of Venus in 1874. South of this structure was a small wooden building built with double walls, and lined with sawdust to avoid disturbance from change of temperature, to hold the collimator telescope. To the east and west of the heliometer dome were two observatories eleven feet square, with the roofs so built as to turn on hinges and expose the whole interior to the sky, an arrangement of pulleys enabling the astronomers to open or close them without difficulty. The eastern conservatory contained a moderate-sized refractor, and the western observatory one somewhat larger, mounted equatorially, and bearing an inscription showing that it was used at Mauritius at the time of the transit of 1874. Fifty feet north of the little group of buildings was an upright pole, about ten feet high, crowned with what resembled a common target. This was the heliometer model, used for practicing purposes. A white disk represented the sun, while across the lower quarter ran a wire, upon which slid a little black disk representing Venus.

With the heliometer the observers repeatedly measured the distance of the black or Venus disk from each limb of the sun in the same manner as in the real transit, so as to be in good practice when the real work came.

The "contact model house" was the name given to a little structure, just the size and shape of a doghouse, raised about three feet in the air by four narrow legs. It contained an artificial sun for cloudy days, and was located just 350 feet north of the heliometer dome, and

during the day in making good observations with the heliometer.

The heliometer is a telescope, with its object-glass divided into two parts, which may slide past each other. Thus they can be directed to opposite edges of the sun, and two images of the sun are formed which are tangent to each other. The displacement of the two parts of the glass gives the measurement of the sun's diameter. Four half sets of measurements were made, each consisting of



GERMAN ASTRONOMERS TAKING OBSERVATIONS AT TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD.

with the "target" almost in range between them. A large glass disk, covered with thin paper, represented the sun, behind which a lamp could be placed so as to afford a clearly cut circle of diffused light. Across it a dark spot, representing Venus, was made to pass with a uniform motion. With their telescopes the astronomers observed many times the different phases of the contact of the artificial sun and Venus just as they expected to observe them in reality on the day of the transit. One of our illustrations shows this peculiar model.

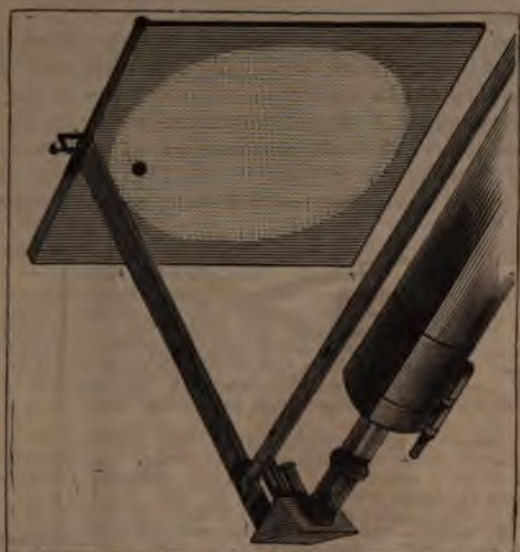
The German expeditions placed great reliance upon the heliometer, and although the clouds prevented the Hartford party from observing the first contact, they succeeded

eight observations, and six full sets, each consisting of sixteen observations, making eight sets, which was the entire number desired to be made in the whole time of the transit. The party were, therefore, quite successful, and ready to enjoy the reception given them in the evening by their countrymen.

The buildings they have used will be presented to Trinity College, the authorities of which will place upon the cap of the central pier in the heliometer-house, upon which rested the heliometer, an inscription commemorative of the event of the transit, with the date and the latitude and longitude of the college as determined by the astronomers.



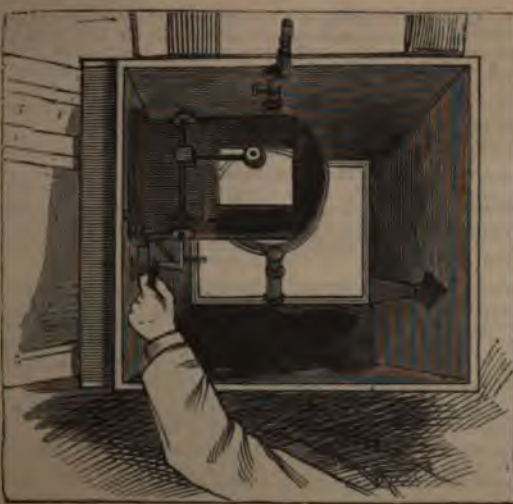
THE BUILDINGS FOR THE OBSERVATION AT TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD.



THE TRANSIT AS PROJECTED ON A SCREEN.



THE GERMAN ASTRONOMERS SENT TO CONNECTICUT TO OBSERVE TRANSIT OF 1889.



VENTI'S MODEL, OR ARTIFICIAL TRANSIT.

Astronomers generally are well satisfied with the results of their observations, and will now find abundant employment for a long while to come in working out their conclusions. There is no necessity for haste, and they will be able to occupy all the time they want in summarizing the results for the benefit of their great-grandchildren in astronomical study when the next performance on this celestial stage occurs on 8th of June, 2,004.

"The American photographs," says Proctor, "seemed likely at a first examination to fail equally. When they were placed under the microscope only an indistinct blur could be seen." Fortunately, the cause of the difficulty was soon discovered. It was found that the magnifying power employed corresponded to an attempt to enlarge the solar disk 1,764 times linearly, a preposterous power to employ with an object-glass of only five inches aperture. So microscopes of less power were employed, until the magnification amounted only to 225 diameters, with which power—still a high power, be it noticed—the photographs yielded excellent results.

"The measurements made upon them seem free," says Professor Harkness, "from both constant and systematic errors, and the probable error of a position of Venus depending upon a single photograph is little more than half a second of arc." This applies only to pictures showing the whole disk of Venus on the sun's face, those taken while she was advancing on his face or leaving it proved to be valueless.

How, then, is the transit of 1882 to be utilized by astronomers? As both Delisle's method and Halley's have proved to be of very little value, one would say they would not be applied at all, or only as subsidiary methods, which may just as well be employed by observers appointed to apply better methods, since it costs nothing to throw these observations in. But as the photographic method had failed in their hands, European astronomers had no choice. "Under the merciless pressure of necessity," as Professor Harkness puts it, "they decided to try the contact methods once more." Luckily Airy's old mistake about the suitability of Halley's method for the approaching transit was corrected in time, or we should undoubtedly have had expeditions to the antarctic seas to occupy the stations which he landed in 1868.

The astronomers of the United States knew that the probable error of a contact observation (that is, one for timing Venus as she just enters fully on or is about to leave the solar disk) is considerable, the phase observed always doubtful, the chance of failure through a passing cloud considerable. The photographic method cannot be defeated by passing clouds, is not liable to uncertain interpretation, and seems to be free from systematic errors.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS IN GLASS-MAKING.—The following is a record of the principal improvements in glass-making during the last fifty years, as given by a prominent manufacturer: Robert Lucas Chance, of Birmingham, England, successfully introduced the manufacture of Bohemian sheet-glass into his district in 1838. James Chance perfected the process of grinding and polishing sheet glass, now known as patent plate. The substitution, about the year 1830, of carbonate of soda, as the alkaline ingredient in glass in place of kelp, and subsequently, for crown and sheet glass, of sulphate of soda (salts) in the place of carbonate. An increase in the size and improvement in the workmanship of the plates, sheets and tables produced. An improvement in the color of the glass by the use of purer materials and modifications in the process of melting. Numerous improvements in the flattening of sheet glass, resulting in the removal or diminution of many imperfections. The use of the diamond in the process of splitting cylinders in the place of a red hot iron. An increase in the size of the melting pots and furnaces, with a view of economizing coal and labor. The adoption, in the casting of plate-glass, of various me-

chanical contrivances. The origin of some important improvements of this class is due to the manager of the Birmingham Plate-Glass Works. The use of the same pot for the two processes of melting and casting plate, superseding the old method of transferring the contents of the melting pot into the vessel used for casting. The substitution of small coal, or slack, in the melting process in the place of large coal or lumps. The application of Siemens's regenerative process to the melting of glass, by which the amount of smoke is greatly diminished, the color of the glass is improved, a greater control is obtained over the furnace, and a saving of fuel is effected wherever, by this process, slack can be substituted for large coal or lumps. These advantages are to some extent counterbalanced by the increased cost of the furnace, and its increased liability to get out of order. The process, however, as applied to glass-making, is so new that there has been scarcely time as yet to overcome the difficulties that have presented themselves. The introduction of the Gill furnace, whereby coal is economized to a remarkable extent without sacrificing the effectiveness of the combustion or the evolution of heat. There have been many improvements, besides, in machinery for pressing and ornamenting glassware, but they are too numerous and intricate to detail here. The most important of these, too, have had their origin in the United States, which have rapidly come to the front with labor-saving devices in glass manufacture as in other industries.

In a recent communication to the Vienna Academy, Professor Graber, of Czernowitz, describes a long series of experiments with regard to the "skin-vision" of animals; affording exact proof that certain animals, without the aid of visual organs proper, can make not only quantitative but qualitative distinctions of light. These experiments relate chiefly to the earthworm, as representing the eyeless (or "dermatoptic") lower animals, and to the *Triton cristatus*, as representative of the higher ("ophthalmoptic") eyed animals. In a table Professor Graber presents columns of numerical "coefficients of reaction" indicating how many times more strongly frequented a space illuminated with bright red, green, or white without ultra-violet, is, than one illuminated dark-blue, green, or white with ultra-violet respectively, the conditions being the same as regards light-intensity, radiant heat, etc. In one set of experiments, the animals were in the normal state; in another, the anterior end of the worm, and the eyes of the triton were removed.

The ammonia process for making soda dates, as a practical manufacturing method, from 1866, in which year M. Solvay of Brussels established works at Couillet, near Charleroi. M. Solvay is now manufacturing soda by the ammonia process at the rate of about 75,000 tons per annum. The production of soda has very rapidly increased on the continent within the last five years; the greater part, but not the whole, of this increase is due to the introduction of the ammonia process. The production of soda by this process in England is entirely in the hands of one firm—Messrs. Brunner & Mond. In 1875 this firm produced 2,500 tons of soda, in 1880 they produced 18,800 tons, and their output is now at the rate of 52,000 tons per annum. The new works now in course of construction in England and on the continent, when completed, will at once increase the production of ammonia soda by 65,000 to 70,000 tons annually.

REPORTS from Lower Bavaria announce the discovery of auriferous and argentiferous sand deposits. They are confined to a layer of gneiss which occurs in the granitic rocks for a length of about fifteen or eighteen miles, between the villages of Innerezell and Zenting. It appears that one hundred kilogrammes of the sand contain about ten to fifteen grammes of pure silver and between two to ten grammes of pure gold; the sand from four-sixth metres depth is even richer. The weathered gneiss partly carries gold and silver and partly gold only; no special form is marked in the occurrence of the auriferous sand; there are deposits that seem to be alluvial, others which occur in the firm rocks, others again in distinct veins of mica slate, and still others in exposed gneiss which is many yards high.

At a public meeting held, recently, in Glasgow, called at the suggestion of Sir William Thomson and Mr. John Burns of Castle Wemyss, it was agreed to collect the money to establish a permanent and efficient observatory on Ben Nevis. The building will cost £2,000, the instruments £1,000. In all £5,000 are required, and of that sum £1,400 has already been subscribed. The English Government has refused to assist in the matter.

BIEDERMANN'S *Central Blatt für Agriculturn Chemie* states that the slag obtained in the basic dephosphorizing process contains 19 per cent. of phosphoric acid. It is thought this may be available for plant cultivation. As it contains salts of iron and manganese, the powdered slag should be spread on fields early in the Autumn if they are to be sown in the Spring, that the injurious salts may be got rid of by oxidation.

The effectiveness of oil cast upon the sea in case of a storm was recently proved by a British schooner, which encountered terrific weather and suffered serious damage on a voyage across the Atlantic. Her escape was attributed to the fact that small bags of oil were towed over the stern, thus preventing the sea from breaking over the vessel while she was running before the wind.

HERB TRAUBE has observed that if platinum in the form of plate or wire be shaken with hydrogen, air and water, hydrogen peroxide is produced in abundance, and that palladium oxidizes carbonic oxide in presence of water and oxygen to carbonic acid, and the same hydrogen compound is obtained.

ABOUT 34,000,000 barrels of petroleum are now on hand—more than this country would consume in four years.

SOLID MILK.—To make condensed milk, the milk is subjected to a heat of some 280 degrees, which, it is said, scalds it. By a new process, the heat is only about 130 degrees, and the product is called evaporated milk. When the time of exposure to that moderate heat is sufficiently prolonged, all the watery part of the milk is driven off, and the remnant is a tough, solid mass, creamy-white in color, and much resembling a dried chunk of white flour dough. That is granulated by artificial means; a little fine white sugar is added to make it keep, and then it looks like corn meal, and is called granulated milk. The evaporated milk is only about half as near solid as the condensed milk, but is very rich, and so little affected by the process through which it has passed that when water is added the most delicate taste cannot detect the difference between it and pure natural milk; cream rises on it, and butter can be made from it. The granulated is made to keep in all climates for any desired length of time.

THE Mechanical Engineer reports a curious effect produced on a wrought-iron forging by a human hair. The forging was in a cold press—that is, a powerful press for finishing the forging after it is shaped. During this process it is put between two hardened steel dies and subjected to a pressure of 200 tons to the square inch. At one of these operations a hair taken from the head of a bystander was placed on the face of the forging and the full pressure applied. The result was that the hair was driven into the forging and imbedded in it. The hair itself was uninjured during the operation, and was removed intact by Mr. Manning Merrill, of Merrill Brothers, Williamsburg, N. Y.

It has been shown that, by the mere compression of an inclined hemihedral crystal, electricity is developed. Experiments were made by placing a crystal, or a suitable section of it, between two sheets of tinfoil, insulated on the exterior by plates of ebonite, the tinfoil being connected by a galvanometer; by compressing the crystal into a vise or otherwise, electricity was developed and measured by the galvanometer.

FIREPROOF paper may be made, according to the *Pharmaceutische Zeitung*, from a pulp consisting of 1 part vegetable fibre, 2 parts of asbestos, 1.10 part of borax, 1.5 part of alum. The ink is made from 85 parts of graphite, 0.8 part of copal varnish, 7.5 parts of copernis, 30 parts of tincture of nutgalls, and a sufficient quantity of indigo carmine.

M. MEYER, in *Cosmos les Mondes* for January 20th, describes his experiments for determining the color of water. A glass tube is filled with distilled water and closed at each end by parallel planes of colorless glass. On looking through it the color of the water appears to be intensely blue.

TWO LEIPZIG chemists have devised a process for obtaining sugar in a permanently liquid form. This result is said to be effected by adding to a purified sugar solution a small quantity of citric acid, which combines with the sugar and deprives it of its tendency to crystallize.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"**TIME** works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.

"We had short-cake for tea," said a little girl to a little boy. "So had we," he answered; "so short that I didn't get a bit of it."

"I wish to state," writes a provident minister, "that I have procured an alarm clock that will wake up the congregation as soon as the service is over."

"You are an idiot!" angrily exclaimed a domineering wife. "So my friends said when I married you," replied the husband. And she became more infuriated than ever.

DISHONESTY AND HONESTY.—A Nevada penitentiary convict says that he was sent to prison for being dishonest, and is there kept at work cutting out pieces of pasteboard to put between the soles of honest leather.

MADAME B. to a **YOUNG JOURNALIST**: "Yes, I know you write for the newspapers, but as the articles are not signed, how can yours be recognized?" "Oh, madame, nothing could be easier. All the best ones are mine!"

A **GENTLEMAN** having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "Oh, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, sir," said the man. "I presume not," said the gentleman; "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach."

An old lady of his flock once called upon Doctor Gill with a grievance. The doctor's neckbands were too long for her ideas of ministerial humanity, and, after a long harangue on the sin of pride, she intimated that she had brought a pair of scissors with her, and would be pleased if her dear pastor would permit her to cut them down to her notions of propriety. The doctor not only listened patiently, but handed over the offending white bands to be operated upon. When she had cut them to her satisfaction and returned the bibs, it was the doctor's turn. "Now," said he, "you must do me a good turn, also." "Yes, that I will, doctor. What can it be?" "Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long, and which causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter." "Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate; what is it? Here are the scissors—use them as you please." "Come, then," said the sturdy divine, "good sister, put out your tongue."

It is the opinion of Miss ——— that males are of no account from the time ladies stop kissing them as infants till they kiss them again as lovers.

GRATIFYING NEWS for the **STRONG-MINDED SISTERHOOD**.—A book of travels informs us that in some French inns the "maid-servants are all men."

"HAVE I not offered you every advantage?" said a doting father to his son. "Oh, yes," replied the youth; "but I could not think of taking advantage of my father."

"WHAT pretty children, and how much they look alike!" said C——, during a first visit to a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend explains. "What, both of 'em!" exclaims C——, greatly interested.

MAMMA: "Why are you always beating your doll? That isn't nice." **ELSA**: "Yes, it is. I must beat the doll, because I don't want papa to tell me, as he always tells you, that I am spoiling my children."

"Yes," said Clare: "your Maltese kitty is pretty enough, but he can never come up to my bird. That was all she knew about it. The kitty did come up to her bird that very day, and it was 'all up' with the bird."

A **WEALTHY** stockbroker, passing along the street, surprises a ten-year-old urchin with his hand in the stockbroker's pocket attempting to perform the handkerchief trick. "You young scoundrel!" he exclaims, with severity; "are you not ashamed of yourself to steal—at your age?"

AYE A **SOMETHING**.—A Scotch lady whose daughter was recently married was asked by an old friend whether she might congratulate her upon the event. "Yes, yes," she answered; "upon the whole it is very satisfactory. It is true Jennie hates her gudeman, but then there's aye a something."

A **REVY** of girls were on their way home from a "foliage excursion," when one of them exclaimed: "Oh, dear! I wish I were an Autumn leaf." "Why, what a silly idea!" said her companion. "Suppose your wish were granted?" "Well, then, I would know what it was to be pressed," blushing replied the boniless beauty.

BENIGHTED.—"Have you heard that Mr. N. has received the Order of Knighthood?" "Yes; I had it from his own lips the other day." "And did you ask him how he came to have this distinction conferred upon him?" "I took good care to do nothing of the kind." "Why?" "Because I have my reasons for suspecting that he doesn't know himself."

An honest mason who had just lost his wife was in despair. He wished to express his sorrow and his tenderness in an epitaph; but in vain did his marble worker suggest: "To my dear companion," "To my well-beloved wife," "To my ever-regretted wife," etc. At last, having thought of it for a long while, he said, sobbing: "I have it; put on simply 'To my widow!'"

A **YOUTH** was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang toward him, exclaiming: "No, no—that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet, and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now!"

THE Bishop of Ely, who has been visiting Lord Coleridge at Heath's Court, Ottery, St. Mary, stopped in Bristol one day recently for a few hours, on his homeward journey, and happened to enter the cathedral just as afternoon service was commencing. As Doctor Woodford was walking up the nave, his attention was attracted to a new brass which has been recently erected, and he made a momentary halt in front of it, whereupon a verger, who did not mark the episcopal garments, jumped from behind a pillar, and gave the bishop a smart rap on the shoulder, informing him, with bumble-like bluntness, that "persons must not look at the monuments till after service." The bishop walked on into the choir, and a kind spectator nearly caused the verger to drop upon the pavement by informing him of the name of the person he had treated so unceremoniously.

At a dinner party in London there were two sisters present: one, a widow who had just emerged from her weeds; the other, not long married, whose husband had lately gone out to India for a short term. A young barrister present was deputed to take the young widow to dinner. Unfortunately, he was under the impression that his partner was the married lady whose husband had just arrived in India. The conversation between them commenced by the lady remarking how extremely hot it was. "Yes, it is very hot!" replied the barrister. Then a happy thought suggested itself to him, and he added with a cheerful smile: "But not so hot as the place to which your husband has gone." Words are powerless to convey any idea of the sequel, but the looks with which the lady answered this lively sally will haunt that unhappy youth till his death.

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ESTHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY G. BIERMANN.

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THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

By O. W. RIGGS.

"I AM a man," said Terence, the Latin writer, "and nothing which relates to man can be a matter of unconcern to me," a sentiment which will be echoed by every reflective mind. And nowhere on this side of the planet are the daily occupations of men more replete with interest than in New York, the first city of this continent,



and the third of the world. We refer more particularly just now to the commercial life of the metropolis. "The friend of man," as Gibbon has termed him, the merchant, it is well known, has done much to develop civilization in every age and in every land. Commerce, in fact, comes first, and all the rest follows in due course of time. Athens, at the height of its glory in all that appertains to the refinements of life, was not less renowned for its mighty commerce.

New York, it is therefore of interest to note, has for many years past had so large a share in the nation's commerce that it has to-day more wealth than twenty-one of our states and territories combined. Half the foreign trade of this country is transacted here, and the harbor is conceded to be—all things considered—one of the best, if not actually the best, in the world. Its princely residences outshine some of the famed palaces in Europe; its merchants are in numerous instances far more powerful in a financial sense than perhaps the greater portion of the wealthy nobility of Europe.

There is nothing, however, more interesting about New York's commerce than its shipping. The East River—called a river, but in reality a deep arm of the sea—is always an interesting sight to one curious about the ways of men. Here are craft of all kinds, hurrying on their several errands, as restless in their activity as the conveyances that throng the noisy streets of the great city. Steamers rushing along toward Long Island Sound and ports on the Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine coasts; to New Haven, Hartford, Boston, Providence, Newport, Portland. Steamers hurrying toward the lower bay with Jacksonville, Galveston, St. Thomas, Maracaibo or Porto Cabello, Philadelphia or Baltimore, for their destination. Sloops loaded with bricks; barges with hay, and in Summer with ice; tugs towing large barges of freight cars around to the upper docks of the railroad companies opposite Hunter's Point, Long Island, or taking canal boats and barges laden with flour and potatoes to the foot of Coenties Slip; black vessels being towed around to load petroleum at Hunter's Point; here and there a trim white craft—white as a phantom ship of an old sailor's yarn if seen at night—looks like a veritable waterwitch; a vessel laden with tropical fruit to be unloaded, perhaps, at the foot of Burling Slip or some other equally active fruit mart; yachts of pleasure-seekers in the Summer; steamers loaded down with passengers on their way to some breathing place up the Sound, anywhere but the stifling city, with its rush and heat and smoke of torment rising Gehenna-like, without ceasing; barges of excursionists made up of Sunday-school children, or the members of the thousand-and-one societies of New York on their way to some grove on the Hudson River, with bands playing, and young men and maidens dancing, while passengers on passing steamers wave handkerchief salutes; fishing vessels returning from hazardous voyages to the Banks far away on the Atlantic coast, and making for the docks of the Fulton fish market; steamers that may literally be called "floating palaces"—there is nothing which exactly compares with them anywhere else—moving majestically along with hundreds of passengers on the way to Newport; the ferry-boats of sixteen ferries starting from the Battery and all the way up to One Hundred and Tenth Street, and in a single day carrying a much larger army of men than figured in some of the great battles of history. These and other vessels, not to continue an almost endless enumeration, make up a scene worth going a long distance to see.

The drydocks, with a large ship or steamer hauled up for repairs, are another interesting feature of the water

front, and from the foot of Roosevelt Street, South, the collection of shipping might well justify Mr. Howell's facetious reference to New York's "wilderness of spars and rigging," against which Boston has nothing to show but "a gentleman's park of masts."

Over all the shipping on the East River, above the surrounding cities, and discernible for many miles away, looms the great Brooklyn Bridge, to be opened for traffic in a few weeks, which has cost \$16,000,000, since it was begun in 1870, and whose towers rise 278 feet above the high water mark, or fifty-seven feet higher than the celebrated Bunker Hill Monument, at Boston. It is, indeed, a grand sight, with its stupendous outlines projected against the sky, and seen from the river at dusk, its huge figure exaggerated in the fast-deepening shadows of the evening, with the two black cities crouching at its feet, it takes on an aspect almost weird; each individual tower, with its two eye-like arches, somehow calling to mind Hawthorne's rather unearthly legend of "the Great Stone Face." There is, at such an hour, a look of mingled grandeur and benignity in these great stone towers, silently confronting each other from opposite banks of the rushing river, and, as it were, keeping watch and ward over the sister cities. When it is opened, the bridge will be illuminated at night by seventy powerful electric lights along its length of nearly 6,000 feet, or about a mile and a quarter. A grand spectacle this will be, with walls of white light built up, so to speak, on either side of the aerial avenue, eighty-five feet wide, and the thronging thousands—the young and the old, the gay and the grave—hurrying or sauntering, or rushing swiftly over in the roaring railroad trains; the long line of heavy trucks, with their powerful horses and shouting, weather-worn drivers; the gleaming river rolling onward far below, the variegated lights on the masts of the steamers and sailing craft, the reddish glow of their cabins, the lights along shore and in the thoroughfares stretching away for miles, the illumination that hangs over the two great cities at night—the descriptions in the tales of the "Arabian Nights" had doubtless far less foundation in fact than such a scene would afford to the romancer here, 12,000 miles away from the valley of "cool Cashmere."

Macaulay, in one of his powerful essays, speaks of a time when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's; to picture to one's self the huge, bulwark-like abutments of the Brooklyn Bridge laid low, and the proud cities on either bank of the river in ruins even ages hence, would require as great a stretch of the fancy. But here it stands, this wonderful feat of engineering skill—this illustration of what human intelligence and human hands can do—in broad noon, with its noble towers, its multitudinous stretches of wire, and its huge cables gleaming in the sunshine like a vast necklace suspended from what is now practically one city. It will give the weary bread-winners, after the labor of a sultry day, a chance to breathe the fresh air at a high altitude, the floor in the centre of the bridge being 135 feet above the river; and it will thus prove for health and traffic a real boon to the thousands who will cross it every day, either on foot or in the cars. In Winter, too, when fogs and the ice in the river would otherwise greatly impede travel, it will be found of the greatest service. It is proposed to allow foot-passengers to cross it without charge; trucks and those traveling in the cars will be obliged to pay a reasonable fare.

But let not the noble Hudson be forgotten. Along the city front it is called the North River, and here the larger portion of the great steamer fleet trading with New York

is to be seen. Great steamships at anchor in the middle of the stream or at their docks, taking on cargo, or perhaps just coming in from some port in another hemisphere, are here so numerous that only a shipping directory could enumerate them. Here their huge black hulks loom among the surrounding smaller crafts, like Titans among Pygmies. They are setting out for London, Liverpool, Glasgow; for every port on the Continent of Europe where a seaman can enter; for harbors in the torrid zone, where awnings will be stretched across the decks to protect the voyagers from the prostrating sun; for ports at the South, whence they will return with the cotton, tobacco, molasses, naval stores, oranges, strawberries, and other edibles that feed the capacious maw of Washington Market; for San Francisco, Honolulu, Melbourne, and miasmatic Callao. Then, coming down from the North, we see long tows of canal-boats laden with grain, each boat carrying 8,000 bushels, or four times as much as in former days. These boats are also laden with flour and potatoes. Then there are the barges bringing bricks down from Haverstraw, or from far up the Hudson ice from the great houses whose labor supports so many hundreds and even thousands along its banks, and whose frozen commodity does so much to cool the metropolitans, and at the same time lighten their purses. Yonder, too, is one of those peculiar-looking scow-like vessels which carry petroleum in bulk. Over there by the New Jersey shore are a number of sloops and schooners beating down toward the lower part of the city, and we watch them as they glide along under the heights of Weehawken, where Alexander Hamilton fought that fatal duel with Aaron Burr.

It was across this placid river that poor Hamilton was rowed, stricken with a death-wound, on that morning in July, 1804. Nothing but the peaceful avocations of busy, anxious men can long hold the mind at the moment, however, and we turn to glance at the crowd of steamers, large and small, which come flocking down from towns along the Hudson all the way from here to Troy. From Albany down, the traffic is enormous, and it is all heaped into the capacious lap of the metropolis. To see the arrival and departure of the steamers and other vessels engaged in it has an interest that is more readily felt than described. The wharves strewn with boxes, barrels, crates, casks, bundles of all kinds, which are seized by stout longshoremen and trundled down the gangplanks in their small handcarts, and packed on the lower deck; the eager looks of the men, perhaps behind-time in their work; the bells tolling the time for departure; the roar of the escaping steam; the shouts of those who direct the loading of the vessel—all this, heard amid the tumult of the never-sleeping city, takes on a new interest. Then there are the huge elevators, where the grain-boats discharge in a few days what formerly took weeks to unload. There are the ferry-boats, larger, as a rule, than those on the East River, in which thousands cross every day, coming from towns many miles away in New Jersey, but pursuing their calling in New York as though it were a part of the town in which they resided. There are numerous towns in New Jersey, far inland, which are in this sense practically part of the metropolis. Seven lines to Jersey City, two to Hoboken, one to Weehawken: these are the principal ferries, but the small steamers running between this city and a score of towns for twenty-five miles up the Hudson are practically ferries for most persons coming to New York every day. But we will leave this spectacle for other scenes worthy of a volume, which it is not our purpose, however, to write at this time.

We are now at the Battery, and leaning on a parapet,

we watch the scene in the bay. Far away, it seems, from here, and shining in the distance, that lends enchantment, are the heights of Staten Island. In the foreground and middle distance are Governor's Island, Ellis Island and Bedloe's Island, set, so to speak, like green embossed work upon this broad expanse of shining water. The New Yorker, detained by his occupations here in the sultry months of Summer, is wont to cast longing looks at these green spots, and at the New Jersey shore, far to the southwest, where a new Arcadia seems to rise before his fancy. The Battery, exemplifying the truth that history repeats itself, is becoming gradually a more popular stroll than it was for many years following the desertion of this locality by the wealthier classes of the city, and we meet many persons having the complacent look of prosperity who are scanning the busy shipping in the bay with that interest with which man is apt to regard the occupations of his fellow-men even in the crowded city. Here, on the glittering bay, we see craft of all kinds and shapes; here are steamers, ships, barks, barkentines, brigs and schooners, generally in charge of those busy bees of the harbor, or, rather, the indefatigable ants of commerce, which are dismayed by no obstacle, and will take hold of any load, however heavy—the little tugboats. A motley collection of nationalities in these ships—Britons, Greeks, Germans, Danes, Swedes, Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, Frenchmen, Russians, Mexicans, Dutchmen as honest and stout in appearance as brave old Hendrick Hudson himself. These are a few of the races that man these ships. Far down the bay there is a fleet of merchant vessels at anchor, and other craft cluster like a swarm of flies over near Communipaw, where they are doubtless awaiting their share in the cattle trade. Everywhere we see the evidences of commercial prosperity, the hurrying squadrons of trade threading their way in every direction.

But where are all these vessels going? What is the destination of this "white-winged fleet of commerce"? A hundred different ports. Let the reader imagine himself on one of the pilot-boats which are constantly seen in both rivers and in the harbor, and a better view of all this interesting spectacle of maritime activity may be obtained. Taking the coastwise shipping, here is a schooner larger than some of the vessels of Columbus's little fleet, that braved the unknown seas to the west of Spain nearly 300 years ago, and discovered a new continent. She is on her way to Boston, all sails set, with a cargo of cement. Here is another bound for Norfolk, with fertilizers for Southern cotton and rice fields; another is carrying a cargo of salt to Portland, Maine, and not far off are others laden with pig-iron and coal, bound for the same port; another is on her way to either New Bedford or Providence, as subsequent orders may direct, with a cargo of scrap-iron; another is bound for Elizabethport, on the New Jersey shore, where she will take on coal destined for Providence; another is going to Providence at once with a hundred tons of corn; a brig of 450 tons is taking phosphate to Savannah; a schooner is on its way to Jacksonville, Florida, where she will be loaded with a cargo of 175,000 feet of lumber, to be taken to Baltimore; another is running down to Perth Amboy, nearly opposite the southern extremity of Staten Island, where she will receive a cargo of pig-iron, which she is to take to Salem, and another is going to the same famous port with coal, to be entered at the Custom House, where, nearly forty years ago, Hawthorne was Surveyor; that schooner of more than 200 tons, that we see approaching, is laden with lumber; as she draws nearer we see that she rejoices under the rather peculiar name of *The Twenty-one Friends*; she is bringing lumber from Florida for the great yards on the west side of the city. Here are several

vessels bound for Charleston ; one has a cargo of general merchandise, another carries stone ; that schooner of 330 tons is on her way to Beaufort, N. C., with building-stone ; another is coming up with lumber from Savannah ; another is hurrying to the Ashley River, South Carolina, to take a load of the phosphate rock that is dug from its bed by a small army of negroes, and then she will hurry back here or to Seaford, a port in Delaware. That schooner is making its way to New Brunswick, where she will be supplied with lumber to be taken to Newport News, Virginia. And these are but a few of the hundreds of craft that we see around, the smaller vessels under full sail, and the larger, in accordance with the rules of the port, being towed in by puffing little tugboats. We have mentioned

cases of the same product, on her way to Bombay, more than 11,000 miles away ; another American ship, with an even larger cargo of petroleum, is starting for Japan, and American ships often take nearly 10,000 barrels of this oil to England or Germany ; an Italian bark bound for a port on the western coast of Italy—not named, for commercial reasons ; a Norwegian bark leaving for Hamburg, another for Antwerp ; a German bark for Copenhagen, another for Bremen ; a British bark for Amsterdam, another for Lisbon ; a small bark for Leghorn—all these are loaded with that mysterious product which we term petroleum. An Italian bark is taking Kentucky tobacco to Leghorn and Genoa, and considerable of this kind of tobacco is shipped to Spain. The Spaniards can scarcely



THE ENTRANCE TO THE ERIE BASIN.

the shipping that trades along the coast because the majority of persons see more of this sort of craft ; it comes nearer home.

But vast fleets come and go through the Narrows, which, with foreign crews and strange names and flags, and merchandise from distant lands, arouse a very natural interest. To be more exact, more than 6,800 foreign vessels enter the harbor in a year, and take away cargoes to ports far distant from the Sandy Hook lighthouses, which they pass outward-bound. On this bright Spring morning, with a trustworthy guide at the elbow, we will see what errands some of these stately ships are to perform. Not a single American vessel left this port last year with a cargo of grain ; it was all taken by foreigners, who live and thrive where an American, bred in the national extravagance, would think starvation imminent. But here is an American bark bound for Java with petroleum, and there is another large American ship, laden with 50,000

afford to buy Havana tobacco, because Americans are richer, and outbid them in Havana. Steamers from Havana brought more than three million dollars' worth of cigars to the United States last year, most of which came to New York. There is a duty which keeps out our flour, etc., and a stringent law forbids the importation of foreign-grown tobacco into Cuba, but now and then an adventurous American tries to smuggle a cargo of American weed into some out-of-the-way port on the south side of the island, and, it is whispered, occasionally with success. The "Americanos" are not over popular with the Cubans and their Spanish masters, and these unscrupulous attempts to evade their customs laws, and insert a wedge by which the Havana cigar might, in time, become a thing of reproach, are set down as Yankee trickery, and characteristic of all the "Americanos" ; whereas the cigarettes, never absent from Spanish mouths, are seen to send forth an added volume of smoke, and strange

THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—A WINTER VAPOR ON THE NORTH RIVER.



oaths seem to increase the blueness of the atmosphere around.

But the purchases of sugar, molasses and tobacco which Jonathan makes in the Pearl of the Antilles considerably softens the Spanish ire. Here is a vessel laden with sugar for the great refineries in and around New York; recently a whole fleet came in within a few days, bringing more than twenty million pounds altogether, in big hogsheads weighing 1,300 pounds each. What are termed "baskets" of sugar, weigh from 400 to 500 pounds. The molasses vessels from Cienfuegos, Matanzas, Cardenas, and other Cuban ports, now generally anchor at the Delaware Breakwater, where they remain till the cargoes are sold, either at New York, Philadelphia or Boston, and then the vessel proceeds to one of the ports indicated and there discharges. They generally carry from 500 to 600 hogsheads. New York's West India trade is very large, though many years ago, strange as it may now sound, such ports as New Haven and Salem had a considerable share in the traffic.

Here is a vessel bound for St. Jago, a sugar port; she carries a general cargo, including cooperage, to be used in the manufacture of the hogsheads in which the sugar is packed. Another is on her way to Guantnamo, and like that other vessel yonder, which is bound for Trinidad de Cuba, she will bring back sugar. That brig of over 500 tons burden is bringing in sugar from ports on the northern side of Cuba. Then there is the shipping going out with South American ports for their destination. There is a bark carrying white pine to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, in Brazil. The Brazilians have plenty of valuable timber on their great rivers, but are too indolent to build sawmills and cut it, and the thrifty Yankee profits thereby. There is another brig bound for Rio de Janeiro with a general cargo, including lumber; another is taking 10,000 cases of petroleum to Buenos Ayres, with lumber on the deck. Black walnut is the cargo of yonder German bark of nearly 600 tons, but she is going to London; that British brig of 358 tons is taking staves to Cadiz, and will receive \$2,250 for the service; she will return with sherry wine, and the staves are for use in this traffic. That bark is setting out for distant Auckland, in New Zealand, with a cargo of general merchandise, consisting of various manufactures, besides tobacco, beer, and perhaps some wine; she is paid in British money, and will receive £1,600, or about \$3,000 for the voyage out, but she will add a considerable sum to her earnings by her return trip with wool and gum. That brig loaded with staves is going to Madeira, and will return with wine, and that other larger vessel is an Italian bark leaving for Cape Town, in South Africa.

But the largest and most wonderful of all the craft to be seen in the broad harbor are the great ocean steamers. The *Alaska* comes along slowly, now that she is in the bay, and we may get a good view of her—520 feet long, and with a capacity of nearly 7,000 tons. When under full headway she moves at such a rate that she is the fastest steamer of any that crosses the ocean to an American port. She has, in fact, run from Queenstown, Ireland, to New York—the western passage always being the quickest—in six days, eighteen hours and thirty-seven minutes, the distance being three thousand miles when a more southerly course is taken, as at this time of the year, in order to avoid icebergs; and two thousand seven hundred and fifty miles when a route further north is followed, later in the year, there being then less to fear from this source of peril.

The first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic was in the Spring of 1819, and the trip was made in twenty-one

days. This was the old *Savannah*, of 360 tons, which sailed from the port of that name; and her engine was so small that she relied greatly on her sails for speed. Fifty years ago, indeed, it was gravely questioned by learned scientists whether a steamer could carry sufficient coal to take her across the stormy Atlantic, and the amount used was at first unquestionably far greater than is now consumed, considering the vastly increased size of the vessels, the saving being largely due to the invention of the compound marine engine. The Cunard steamer *Sertia*, of 7,392 tons, consumes 175 tons of coal per day; while the old *Scotia*, about one-quarter the size of this steamer, consumed about the same quantity, owing to the defective engines of former days.

One of the largest of the ocean steamers is the *City of Rome*, with accommodations for 2,000 persons on board, and loaded with the products of the West. It takes 150 men to load one of these large steamers, and they have been known to take out as much as 80,000 bushels of grain, in great bins holding from 1,000 to 8,000 bushels; they also take from 2,000 to 4,000 bales of cotton, according to the size of the steamer, in addition to perhaps 30,000 sacks of flour—equal to 20,000 barrels—though the shipments of flour are apt to be the largest by the Glasgow steamers, whose 4,000 tons of freight are often made up largely of our flour, which is becoming more and more popular in Great Britain by reason of its steady improvement in quality through the use of the iron roller in the north-western mills; and, by-the-way, our British cousins do not hesitate to sell it as fresh English flour. That is the reason, we grieve to state, why so much of this flour is shipped in bags by guileless Jonathan. In the bullion-room of one of these steamers are sometimes \$2,500,000 in gold, being sent abroad to pay for merchandise purchased abroad, though just now it is the incoming steamers that are more apt to have specie on board, destined for the bank vaults of Wall Street, since what is termed the balance of trade is just now in our favor, and John Bull must take gold out of the Bank of England to pay his debts. He owes us for cotton, wheat, corn, flour, pork, lard, petroleum, beef, and other valuable products. The last named item reminds us that some of these steamers take cattle to England.

A single steamer sometimes takes 600 head of live cattle, and as many as 500 head of dressed beef. This beef is largely from Texas, though in part from the distant territories of the northwest, but it makes its appearance on the stalls of London butchers as the veritable time-honored beef of merry England, and, strange to say, the difference, if any exists, is not detected. Besides, New York exported last year, in addition to 18,200 head of cattle, no less than 18,000 head of sheep, and 46,000 head of dressed mutton, which the unsuspecting Britons devoured with a relish, thinking of their native Downs, and defying the rest of the world to produce mutton like that being discussed.

But other large steamers are on the bay this morning. There is a tea ship, with perhaps 40,000 chests of tea on board, from China or Japan—a large advance in the traffic since John Jacob Astor sent out his first ship. Here is a steamer that has come from Calcutta, 12,425 miles away. She has been four months in coming, and brings shellac, for use in the hat trade; linseed, to be made into oil for painters' use; indigo for the housewife; hides for the "Swamp," or leather district of the city, and jute to be made into bagging wherewith to pack the cotton of the South.

The Calcutta trade has grown enormously since the days when Warren Hastings played the despot there, and America has its share, though no longer dependent on the

East India Company, over which he presided, and still in existence, as in the days before the Revolution, and for some time thereafter.

But here is another steamer; she has the French flag, and comes from Bordeaux, laden with 4,000 tons of freight, including 1,500 tons of wine and spirits—cognac, claret, sauterne, burgundy, and a little champagne, with bales of corks to cork the bottles to be filled from the casks of eighty gallons which her hold contains, and a few barrels of the white of eggs in powder to clarify some portion of this enormous cargo. There are two steamers running between New York and Bordeaux, each of which is of 4,000 tons capacity, much larger than most of the Collins's steamers years ago engaged in the Liverpool trade, and two more, of 4,200 tons each, are being built at Bordeaux.

Another steamer is bringing the champagne of Rheims, in France; she has loaded at Havre or Antwerp. One of these steamers came in last year with a particularly large cargo, one consignment alone being 5,000 cases, on which the duty was \$31,000. Other steamers, besides rich cargoes, are taking the mails to distant lands—to Europe, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, Bermuda, the Windward Islands, Brazil, Panama, Islands in the South Pacific, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji Islands, Sandwich Islands, China and Japan.

Usually something over 8,000 vessels of various kinds come here in a single year from ports in the Eastern States alone, while nearly 4,000 come in from the South, the total easily exceeding 12,000 vessels, besides which, as we have seen, close to 7,000 craft of various descriptions arrive from foreign countries, thus bringing the total up to nearly 20,000 vessels in one year.

The foreign vessels bring wealth from all quarters of the globe—cottons, woollens and specie from England; silks, wines, perfumes and art-works from France; pepper, cassia and camphor from the East Indies; sugar, fruits and tobacco from the West Indies; precious stones and coffee from Brazil, Africa and Ceylon; tea from China and Japan; dates from Persia; wine, raisins, grapes and almonds from Spain; the fruit of the olive, orange, lemon and citron trees of Italy; prunes from Bosnia, opium, figs, and the ottar of roses from Turkey, and, in a word, all that ministers to the necessities or serves as the material luxuries of modern society.

About one-third of the vessels that now come to New York from foreign ports are steamships. The sailing craft is slowly but surely being driven from the seas. Napoleon had a keen eye for the commercial interests of France, and he did not a little for their furtherance, despite his constant wars; but the conqueror of Ansterlitz may be said to have met with one of his greatest defeats when, as has been said, "Fulton knocked at the door of the Tuileries with steam and was rejected." A steamer now sails from New York for some port in the British isles on an average every day in the week, and at short intervals huge vessels steam out through the Narrows, bound for France, Germany and Italy, or else for ports in South America, Japan and China—the "far Cathay" of Marco Polo's time. Tyre, at the height of its commercial glory 2,500 years ago—a splendor so great that it is referred to in vivid terms by Ezekiel—could scarcely have had anything like such a traffic as this. Historical investigation all tends to show that what seemed great to the Orientals is often eclipsed in the Western world, where the treasure gathered in commerce, favored by all the great inventions of modern times—notably steam navigation and the electric telegraph, through the latter of which we, as it were, "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes"—far outshines the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.

Not all of the large ships that pass out return to this port, nor to any port. Water five miles deep must roll over some of them for ages. It is not pleasant reading, this chronicle of disasters at sea during the last four decades. The steamer *President* sailed from here for Liverpool in March, 1841, and was never afterward heard from; the musty shipping records merely add, with laconic brevity, "Missing. All lost." The French steamer *Le Lyonnais* left for Havre in November, 1856, was wrecked off Nantucket, and 260 persons were lost. Coming nearer to the present day, the *Cambria* left for Glasgow in October, 1870, and was wrecked off the dreaded coast of Ireland, a large number being lost. The *City of Boston* will not soon be forgotten. She left here for Liverpool one bright day in 1870, and was never afterward heard from. Again it is "Missing. All lost." The French steamer *Blackwell* sailed for Havre in November, 1873, was sunk in mid-ocean, and 230 lives were lost. The worst case that is now recalled was that of the *Atlantic*, a steamer of 3,700 tons, in the New York and Liverpool trade, which was wrecked off Meagher's Head, Nova Scotia, in April, 1873, when 546 persons were lost. The German steamers have not escaped. The *Schiller* left here for Hamburg in May, 1875, was wrecked off the Scilly Islands, near England, and 200 persons were drowned. The *Durley* left the harbor for Brest, October 5th, 1877, and is now among the list for missing—not a trace, not a floating bottle to tell of her fate, and the shipping chronicles add the monotonous "Missing. All lost." The same fate befell the *Hermann Ludwig* and the *Zanzibar*, which sailed out into the treacherous deep in September, 1878, and January, 1879, bound respectively for Antwerp and Glasgow. The disasters result from collisions with other vessels, burning, explosions, running upon half-sunken icebergs, storms, mistakes in reckoning resulting from fogs and other causes. The missing steamers, it has always been supposed, ran upon icebergs, which are only too numerous in the North Atlantic at certain seasons of the year. And yet it is wonderful how comparatively few the disasters are, and even in cases where steamers have been wrecked, or burned, or have foundered, all the passengers and crew have been saved. At a rough estimate, scarcely one in a thousand of the steamers that go out through the Narrows meet with any serious mishap.

The largest steamer that ever came here was, of course, the *Great Eastern*, originally of 24,000 tons measurement, 680 feet long, 82½ feet wide—nearly as wide as the Brooklyn Bridge—with steam boilers having a heating surface of more than an acre, and with engines of 10,000 horsepower, designed to drive the ship through the water at the rate of sixteen and a half statute miles an hour. Afterward she was altered, and her latest rating, in 1867, shows her to be of 18,915 gross tons. She was designed for traffic between England and New York, but was found to be far too large. Begun in 1854, and completed in 1858, her appearance in New York harbor not long after made a profound sensation. Everybody went to see the *Great Eastern*, and, reduced in size as she is to-day, she is the largest ship afloat, and the largest, too, that the world has ever seen. She is at present laid up at Milford Haven, a port on the English coast. She is practically useless for traffic, and has ruined not a few wealthy capitalists. Some years ago there was some talk of using her in the cattle traffic, but the project was finally abandoned, and she is now regarded merely as a curiosity.

It is hoped that before long the New York harbor will have another attraction. On Bedloe's Island, in the bay, is to be erected the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. The statue itself cost \$250,000, and the



CALIFORNIA CLIPPERS AT THEIR DOCKS.

pedestal is to cost the same amount. The figure is in bronze, 140 feet high, and is to be mounted on a pedestal 150 feet in height, a total altitude of 290 feet, or twelve feet higher than the tower of the Brooklyn Bridge, and six feet higher than the steeple of Trinity Church, one of the loftiest in this country. More than this, the colossal



THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—A VIEW AT THE NARROWS.

THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—AN OCEAN STEAMER AND TUGS INSIDE SANDY HOOK.



figure of Liberty, 140 feet in height, is thirty-five feet higher than the celebrated Colossus of Rhodes, a gigantic statue of Apollo, which was one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. It is the largest statue in existence anywhere in the world to-day, or of which history makes any mention. A powerful electric light from the summit will light up the harbor at night, guiding the belated mariner far below, and revealing its own impressive figure brought out by the radiance with a weird and almost startling effect.

Those who have seen it can form some idea of how it will appear when mounted on its enormous pedestal. Towering up to its still height, its stern features will interpret the spirit of the people where liberty is at stake, while, as a work of art, it is a possession which not only New York, but the entire nation, may well be proud. It is the work of M. Bartholdi, a French sculptor, and an enthusiastic admirer of American institutions. Citizens of France paid for the statue itself, and the cost of the pedestal is to be defrayed by subscriptions in this country.

We stand gazing out on the famous bay until warning time-pieces tell us that it is time to get back into the heart of the great city behind us. But first let us consider what all this spectacle of human activity means in figures. Statistics are usually dry and uninteresting, but here they are eloquent.

The importance of New York's foreign trade may be gathered from the fact that while last year the ocean commerce of the entire country amounted to \$1,543,831,000—counting, of course, both exports and imports—this city's share was \$891,772,000, or more than half the entire trade. The total exports from this country last year were \$776,720,000, of which \$370,497,000 were from New York. The nearest approach to this enormous exhibit was at New Orleans, and there the total reached only \$70,701,000. Boston came next, but her share was only \$61,614,000. San Francisco had \$55,857,000; Baltimore, \$39,412,000; Philadelphia, \$37,957,000; Savannah, \$19,745,000; Charleston, \$19,475,000, and Galveston, \$15,515,000. Thus the total exports from the eight ports here mentioned, exclusive of New York, were only \$320,276,000, a total exceeded here by more than \$50,000,000. Since 1872, when New York exported \$270,413,000 worth of merchandise, the exports from this city have increased no less than \$100,000,000. Even in 1862 they reached \$152,377,000, and as far back as 1857, the year of the great panic, they were \$111,029,000; and the financial and commercial revulsions of 1873 did not prevent the total running up to \$313,000,000. The other ports show nothing like this rate of increase. New Orleans, in fact, ten years ago transacted more business than it does now with foreign ports, its exports in 1872 being \$89,501,000. Boston's exports have about trebled within ten years, but this means that they have increased \$40,171,000 in that time, while New York's foreign business increased, as we have seen, more than \$100,000,000. Philadelphia has increased her exhibit only \$16,975,000 during the last ten years, and Baltimore but \$20,087,000.

But the import traffic of the metropolis is even larger than its export trade. Last year the total imports into the United States were \$767,111,000, of which \$521,275,000 fell to the lot of this city, or nearly 68 per cent. of the total. Boston came next to this city, but its share was only \$69,716,000; San Francisco had but \$51,644,000; Philadelphia, \$34,147,000; Baltimore, \$34,147,000, and New Orleans, \$12,255,000. Most of these so-called rivals of New York have fallen behind during the last ten years. For instance, while New York, which imported

\$418,515,000 in 1872, has forged ahead \$103,700,000, Boston's imports last year were \$682,000 less than in 1872; and though Philadelphia's record shows an increase of about \$14,000,000 since that year, and San Francisco's an augmentation of \$18,314,000, Baltimore's imports have fallen during the period mentioned, no less than \$14,689,000. The imports at New Orleans last year were, as we have seen, \$12,255,000, but in 1872 they were \$18,542,000, and in 1860 even larger—\$22,922,000. The only explanation of the gradual absorption of this branch of foreign traffic at New York are the enormous wealth of the city, and the superior banking facilities here afforded to merchants.

Then there is the enormous immigration at New York. Last year the total number of immigrants who landed at Castle Garden was 472,938, more than half the number that came to this country, the total being 712,542. Of this number Boston received only 51,648, Baltimore 36,678, and Philadelphia 33,251. During the last sixty-two years, exclusive of Chinamen, 11,597,181 immigrants have arrived on our shores, three-fourths of which number, it is stated by those who should know, came to New York. They come from all over the world, and the queer costumes of the peasants from Germany and France, the lazaroni of Italy—who are to grind organs, train monkeys and black boots—the simple-looking natives of Sweden, Norway, Russia, Poland, Denmark, Belgium, and other countries, excite wonder, if not always admiration. Spaniards, Swiss, and even Turks, also come in the immigrant ships. The arrivals from Ireland and Germany are about equal, but the former, owing to the political distraction, sends the most—in the last sixty years, 3,065,000—while Germany comes close behind with 3,002,027; and most of this host has landed in this port.

But the city itself is of absorbing interest. The population two years ago was, 1,200,000 souls, but since then there has certainly been a marked addition to this number, largely owing to the enormous immigration, and it is, in fact, now estimated at 1,500,000. The most populous Ward of the city, the Nineteenth, contains, strange as this may appear, more people than there are in either Albany, Hartford, New Haven, or even Pittsburgh, one of the great centres of Pennsylvania's iron industry. It has, indeed, with its 160,000 inhabitants, about the same population as a city as large as Cleveland. New York, moreover, is sixteen miles long, though two of the upper wards—the twenty-third and twenty-fourth—embrace a number of semi-rural towns. It is thus, like London, gradually absorbing the outlying towns and villages.

Within a radius of ten miles from the City Hall there is, it is likewise worthy of remark, a population of fully 2,000,000, including the populations of Brooklyn, Long Island City, Jersey City and Hoboken, which are to a certain extent mere suburbs of New York. This vast population exceeds that of the Pacific Slope.

The immense warehouses of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Staten Island contain enormous stores of rich foreign merchandise, as well as the valuable products of our own land. The docks around the city are valued at nearly \$15,000,000.

More than 11,000 factories keep up a ceaseless hum in the great city, and above 200,000 of the children of men here toil long hours to secure the wherewithal to keep pace with the march of life. The telegraph wires spread over parts of the city like a huge cobweb, the clicking of the tireless instruments, the pulse of the mighty traffic, ceases not day nor night, and the messenger boys might almost be termed an army in themselves. Yet when Morse—the persistent but half disheartened Morse—in

1837 obtained a patent for his telegraphic apparatus, and asked Congress to assist him in building an experimental line to Baltimore, the session was allowed to close without action being taken on the matter, so little interest did it excite; and the postmaster-general even declined to purchase the patent for the Government for \$100,000, on the ground that it could not pay expenses. This sounds strange in these times, when the Western Union Company alone sends 32,000,000 messages annually from its 10,000 offices throughout the country, and earns \$40,000 a day. Then there are the four great elevated railroads, and the long lines of horse-cars threading the city's hundreds of miles of streets. Dean Stanley said that the elevated roads at the Battery Park reminded him of the hanging gardens of Semiramis.

The Stock Exchange, where 700 brokers make a Babel of sounds for five hours every day, where securities to the value of hundreds of millions are annually sold, and where so many memorable, not to say historical events, have taken place—this, of course, is one of the most interesting of the many business institutions of the city, but it has often been described, and the "bulls," who wish prices to advance, and the "bears," who plot to bring about a decline, have become famous. Dickens, in one of his novels, introduces two brokers of the London Stock Exchange, who coolly lay a wager on the chances of another broker, just ruined on the Exchange, committing suicide. There are, perhaps, not many in the actual life of Wall Street who indulge in speculations of this sort, but some strange and anything but cheerful stories might be told of the varied experiences and the diverse types of men that make up the life of this region, and of the eager, anxious faces that here pursue their favorite phantoms, most alluring when most illusive, and too often find only ruin, disgrace, and perhaps death itself. It has, too, a strange effect on the mind, on coming out of the din of the board-room, to hear the chimes of Trinity Church, at the head of the street, ringing out some familiar hymn—perhaps it is "Dundee," or "Coronation," or an occasional "Auld Lang Syne"—or the heavy strokes of its great bell sounding the lapse of time; and a glance at the Sub-treasury building, at the head of Broad Street, a few steps from the scene of tumult on the Exchange, recalls the time when the old Federal Hall occupied this site, long before sub-treasuries were thought of, and where Washington—his tall, fine figure clad in a plain suit of brown, in white-silk stockings and buckled shoes, and with powdered hair and queue, on the last day of April, in 1789, bent his stately head and took the oath of office as the first president of the infant republic.

But Wall Street is no spot for musing; it is the place of all places for action, and the busy brokers do no thinking, even on business subjects, some wag has said, till the gong has driven them from the floor of the Exchange.

Then there are many other busy resorts of merchants; there are the Produce, Cotton, Mining, Petroleum, Maritime, Mercantile, Iron, Stationery and Coffee Boards, and even an exchange where the drug brokers assemble, besides numerous other commercial bodies, which, like the Chamber of Commerce, number among their members the more distinguished merchants and financiers of the city.

Of course, in such a vast arena of conflict at the metropolis there is a continual shifting of positions in the process of selection—the survival of the fittest, as the Darwinists say. The poor boy struggles up from, perhaps, the chilliest sort of penury, to opulence and power, and displaces those of inferior skill in finance and trade. And there is always a certain interest attaching to the early experiences

of those who have fought their way to the front in these fields of human employment. John Jacob Astor, it will be remembered, came here to sell musical instruments in a small way, and drifted by accident into the fur trade, in which he acquired so many millions. The Astor estate now numbers 725 houses—so many, in fact, that it does not pay to insure them. Mr. James R. Keene, when he arrived here from England, was nearly penniless. Mr. Jay Gould's first venture in New York, many years before he exhibited eighty millions in stocks and bonds to a group in his Broadway office, was in peddling a mousetrap of his own invention. Peter Cooper started in life as a hatter's apprentice. Commodore Vanderbilt was in early life a poor boatman on Staten Island. Mr. H. B. Claflin, the dry goods merchant, began life as a country pedagogue. David Dows, the grain merchant, came to New York a poor country boy, and now is many times a millionaire.

And the mention of the latter gentleman's name suggests the grain traffic of New York as one of the most important branches of its commerce. The great warehouses in and around New York, containing just now over eight million bushels of different kinds of grain, besides two hundred thousand barrels of flour, and giving employment to an army of men, are indeed of interest. Last year an immense fleet of vessels took away to foreign ports six million bushels of wheat and corn, and six million barrels of flour. Much of this wealth of distant granaries reached New York by way of the Erie Canal, that great waterway which connects the Hudson with Lake Erie, and the long tows coming down the river have often excited the wonder of the traveler, and frequently engaged the pencil of the artist. Yet this canal, which has done so much for the commerce of New York, seemed, it is said, impracticable to Washington. England buys the most of the grain that we can spare, but France, Germany, Spain and other countries also purchase it.

Here we will stop, though we have scarcely begun to tell the story of the city's commercial greatness. In the necessarily rapid glance that we have given some of its details, we have merely skimmed over the subject. Many pages of this large magazine might be filled with the record of the mighty city's industrial life—its struggles, hopes, hates, fears, troubles and triumphs—but we will not, at this time, pursue even so enchainning a topic at any further length.

IRISH GRATITUDE.—Among the professional reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell when at the Irish Bar was the following unique instance of a client's gratitude: He had obtained an acquittal, and the fellow, in the ecstasy of his joy, exclaimed, "Och, counselor! I've no way here to show your honor my gratitude! but I wisht I saw you knocked down in my own parish, and maybe I wouldn't bring a faction to the rescue!"

A SMOKING STORY.—Mr. ——— was a good-humored Methodist preacher, whose "flock" was greatly afflicted at his Parr-like passion for tobacco, a failing which did not lean to virtue's side in the eyes of his congregation. "There you are, Mr. ———, at your idol again!" was the gibe of a displeased elder. "Yes, brother—I am burning it!" was the witty reply.

A PLAIN-SPOKEN old Scottish lady, Mrs. Wauchope, of Niddry, being very ill, sent for Aunt Soph, and said to her, "Soph, I believe I am dying. Will you always be kind to my children when I am gone?" "Na, na; tak' y'r spoilt deevils wi' ye," was the reply, "for I'll hae naething ado wi' them."



DOCK SCENE NORTH RIVER



POLICE BOAT



COTTON LIGHTER



THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—OCEAN STEAMERS AT THEIR DOCKS.

SIGNORINA LESSIE.

THE old-fashioned red-brick house known as Mulgrave Lodge, with its green lawns and wooded plantations sloping down to the banks of one of the prettiest backwaters on the Thames, was taken, so it was said in Mulgrave, not only for the Summer but for good, by a widowed lady with two daughters. In one important respect, however, this report was inaccurate; for the two girls proved to be neither Mrs. Ingram's daughters nor sisters to one another. The curiosity aroused in the neighborhood by the singular discovery that all three ladies bore different names was soon gratified, as the new-comers were frank, friendly people, with nothing in their history to conceal or make a mystery of.

The youngest of the girls was the daughter of Mrs. Ingram's sister, who had married an Italian gentleman, and died soon after the birth of her only child. Little Alessandra Veglio had spent her early childhood in Italy, but had passed, on her father's death, when she was only fourteen, into the guardianship of her aunt, then residing in Dresden. Mrs. Ingram was the kindest of women, and Lessie, or the Signorina, as she was often called, was happy enough, studying diligently under various foreign masters, and thoroughly enjoying the Summer months, during which it was her aunt's habit to travel about the continent.

The second Winter in Dresden, a singing-mistress was engaged for her in the person of a young English girl, one of a large and poor family, and the possessor of an exquisite voice, which had undergone training for the profession at a first-rate Conservatoire. There was no trace of poor birth or poor upbringing about Marion Ellis; her face and figure were those of a delicately-nurtured aristocrat; her manners self-possessed, graceful, and exceedingly fascinating; her voice was low and musical, her speech refined. Mrs. Ingram literally fell in love with her, and it was not long before her infatuation reached such a pitch, that nothing would content her short of having the girl to live with her always. Poor Lessie found herself suddenly of no account, for Marion became to all intents and purposes the mistress of the establishment. She might invite friends, order the carriage, dismiss servants just as she choose; and though her manner lent a charm to everything she did, Lessie was not happy under the new administration.

Marion was never reluctant to tell her story, and she had a pretty way of alluding to her own absolute poverty as compared with Lessie's easy means, and to the vast debt of gratitude she owed Mrs. Ingram. Only one thing about herself she was careful to keep secret from her Mulgrave acquaintance, and this was her engagement to Mr. Austin Longworth, whom she had met at Dresden. He was a man of good family, and already devoting himself with so much energy and success to political life, that his parents had refused their consent to his marriage with the penniless Marion, whom they deemed unworthy of the position to which their son would raise her. While the matter remained thus in abeyance, it was only natural that the girl should not care to make it public.

To outsiders it seemed as if Marion and Lessie must be the greatest of friends, yet such was very far from being the case. Attractive as Marion was, she lacked the real warmth of heart, the unselfishness, and especially the sincerity, which a nature like Lessie's demanded. The sensitive Italian girl, embarrassed in company by the shyness of her temperament and by the consciousness of an incurable though slight foreign accent, formed the greatest possible contrast to the beautiful Marion, who

felt and used her power with a skill worthy of better aims. We have seen how blindly Mrs. Ingram gave way to her. Mulgrave was not slow to follow suit, and Marion queened it here, as she had in Dresden society, by the mere force of a strong selfish will, acting behind a person and manner of most exceptional charm.

Yet one man in Mulgrave seemed proof against the spell she exercised so widely. Mark Watson, the young and able doctor of the place, had the perversity to pay the most marked attentions to the dark-eyed Signorina, while he almost ignored the brilliant Miss Ellis. Marion was piqued.

Dr. Watson was the finest and cleverest man in Mulgrave, and his indifference was an insufferable slight. She exerted herself to please him, and against his will, Dr. Watson found himself brought continually into contact with her—called upon to take her down to dinner, to accompany her on her rides, to turn over the leaves of her songs. He was no awkward youth, but a man who had seen much of the world; and while he never really swerved from his first allegiance, he responded to Marion's advances with a grace that seemed to the inexperienced Lessie like the humble submission of a lover. The poor child saw, wondered, distrusted, and grew sick at heart.

"Does Dr. Watson know you are engaged, Marion?" she asked, one day.

"Certainly not," replied Marion, hastily, "and I do beg of you to keep that secret from him and every one else in England. Supposing Austin's parents are obstinate, do you think I should want it known that I had been thrown over?"

"Of course not," answered Lessie; "but I cannot understand the way in which you flirt with every man you meet, just as if Mr. Longworth never existed."

It was the first time Lessie had ever so addressed Marion, for they were not on terms to make friendly remonstrance possible.

Marion smiled softly to herself, and, laying her hand lightly on Lessie's shoulder, looked penetratingly into the young girl's face.

"Poor little Signorina!" she said, in a significantly compassionate tone—"poor jealous little Signorina!"

Lessie shook herself free, and for a moment her eyes flashed dangerously. Then restraining herself, she said, coldly:

"Remember, Marion, that if I were jealous, I could satisfy my jealousy at any moment by telling Dr. Watson of your engagement."

Marion laughed, sweetly.

"I know you better, Lessie. You are not capable of acting so meanly."

Lessie made no reply, and Marion left the room, not without a faint sense of compunction. Nevertheless, when Dr. Watson made his appearance that evening, she monopolized him in just her usual gracefully selfish way, and the proud, pale Signorina stole out into the garden to suffer in lonely silence. Marion's wonderful voice was borne out to her on the quiet, fragrant evening air, and she pictured the group inside—Marion at the piano, Dr. Watson at her side, and Mrs. Ingram in an easy-chair by the window, listening contentedly.

"Signorina!"

She looked up with a start of surprise at Dr. Watson, who had come out to her in the middle of Marion's song. He sat down beside her, and tried to talk, but Lessie was ill at ease, and only saved herself from betraying disquiet by responding with curt, chilly dignity. Mark rose at last, gave a sort of sigh, and returned to Marion.

Next day Lessie was in the plantation by the water-side, when the soft plashing of oars fell upon her ear, and a boat containing only Dr. Watson and Marion passed up the backwater. The young man was just dipping his sculls lazily into the water, evidently absorbed in what he was saying to Marion, who listened with down-bent head.

Lessie leant against a tree, and watched them with a sore heart. As soon as the boat had passed, and she could move without fear of being seen, she hurried to her room. No tear fell from her hot eyes, no sob eased the aching of her breast, for the girl was on her mettle, and resolved to maintain self-control.

"I will *not* give way—I will *not* give way," she repeated over and over again, clasping her hands and moving restlessly about. Strength came, and presently, after bathing her feverish face, she went and helped her aunt, who was arranging some flowers.

"Marion has gone up the backwater to get some water-lilies," observed Mrs. Ingram.

"Has she? I think it is a pity to pick them. They never look well off the water," said Lessie.

"Marion is sure to manage so that they do, though," returned Mrs. Ingram, whose faith in her favorite's power was unbounded. "There is a pleasant surprise for her when she comes in—a letter from Mr. Longworth. I wonder what is in it."

Soon Marion appeared, and Mrs. Ingram gave her the letter.

"I must just run up-stairs and wash my hands," said the girl, taking it, eagerly. "I'll be down and arrange those lilies in a moment." Mrs. Ingram laughed.

"Go along, darling, and read your precious letter in private."

A few minutes later Marion called softly from her room, "Mrs. Ingram!"—a summons immediately responded to; and soon after she came down, and with a flush of triumph on her beautiful face, asked Lessie to congratulate her.

"Austin's parents are relenting, and I'm to go and stay with them—on trial for a month, like a sewing-machine."

Lessie looked up, quietly.

"What will Dr. Watson say?"

"Dr. Watson!" exclaimed Marion, breaking out into her most charming laugh. "Why, you dear, foolish little thing! he has known of my engagement all along."

"I don't believe you."

Marion shrugged her shoulders.

"Ask him yourself, then."

At this point Mrs. Ingram entered the room, and the subject of Dr. Watson was stopped. Lessie remained convinced that he would be broken-hearted, and she resolved proudly not to pity him in the least, or take any notice of him. Nothing would induce her to console a man for the loss of another woman.

Nevertheless, before a fortnight was over her resolution was hopelessly broken, and eight or nine months later a double wedding took place from Mulgrave Lodge.

Mrs. Austin Longworth was a very much more important member of society than Mrs. Mark Watson; but Lessie made far the sweeter, truer wife. Marion lived in the constant whirl of activity for which she was so eminently well fitted by nature, while Mark and Lessie rarely left the quiet village where they first met.

"What were you saying to Marion in the backwater that day?" asked Lessie one evening, as she and her husband wandered by the river-side.

"Did you see us, Signorina? I was telling her that, fortunately for me, I knew, through a friend in Dresden, of her engagement."

"She didn't tell you about it herself, then?"

"Oh, no," said Mark, with a peculiar smile, "it wouldn't do to let the second string know there is a first."

"And you are quite, quite sure you never did care for her at all?"

"Listen, Lessie," said Mark, standing still and speaking earnestly, "you see this broad, swift stream—do you think it could ever flow backward? No more could the current of my love, once set toward you, ever recede—ever alter its course for a moment."

HOW TO MAKE A BOUQUET.

TO MAKE a bouquet, take first a mass of white, it may be a truss of white geranium, a double white stock, or a clematis, or, for a small bouquet, a bunch of the small double pyrethrum; then scarlet, which to an artist means orange; as, for instance, a double scarlet geranium, Tom Thumb nasturtium, or any brilliant orange, though that color is not so abundant as it ought to be. Put any of these next the white, on one side of it; then take red, a bright rose, and the brighter the red the nearer it should be to the white, so that the other dull reds may be beyond it (by red is meant all colors of crimson, but red is the true designation); place these on the other side of the white. Some very dark, almost black, flower may be also brought near the white, but only a very little of that color, and beyond the scarlet a very little of blue, such as that of an Emperor William pansy, or a little sprig of lobelia. Beyond the red have purple and yellow brought together, and on the other side any flowers that have broken colors; beyond these, again, bring in blue in some mass and your taller flowers, as pentstemons (the blue kind make an admirable background and are always to be had), dark-colored fuchsias (some flowers or leaves of a brownish hue should interpose beyond the blue), and the last to introduce should be the maiden-hair fern, which certainly makes at all times a very pretty background. Make this bouquet up in your hand, and avoid too much formality, as the colors will generally arrange themselves with sufficient effect and force, though they may intermix a little.

A bouquet has generally only one view, in which case it should slope gently upward; then the white should come near the bottom. If it is to be seen all round, the white should be in the centre, with the above arrangement of colors in masses round the white. When the bouquet is large enough, tie it round in the middle of the stems, cut them off evenly, and drop it into a vase of water.

Two principles may be followed in making up a bouquet—one harmony and contrast of color, the other force of light and shade; whichever is chosen, to begin with pure white is absolutely necessary. Even if only composed of a single white flower, it should be the largest mass of the whole.

LIFE is not so very different, as one might think, East or West, in country or in city. Anywhere a man may be a gentleman if he will. Anywhere one may do honest work if he will. Anywhere one may make great intellectual advancement if he will. Anywhere one may live a pure and noble life, doing good, if he will. And these are the marks of a man.

JARS concealed are half reconciled; while, as generally known, 'tis a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad.

MYSTERY always magnifies danger as the fog magnifies the sun.



THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—HOW FIRES ARE MANAGED AMONG THE NEW YORK SHIPPERS.—SEE PAGE 611.



MY WIFE'S HUSBAND.—"I WILL GET DOWN, SENORA, AND TELL THE GUARD THAT MY WIFE IS TAKEN ILL AND CANNOT CONTINUE ON HER JOURNEY, IF THAT WILL HELP YOU IN ANY TROUBLE," I SAID, HASTILY, IN SPANISH."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

In childhood were not in the world,
But only men and women grown;
No baby-locks in tendrils curled,
No baby-blossoms blown;

Though men were stronger, women fairer,
And nearer all delights in reach,
And verse and music uttered rarer
Tones of more godlike speech;

Though the utmost life of life's best hours
Found, as it cannot now find, words;
Though desert sands were sweet as flower
And flowers could sing like birds,

But children never heard them, never
They felt a child's foot leap and run
This were a drearier star than ever
Yet looked upon the sun.

MY WIFE'S HUSBAND

BY SYDNEY TREVOR.



COULD not make them out in the least, and I suppose that fact made my fellow-travelers interesting to me. They must have taken the train somewhere in the night between Macon and the lovely Savoie region, for it was only when the slowing for Culoz waked me that I noticed them, and I should have gone sound asleep again before we left the station but for something odd and frightened in the lady's way of looking out at every one who crossed the platform.

No one, however, intruded upon our carriage, and as I noticed the look of relief she cast on the dark-skinned, white-haired man, I gave up at once the ghost of an idea, which had at first flitted through my sleepy brain, that he was a cruel husband to the poor, pale, pretty young thing. I felt like an unwilling impostor as I discovered that they were speaking in the Spanish tongue, though I caught but few of their low-spoken words.

As the express-train resumed its speed, at a beseeching motion from the tall, dark man, the little woman threw aside her cloak, and revealed in her lap a tiny sleeping child, which, without awakening, he proceeded tenderly to establish on the empty carriage-seat. My near-sighted eyes assisted to check my curiosity, and though I wondered that the two did not sit together upon the same seat, my thoughts soon wandered and I grew drowsy.

I was again awakened by the slowing and the engine-whistle only as the train drove into the Modane Station, but I caught the sound of a terrified woman's voice at once, though my neighbor only gave a soft little cry of alarm, and fell on her knees before the child, covering it again with her mantle, as if that could avail to conceal the little creature.

"Oh, *Nañita, mia, he is here!*" exclaimed the dark man, wringing his ineffectual hands.

After only an instant's thought, I suddenly pulled down both blinds, drew the curtains, and then by the light of the tunnel-lantern took off my traveling-cap and addressed my frightened neighbors:

"I will get down, señora, and tell the guard that my wife is taken ill and cannot continue on her journey, and engage the whole carriage back to Dijon, if that will help you in any trouble," I said, hastily, in Spanish.

After a moment of astonishment, approaching stupor,

the poor little woman's wild eyes filled with tears, and she looked up at me, saying:

"Can you, indeed, help us to escape?"

"It is God who has sent him," avowed the tall man, sinking to his knees and kissing the skirt of my ulster.

"Quick, then!" I said, as the guard opened the door. "Lie down on the seat with the child."

I got out and told my lie glibly to the guard, accompanying it with a *napoleon*; and he immediately locked the compartment, and hung up the ticket with *engaged*, in large letters, over the door. I then went along to the telegraph-office, and let my friend, Jerome, know that he was not to expect me in Rome on the morrow, as agreed upon, and then sought creature comfort in the *buffet*.

Useless to go and have my trunk examined by the Customs, since, all at once, I was not going on into Italy.

Then I thought I might as well see if I could discover any *he* whose identity should so terrify the people whom I had locked into the carriage.

Perhaps *he* would be recognizable by his fierce mien, or by his anxiously seeking after my culprits.

A pretty position mine, too. Probably the pretty creature was cutting away from her legal lord and master with the hoary-headed Spaniard, and had stolen her child in a final momentary triumph of mother-love over natural wickedness.

Every rag of principle I possessed was dead against the encouragement of such probable villainy, and yet an impulse had made me its abettor.

She certainly was *quite too awfully lovely*—as young England hath it—especially with the terror in her face and her great eyes softened by tears, as I had last seen it; but I had as certainly rushed into a tolerably dark-looking affair for her sake.

There was nothing, however, for it but to see the thing out.

Thinking these thoughts, I lighted my cigar and paced the platform amidst the Brindisi passengers, who, as soon as they had passed the Customs, made for my train; and many were the execrations heaped upon the guard's head for *engaging* one whole carriage in so short a train.

As my promenade took me back and forth in front of the *café* windows, I saw a man's hand, decorated with a splendid *cat's-eye* ring, beckoning therefrom, and in answer a most respectable, upper-class man-servant approached.

My cigar burned badly, and I lighted a match on the window-sill to re-illuminate it, and thus heard what the *cat's-eye* man had to say.

"Go quickly and get a *coupé*, and put in my portman-teau. We are cheated, and most probably they are gone off by Strasburg or Geneva, my good *Ducreux*. You have looked carefully at every one who has passed, of course, and we will go back to Paris and try the polite detectives, after all."

I was awkward in using the match I had lighted, and it went out; so I remained a moment to light another.

Before I was quite successful in getting the cigar to draw, I got light of another kind.

"I stood beside the ticket-man, and no one passed whom I had ever seen before," answered the servant. "Then I passed the carriages in review and looked into each, except one engaged for some Italian's sick wife, and taken for Dijon."

"*Bien!*" said his master, carelessly. "Better luck soon."

The gentleman turned his head as a burst of woman's laughter came from the room behind him, and answered some repartee.

I could see two very gay-looking dames and another

cavalier, and they had been taking a *chasse* to their breakfast coffee, without doubt, for they were very noisy.

"I have said that I am beaten," he repeated, "and Celine's supper shall be in 'big sixteen,' as agreed." Then to the servant outside: "The whole coupé for to-night's train—and to Paris, mind."

The servant put on his hat and went to the ticket-office, while I, marveling if my strays could really be the ones sought by this gay, handsome man—for he was a very handsome person—could be my prisoners. At all events, they, too, must have some nourishment, if they were to return as they came; and any one who had ever known my rather hyper-dainty old-bachelor habits would have laughed if he or she might have passed the contents of my innumerable big ulster pockets in review, as I took my way toward the train, now making preparations for instant departure.

The guard, sympathizing with me on the illness of my wife, which had interrupted my proposed journey to Italy, asked if I had procured return tickets, which I had quite forgotten.

However, he could amiably let me pay from station to station, he said; and I appealed to him—with another napoleon for himself—as to the impossibility of knowing how far madame, my wife, might be able to travel; "perhaps not further than Chambéry or Aix-les-Baines," as we agreed; therefore, why take tickets to Paris?

When I reached the carriage a new difficulty arose as to the identity of the tall, dark man with the gray hair, who quickly set it at rest by declaring himself *my servant*!

Suppose I should meet my dear chum and equally bachelor friend, Duhamel, with whom I dined yesterday at the Café Voisin, both of us declaring in favor of single blessedness with a fervor worthy of a better cause.

In less than twenty-four hours behold me not only married, and very much so, but provided with a baby and an old family servant.

We kept the curtains drawn and exchanged no words, madame, *my wife*, not even showing me her face until the tedious start was accomplished, and the train flying toward Lons-le-Saulnier. By that time the comicality of the situation had made me quite gay, and I touched the curtain-springs and drew back the shades, determined at least to see my new incumbances.

The tall man sat rigid as a soldier, watching his charges. His black eyes were hollow and his leather-colored face emaciated, but his whole soul seemed to be in his watch over those two.

The child, seen by morning light, seemed to be sleeping under the effect of a narcotic, and under the closed eyes were blue, transparent shadows; but never in my life had I seen at once so small and so perfect a creature. She was not larger than a healthy child of six months, but must at least have been three or four years old. While I studied the delicate face of the child, I became conscious that the mother's gaze was fixed upon my own, and my blonde phiz, which has never lost the stupid boyish trick of flushing, became unbecomingly crimson up to the roots of my straw-colored hair.

Suddenly she rose to a sitting posture, and holding out to me two hands almost as shadowy as the baby's, she said, in good English:

"My friend!—my best friend!—how shall I tell you what you have done for me—for my child? Where shall I begin with the explanation which is your due, and which is so hard—so hard—"

She put her small hands over her eyes, and a quick color mounted in her cheeks as she faltered and ceased speaking.

Rather rough to have to tell me she is cutting away with this fellow here, thought I, and said, quickly:

"But don't explain, then. My dear lady, I saw you were in a fright about being seen, and I prevented it, that's all; and I've no right to believe myself your father-confessor because I've had the luck to do you a good turn."

I smiled pleasantly, and took one of her little paws and kissed the finger-tips, as if to dismiss the subject.

"Now, do let me beg of you to have something to eat," I continued. "I feel like a pastry cook's shop, or the father of a thriving family, with all the things I looted from the buffet at Modane in your behalf. You will have ever so much more courage, and will be up to instructing me how to be of further use to you, if you'll just stow away a trifle of this *pdte* and a glass of Maraschino, the only *liqueur* the Italians know how to make; but they make it well, I assure you."

I rattled on, unloading my pockets, and still she sat and gazed at me without answering.

The tall man sat also speechless. Perhaps he didn't understand English. So much the better, thought I.

I was, with an amused sense of the difficulty of her explanation, wondering how she would word it.

Then I was remembering the handsome, aristocratic man with the cat's-eye ring, and doubting if she could have left him in the lurch for this Russia-leather-colored chap, older by ten years, and so white-haired.

"Now, let me see you eat a little, and then we will hold a council of war, and I will tell you something I heard at Modane, which may change your plans," I urge.

She sat quite still, and did not offer to eat until the old fellow came across and said something that I did not catch. Then it was quite too comical to see him feeding her with tiny morsels like a bird, and she eating, evidently because of those tender words, whose purport I could not hear.

As they said nothing to me, I began to laugh at my quixotism, which had brought me into such a scrape for two people so wrapped up in each other.

I found time to look at this heroine of romance as she was thus mundanely occupied, and could not but admit that her appearance puzzled me.

She might have been twenty-five years, but looked as if still younger.

Her hair was of the blackest and most luxuriant, while the small head could scarce carry it. The face, with its perfect oval, would have been lovely in its refinement but for the traces of weeping—long continued—which it bore.

Her dress, while very costly, had an old-fashioned air, as if she had given it no thought, though the child was very richly dressed.

Seeing that her impromptu meal was finished, I rose and went over to her, sitting on the same seat.

"That is doing bravely," I said; "and I am sure the Señor Don"—here I bowed to the man and hesitated, that she might give me an introduction to the partner of her escapade; but she did not, only gazed at me wide-eyed—"will thank me for bringing the food—"

"What did you learn at Modane?" she interrupted, brusquely.

"A tall, blonde gentleman, with a cat's-eye on his left hand, was much disappointed to have missed some one whom his servant was seeking in this train," I answered as briefly.

She grew whiter than before. Presently she asked:

"He was alone?"

"Several gay ladies and gentlemen, *au contraire*, were with him."

"And he is on this train?"

"No. He returns to Paris by the night express. You see, you have only to dodge him at—say Chambéry—and you are safe off into Italy," I said, smiling encouragingly.

She looked relieved, and put her transparent hand to her cheek and meditated a while.

"Monsieur eats nothing," said I to her dark cavalier, offering the Maraschino flask.

It was true, he had touched nothing.

"And you, monsieur," she asked—"what are you thinking of—me?"

A difficult question to answer. I was really thinking that her *hidalgo* was a poor exchange for her handsome husband.

At this moment the fairy baby slowly opened a pair of big black eyes, soft as pearls, like the mother's, and stared at me until I felt bewitched, the mother still silent.

All at once Miss Baby said to me, imperiously:

"Thou wilt take me up and give me to eat immediately."

As she held her pearly-tinted arms to me there was nothing else to do, so I took her in my unaccustomed grasp.

The dark man begged her to come to him, but she bade him hold his tongue, and called him "Diego."

"Now, what will Miss Baby have?" I asked.

"First thou wilt kiss me, for thou art ugly, but good; then something to eat—quick!" was the answer.

Her small, white slippers fell from her feet as she kicked about.

"Put them in thy pocket. My feet are too warm in the silk stockings," said miss, in the midst of her luncheon.

Poor Diego would have taken them, but she again snubbed him in Spanish, explaining in halting English to me: "He is good, Diego; but I don't like *servants* when I may have a gentleman to serve me." Thunderstruck, I glance at the mother, who is blushing furiously, but volunteers no elucidation. Am I dreaming?

When the little white fairy has consumed cold chicken, *pâte*, and a goodly glass of *liqueur* for her part, she stands up and rearranges her tumbled skirts of finest lace and cambric, and then she condescends to kiss her mamma, saying, audibly:

"Now that we have this monsieur, who is so plain, but good"—and here she wafts me a kiss from her tiny fingers—"we shall escape from papa without trouble. You will find us a place, dear, good monsieur," she says, confidently to me, "where papa will never, never discover us?"

Diego is good, but a servant cannot know," and here she trots across in her stockings and kisses her finger, with which she touches the dark man's lips.

Can it be true that he is a servant? Have I been wronging that lovely creature in my thoughts? I will know all; I can no longer bear the uncertainty.

"Will you let me say to you that if you wish to avoid the man I saw at Modane—"

"My husband," she interpolated, quietly.

"You will better stop at Aix—Chambéry will, perhaps, be better still; and when he is gone up to-night to Paris, you can pursue your journey.

She answered with effort:

"I wish, above all things, to avoid being found by my husband, and will take your advice. Can you tell me where we may stop in Chambéry?"

"If you will go an hour out of town, there is an *auberge* kept by one Dame Perèt, where no one would dream of looking for you. A note from me will name you as my cousin to the good body, with whom I have spent weeks in the fishing season."

I took out my note-book and began to write.

"Whom shall I name?" said I, looking directly at a countess's coronet on the handkerchief she held in her hand.

She looked at me pleadingly, and with a sad smile, said:

"What would be your cousin's name, please?"

I baptized her without delay "Mrs. Hunter," and I hope her namesake in America will never hear of the liberty.

So my cousin spent a day and night with Dame Perèt, which time I passed in Chambéry, only going up to the train at night to see who occupied the sleeping coach, and charmed to see my nameless friend's persecutor on the way to Paris with his gay party.

Next day I took my family on to Modane, where we were congratulated by the guard on my wife's speedy recovery, and, picking up our luggage, went through the great tunnel into Italy.

The escape being thus effected, I seemed to be at liberty to go about my business; but I could not bear to do it.

I told myself that it was the weird baby-fairy who held me, and her quaint frankness was indeed bewitching to one so very unused to children; but, alas! I fear that there was a reason for my lingering which I dared not put into words.

Three days in Turin, and still I remained, though no



"FLEUR DE NEIGE."

further explanation of affairs was offered me. One day Baby said to me, brusquely :

"*Tio mio*, the mamma will soon have no money if we spend so much. I heard her tell Diego. Find us a place

Miss Baby, however, being deterred by nothing, asked me if I had found the place she had demanded.

"Thou knowest, my darling uncle," she said, kissing the end of my nose, "that I am to be dressed like the



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where there will be no money asked, and let us go there."

Slightly difficult my adopted niece's suggestion ; but I bethought me of a little sea place, wonderfully cheap out of season, and then went to their hotel to suggest it humbly if the occasion should offer.

poor, and we are to live on *polenta*, which Diego will make for us."

Her confidences were promptly suppressed by her mamma, but not before I had gained a heartache with the thought of how much that poor mother must have borne

before bringing her darling away to such chances of poverty and suffering.

It was agreed that we should go to Camaiora by Genoa, and our departure was hastened by something *my cousin* had seen in the last *Figaro*, but she did not tell me what.

My own friends were long ago sure that I had gone astray and fallen into bad hands, so little would I tell of my reasons for lingering, though I had decided that this journey down on the Pisan road was to be my last with this frail, tormented creature, who was grown as dear to me as a sister in her grief and poverty, and whom I yet dared not venture to console, even if I could.

From Turin to Genoa we went second-class for economy, and in that place I was horrified to recognize the same servant I had seen at Modane before leaving the station.

I made sure that he was gone to an hotel, and then hurried *my family* off on the Pisa train without telling them.

Arrived at our destination, we found already many visitors for the early season, and, fearing discovery, my poor *cousin* asked if there were not some hill town where she could find a refuge away from the world, however plainly she might have to live.

Just then it occurred to me that I must slightly traverse the delicate reticence thus far preserved between us, my temptations to the contrary notwithstanding.

However charming to me this idyl, it might be my duty as a man of honor to put an end to it. Every principle of my life hitherto forbade the encouragement of a wife who leaves her husband.

I must be all the more rigid with myself in this case, where my personal sympathies are so deeply engaged.

These severe meditations and determinings are for several days put to instant flight as soon as I am admitted to *my cousin's* gentle presence; but, finally, reason and principle make a great effort, and I venture to speak.

With the baby-fairy in my arms, and her mother sitting opposite, and in the midst of arranging for a second remove to a tiny fishing-village on the coast, I venture:

"My cousin, will you always continue to avoid monsieur, your husband, or is he to be some time forgiven, and this child restored to a real home?"

This is my abrupt question, which, like a bomb, I throw into the midst of comparative calm.

It causes as much disturbance as a real bomb, though of a silent sort.

Diego, who was arranging the flowers I had brought, dropped all and flew to his mistress, who looked like one dead from some cruel blow; and the baby-fairy, fixing her small fists in my mustache, began to cry in a very womanish way, the big tears rolling down her cheeks, while she repeated:

"Oh, wicked, wicked uncle! Bad, bad fellow! You will go and tell papa, and then he will bring all those creatures to kiss me, and to make mamma weep until she is ill!"

After a silence of certain cruel moments, my poor *cousin* opened her eyes again under Diego's ministrations.

She then put away the salts she had used, took her baby from me, and, quieting the child with a few tender words and caresses, sent her away with the man.

Then turning to me, with a calmness belied by her trembling hands and fearful pallor, she said:

"You have a right to the explanation which you at first so generously spared me, but I beg of you to spare me details."

"No, no," I hasten to interpolate; "tell me nothing that will pain you. I refuse to listen."

"But you are right, and it would not be worthy a man of honor to abet me in my flight without being sure that I have cruelly-good reasons for it. Alas! only too cruel reasons—the innocence of my child, and my own life."

"Then, let that assurance be enough for me," I urge. "The sin and dishonor be mine, if I help you to do wrong."

She smiled in such a dreadful, *remembering* way, as her thoughts went back to her reasons for flight, that I could not bear it.

"Let us say no more," I begged. "I was an idiot to have dreamed that you could be moved by any romantic grief, acting from wounded *amour propre*, or any of those lighter impulsive troubles which sometimes move a young and beautiful woman."

"Young!" She said this word in such a weary way, as if to herself. "Beautiful!"

The word on her lips was full of scorn for such beauty.

"I have been ten years married, and that is to be *very old*, as I have known marriage. I was never beautiful to my husband, *only rich*; but, unfortunately, others called me so."

Then she began to burn with indignation, and her cheeks glowed under her flashing eyes as she stood up before me.

"No," she said, "I will *not* tell you of my degradation. Go to him, and tell him you have found me, and that I am again in his power, and you will regret it while you live; but I will *not* relate my shameful griefs to you."

"My *cousin*, for God's sake, listen!" I plead. "I swear that no one shall know. Your secret shall be as safe as if you were indeed my cousin or sister, and I refuse to hear any reason you may have."

What was gone with my sense of honor that I thus protested? I am afraid I knew only too well the where and why, as I looked into that beautiful, troubled face, now drowned in wild tears.

"Oh, my brother, that heaven has sent to my aid, do not you be cruel, too," she said, in a choked voice, whose accents made my heart bleed.

When she became calmer, as she quickly resumed her habitual self-control, she only added these words:

"Believe me that, if you can imagine wrongs more than sufficient to justify me in this step, I have suffered them. I would rather drown with my baby in my arms than return to my past life, whatever poverty may have in store for us both. Is that enough?"

Where was gone my severity? She had not given me reasons, and yet I was convinced. In the sleepless night which followed on this conversation, I could only continue self-respecting by deciding upon my immediate departure.

I established my charges in a quaint, lonely old villa which I got "for a song" by taking it for a year, a trick which enabled me to tell *my cousin* truly that fifty francs a month was the price.

She did not know that I put in a trifle of new furnishing, and in a week more she was settled in a place where a telegram would not reach her unless brought on foot an hour or so by a *contadino*.

And now I ought to go. No more hesitancy if I would continue to be honest to myself. The Summer was close upon us, and Jerome teasing about that Norway fishing journey, so long agreed upon between us.

Before departing, however, I must make sure of one thing. A two days' trip to Florence furnished me with a small, fat portfolio, with which I pursued Diego as he went to his boat for the daily fishing, which already nearly supplied the villa table.

"Can you take me in your boat a little?" I asked.

"If the señor wishes," he answered, with evident reluctance.

Did this servant fear my interrogations?

"I do, and have a favor to ask of you, Diego mio," I insisted.

He shut his mouth like a vise, and his old eyes looked wicked enough to have threatened me with a ducking if I should be indiscreet as he rowed out into the deep water.

I disarmed him, however, at the first phrase.

"On Monday I shall start for a fishing tour in Norway, my Diego."

He nearly dropped his oars overboard, but showed no further sign of surprise.

"And the favor?" he hesitated.

"The favor is, that you will borrow of me a few thousand francs, which you will find in this portfolio in small notes, and also a few thousands in French gold, and keeping this loan a profound secret between us two, use it as if it were your own."

The man's deep-set eyes became suddenly luminous with moisture, and he made a motion as if to kneel to me, but choked it instantly, saying quietly:

"And how shall I pay the señor for this?"

Suspicious old dog! He believed I was buying his confidence or his fidelity to his mistress.

"By telegraphing to me at each of these three addresses, if in any way the peace of your mistress is molested, the one word, 'Come.'"

He was conquered, and it was with difficulty that I prevented his turning over the boat in his first excess of gratitude for my simple good faith.

He kissed my hand and my paletot, and a few real tears came into his old eyes as he invoked the blessing of all the saints upon me.

My going away seemed to the jealous old chap the first of blessings, and then the fear of immediate want was at an end.

He assured me that he had plenty of costly jewels belonging to the Señorita Condessa, as he called her; "but how dispose of them without the knowledge of *el señor duque*?"

This confusion of terms convinced me of the social status of my cousin, and made me more than ever fear the "polite detective" force to which the man at Modane had expressed his intention of resorting.

But in the event of a discovery, my innocent presence would perhaps be cited to give an infamous appearance to her flight, and so I could only be kindest in departing.

I made no adieus. I had not the moral courage. Only, while sitting under the lemon-trees that night, the baby-fairy, with a hand on each of my burning cheeks, and the lovely eyes deep in mine, said, severely:

"Thou hast the air of a culprit, *mon bon*. What dear, sweet villainy art thou meditating? For thou canst not do any wrong?"

"Kiss me a thousand times, *Niña mia*," I answered, evasively. "Would you still love me if I were gone far out of sight?"

The idea was so full of anguish to my little playfellow that it was with difficulty her mother pacified her. While they went away together at baby's bedtime, I sat looking away out to sea in the misty moonlight, heavy-hearted. The beautiful skyline of the Appuan Alps, with its white marble snow-spots and blue, velvety shadows, came down to the shore at Serravezza, where it was sealed with the great red glare of the lighthouse, the beautiful glow of the aqua-marine sea, set in shores wooded to the water's edge

with sombre, shadowy pines, fired by leaping, silver-sided fish and dreamy moon-rays into weird splendor. The breath of lemon-blossoms and oleanders nodding in the misty light made the air magnetic; and in this dangerous hour came floating out to me the mother's voice, stilling the child with a faintly-breathed old Spanish cradle-song, and my good angels seemed to float further and further away in the mystic light, bearing with them creeds, faith, and even honor, and leaving only belief in happiness—mad, wild, short-lived, perhaps, but the only thing worth living for.

The sea crept up softly, and as softly retreated, with a low, caressing sound, and a breath of waltz-music came on it from the distant *établissement* at Camaiora, and suddenly my heart filled my whole frame, even to my throbbing finger-tips, and I knew that she was beside me. I did not speak, because I could not—God be thanked. All at once she said:

"Then, it is *Good-by, my brother!*"

She had divined me; but I would not go. Why turn myself out voluntarily from paradise?

"But," I stammered—"but—"

"Good-by," she sighed. "It is wisest and best. From you, my brother, I will consent to accept all your goodness, all your delicate kindness, and thrust you out. You will not misunderstand. Only a heart like yours could comprehend; but how noble you are to be able!"

I could not speak. The anguish of the struggle for mastery between good and evil in my soul held me dumb. Then her angel purity of soul had of a verity conquered, for I would not have dared touch the cold little hand she held out to me with other than holy thoughts like hers.

"Dear boy," she said, placing her rejected hand on my bent head, "you are anxious and grieving to leave us, and you love the child too much; but it is best. You have done all you could—made peace and quiet possible. God bless you! Go now."

I got up and went away without looking back or speaking. In the shade of the magnolias at the gate my hand was seized and kissed by the old servitor, and on the morrow I went north from Milan, over the Simplon, with Jerome.

* * * * *

Sport was famous in Norway, and that Summer I "killed" many a big salmon, but at first with very little interest. Later, however, when a sort of nervous dread of bad news from Italy—and I so far away—had worn off, I began to get myself in hand.

Physical strength and a good amount of hard work, whether in pursuit of amusement or duty, is sure to restore the mental and moral balance, and before three months my sun-browned cheeks would burn guiltily when I remembered how near I had come to tormenting a suffering human creature with my own selfishness, and my heart would almost stop beating as I reflected on the eternal banishment which would most inevitably have ensued.

As the telegram containing the word "Come" had never reached either of my bankers for me, I hoped that my nameless cousin had remained tranquil.

In September Paris seemed hot and dusty, and I naively told myself that I was not in the humor for country houses, and so poked off down to Aix-les-Baines.

Some people whom I knew were still there taking the waters, and we made excursions upon the beautiful Savoyard lakes, and to the Chartreuse, etc. The ladies were most amiable, but the men declared me absent-minded and *tant soit peu bête*.

Perhaps I was really thinking too much about Camaiora, when I fancied myself so nearly cured, too.

I would go over to Valdighieri and try for some *chamois-hunting*.

So declaring, I lounged over to the *établissement*, and danced with several young girls, who seemed to me rather to be "sitting out" for want of partners, and then went into the play-room.

A knot of men were about some one who was playing at *rouge et noir*, and from the desertion of the other tables, I gathered that the play was high.

"A Brazilian," said some one; "and you know they've all got gold mines galore."

"All the same; he's rather 'bucking the tiger,' as they say in the States," responded his neighbor.

"He's been at it since this morning, and managers don't half like it," said another.

"There's no end to the tin of those South American beggars," said another, enviously.

I looked over shoulders, and, to my astonishment, saw my old acquaintance of Modane and the cat's-eye ring, which jewel still blazed on his left hand.

He was as handsome as ever, but thinner, and with an indescribable air of con-

trolled excitement, which did not seem to have reference to his losses or gains.

As I looked him over, I saw my good old Dr. Brachet go and speak to him, and quickly followed on his heels.

"Present me," whispered I to the doctor.

"An awful villain!" whispered he, in return, and, as if continuing, "Di Santo Amaro, permit me to make known to you another American good-for-nothing, Kenneth Livingston, and get along, the pair of you, out of this hot room, if you, *Señor Duque*, don't wish to have another attack like last month."

"An old croaker," I remarked to my new acquaintance, indicating the *medico*; "but it is rather pleasanter outside in the starlight, if you've quite finished your play."

"Let me call my man to take all this heavy gold," answered he, in a most musical voice. "I was only keeping on from boredom."

He put his arm within mine, and we strolled about the dim gardens, he talking in a most amusing way, though still as if governing some excitement.

"Shall we have supper?" I said, after a time.

"I believe I haven't even dined," said he, laughing.

"I got some news that rather overset me to-day, and haven't yet digested it; but I will sup, if you will not leave me."

He was, indeed, altogether too interesting to be deserted, if he only knew it.

We had some supper, with some very wonderful Beaune that I knew of, at the Hotel Bristol, and sat talking long into the night, and never had it been my good fortune to meet a more brilliant talker.

Each time I moved to depart he became more urgent for me to remain, and near two o'clock a.m. he confessed to me that he dared not be alone.

A pretty situation for me again! Suppose this husband of my wife goes



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mad on my hands, and does himself an injury of which I am accused—given to the public the fact of my having run away from Modane and him with her and the child!

On pretense of wishing for some B.-and-S., I rang for his valet, and found the man on the alert, which tranquillized me.

After a while Di Santo Amaro lay down on a lounge, and began to talk quietly of his past life. It did not seem to matter to whom he was speaking, and he scarcely apologized for his unsolicited confidence to a stranger.

He described his childhood, passed in the midst of his father's disorders, his unbridled youth, with neither good precept nor example to influence him, and a life now arrived at forty years, during which his only efforts had

been devoted to escaping boredom.

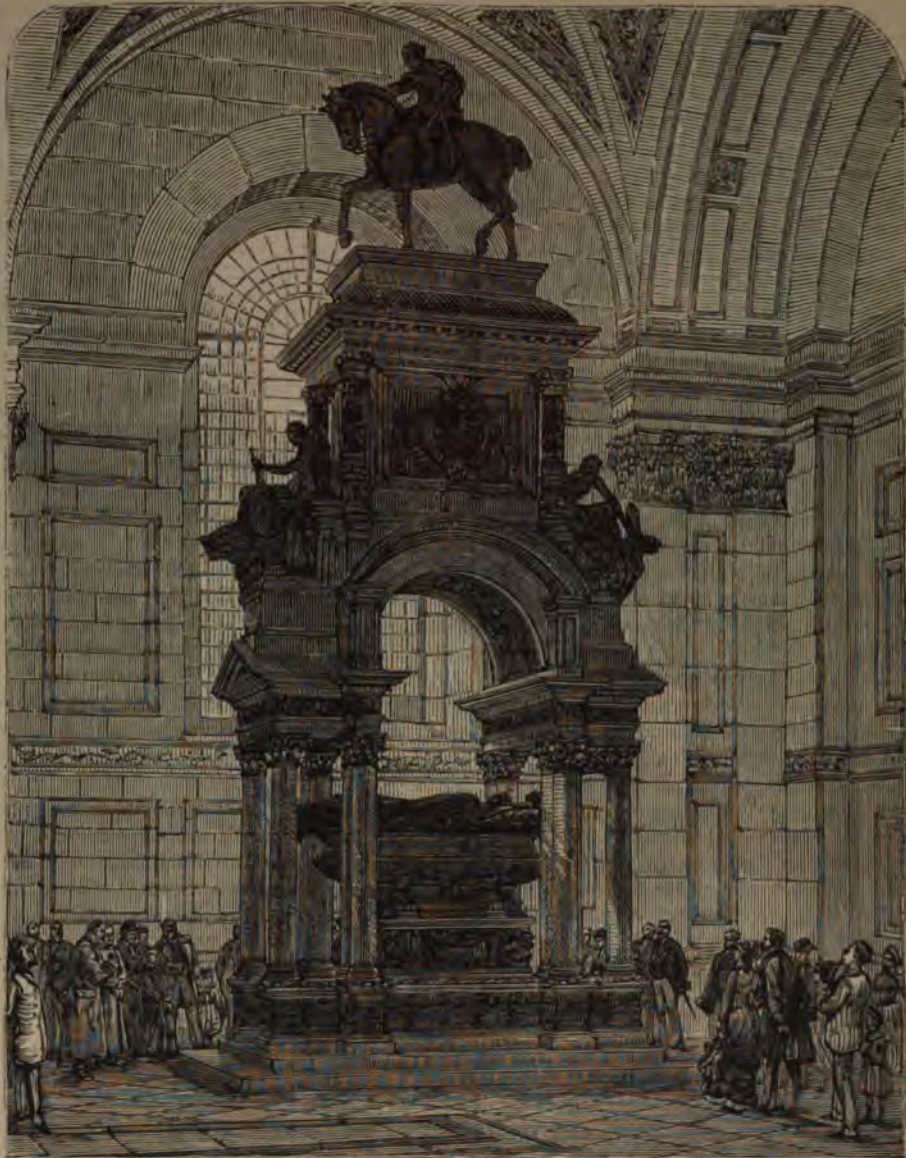
His wife, he said, had been an angel, and the only trouble was that a person of more diabolic character would have been more acceptable, as more amusing.

He naively declared that he detested angels, and confessed with equal frankness that he had devoted himself to the effort to change his wife's angelic attributes into the desired evil ones, but without success.

He said there was a child, but "only a girl." He "detested girls." He said, also, that his wife was in Italy.

I sat expecting some revelation of awakened love, remorse of conscience of any sort, as a reason for his evident excitement, but none came. As he did not say he had discovered his wife's retreat, I began to be bored.

"I took her into all the queerest society and places, and made her see all sorts of colors," he babbled, in his foreign idiom. "How she did detest me!" he laughed, idly, as he recalled this. "But it was only when I made the *girl-baby* drink *absinthe* every day that I could rouse her, or when I taught her some new and spicy song of the *coulisses*. Then she did really amuse me with her fury." How my blood boiled as I listened!



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"Now," he went on, "when all things else bore me, and I have found out where she is, these accursed doctors tell me I am going to die!"

I did not speak. My ears rung, and I seemed suffocating with anger.

How easily I could take him by the throat there, and prevent his ever troubling that beloved presence!

The valet came in and declared that his master must have chloral at this hour, if awake, according to medical order.

I gave it myself, and not a drop too much, and when he slept I left him, and walked about Aix all night.

Next day my new friend came to my hotel for me. He

looked none the stronger for his night's sleep, which had been superinduced by the use of chloral.

"I must have talked an awful lot of rubbish last night," he said, laughing. "It will prepare you for the leave I am come to take. I am going down to hunt up my wife. She has been some time in Italy at the sea, or so the world says. She will be pining for me, I hope; though I hear of a blonde stranger who traveled down from Turin with her, probably to protect her."

His expression was not pleasant as he said this last, and his eyes looked like coals of fire.

"I, too, am just off for Italy," I said, easily, concealing, I hope, the sudden shock of fear for my poor *cousin*, which his words created.

"So much the better. We can travel down together. Perhaps, if you've nothing better to do, you will come and see me regulate my family, which seems somewhat in need of its head."

"I shall go by Genoa and Pisa," said I.

"Just my way; and do come to Camaiora with me, old fellow," he urged. "Your quiet ways just suit my cursed nervous state, and the doctors say I must be quiet—I wonder if I *can* be so when I see her proud face again!"

I could not safely telegraph to Mrs. Hunter from Aix, but I did so on the way to Modane at a small station.

Di Santo Amaro grew more friendly with every stage, and when we got down at the Camaiora hotel he seemed to feel in no haste to seek out the place of his wife's refuge, if known to him.

We dressed and went over to see the few bathers left, and all at once he determined to go into the sea himself, in spite of all remonstrance.

It was getting toward seven o'clock as he made his first graceful plunge, and soon he was swimming swiftly out to sea, and diving about like a fish.

Then there came a cry from the bait-fishers at the end of the long Molo, and all the swimmers who comprehended made for the shore. A school of dolphins came in sight in the shoal water, leaping and playing, and looking anything but dangerous, except as to their size; but Alcide, the duke's servant, knew these creatures better than I.

"*Mon Dieu!* if they catch the *Señor Duque* among them they will play with and never let him go till he drowns," he cried, and ran to get a boat.

The sailors demurred, and Alcide was wild with impatience, and still the devil of self tempted me to stand indifferent. "*If he does die*, she will be free!" was ringing in my ears.

All at once the pure, pale face of the woman I loved, shone in upon my wild excitement, as I had seen it last, and woke the better man within me, driving out the dishonoring thought before it.

"The price of the boat and a hundred francs to each man if we save him!" I shouted.

Then in a flash we were rowing for our lives, and I was sticking a boatman's knife or two in my waistband.

When the superstitious fishers would row no nearer to the dolphins, I swam out with a rope, and, catching a glimpse of Di Santo Amaro as he was thrown into the air by a stroke of one of the creatures' tails, I dived and swam under water, until I could come up under and seize him firmly. Then came the tug. I twisted the rope around my companion, signed to be pulled in, and took a knife in each hand and one in my teeth.

Scarcely had I risen to breathe, before I received a tremendous blow from one dolphin, while another couple tossed us quite out of water; but in close quarters, as we fell, I gave two good stabs, which cleared a space about us, and as our boatman dragged us off I only got in

just another blow at the astonished fish, whose plaything had suddenly become able to hurt them.

In the boat Di Santo Amaro seemed quite dead already; but Alcide declared that it was the heart-trouble from which he had long suffered which gave him such a death-like look.

He came slowly back to consciousness, in fact, under a doctor's charge, but the M.D. shook his head despairingly.

"He sees and is conscious, but is to all intents paralyzed, and can last but a short time. Send for his relations."

When I heard this *dictum*, how I regretted having sent the telegram to Di Santo Amaro's wife, who, but for this, might have been with him so soon! There was no time for delicacy.

"Alcide," I said, "where is monsieur's wife?"

"Monsieur Livingston should know better than I, since it was he who established madame within a few miles of here!"

I looked hard at the cool scamp, to see if I ought to kick him for this speech; but his face was a blank, and, after all, what he said was true.

"But they are not gone since my telegram from Lons?"

"I went after monsieur to the telegraph-operator, and told him that you had changed your mind, and did not wish the message sent. It was my duty to serve my master, as monsieur will reflect."

I did reflect, and deferred reckoning with him till later.

I sent a note and carriage to the village for my *cousin*, with the news of her husband's presence and illness.

She came in an hour, and oh! how I thanked heaven that I could look her in the face in all honesty!

The husband never recovered his speech, but lived some two weeks—long enough for his death to take place in the presence of his nephew and heir, and all necessary witnesses.

I wish I could say that he testified the faintest regret for his ten years of marital caprice and unkindness; but I should be false to the character I have so often seen in self-indulgent persons who have had unlimited power over others.

His servant had never had time to tell him what he had learned in Camaiora about my first arrival with his wife, and he died in my arms.

* * * * *

There are now some three years passed since these events, and I have been so wise and so careful not to intrude myself too much upon my *cousin* that the baby-fairy has at last summoned me. Her little characteristic note lies in my hand, and I go to Madrid to-morrow to answer it in person:

"DEAR, SWEET, UGLY KENNETH—The little mamma grows every day more pink and lovely since your last visit, and when I ask her every day, as you bade me, when you may come to stay for ever, she only kisses me. But to-day I have so scolded her, and Diego has so often kissed her hand, that she now says, 'Whenever he will'; so fly quickly to your own
NÍ SITA."

AVOID the scolding tone. A tired mother may find it hard to do this; but it is she who will get most good by observing the rule. The tone of scolding wears upon the throat, just where a woman who is not over-strong is apt to feel the ache of extreme fatigue. The children, too, who are great imitators, will be sure to catch the scolding tone, and will talk to their dolls, to one another, and, by-and-by, to their own children, very much as their mothers are now talking to them. By all means avoid this bad tone, all you who govern others.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

BY N. ROBINSON.

If you are desirous of obtaining a good view of St. Paul's Cathedral, do not stand on Ludgate Hill, but repair to Blackfriars Bridge, or to a penny boat on the Thames, and then you will behold the noblest building in Great Britain, in the classic style, the monument to the genius of its architect, Christopher Wren.

The first stone of this magnificent temple was laid on June 21st, 1675. Divine service was performed for the first time on December 2d, 1697, on the day of thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick, and the last stone laid in 1710, thirty-five years after the first. It deserves to be mentioned that the whole Cathedral was begun and completed under one architect, Sir Christopher Wren; one master mason, Thomas Strong; and one bishop, Dr. Henry Compton. The whole cost, £747,954. 2s. 9d., was paid for by a tax on coals brought into the port of London, and the Cathedral, it is said, deserves to wear, as it does, a smoky coat in consequence.

The ground-plan is that of a Latin cross, with lateral projections at the west end of the nave, giving width and importance to the west front. The length, from east to west, is 550 feet; breadth of the body of the church, 100 feet; campanile towers at the west end, each 222 feet in height; and the height of the whole structure, from the pavement to the top of the cross, 370 feet. Immense as the building looks and is, it could actually stand within St. Peter's at Rome. The outer dome, in beauty of outline unequalled in the world, is of wood, covered with lead, and does not support the lantern on the top, which rests on a cone of brick raised between the inner cupola and outer dome. The course of balustrade at the top was forced on Wren by the Commissioners for the building. "I never designed a balustrade," he says; "ladies think nothing well without an edging." The sculpture on the pediment (the conversion of St. Paul), the statues on the entablature (St. Paul, with St. Peter and St. James on either side), and the statue of Queen Anne (cost £1,150) in front of the building, with four figures at the angles, are all by F. Bird. The Phoenix over the south door was the work of Cibber. The space in front of the Cathedral was laid open 1873, by the removal of the original iron railings, cast at Lamberhurst, in Kent.

Let us thrust back the oaken door and view the interior. The cupola, with the paintings upon it, is of brick, 108 feet in diameter, with stone bandings at every rise of five feet, and a girdle of Portland stone at the base, containing a double chain of iron strongly linked together at every ten feet, and weighing 95cwt. 3qr. 23lb. The great defect of the interior is its nakedness, darkness and want of colored ornament.

Wren's first design of St. Paul's was planned essentially for the Protestant worship and service, and consisted of a large central dome, surrounded by eight minor cupolas, prolonged to the west by another cupola, and faced with a grand portico. This was rejected through the influence of the Duke of York (afterward James II.), who insisted on having a church with the usual long nave and side aisles, adapted to the Roman Catholic service. Sir Christopher shed tears in speaking of the change; but it was all in vain.

The eight paintings in the dome (by Sir James Thornhill), represent the principal events in the life of St. Paul. The wood carvings in the choir stalls are by Grinling Gibbons, and are of exquisite beauty in design and finish. The late eminent Dean Milman, who had greatly at heart

the glory of the Cathedral, set on foot various improvements, which have partly been carried out. To him are due the throwing open of the space under the dome for public worship, the partial gilding of the dome, the setting up of painted glass windows, gifts of companies or private persons, at the west end, chiefly executed at Munich. It is a standing shame and disgrace to the merchants, bankers, tradesmen and citizens of London, the richest city in the world, that they should so long have allowed the interior to remain naked, black and unfinished. In 1870 an effort was begun to raise £250,000 to complete it according to Wren's wishes, but owing to differences of opinion, not much has hitherto been done. The inscription to Wren, "Si monumentum quæris, circumspice," set up by Mylne, engineer of old Blackfriars Bridge, now appears on the inner porch of the north transept.

The gifted architect of St. Paul's was the son of Dr. Christopher Wren, Dean of Windsor and Rector of East Knoyle, in Wiltshire, where he was born on the 20th of October, 1632. His uncle, Dr. Matthew Wren, successively Bishop of Hereford, Norwich, and Ely, suffered an imprisonment of nearly twenty years in the tower for his adherence to the cause of Charles I., and his refusal to submit to the authority of Cromwell and the Parliament.

He gave early indication of his remarkable ability, and is one of the very few whose subsequent careers have fulfilled the promise of a precocious childhood. At the age of thirteen he had invented several scientific instruments of great merit. One of these, for use in practical astronomy, he dedicated to his father in a Latin epistle. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Wadham College, Oxford, where his reputation had preceded him, and he was received with honor by men so eminent as Seth Ward and Dr. Wilkins, afterward the famous Bishop of Chester. Two years later he had distinguished himself so highly in mathematics, that Oughtred, in the preface to his "Clavis Mathematica" speaks of him with great respect, and predicts for him a brilliant career.

In his twenty-fifth year Wren left Oxford for the metropolis, where he had received the appointment of Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College. His inaugural address extended the reputation he had already acquired, and his lectures were attended by the most eminent men of the day. Following a fashion then widely prevalent, Pascal, under the assumed name of Jean de Mountford, proposed, in the year 1658, a mathematical problem for solution; Wren accepted the challenge and solved the problem, thus adding greatly to his reputation. Wren, in return, proposed another problem, which baffled the ingenuity of his contemporaries.

On the restoration of Charles II. Wren was appointed Savilian Professor at Oxford, a post which he filled with the highest distinction. He contributed many valuable and important papers to the Royal Society, which was now fully constituted; he anticipated Prince Rupert in his discovery of the art of engraving by mezzotint; he published a series of papers on the determination of the longitude; and by order of the King, he prepared a set of drawings of animalculæ and other microscopic objects. Nor were the pleasures of light literature and poetical composition neglected by him. He translated some of odes of Horace into English verse so respectably that Spratt, Bishop of Rochester, says of his version: "You have admirably well hit his genius; your verse is



THE CEREMONY OF BLESSING THE BELLS.

harmonious, your philosophy instructive, your liberty in translating is such as to make it seem an English original, yet not so much but that the mind of the author is still religiously observed."

Wren seems to have inherited a taste for architecture from his father, who had been employed by Charles I. to build a palace for Henrietta Maria. Either from this cause or from his high reputation for general ability, he now began to be much employed in public works.

In 1661 he was appointed assistant to Sir John Denham, the surveyor-general, and



THE BELL-TOWER OF ST. PAUL'S.



VIEW OF THE CRYPT.

shortly after was commissioned to examine and report upon the condition of St. Paul's Cathedral, which had fallen into a state of great dilapidation. Two years later he seems to have erected his first public building—the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford.

About the same time he visited France to study the magnificent palaces in course of erection for Louis XIV. The Louvre was in progress, and a thousand laborers were daily employed upon it. Fontainebleau, Versailles and St. Germain were in their glory. He examined them all, and returned home, as he said, "with almost all France upon paper."

The restoration of St. Paul's now engaged his attention for a second time. He prepared

designs for the work, but was hindered from carrying them into effect by the jealousies and squabbles of those who had the management of the affair. In the midst of their interminable disputes the great fire of London came and left the city a ruin. From the Tower to the Temple, from Smithfield to the river, scarcely a street was left. He immediately set to work to survey the ground, covered as it was with smoking ruins, with a view to the city's reconstruction. Seldom has an architect had such a chance; seldom has a city had such an architect. Wren developed a magnificent scheme. He proposed a main street from Aldgate to Temple

Bar, intersected at right angles by others from north to south. At one of the intersections he projected a magnificent square, in which the new Cathedral was to stand.

His design for St. Paul's was not carried out. In many most important particulars he was thwarted by those in authority. He had designed a building in the form of a Greek cross, adhering to a single Order throughout, and without side aisles. Upon these points he was overborne by the influence of the Duke of York, who, it was said, desired to have the Cathedral so constructed as to be ready for the introduction of the Roman Catholic ritual, which he hoped speedily to restore. When these mutilations of his plan were forced upon him, Wren, grieved and indignant, burst into tears; but his remonstrances were in vain.

Though St. Paul's is the building with which Wren's name is commonly associated, his other works are very numerous and important. The "Parentalia" gives a list of fifty-four new churches erected by him in lieu of those destroyed by the fire. The Royal Exchange, the Monument, Temple Bar, and the College of Physicians, have also to be added. Of other public works we have the hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea, large additions to the palaces of Hampton Court and St. James's, and an immense palace at Winchester for Charles II., now the barracks; extensive works at Westminster Abbey, and some at Salisbury Cathedral.

We have also a list of works of which the designs were



THE NEW BELL—"GREAT PAUL"—OF ST. PAUL'S.

completed, but not carried out, comprehending a magnificent mausoleum to the memory of Charles I.—a building which, if erected, would have vied with the celebrated Medici Chapel at Florence; a tomb to Mary, Queen of William III., large additions to Whitehall and to Windsor palaces, and many others we have not space to recapitulate.

In 1680 he became President of the Royal Society. In 1685 he was returned to parliament for the borough of Plympton. He subsequently represented Weymouth and Windsor till the year 1713, when he resigned his seat in favor of his son Christopher. He was twice married.

His first wife, who died shortly after giving birth to a son, was a daughter of Sir John Coghill. He afterward married a daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam, an Irish peer, and by her he had a son and daughter.

For his public works he was but poorly remunerated. His salary as architect of St. Paul's was never more than £200 a year. As superintendent of the works at Windsor he received the small salary—£9 2s. 6d. a year—as vermin-killer. Even these sums were paid him grudgingly, and often accompanied by insult. He was charged with profiting by the abuses and frauds of his subordinates; with needlessly protecting the works in order the longer to enjoy his paltry stipend; with countenancing the issue of bad materials and faulty workmanship, and a host of other



EVENING IN THE CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S.

misdemeanors. He treated those accusations with calm dignity, and, unmoved by calumny and detraction, carried forward the erection of the Cathedral, until in his seventy-ninth year he had the satisfaction of seeing it completed.

By the death of Queen Anne, Wren lost his last royal friend and patron. With the Hanoverian dynasty came a host of German favorites, who monopolized the patronage of the court, or distributed it at their pleasure. Sir Christopher, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, was displaced to make room for an ignorant and incompetent man named Benson. The wits and satirists of the day turned the new surveyor-general into ridicule. Walpole, Pope, Sir Richard Steele and others, denounced the nefarious job. But all was in vain. His enemies were implacable, and the King, insensible alike to literature and to art, impervious to satire, and, indeed, ignorant of the language in which it was written, confirmed Benson's appointment.

With serene and Christian composure Wren retired into privacy, saying, as he did so, "*Nunc me jubet fortuna expeditus philosophari.*"

He survived his dismissal from office for about five years. His death, in his ninety-first year, was remarkably easy and tranquil. It was his custom to repose, for a short time, after dinner. On the 25th of February, 1723, his servant, thinking that his master had slept longer than usual, entered the room and found him dead in his chair. He had apparently expired whilst asleep without a struggle or a groan.

Let us return to the cathedral. The ascent to the ball, entrance to which is in the southwest angle, under the dome, is by 616 steps, of which 260 lead to the Whispering-gallery, so called because the slightest whisper is transmitted from one side to the other with great rapidity and distinctness. In the southwest tower is the clock, and the great bell on which the clock's hammer strikes. The length of the minute hand is eight feet, and its weight seventy-five pounds; that of the hour-hand is five feet five inches, and its weight forty-four pounds. The diameter of the bell is about ten feet, and its weight 11,474 pounds, the hammer weighing 145 pounds, and the clapper 180 pounds. It is inscribed, "Richard Phelps made me, 1716," and is never used except for striking the hour, and for tolling at the deaths and funerals of any of the royal family, the bishops of London, the Deans of St. Paul's, and the Lord Mayor, should he die in his mayoralty. The Stone Gallery is an outer Gallery, and affords a fine view of London on a clear day. The Outer Golden Gallery is at the apex of the dome. Here you may have a still more extensive view of London if you will ascend early in the morning, and on a clear day. The Ball and Cross stand on the top of the concealed brick cone, which supports the outer dome. The ball is in diameter six feet two inches, and will hold three or four persons. The weight of the ball is stated to be 5,600lb., and that of the cross (to which there is no entrance), 3,360lb.

In 1877 certain of the City Companies, in conjunction with Baroness Burdett-Coutts, determined to present a peal of twelve bells to St. Paul's. The weight of the whole peal, which was cast by Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough, is about eleven tons, its cost £6,000. The first and second bells were presented by the Drapers' Company; the third, fourth, fifth and sixth by Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Turners' Company; the seventh by the Salters'; eighth by the Merchant Tailors'; ninth by the Fishmongers'; tenth by the Clothworkers'; eleventh by the Grocers'; and the twelfth and largest by the Cor-

poration. Each bell is inscribed with the motto of the company which presented it, and with the arms of the Dean and Chapter.

In the public procession to St. Paul's, July 7th, 1814, the day of thanksgiving for the Peace, the Duke of Wellington carried the sword of state before the Prince Regent. The next occasion of a public procession to St. Paul's was the Duke of Wellington's funeral, November 18th, 1852.

The National Thanksgiving, on the 27th of February, 1872, upon the occasion of the recovery of the Prince of Wales, from typhoid fever, was an event such as the British nation has seldom witnessed.

The Queen was received at the Cathedral by the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and by the officers of Her Majesty's household, who were in waiting at St. Paul's. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a general officer, with the collars of the Orders of the Garter and the Bath.

The Bishop and the Dean and Chapter preceded Her Majesty from the west entrance up the nave to the Royal Pew in the central area of the Cathedral. The Prince of Wales was able to walk without aid, though his lameness was apparent.

The Royal Pew, decked with crimson cloth, was raised above the gangway of the nave by four low steps, making a height of about two feet in all from the pavement. This raised space was fenced in by a brass rail, ledged with velvet in the manner of a pew, and with cushions on the front ledge. Her Majesty's armchair was gold-and-red, and the pew contained fifty other chairs of a plainer sort. The Queen's chair stood on the centre line of the Cathedral's width, and just under the west edge of the dome. In the Royal Pew, Her Majesty's chair of state was placed in the centre; on her right, were ranged the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Arthur; on the left, were the Princess of Wales, Prince George of Wales, Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the Duke of Cambridge. The other seats were occupied by the lords, ladies and gentlemen of the royal household.

The new and monster bell was added in 1882. The weight of "Great Paul," as the bell is called, is 16tons 14cwt. 2qrs. 19lbs. It is thus nearly as big as the great bells of Olmütz and Vienna, which respectively weigh over seventeen tons. "Great Paul" is made of an alloy of thirteen parts copper to four parts tin. Some twenty tons of molten metal were poured into the mold, and six days were then allowed for it to cool. The cast-iron outer case was then taken off, the clay mold broken up, and the mighty bell bit by bit exposed to view. Shortly afterward the tone was satisfactorily tested by the organist of St. Paul's. The note is E flat. The cost of the bell and of hoisting it into its place in the upper part of the northwest tower of St. Paul's, was £3,000.

The very interesting and picturesque Annual Meeting of the Charity School children used to be a feature of St. Paul's. The *coup d'œil* thus presented was perfectly unique—it had no parallel. The extent and magnificence of the building; the vast numbers of children, arrayed in many-colored uniforms, ranged, one above the other, along every side of the structure; the solemn peals of the organ reverberating through the aisle and transepts of that hallowed temple, awakened the liveliest emotions within the least excitable beholder. In another point, this exhibition was extremely well worthy of attention—namely, that set forth by its costumes. The children present, by the fashion of their attire, the date, as it were, of the foundation of their school. The boys wearing a long frock with the yellow tunic and small trencher cap

denote that the formation of the charity took place about the time of Edward VI., by whom Christ Church Hospital was founded; and the dress of its scholars resembles very nearly that of the dress we have above described. Later foundations may be inferred from the tailed coat, leather breeches and clasped shoes. In short, a regular gradation of costume might be noted from the earliest time of English civilization down to the round jacket and military cap of some of the present school uniforms. In female dress but little variation can be detected; indeed, scarcely any, except between the very ancient and the very modern. But it was as a moral spectacle that this exhibition was so surpassing—it was an effectual display of pure benevolence, directed to spread over the assembled thousands the most essential and lasting benefits—it was a grateful tribute to the memory of those of our ancestors who originated the schools, and an animating incentive to the present age to patronize and transmit to posterity such excellent institutions.

The simultaneous movements of this youthful multitude have been aptly likened to the action of the Summer wind on a field of corn; the Christian will carry the simile further and deeper, and gather from the scene the assurance that the good seed has been sown—and the hope that it has fallen upon good ground—that the vast living field which spreads before him is a harvest of souls ripening for the garner of God.

The effect produced by the combination of many voices can only be conceived by those who have heard them. The music they sang was simply arranged in two parts: that is to say, for sopranos and contraltos, with no other basses than those supplied by the organ. To insure perfect *ensemble* the singing-master was placed in a pulpit, in sight of all his pupils, and from it he beats the time.

The descent into the crypt of St. Paul's is by a door in the nave at the western angle of the southern transept. In the south aisle of the crypt is the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, nearly under the high altar, it is supposed, of the ancient Cathedral. In the recess of a window, in the same aisle, lie the ashes of Robert Mylne, who was for several years the architect to the building. He it was who designed and carried out the bridge across the Thames, at Blackfriars, which for grace and elegance bears away the palm from subsequent structures of the kind, in however great a degree the latter may excel in massiveness and durability.

In an odd corner, into which you ascend by a ladder of some two or three steps, are sundry effigies, some of them greatly mutilated, which belonged to monuments in the ancient fabric. Among these is Dr. Donne, in his shroud; Sir Nicholas Bacon, in ponderous armor; Sir John Wholly and his lady; Lord Chancellor Hatton; Sir Thomas Heneage; Sir William Cockayne, and part of the bust of Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's Grammar School.

The tomb of Admiral Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, is separated from the rest of the crypt by a high iron palisading, through which the visitor passes by a gate. The space is surrounded by a series of eight stone pillars, which present the appearance of a small temple. In the centre is the tomb. The body of the illustrious hero is inclosed in the stonework which forms the base of the tomb. The sarcophagus above was made by order of the haughtiest favorite of the haughtiest of monarchs, Cardinal Wolsey, who designed it for his own remains in the Chapel of St. George at Windsor. His disgrace, however, intervened, and before his death, Henry laid hands on the sarcophagus, which remained at Windsor until the time of George III., who caused it to be transferred to

the tomb of Nelson. Certainly, if to have his tomb so surmounted by any distinction, Nelson deserved it; but we confess we cannot see the propriety of the adoption; nor is the incongruity in any degree mitigated by placing Nelson's coronet on the sarcophagus of Wolsey. Again, a sarcophagus, if we have not forgotten our Greek, is intended to contain the actual body of the defunct, and here we have the anomaly of an empty sarcophagus being placed over an occupied one—for the basement answers the purpose of a sarcophagus—nay, it is one.

Unfortunately, but few of the monuments in St. Paul's merit attention as fine works of art, but all are interesting from the illustrious persons and deeds they are designed to commemorate.

Commencing at the southwest corner of the north transept, and proceeding in order, are the monuments of the following distinguished men: Sir Joshua Reynolds, first President of the Royal Academy, by Flaxman; Admiral Lord Rodney; General Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at Waterloo; Admiral Earl St. Vincent, raised to the peerage for his brilliant victory off Cape St. Vincent; General Sir Charles Napier, conqueror of the Ameers of Scinde, by Adams; Sir William Ponsonby, who fell at Waterloo; Henry Hallam, the historian, by Theed; Dr. Johnson, by Bacon, R.A.

In the south choir aisle: Bishop Heber, a kneeling figure by Chantrey, R.A.; H. H. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, poet and historian, by Williamson; Dr. Donne, the poet and dean, in his shroud, by Nicholas Stone, described by Isaac Walton. This singular monument, prepared by Dr. Donne himself, was one of the few saved at the destruction of the old Cathedral.

In the south transept: John Howard, the philanthropist, by Bacon, R.A. (this cost 1,300 guineas, and was the first monument erected in St. Paul's); Admiral Lord Howe, by Flaxman; Admiral Lord Collingwood, the companion and favorite of Nelson; Lord Heathfield, better known as General Elliot, the gallant defender of Gibraltar; Lord Cornwallis, twice Governor-general of India, by Rossi, R.A. (supported by Indian river gods); Admiral Lord Nelson, by Flaxman, R.A. (the loss of the right arm concealed by the Union Jack); Sir Astley Cooper, the surgeon; Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna (Marshal Soult stood before this monument and wept); General Sir Ralph Abercromby, by Westmacott, R.A.; and Sir William Jones, the Oriental scholar.

The Duke of Wellington's monument, in the west chapel, south nave aisle, which was provided by public subscription in the year 1854, consists of a bronze effigy under a marble canopy, supported by twelve Corinthian columns. At the one end Valor is represented crushing Cowardice with a club, at the other Truth subduing Falsehood. This work was for more than twenty years in hand, owing to the mental condition of the artist employed, the late Mr. A. Stephens.

There are also the graves of the following celebrated English painters: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, James Barry, John Opie, Benjamin West, Henry Fuseli, J. M. W. Turner; the graves, too, of the eminent engineers, Robert Mylne, who built old Blackfriars Bridge, and John Rennie, who built Waterloo Bridge.

Old St. Paul's was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. That the site was first dedicated to heathenism is sought to be proved by the finding of a stone altar sculptured with the image of Diana, during the excavations for the foundations of Goldsmiths' Hall, in 1830. Hence the idea that a temple to Diana first occupied the site. Next a Roman camp was fixed here; then a Saxon temple; and then an episcopal see fixed in London by Mellitus, the

companion of St. Augustine. Next, a Cathedral was built here by Ethelbert, King of Kent, among whose gifts to the church was the estate of Tillingham, Essex, which even now contributes largely to the maintenance of the fabric. The fourth bishop was the famous St. Erkenwald, whose shrine stood at the back of the high altar.

The tower and spire rose 520 feet, or higher than the monument placed upon the cross of the present Cathedral. It had a copper gilt bowl, nine feet in compass, (large enough to hold ten bushels of corn), supporting a cross fifteen and one-half feet high, surmounted by an eagle-cock of copper gilt, four feet long. This steeple was taken down, and was never rebuilt.

In the crypt below the choir was the parish church of St. Faith, and at the Ludgate corner (toward the Thames) the parish church of St. Gregory. "St. Paul's," says Fuller, "may be called the mother church, indeed, having one babe in her body (St. Faith), and another in her arms

known as King Henry IV., appeared in St. Paul's to offer his prayers—prayers for the dethronement of his ill-fated cousin; prayers for his own successful usurpation of the throne. Here he paused to shed tears over the grave of his father; for early in the year 'old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster,' had been carried to his rest in the Cathedral. Perhaps the last time that John of Gaunt had appeared in St. Paul's, was in his armor, and in his pride, to confront the proud Bishop Courtenay. Some years elapsed; and, after the silent and peaceful passage of his funeral, he had been laid under the pavement of the church."

Hither Richard II. was brought; but not to weep, or to weep. His dead body, after the murder at Pomfret Castle, was exposed for three days in the Cathedral before it was interred in Westminster Abbey. Here, too, the first martyr of Wickliffeism, William Sawtre, was publicly degraded—his priestly robes, his paten, and his



THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY AT A TE DEUM.

(St. Gregory)." Out of this arose the popular story of there being a church under St. Paul's, and service in it once a year. On special saints' days it was customary for the choristers of the Cathedral to ascend the spire to a great height, and there to chant solemn prayers and anthems; the last observance of this custom was in the reign of Queen Mary, when, "after even song, the quire of Paul's began to go about the steeple singing with lightes, after the old custom." A similar tenure custom is observed to this day at Oxford, on Magdalen College tower.

Many and memorable were the scenes which occurred within the walls of the old Cathedral. For instance, it was there that Wickliffe appeared at the summons of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to make answer for the publication of his new opinions; Wickliffe standing before the clerical tribunal in the Lady Chapel, accompanied by John of Gaunt and Lord Percy, and a host of enthusiastic and excited admirers.

Dean Milman relates: "Henry Bolingbroke, not as yet

chasuble being taken from him; his alb and maniple torn off; his tonsure wiped out, and a layman's cap put upon his head.

The foregoing is, after all, but a brief glimpse into St. Paul's Cathedral. It is scarcely possible to form an idea of its vastness and architectural beauty without being "there to see." I never go up Ludgate Hill without pausing to gaze at this magnificent monument to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren. I never pass a Sunday in the city without making an effort to attend the afternoon session, and in these latter days to listen to the silvery voice of Canon Liddon. To pass through the Cathedral and view the monuments by a "dim religious light," possesses an abiding interest for me, and my greatest treat in visiting London is what the gallants of two hundred years ago styled "a turn in St. Paul's."

MAN is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

A LOVELAMP.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

"By the dust of Cleopatra! I have found her at last!"

A Winter's evening in Broadway, the sky between ashes-of-roses and aqua-marine, the stars great crosses of crystal fire—a beauteous night for the rich to see, and a cruel one for the poor to feel.

The speaker—a little old man, wrapped in priceless Russian sable, and leaning on a gold-headed crutch-cane—paused suddenly under the concentrated light of half a dozen gas-lamps illuminating the entrance to a gentlemen's restaurant.

"I have found her," he repeated, with a chuckle of intense delight, "after half a lifetime devoted to the search. A true daughter of Isis!"

"Paypurs! Evenin' ingditiun! Buy a paypur, sir? Orful mining misaster, sir!"

She was a child about ten years of age, tall, well-grown, plump, though in rags, laughing, as the keen, fine wind ruffled the papers thrown over her arm. A most strangely lovely creature—so much so that a passing policeman stopped, eyed the old man in the Russian sables suspiciously, and made himself a third in the group.

"Thanks, my child! I never read modern journals," replied the old gentleman, in a thin, polished old voice.

"You—you haven't got a papyrus roll about you, I would venture to assert."

"Had a roll for breksup," said the newsgirl, triumphantly nodding. "Ain't got it now, you bet yer boots."

"I thought not," he said, gravely. "Perhaps, my child, you have not given any attention to—to monoliths, either?"

"No, I ain't. It's candy, ain't it? I ta'sted a French caramel once, though. You bet your sweet life it was good!"

"Whose little girl are you?"

The policeman pricked his ears, and looked more suspicious than ever. The child fixed her glorious dark eyes on her questioner, and a shade fell on her laughing face.

"Oh, I ain't any one's. I'm my own little girl as long as I can reklect."

"Just as I thought—no natural guardian," with another chuckle. "Should you like to come home with me, and live in a fine house and learn all about monoliths and hieroglyphics and other pretty things?"

"Come, my old hieroglyphic, just move on," growled the policeman. "None o' yer funny old games with this little gal. I know yer sort, I guess."

"Be tranquil, policeman—be tranquil," said the old man, courteously. "What do you mean? Let the little maiden speak. Will you come with me, my pretty one?"

"Yes. You shut up, Billy," said the child, loftily. "Yer a nice sort, ain't yer? There's Yellow Tommy, that's been wanted for so long, an' yer lettin' him slip, pokin' yer jaw where 'tain't wanted."

She pointed to a man in the throng flowing by, and the policeman darted away in pursuit, forgetting everything but the noted thief so yearned after by the offended majesty of the law, leaving the odd *tête-à-tête* undisturbed.

"Yer wants a gal to nuss a young un?" went on the child. "I ain't goin' to do no such thing—tried it once, an' nigh broke my back luggin' Mrs. Talbot's Sammy round from dawn till dark. I won't be no nuss-gal, old feller!"

She clutched her papers and shook her masses of raven, purple-tinted hair determinedly. He pushed up his glasses and looked at her, rapturously drinking in her

weird beauty as a man might quaff water from a well in an oasis.

"Thou beauteous Nile-lily," he said—"thou true daughter of Isis! I do not want thee for a medal. Dost thou see that pretty dame in that vehicle, my pretty child?"

She looked at the sleigh dashing past, its lovely occupant buried in purple velvet and silver fur furs, the fur-caped footmen and coachman, the priceless horses dancing on the air, and nodded.

"Bully, ain't it?"

"I suppose 'bully' to be a modern synonym for fine, or desirable, or beautiful," he said, meditatively. "My child, if you will come and live with me, you shall have things as 'bully' as that fair dame. How do you spell 'bully,' by-the-way?" and out came a much-enduring old morocco notebook, and a gold pencil.

"Dunno; can't spell nothin'. Lemme look in yer eyes afore I say I'll go home with yer."

"Well, well, look in my eyes, maiden, if thou wilt. Sharp eyes for an old man, is it not so?"

"Reg'lar gimlets!" said the child, thoughtfully; "but they bees kind o' clear, too, like the way them old stars look to-night—the fire in 'em is wavin' about sorter restless, but it's clear; an'—I guess—I'll go home to yer shebang."

She had made her election, and the old man gave a triumphant laugh deep in his Russian sable collar.

"Then you are my maiden from henceforth. Oh, I will teach you rare things, my daughter of Isis. Come, child, the air is nipping to old blood."

"Lemme give my paypurs to One-armed Toadey," said the child; and, pursing up her deeply scarlet lips, an artistic whistle summoned the bearer of this euphonious title—a small deformed newsboy—to her side.

"Here's my paypurs, Toadey," transferring them to his solitary, spinster-like arm. "I don't want 'em no more. This old feller has 'dopted me—ain't you, mister?"

"Certainly I have?" assented the old gentleman, eagerly. "This youth is no relative—is he?"

"He's my chum! I say, please give him a shiner—he's orful sickly."

"A 'shiner'? Stay, what is that? Ah, I perceive! The precious metals shine. My intellect has not quite lost its keenness, despite the malicious chatter of society," he muttered. "I should soon become learned in these modern synonyms. Here is gold for thee, my poor Toadey; but do not disburse it amid the amphora—otherwise, the wine-jars."

He looked kindly at the sickly lad as he placed in the skinny, dirty paw several gold coins—a fortune of such magnitude in the eyes of these nuralings of the gutter that Toadey turned muddy-white with astonishment, and a magnificent wave of pomegranate-red burned through the grime on the girl's satin-smooth cheeks.

"Yer bully, ain't yer?" she gasped, awestruck. "Yer a white man—you are. Put it thar!"

She held out her brown, Oriental-looking hand to her new friend, who drew off his fur gauntlets, and took it in his fine, snowy old hand with the deference he might have shown a little queen, with nobles bearing her eight yards of ermine train.

"Whar's that gal gone?" demanded the suspicious policeman of Toadey, returning from an unsuccessful stern-chase of Yellow Tommy.

"None o' yer biz," returned Toadey, laconically.

"What's that in yer fist, yer young rascal?"

"That's my biz," said the newsboy; "but yer ain't half-bad to a feller, and I'll tell yer. She's goin' ter ride in a kerridge and larn ter read hired glippies, and wear stuff like that in the store-winders; and I'm to be got a sitiuation."

"Looks sort of respectable," said the policeman. "I kind of suspicioned him at fust. Wish you luck, young 'un." He strode away, and Toadey looked wistfully at the smooth pavement.

"Wisher could stand on my head like t'other fellers does when they're in luck," he muttered; "but I'll jest give a smashin' hooray fur the old feller when I gets safe inter an alleyway whar the police can't grab a chap fur usin' his lungs when he has a mind ter. I guess I'll whistle ter keep it in until then."

No mocking-bird ever whistled such a melodious psœan as did Toadey, limping off, his solitary little fist doubled in his ragged bosom over the "shiners" of the odd old man who had spirited off his beloved chum.

* * * * *

"The deuce!"

"Why, *mon père*?"

"There is your Granduncle Lucan."

"*Tenez!* I thought you looked disturbed."

"These *rencontres* are a deuce of a bore; and he has La Belle Momie with him, of course."

The younger man raised his glasses and looked down from the vine-clad porch of a balcony to the linden-shaded promenade of the little German Bad, for his beautiful blue eyes were rather near-sighted.

"That lovely creature! By Jove! *mon père*, I never saw anything to come near her—I must have audience of this most rare beauty—she's a sort of cousin, you know."

"She's nothing of the kind," said the elder, languidly, contemptuous of the idea. "A mere gutter child he picked up in one of his crazy fits under the gas-lamps of Broadway; don't notice them, Louis; it is easy to avoid them; old Lucan does not know you by sight, and I dare say he has forgotten me by this time; it is fifteen years since I last saw him—he has worn wretchedly."

"But wouldn't it be politic to do the agreeable?"

"No need, *mon cher*," retorted Mr. Abbott, with tranquil triumph; "he can no more keep you out of his millions than he can leave them to that—well, she is a remarkably fine girl, I must admit, Louis."

"Not a *souppon* of a '*Tapageuse*' about her, either," said Louis, critically; "thoroughbred on and out. But why do you feel so secure about Granduncle Lucan's millions? America is a free country, and he can leave his wealth to whom he will."

"Any will he would make would not be worth those worthless ashes; you are his heir-at-law, through your poor mother; he is notoriously crazed, and a court of probate would quash any last testament of his directly; so you need not trouble yourself to do the amiable there. You are far more secure than most heirs-at-law."

Louis laughed.

"Really, it wouldn't be much of a bore, and I rather fancy I'd like the *scat* of dancing attendance on La Belle Momie. She is beautiful enough to drive Paris mad, and be stared to death in London. *Voyons!* Am I armed for conquest?—er, not just now. I'll wait a more favorable moment."

"What for?"

"To get Alfred Peyton to introduce me. Don't scowl, *mon père*; I never interfere with your little affairs, you know."

"Don't lead the girl into the idea that you mean anything serious, dear lad," said Mr. Abbott, dreamily, from the depths of his bamboo chair. "She isn't—er—one of us, you know, and such an alliance would never do, *du resté*. Amuse yourself as you like with her."

Louis's blue eyes fired and became violet—a blue eye's color of anger.

"You always do me the honor of regarding me as a *mauvais sujet, mon père*. *Bien!* hold to your opinion, if it pleases you to imagine your only child a contemptible *our*."

"You are so fretful, Sir John, you cannot live long," quoted Mr. Abbott, good-humoredly—he was only forty-three, and youthful at that—"there, be off and let me get a beauty nap. *Soyez, tranquil, mon fils*; if we men of the world are to enjoy ourselves, we must needs be 'contemptible curs,' as you rather coarsely put it, occasionally; and as for me, *d'honneur*, I don't want to be bored with holding paternal relations toward a scaphic son; so be off—will you?"

There was nothing more to be said. Louis bit his lip and laughed, and the little dispute came to nothing, for on the following day, when he asked Alfred Peyton to introduce him to La Belle Momie, he found that his eccentric granduncle and his beautiful adopted child had left the Bad to return to America; and in a few days he nearly forgot her existence in the pursuit of a little blonde comtesse, who just then swept triumphantly through the starry firmament of European society, rode hurdle-races in a short habit and jockey cap, wore a Spanish veil, smoked cigars, danced on gilded stilts on her own lawn, and was *tapage, tapage* and *tapage* yet again.

* * * * *

"Kama, sweet Kama of the bee-strung bow,
Soft as thy voice is Ganges' mystic flow.
Low droppeth down the moon her silver bow,

"As fain she'd leave the airy seas of space
And on these sacred billows run her race.
O Kama, turn on me thy roseate face!

"O Kama, breathe thy lotus breath on me,
Smile, sweetest god, thine eyes my stars shall be;
Guide my small lamp still burning to the sea!

"O Kama, make the midnight wind as fine
As the soft breath of perfumed jasmine,
To urge it on. Kama, all pow'r is thine!

"The tangle of the lilies on the tide
With thy starr'd shaft, O Kama, fair divide,
Nor let their white arms turn my lamp aside!

"Let the tall Ibis, as its flame doth pass
The reedy lip of his mist-vall'd morass,
His sacred eyes turn on it from the grass!

"Rose-hearted Kama, loose thy golden bees,
And let them follow on the dreamy breeze,
Blowing my small lamp to the far-off seas!

"Wine-hearted Kama, let thy sun-touch'd hand
My little lamp steer from the low-dipp'd strand,
Turn it from flow'ry net and jutting land,

"From sudden rock and gilded pleasure-bark,
Looming with song and lute thro' starlit dark,
Guide, heav'n-wing'd Kama, guide its little spark!

"O Kama, keep its flame from peril free—
O Kama, let it burning reach the sea,
The dusk, bright sea of far Eternity!"

It is impossible to describe a voice; but that just throbbing into silence had in it something of immortality. It was a voice of the soul, and so could never die from the ear of memory.



THE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR IN THE PHILIPPINES.—SEE PAGE 687.

Its last cadence had a sob of eagerness in its rich "dying fall"; it questioned fate, and its passion might almost wring an answer from that dumb Memnon.

Louis dropped his knapsack, dismounted from his bicycle, placed the dainty silver, gleaming thing in the shadow of a hanging willow, and stealthily crept round the curve of the river-path he had chosen in place of the glaring highway, for he was trying to ride away from ennui on a bicycle tour.

A puff of jasmine and myrtle blew into his face, and he paused, uncertain. It was plain, though no fence appeared, that he was trespassing on private grounds; and he now perceived, across a high, sloping lawn, a large white villa, with a Greek façade, polished marble pillars, and a magnificent group of fountains, all gleaming and shimmering under the silver light from "the white shores of the sailing moon."

Louis laughed softly, a twinkle of gay conceit in his sunny eyes as they took in the situation in the near foreground.

"La Belle Momie, as I'm a sinner!" he muttered. "I'm a lucky fellow, and born under the smiling star of Venus. This is Granduncle Lucan's humble cell, and that is Lotos, as he has christened her. There isn't another face like hers in America, and scarcely one under the shadow of the Pyramids. Now, fortune favor me with a good chance of making an impression."

Lotos, grown to youngest womanhood, knelt in the full moonlight, her profile black against the sweet Tyrian purple of the sky, a rose-tinted, dreamy light stealing up into her face from a frail lamp of colored paper which her long, dusky hands, flecked with water-drops and shining with diamonds, were delicately balancing on the trembling silver lip of the river.

She had grown tall and slender as a Nile reed, and was rounded like a lily-stem; her arms were long, her shoulders rather square, her neck long, round, undulating, and her face had defined into the weird beauty of the land of Isis and Osiris; the cheeks thin, the nose curved, the brows low and straight; the lips large, cut at the corners as by a chisel, and rich and beautiful in blossom, like scarlet, to have been copied from some sculptured Isis; the eyes so darkly magnificent under their glossy lashes as to abash with the splendor of their crystalline fires.

An enormous white vail, folded squarely on her olive brows, like the drapery on the grand head of the Sphinx, fell round her vaporously, and her arms were thrust from

its folds, dusky, bare to the shoulders, and bound above the elbows with golden serpents, scaled with rainbow gems and eyed with rubies.

So intensely was she absorbed that she remained motionless as the Sphinx itself, her soul in her eyes, as the little lamp began to throb like a living blossom away from the bank toward the current.

Louis thrust his yellow head through the screen of myrtles, and looked on with laughing eyes; the significance of the scene was not lost on him.

"La Belle Momie has her little romance, it seems," he thought. "Confound the fellow, whoever he is! Hope her Lovelamp will wreck itself in that ugly tangle of reeds. By Jove! that was a near touch."

A passionate exclamation burst from the Isis-like lips of the girl. The lamp touched the reeds, veered round, floated clear, still near the bank, however. She leant, breathless, over the water.

"Once let it pass that lily-pod, and it is safe," thought Louis. "I hope it won't, though. I begin to think the reincarnation of an Egyptian



princess of four thousand years ago a very agreeable type of beauty, and I begin to detect the other fellow to whom that tiny flame is dedicated. Let me see—By Isis! it will be safe on the current in another second, if fate doesn't interpose."

His mischievous eyes suddenly discovered an ally—a huge frog, squatted almost at his feet in a tangle of damp water-weeds, its jewel-like eyes glimmering solemnly out at the little love-lamp. He touched it with his boot.

"Come," he whispered, with a laugh, "personify Fate, *chère grenouille*."

Croak—splash! The frog was in the water; the eddies its plunge caused caught the frail lamp, whirled it round, and drove it helplessly into the lily-pod, where it lay burning like a star, motionless, in the centre of the pale-golden blossoms.

"Well done, *grenouille*," he muttered, with more triumph than the success of the boyish trick seemed to warrant.

Lotos uttered a cry of rage and despair.

"Oh, my lamp! It will never float away now." And, with passionate dusk eyes of sorrow, she stretched her round throat to look at it as it burned calmly at its anchorage.

"Uncle Lucan has reared a beautiful lunatic," thought Louis, "as was to be anticipated. Now is my time to put in an appearance, rescue the lamp, and inscribe '*Veni, Vidi, Vici*' on my shield."

He moved a step. A twig cracked. Lotos sprang to her majestic height, gazed about her, and, before Louis could emerge from his lurking-place, fled up the bank, her mist of white veil streaming behind, and her satin train of old-gold color sweeping the primroses and violets which were massed on the sheer turf, and cost as much to keep in luxuriant growth as exotics.

Louis looked after her rather crestfallen.

"I am an unlucky beggar; this is the second time I have missed my chance with her. *N'importe!* I'll wait for the third chance and better luck. However, I mean to have that lamp as a magnetic link between La Belle Momie and myself."

A long stick secured him this *souvenir* of the episode. He hung it triumphantly on his bicycle, and Lotos, looking dreamily through tearful eyes from her jasmine-bowered boudoir window, was spared the knowledge that the odd little fleck of rosy light whirling along the distant highway was her unlucky little lovelamp swung to the bicycle of her adopted father's *bête noir*—his grand nephew, Louis Abbott.

Her eyes followed the pretty bit of color as it dipped behind a cedar thicket and vanished.

"You are sad to-night, my Lotos," said a tall, handsome, fair man who stood at her shoulder, holding back the satin window-drapery, that they might gaze together into the mellow heart of the Summer's night.

"No," she answered, passionately, "I am not. Nothing could sadden me but—one thing!"

"What is that, my own?" he whispered, tenderly.

"Ah, you know," sweetly, but proudly. "Nothing could sadden me but the loss of your love."

"And my love is stronger than death," he said, reproachfully.

"Say that again," she said, quickly. "It sounds so strangely to me to-night."

He repeated it as lovers echo such things—his arms round her and his lips on hers; she listened, and writhed from his grasp, serpent-like.

"Your words sound false and your voice hollow," she said, despairingly. "Go now, and come again when I am

myself. I am not Lotos to-night, but one trembling fear of—I know not what. Oh, go, please, and leave me to myself!"

He kissed her jeweled wrist, broke a spray of Peruvian heliotrope from a vase on a majolica pillar, and dropped it playfully on her satin shoulder as he turned to leave the room.

"It is a bore playing Romeo to a lunatic!" he said, angrily, as he closed the door. "What confounded vagaries! I trust all will be serene about old Lucan's money. She requires it all to gild her insufferable nonsense. Ma Belle Momie, when you are my wife you shall dance to another tune, you little fool!"

A week later Louis leaned with misty eyes over Mr. Lucan's bed.

"You will let poor Lotos keep the mummy, Louis," gasped the dying man. "She has a right to it, and I would curse you if you deprived her of it! Her spirit inhabited it previous to the reign of Pharaoh-Neco, and I spent half a life trying to find its original inhabitant."

"She shall share your wealth with me as a sister," said Louis, gently. "Uncle Lucan, had you made a will leaving her your heiress I should never have disputed it, on my honor as a man!"

The old man looked at him wistfully.

"I wish I had known you earlier, lad. I believe you; take care she has the mummy, and don't let poor Lotos starve. I love her."

He spoke no more, and that night Lotos was bereft, indeed. She utterly declined to see or communicate with Louis or his father, and the morning after the funeral she, Toadey—who had grown sleek and stout in Mr. Lucan's service—and the mummy disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them; and Louis had a proud little note put into his hand, declining all aid from him, and inclosing an inventory of the jewels she had been used to wear.

"I will take nothing but the mummy," she wrote—"that is not very valuable, and I love it for his sake, only I don't think I ever really lived in it. Toadey will help me to get work. I will not even take his name." And she signed herself "Lotos."

Louis's third chance had vanished, and he had not even managed to speak to her face to face.

"Mr. Abbott laughed as Louis's face lost its gay boyish look and grew grave and haggard as weeks rolled past, and he spent time and thousands in a vain effort to discover Lotos.

"Seriously in love this time, *mon ami*," said his father, with *bonhomie*, "and serve you right; and to a mere reincarnation of some yellow Egyptian damsel four thousand years old. You were a desperate deuce of a flirt, Louis."

"Like father, like son," said Louis, laughing. "And I own candidly to being seriously in love."

"With the gutter girl, *mon fils*?"

"Yes, father, with Lotos."

"And you won't leave this gridiron of a city and come to Saratoga!"

"Not until I find Lotos."

"And if you should never find her, as is likely enough?"

Louis made no reply, but turned very pale, and walked away to the window.

A rap at the door.

"A lady to see Mr. Abbott."

"Which of us, waiter?"

"Mr. Louis, sir."

"Show her up. By-by, Louis; I'll decamp. Ah, you

young dog, this is the way you look for—eh!" Louis gave a sharp exclamation, flushed violently and advanced to the door, where stood a thin, worn, dark girl, in shabby black, followed by a one-armed man bearing a small parcel.

"Lotos!" he said, huskily.

She looked at him timidly but proudly, and glided in.

"I am Lotos," she said, gently, "and this is Toadey. I suppose you are Mr. Louis Abbott?"

"How could you do it?" he burst out, bitterly. "What have I ever done that you should prevent me from keeping my word to my uncle by running away penniless into the world? I promised——"

Louis cast an appealing glance at his father.

"To look upon you as a sister, my dear and lovely child," said that gentleman, gallantly handing Lotos to a chair; "therefore, look on me as—ahem!—as a father."

"You did not know me—you had never seen me. I could not be like a sister to you," she said, sadly, looking at Louis; "and I could not take charity. People said poor papa was mad, and I think he was a little. And I would not let them say the poor girl he nurtured took advantage of his weakness. I loved him so dearly."

Her face bore traces of keen mental anguish, privation—nay, hunger itself. Her dress was poor and dusty. She looked plain and tremulous with sorrow; Toadey sulky and dispirited.

"Yes, Miss Lotos, if ever there was a little fool in the world, she sits in that chair. Here, Mr. Louis Abbott, is more of your uncle's wealth, an' I hope it'll choke you."

"Be quiet, Toadey," said Lotos, sadly. "I have no right to the contents of that parcel. You make me so ashamed."

"She looks deuced plain," thought Mr. Abbott. "If Louis's fancy survives this ordeal, I'll admit there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in my philosophy."

Louis walked slowly and gravely over to Lotos, lifted her shabbily-gloved thin hand to his heart with a gesture not to be misunderstood.

"You will stay with us, Lotos; it was my uncle's wish. Half of his wealth is yours. You will stay?"

"No," she said, haughtily, "I will not! Toadey, tell them. My head is so bad, I cannot."

Louis bent his head and drew back.

"There ain't much to tell," said poor Toadey, sulkily.

"Her an' me tried to get work, an' failed. An' yesterday it came to real hard times with us. The folks seized the mummy a fortnight ago for the rent, an' yesterday when they were takin' it out the darned old thing busted, an' a reglar rain of dimons an' other shiners fell out, an' a bit of a note from the old man, sayin' they was stowed away there for her against she came to need 'em; an' she says she ain't got any right to keep 'em. An' I don't care, Lotos—I will say it—a bite but dry bread hasn't crossed your lips for a month," and Toadey strangled a great sob.

"Lotos!" said Louis, and stretched his clasped hands toward her.

She looked at him proudly, with bitter haughtiness.

"I am not afraid to be hungry," she said. "I am going now. Come, Toadey."

A dagger was in Louis's heart, which at all times was a tender and chivalrous one. He turned to his father.

"If she leaves me to face the world again, I shall go mad. She is the woman I love. Speak to her, father."

"No use, dear old boy!" said Mr. Abbot, quietly, touching her cheek; "she has fainted."

"An' I'm right glad of it, too," said Toadey, with grim triumph. "Now, mebbe she'll give in she ain't made of

cast-iron. Darn that old mummy, anyhow! If it hadn't bin thar for the old man to make a fool of hisself over, he might hev made a will like other folks. Darn the mummy, anyhow!"

* * * * *

"Lotos!"

"Yes."

"Are you growing happy again?"

"Yes."

"Then you will stay with us?"

"No. When I am strong I shall go away again."

Louis bit his lip uneasily.

Lotos was very like a spirit in the moonlight, draped from head to foot in a great fleecy white woolen vail. She had been ill four long months, and was a mere shadow of her lovely self.

As she spoke a little ripple of smiling light ran over her face. Louis breathed freely again.

"Will you stroll down to the river? This glorious Indian Summer night is too beautiful to spend indoors."

Lotos's face darkened a little.

"I should like to see the river in the moonlight. always loved it."

"And yet you refuse to make your home here."

"Yes. I refuse to accept alms," she said, very gently, but very proudly.

Louis turned pale and looked sternly into her faintly flushing face.

"You are a merciless girl, Lotos. You know how I love you, and to gratify your insensate pride you refuse to follow out your father's wishes. Am I to let you go out to starve? Ah, by heaven! I am not to be set aside thus! You shall not leave your home again!"

"Sir!"

"No, you shall not. I will compel you to remain."

"You have no right."

"Oh, yes, I have—you love me; a man has a right to protect the woman he loves, and who—loves him."

She gave him a fiery glance.

"I do not love you," she cried, passionately. "How dare you say that to me? I do not love you! Go away and leave me alone."

"Lotos!"

"Go!" she said, chokingly. "I—I hate you!"

Louis looked at her steadfastly, raised his hat, bowed profoundly and—Lotos stood alone, as she had desired.

"Oh, dear papa!" she sobbed, "I would love him so if I were not so poor; but he would think, by-and-by, I married him for his wealth. Oh, I never, never will admit I care for him."

Nevertheless, ten minutes afterward, Louis, standing in rage and despair at the river's edge, staring moodily over its silver bosom, felt something flutter, birdlike, on his arm—it was the dusky hand of Lotos.

He turned his head away coldly; there was more storm and anguish in his eyes than he wished her to see.

"Go in, Lotos; there is a cold mist rising from the water."

"I shall stay here!" perversely.

"As you please. I will send Toadey down to you with additional wraps."

"Louis, I am sorry; forgive me."

"If it comes to that, I have nothing to pardon."

"I have been a trifle conceited, that's all. And—Louis, you would not care so much if you knew I had—oh, Louis!—loved some one else, and that he left me when he found I had no money."

"I heard all about that infernal idiot!" said Louis, savagely and concisely.



A BOSNIAN WOMAN.

Lotos's finger-tips timidly touched his averted face

"Why don't you look at me, Louis?"

"Why should I?"

"Oh, just because——"

"Because what?"

"Nothing."

A gleam of sudden, sunny laughter rushed into Louis's eyes, but he had the good sense to hide it. He looked gravely into the beautiful, fragile face so close to his.

"Well, I am looking at you." Lotos's arms drooped to her sides. She sighed, wearily:

"I am so tired; please take me home, Louis." The tears, large and bright, rolled down her cheeks. "I have made you hate me. I am very ungrateful—and, you have been so good to me."

"Good! Ah, Lotos!" his arms drew her almost fiercely to his heart. "You bid me take you home; your home is in my heart and my arms, my love—never elsewhere!"

* * *

The next night there was a keen frost in the air, and Lotos stood in a window looking down on the river. Louis came quickly in, snowflakes on his hair, his eyes sparkling.

"I have been wondering what that pink speck, glowing out on

the current can be?" she said. "Can you imagine, Louis?"

"Oh, yes, mademoiselle; I have imagination as well as other people. I can transform the Hudson into the Ganges, and that pink speck into a Hindoo's lovelamp!"

Lotos turned a lovely crimson.

"What do you mean, Louis?"

"See, Lotos, how steadily it sails down the centre of the current; it is quite beyond danger from lily-pod or—intrusive frog!"

"Louis, were you there that night?"

"I was; and that is your identical lovelamp. It is freighted with the fate of my love and thy love, to-night; let us watch it out of sight."

It sailed steadily on the current of the noble river, until it lost itself on the solemn reaches of the dark waters.

"Beyond the darkness—what?" said Louis, a little sadly, as it vanished.

Lotos lifted her head grandly as an inspired priestess and said:

"Eternity! And my eternity, love, my Louis."

ADVENTURES AMONG THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

On the 27th of last August my friend and myself started from Belgrade, with the intention of making our way westward across Serbia and Albania into Montenegro, and so down to the coast of the Adriatic. In the course of our journey we were compelled to enter a part of Bosnia which has been occupied by Austrian troops. The reception we there met with at the hands of the Austrian authorities was of such a curious character, that I think a short account of it may be interesting to English readers.

Bosnia is at present in a very disturbed condition. The Mohammedan part of the population were always opposed to the Austrian occupation, and offered a very violent resistance to the invading army. They were defeated in the open field, but by no means acquiesced in the new state of affairs. Many of them retired to the mountains and the forests and other inaccessible positions, from which they sallied forth from time to time, and contrived to inflict a good deal of damage upon the Austrians. The discontent has of late spread to the Christian population also. The system of compulsory military service,



BOSNIAN FUGITIVES IN WAR-TIME.



BOSNIANS AT A MOUNTAIN PASS.

introduced by the Austrians, is an innovation which they by no means approve of. They also find that the new Government has not brought them all the blessings they expected, and they begin to look back with some regret to the days of easy-going Turkish administration. The consequence is that a very serious insurrection has arisen, in which both Christians and Mohammedans take part.

A country like Bosnia, with its wild, inaccessible mountains, is well suited for such a rising. The insurgents conceal themselves in their mountain fastnesses, and every now and then pounce down upon some small body of Austrian troops, and massacre the whole party. And they can do this with impunity; for, owing to the difficult character of the country, the Austrians have not as yet been able to get at them. The result is a general feeling of insecurity throughout Bosnia, and a tendency on the part of the Austrians to see an insurgent in every one they are not acquainted with. The following story will afford an example of the absurd extent to which they carry their suspicions.

We reached Novi-Basar, a rather important Turkish town to the south of Bosnia, without any difficulty. We were accompanied by a guide, or dragoman, called Matthias, whom we had hired in Belgrade. This man was an Austrian subject by birth, but a native of Belgrade. He spoke a wonderful variety of languages, including Turkish and Servian; but the language in which he communicated with us was French. His French was of a peculiar kind, and seemed to have been acquired in the closet rather than in the market-place. He always carried in his pocket a small French dictionary, and by the constant study of this work he had acquired a very fair vocabulary; but his pronunciation was detestable, and his grammar beneath contempt. By a bold application of the laws of symmetry to the French language he had made a clean sweep of the irregular verbs. The present tense of *vouloir* was *je voule*; and on the same analogy the French for "I am able" became *je poule*. The rest of his grammar was of a similar type. However, we could always understand quite easily what he meant, and that was all we wanted. In the matter of personal cleanliness he left much to be desired, his own opinion being that when you were on your travels it was not necessary *se faire propre*. By the expression *se faire propre*, he merely meant washing the hands and face. He regarded cleanliness as a sort of decoration of the person, which was only necessary when you wanted to make a display. Still, with all his faults, he turned out to be a very useful servant.

On leaving Novi-Basar our adventures, as far as the Austrians were concerned, may be said to have begun. We originally intended to take the direct route westward through Ipek into Montenegro. But we were told that this road was far too dangerous to be feasible, and that the only way of reaching Montenegro was by Prepolie and Plevlie and Nischitz. We knew that Prepolie and Plevlie were occupied by the Austrians, but we did not anticipate any difficulty from them.

We accordingly set out in perfect confidence, and arrived at Sienitz without meeting with any adventures that need to be recorded. Our next day's journey was from Sienitz to Prepolie; and it is necessary to give a short account of the incidents of the journey, since, though seemingly quite trivial in themselves, they were afterward made the subject of very grave accusations by the Austrians.

We set out, escorted by a captain and five soldiers, whom the commander at Sienitz was kind enough to send with us, because the road was said to be very dangerous. About midday we came to a long, winding ravine,

with gray, precipitous cliffs rising up to a tremendous height upon the right hand, while the left side was closed in by rather steep mountain-slopes, covered thickly with a pine-forest. The track went twining in and out along the ridges of the mountain, and through the midst of the pine-forest, for several miles. This was the dangerous part of the day's journey. The forest was infested by Mohammedan refugees from Bosnia, who had fled before the Austrian occupation, and finding themselves in a state of complete destitution, with no means of livelihood, had taken to brigandage as a profession. Their temper had naturally been rather soured by adversity, and consequently they found a sort of pleasure in revenging themselves on any travelers who chanced to pass in this direction.

We threaded our way in single file through the darkness of the forest for some hours, three of the soldiers riding in front and two behind, each with his rifle held in readiness across his saddle-bows. At length we emerged into the open country again, not without a sort of feeling of disappointment at having met with no adventure worthy of the occasion. The brigands must have been prudent enough to see that a fight with five soldiers, armed with the best modern rifles, would not be a very profitable business.

After we had gone a little further the Turkish officer who was accompanying us said there was a very interesting old church in the neighborhood, called the Church of Milosh, and asked us if we should like to see it. We, of course, expressed our readiness. It turned out to be a very fine old specimen of Byzantine architecture, said to have been built in the eleventh century. The walls were covered with frescoes, after the Byzantine manner, in an excellent state of preservation. In one corner was the tomb of St. Saba, the patron saint of the neighboring Slavonic tribes, the Bosnians, Servians, and Montenegrins.

Connected with the church was a small monastery, in which three monks lived. One of the monks gave us some refreshment, and showed us round the church; and when we left, our guide handed him five francs by way of acknowledgment. Soon afterward we reached the picturesque but dirty little town of Prepolie, which we found full of Austrian troops. For though it is still a part of Turkey, and is governed by a Turkish official, it has been occupied by the Austrians, and will soon be administered by them.

Here we succeeded in procuring a small upper room in a dingy little inn by the river-side, kept by an Austrian landlord; and after the usual visit from the Turkish commander, we spread our mattresses upon the floor and slept soundly, unconscious of the fact that we had been guilty of very grave crimes.

On the afternoon of the next day we reached Plevlie, a rather dreary little place, surrounded on all sides by dull, uninteresting mountains. Plevlie is still a Turkish town, and a Turkish pasha resides there; but it is full of Austrian troops, under the command of General Kukoli. Soon after we had taken up our quarters at the dirty pot-house which does duty as the chief hotel of the place, an Austrian soldier came to say that the general wished to see our passports, and Matthias was sent off with them. In about an hour's time he returned, with a very haggard expression of countenance, which we could not help smiling at, to say that he was arrested and put in prison, and had been allowed to come and see us just for a few minutes, in order to settle his account with us.

This was rather startling news, and we naturally wanted to hear a little more about it; but the soldiers who were in

guard of him would not let him stop, and as soon as he had got the ducats which were owing to him, he was hurried away, and we were left in a state of some perplexity. We could not imagine what he had been arrested for, and we also began to feel that we were in rather a fix, since we should not be able to move a yard out of Plevlie without him, not being able to speak a word of Bosnian or Turkish. At the back of the inn was a little beer-garden, in the German fashion, where the Austrian officers spent their evenings. Here we adjourned after dinner, and had not been sitting long when a young Austrian civilian, who spoke French, came and introduced himself to us, and said he had heard that our servant was arrested, and that we could not speak much German, and he thought he might be of some use to us.

We became very confidential, and he told us that General Kukoli was an old fool, who had a mania for suspecting strangers, and was convinced that we had come to Bosnia to encourage the insurgents, and supply them with arms and money. We were rather amused to think that we should be the object of such sinister suspicions; and we felt sure that next morning, if we called on General Kukoli, as our young friend advised us to do, a few minutes' conversation would set the matter right again. We sat and talked together until rather late in the evening, and then took leave of our friend and went to bed.

Next morning after breakfast we walked up the hill to the general's official quarters, and after a great deal of searching and inquiring we at last found ourselves outside the door of his private room. But we were not allowed to enter; the general was *verhindert*. We were told that we had better see the commissioner of police, whose office was in the same building, a few yards off.

We were accordingly taken to his office; and to our surprise, we there saw sitting in the midst of one or two officers, and smoking a cigar, our young Austrian friend of the previous evening, who had been so kind and confidential toward us. He was himself the commissioner of police.

We now understood the reason of his politeness, and the extreme interest he had taken in our welfare. All the little casual questions which he had asked us so naturally in the course of conversation—where we had come from, where we intended to go, what we thought of the Bosnians, and of the Austrian Government, and so on—the reason of all these little questions was now quite clear. He had simply come to play the detective, and get information against us out of our own lips, if possible. However, as we had nothing to disclose, there had been nothing for him to discover.

It must be a great saving of expense to the Austrian Government if gentlemen of high official position are willing to do the dirty work of detectives as a part of their regular duty. We now asked the commissioner why our servant had been arrested. We were told that he was a suspicious person. We explained that to arrest our servant was just the same thing as arresting ourselves. As we did not know a word of Turkish or Bosnian, it would be impossible for us to travel without our guide, and we should be practically prisoners in Plevlie. The commissioner wriggled about, and seemed rather at a loss. At length he said he had a proposal to make. He said that General Kukoli had determined to send our servant to Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, that he might be examined there.

It would be hopeless to try and induce Kukoli, who was an obstinate old blockhead, to change his determination. But if we would give up all thoughts of proceeding southward toward Montenegro, and would take the route

northward into Austrian Bosnia, and through Serajevo and Mostar, down to the coast of the Adriatic at Spalato, he thought he could persuade the general to let us have our guide back again as far as Serajevo. After Serajevo we should be able to get on without him, and should find plenty of Germans along the route.

We did not much like the idea of being forced to go northward against our wish; and if we had been able to spare the time, we should have felt inclined to stay in Plevlie, and see whether anything would turn up. But we had both of us to be back in England by the beginning of October, and could not afford to delay many days in any one place; and we were partly reconciled to the new route by the prospect of seeing the Roman remains at Spalato. The commissioner also waxed very warm in praise of the scenery along the Narenta valley leading toward Mostar. "Ily a des abîmes," he exclaimed, with the tone of a man whose object in life was to have seen as many *abîmes* as possible before he died. We therefore consented to the proposed arrangement and took our leave.

Soon after we had returned to the inn, Matthias turned up, looking very haggard, indeed, and told us that he had been set at liberty on condition of his going with us to Serajevo. There was something very constrained and mysterious in his behavior, and we were quite unable to extract from him a consistent account of what had been happening.

He was evidently in a horrid state of terror; and General Kukoli and the commissioner between them seemed to have impressed upon him the fact that if he was not very careful in his behavior, he would get himself into serious trouble. As he was an Austrian subject, they could do what they liked with him.

In the evening we again saw the commissioner. He told us that the general had consented to let our guide go with us to Serajevo, and had also been kind enough to order that a captain and four dragoons should accompany us as an escort.

"Thus," he added, "you will be able to travel 'dans la plus parfaite sécurité.'"

We said we had heard that the road was quite safe, and would rather dispense with the dragoons. He replied that the general insisted on sending the dragoons, as he was much concerned for our *sécurité*. We saw pretty clearly now that we were practically prisoners, and as there was no help for it, we agreed to be escorted by the dragoons.

Next morning we mounted the sort of cart which we had engaged to take us to Serajevo, and with two dragoons in front, and two behind, and the captain riding by our side, we started on the journey. About midday we crossed the Turkish frontier, and entered Austrian Bosnia. The scenery was rather dreary along this part of the road, and it was a great relief when, late in the evening, we began to approach Chainitz, our halting-place for the night. When we were about half a mile from the town, our escort suddenly galloped away in advance, and disappeared in the darkness.

After going on for a few minutes, we came upon two soldiers with fixed bayonets, who had been sent out to meet us as soon as our escort had brought in the news of our approach. These soldiers posted themselves one on each side of the wagon, with their bayonets held in readiness if we should try to escape, and accompanied us into Chainitz. We were then conducted to the official quarters of the commander of the town, and brought into the presence of the commander himself, an elderly-looking man, and a captain by rank. He bowed rather stiffly as we entered, and then took his seat on one side of a deal table, while we were accommodated with two chairs upon



THE CITADEL OF NICHSTZ.

the other side; and then the examination began. Matthias stood upon one side of the table and acted as interpreter. The commander said he had received instructions by telegraph from Plevlie that morning, and it was now his painful duty to have to put a few questions to us. The first question was:

"Why did you visit the tomb of St. Sabas?"

This did not seem a very dreadful offense. We could not for the life of us see wherein the crime consisted, even if we had visited this tomb. However, Matthias explained to us that St. Saba being the patron saint of the Bosnians, and much venerated by them, the fact of our visiting his tomb was supposed to show that we were in deep sympathy with the Bosnian insurgents, and had gone to drop a tear over the grave of their saint, as a proof of our devotion to their cause. We explained that we had visited the Church of Milosh on the suggestion of the Turkish captain who was escorting us; that we had never even heard of the name of St. Saba before that day; and that the sole object of our visit was to see an interesting piece of architecture. The captain made no reply, but proceeded to ask us:

"Why did you give a large sum of money to the monk?"

This was too much for our gravity, and we could not help bursting out into a laugh. Our five francs had been expended into "a large sum of money," and instead of paying for our dinner, we were supposed to have been intrusting the monk with treasure to distribute among the insurgents. We explained the facts of the case, and Matthias produced his account-book, in which the item of five francs to the monk for dinner was entered. The captain read the entry, and again made no remark, but went on to ask:

"Why did you conceal your large portmanteau (*der grosse*

koffer) in the cellar of the inn at Prepolie?"

This again was a mysterious accusation; but the idea seems to have been that the *koffer* was full of gold, which we were going to distribute among the Bosnians. In this instance the informer, whoever he was, had blundered ever more than usual. Not only had we not concealed our portmanteau in a cellar, but, as a matter of fact, there was no cellar at all in the inn at Prepolie.

This inn was built close by the side of the river, and not much above the level of the bank, so that any cellar dug in such a position would have been full of water all the year round. We stated the facts

of the case; and then the captain replied that our answers were plausible enough, but he had no proof of their truth, and did not know whether to believe us or not. Hereupon Matthias, who was rather an hysterical being, but had behaved with great composure hitherto, suddenly lifted up both his hands and swore by the highest and the mightiest that we were both quite innocent, and entreated the captain to search our baggage for himself. The captain, with a sudden vehemence of manner which quite startled us, sprang to his feet and exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"Nein, ich will es nicht thun," at the same time bringing down his hand with a great bang upon the deal table. After this uncalled for outburst, he went on to explain that he would not search our baggage until he had telegraphed for instructions to Serajevo. We were then removed to a room close by, and the two soldiers, with their bayonets fixed, were stationed outside the door. In this room the *kadi*, or Turkish judge, who has been retained



BROD, ON THE SAVA.

by the Austrians to try cases in which only natives are concerned, was accustomed to dispense justice. Stretched along one end of the room was a thick mattress, which usually formed the judgment-seat of the *kadi* and his secretary, but now served us as a very comfortable couch, while we sat and ate the frugal dinner that was brought us from a neighboring inn.

Shortly after dinner a soldier entered and told us that instructions had come from Serajevo to search our baggage. We were taken back into the presence of the captain who had previously examined us, and found a commission of inquiry sitting, which consisted of the captain himself, together with the military commander of the district, and a lieutenant. These three officers—the captain, the major, and the lieutenant—sat solemnly upon one side of the table, and we were placed upon the other side; and while we continued to look gravely, but with some curiosity, at each other across the table, our baggage was produced by a corporal and examined. He took out each article separately, shook it, squeezed it, and scrutinized it, and then laid it upon the table. The three officers then had a good look at it. When the officers had done looking, the article was removed and laid on one side, and another brought forward in its place. We had not fallen in with a laundress for some three weeks, so that the greater part of our baggage consisted of dirty linen. The officers went through the whole collection in the most persevering manner, but the process naturally took a good deal of time, since they were quite as careful over neckties and collars as in the examination of an overcoat.

After an hour's patient work they managed to get through the dirty linen. They then read our letters, and asked us to produce whatever we had in our pockets; and we ought to be thankful that they spared us the indignity of searching our person. The contents of our pockets were laid upon the table, examined, found to be unsuspicious, and then returned to us. When it was all over Matthias came forward, looking rather hurt, and asked them to examine his bag, also. They had forgotten all about it. This was really too bad. We had been told that our servant was a very suspicious character, and must be sent on to Serajevo for examination; and yet they did not take the trouble to look at his baggage. They might have done it, even for decency's sake. At his own request they now glanced into his bag in a very perfunctory manner, and then we were taken back again to the *kadi's* apartment.

Soon afterward the captain entered the room, and with much gesticulation and many apologies for what had taken place, he showed us the report which the commission had agreed upon, and were going to send by telegraph to Serajevo, to the effect that they had examined us and searched our baggage with care, and had found nothing at all suspicious about us. He then wished us good-night and went away.

Matthias now became very jubilant and confidential. A bottle of brandy which he had procured made him still more so. He told us all that had occurred at Plevlie. When he was taken before General Kukoli he was asked to tell all that he knew about us. He said we were merely two Englishmen traveling for pleasure in those

parts. The general then flew into a rage, said it was not true, and that he had been bribed by us to conceal the truth. They offered to let him go if he would make a clean breast of the whole matter. He then, according to his own account, drew himself up to his full height, said he had nothing to divulge, as we were perfectly innocent, and asked them to examine our baggage and see for themselves; "and if," he added, "you find anything suspicious about them, then 'fusillez-moi le premier, moi le premier fusillez-vous.'" I have given his exact words here, as they are a favorable example of his best French style.

This apostrophe drove General Kukoli into a wild state of fury. "Away with you to prison, since you will not confess!" was his exclamation; and Matthias was accordingly locked up for the night. The Austrians then went, we are told, to the Turkish Pasha, and asked him to arrest and search us.

But the Pasha shrugged his shoulders and politely refused. Though they had been able to arrest Matthias because he was an Austrian subject, they had no power over us while we were in Turkish territory. But they knew that we could not move from Plevlie without our guide; and they now invented the brilliant device of luring us across the Austrian frontier, by dangling the guide in front of us as a bait. I do not think the stratagem was a very profound one. If we had really been intriguers, with inculpatory documents in our possession, we should scarcely have been so simple-minded as not to get rid of them before crossing the Austrian frontier. However, whether the device was in itself good or bad, it was entirely unnecessary in our particular case.

To resume our story. Next morning about ten o'clock the captain came to see us, and first ordered the two soldiers, who had been keeping guard over us all night, to



A BOSNIAN ALARM-BOARD.

take away themselves and their fixed bayonets. The soldiers retired. He then informed us that he had received a message from Serajevo to say that it was all a mistake, due to false information, and that we might now be set at liberty. At the same time he made many apologies for his own part in the affair, asking us to understand that he had simply been obeying his orders. We had quite a scene of reconciliation, and parted very good friends.

We once more mounted our cart, and resumed our journey toward Serajevo. In the afternoon we stopped at a place called Gorazda. As we were having dinner there, the colonel who commanded the district—a benevolent-looking old man in spectacles, rather stout, and rather like a professor in appearance—came into the room, accompanied by three or four other officers, and walking up toward us, began to make the most profuse apologies for the events of the previous night. He said he had come to apologize to us, in the name of the commander-general of Serajevo, for the annoyance we had been caused. It was all a mistake, and they were heartily sorry. We were now free to go wherever we liked—to Mostar, Cattaro, Cetinje, anywhere. The old gentleman was so effusive that we were quite overcome, and it nearly ended in a general embrace. We left Gorazda in the greatest good humor, and reached Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, on the afternoon of Monday, the 11th of September.

Serajevo, as you approach it, is a very picturesque town. It lies in a sort of hollow, surrounded by gently sloping hills. The outskirts of the town stretch for some distance up the sides of these hills, which are covered with trees. As you approach from the south, a turn in the road suddenly brings the town before your view, lying some distance beneath you in the hollow. Innumerable minarets, of graceful shape, prick upward from the midst of the thick foliage upon the slopes, and produce a very pleasing effect. But when you enter the town itself, you find the usual squalor and neglect. The streets are narrow and badly paved, and the houses dirty and ruinous. Nor have the Austrians made much improvement in this respect. They have begun to erect a few large buildings, but the greater part of the town is left as they found it. Serajevo has decayed considerably in numbers and prosperity since the Austrian occupation. It used to be a very important trading centre; but the larger part of its trade was with Novi-Basar, and the Austrians have now completely put a stop to that trade by the imposition of heavy duties upon the frontier. The loss of trade toward the south has not been compensated for by any addition to the trade northward. It cannot be said, then, that the people of Serajevo have any special reason for blessing the Austrians.

Soon after we had taken up our quarters in the one German inn which the place boasts of, a message came from the director of police to say that he wished to see us at his office. The director of police is one of the chief officials of Bosnia, and superintends the police arrangements of the whole country. The present director is a young man from the diplomatic service, called Oliva.

Most of the police officials in Bosnia are young members of the diplomatic service, it being a special hobby of Count Callay, himself a diplomatist, to appoint to these posts men whom he knows, and who have been brought up in the same atmosphere as himself. When we were introduced into the presence of Herr Oliva, we naturally looked at him with some curiosity, as the author of all our trouble, from whom had come all the telegrams which had caused us so much annoyance. He was a tall, thin, very youthful-looking person, with dark hair, and a

sallow complexion; and when he tried to be polite, he broke out into a forced, unpleasant smile, which did not sit easily upon his features.

I will give in full the conversation which now took place, as it throws great light upon his method of dealing with strangers.

"When do you intend to leave Serajevo?" he asked.

"We thought of going to-morrow morning," we replied.

"And what route do you intend to take?"

"We intend to go down the valley of the Narenta, through Mostar, and so round by the Adriatic to Spalato."

"Indeed! I would not advise you to go that way. It is very dreary and uninteresting."

"We have heard the scenery is very fine."

"Oh, no; quite a mistake. It is a very dull route."

I may here remark that this was simply not the truth, every one concurring in ranking the scenery of the Narenta valley as the finest in Bosnia.

"Well, apart from that," we continued, "we want to go to Spalato and see the Roman remains there."

"There are no Roman remains at Spalato."

This assertion rather took our breath away. Opinions might differ about scenery, but there could be no manner of doubt as to the existence of Roman remains at Spalato. We ventured to suggest that at any rate there were the remains of Diocletian's palace.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "Diocletian's palace used to be there; but there is nothing left of it now but one or two stones."

"Well, the fact is, we should like to see even those one or two stones."

Hereupon Herr Oliva rather lost his temper, and looking very sour, started upon a new tack. He said:

"To tell the truth, gentlemen, 'vous êtes suspects,' and I must ask you to leave Bosnia by the shortest route, and that is through Zenitza to Brod."

This was rather depressing news. We were aware that the route to Brod was extremely dull and uninteresting; and we had no wish to go all the way back to Hungary, and be let in for a long and tedious journey round the north coast of the Adriatic. We tried to make the director alter his mind.

"If we go by Mostar," we said, "we shall be out of Bosnia in two days and a half, while if we go by Brod, we shall be out of it in two days; so that if your wish is to get us out of Bosnia as speedily as you can, there is no practical difference between the two routes. We should very much prefer the route by Mostar, and it would be much the most convenient for us."

Oliva now looked extremely sour, and in rather a peremptory tone replied:

"The fact is, gentlemen, that I cannot sign your passports except for Brod. When the country is more settled, you will be allowed to travel in it as much as you like. But in the present state of affairs I must ask you to proceed straight to Brod."

This put an end to the conversation. We had our passports signed and returned to our inn. One can trace his diplomatic education in the manner of his behavior toward us. He first tried, by means of what were (to put it mildly) two very gross misstatements, to induce us to give up the route to Mostar of our own free will. Of course this would have been much more satisfactory to him. He would have got his object without the employment of force. It was only when he found that we were not to be taken in, that he came out in his true colors, and let us know that we had no choice in the matter, and that it had been decided from the first to send us to Brod. I may remark that the commissioner of police at Fiume

had praised the beauty of the Mostar route, as a means of inducing us to enter Austrian Bosnia ; and that at Gorazda the colonel had told us, in the name of the commander-general of Serajevo, that we were free to go wherever we liked. But all this counted for nothing with Herr Oliva.

We now paid a visit to Mr. Freeman, the English consul at Serajevo. He was the first Englishman we had seen for several weeks. We told him what had happened, and that we did not wish to go to Brod ; and he said he would do what he could for us. Next morning he paid a visit to the director of police, and tried to induce him to relent ; but without success. He asked what charge they had against us. The director replied that our *entourage* was suspicious, and this was all he would say. Our *entourage* could only have meant Matthias, our servant. Mr. Freeman explained that we had no further need of a guide, and if Matthias was a bad character, we were quite ready to part with him, and travel by ourselves to Spalato. The director was now driven into a corner, and could only reply :

"The fact is, we don't want any strangers just now in Bosnia."

Mr. Freeman then went to call upon Count Callay, who at this time happened to be staying in Bosnia ; but Callay was ill with a fever, and could not be seen. However, he saw Baron Nicolics, the civil governor of Bosnia, and got him to promise to do his best to induce the count to annul the decision of the director of police. In the afternoon, as we were sitting talking with the consul in his house, a letter came from the baron, of which the following is a word-for-word translation :

"DEAR SIR:—I regret infinitely that I am not able to be agreeable, but the decision of the director of police must be maintained. Yours, etc. NICOLICS."

This extremely disagreeable note settled the matter. We started next morning for Brod. The most irritating part of the affair is that there was absolutely no reason at all for sending us to Brod, in preference to Mostar ; and it can only have been done to cause us annoyance. Along the whole of the route our steps were dogged and our movements watched by inquisitive *gendarmes* ; and it was with a feeling of considerable pleasure that we at length crossed the Save at Brod, and left Bosnia and its suspicious officials behind us. I should add that our servant Matthias, who had been declared to be such an extremely bad character that his mere presence in our company made us seem suspicious characters also, was allowed to return quietly to his home in Belgrade. As soon as they had disposed of us, they never thought anything more about him.

THE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

If any of our readers, having seen the boa-constrictors in our museums, suppose that they have seen the monster snake in all its majesty and greatness, the following, from a notebook of a recent traveler in the Philippine Islands, will undeceive them :

"The species is common in the Philippines, but it is rare to meet with a specimen of very large dimensions. It is possible, nay, probable, that centuries of time are necessary for this reptile to attain its largest size ; and to such an age the various accidents to which animals are exposed rarely suffer it to attain.

"Full-sized boas are consequently to be met with only in the gloomiest, most remote, and most solitary forests.

"I have seen many boas of ordinary size, such as are found in our European collections. There were some, indeed, that inhabited my house, and one night I found one two yards long in possession of my bed. Several times, when passing through the woods with my Indians, I heard the piercing cries of wild boar. On approaching the spot whence they proceeded, we almost invariably found a wild boar, about whose body a boa had twisted its folds, and was gradually hoisting him up into the tree round which it had coiled itself.

"When the wild boar had reached a certain height, the snake pressed him against a tree with a force that crushed his bones, and stifled him. Then the boa let his prey fall, descended the tree, and prepared to swallow it. This last operation was much too lengthy for us to await its end. To simplify matters, I sent a ball into the boa's head. My Indians took the flesh to dry it for food, and the skin to make dagger-sheaths of. It is unnecessary to say that the wild boar was not forgotten, although it was a prey that had cost us but little trouble to secure.

"One day an Indian surprised one of these reptiles asleep, after it had swallowed an enormous deer. Its size was so great that a buffalo-wagon would have been necessary to transport it to the village. The Indian cut it in pieces, and contented himself with as much as he could carry off. Having been informed of this, I sent after the remains, and my people brought me a piece about eight feet long, and so large in circumference that the skin, when dried, enveloped the tallest man like a cloak.

"I had not as yet seen any of these large-sized serpents alive, when one afternoon, crossing the mountains with two of my shepherds, our attention was drawn to the constant barking of my dogs, which seemed to be assailing some animal that stood upon its defense. We at first thought that it was a buffalo that they had roused from its lair, and approached the spot with due caution. My dogs were dispersed along the brink of a deep ravine, in which was an enormous boa constrictor. The monster raised his head to a height of five or six feet, directing it from one edge to the other of the ravine, and menacing his assailants with his forked tongue ; but the dogs, more active than he was, easily avoided his attacks. My first impulse was to shoot him, but then it occurred to me to take him alive and to send him to France. Assuredly, he would have been the most monstrous boa that had ever been seen there.

"To carry my design into execution, we manufactured nooses of cane strong enough to resist the efforts of the most powerful wild buffalo. With great precaution we succeeded in passing one of our nooses round the boa's neck ; then we tied them tightly to a tree, in such a manner as to keep his head at its usual height—about six feet from the ground. This done, we crossed to the other side of the ravine, and threw another noose over him, which we secured like the first. When he felt himself thus fixed at both ends he coiled and writhed and grappled several little trees which grew within his reach along the edge of the ravine. Unluckily for him, everything yielded to his efforts ; he tore up the young trees by the roots, broke off the branches, and dislodged enormous stones, round which he sought in vain to obtain the hold or point of resistance he needed. The nooses were strong, and withstood his almost furious efforts.

"To convey an animal like this, several buffaloes and a whole system of cordage were necessary. Night approached, whereupon, confident in our nooses, we left the place, proposing to return next morning and complete the capture ; but we reckoned without our host. In the night the boa changed his tactics, got his body round some

huge blocks of basalt, and finally succeeded in breaking his bonds, and getting clear off.

"When I had assured myself that our prey had escaped us, and that all search for the reptile in the neighborhood would be futile, my disappointment was very great, for I much doubted if a like opportunity would ever present itself. It is only on rare occasions that accidents are caused by these enormous reptiles. I once knew of a man becoming their victim. It happened thus:

"This man, having committed some offense, ran away and sought refuge in a cavern. His father, who alone knew the place of his concealment, visited him occasionally to supply him with food. One day he found in the place of his son an enormous boa, sleeping. He killed it, and found his son in its stomach. The poor wretch had been surprised in the night, crushed to death, and swallowed. The priest of the village, who had gone in quest of the body to give it burial, and who saw the remains of the boa, described them to me as being of an almost incredible size.

"Unfortunately, this circumstance happened at a considerable distance from any habitation, and I was only made acquainted with the particulars when it was too late to verify them myself; but still there is nothing surprising that a

boa which can swallow a large-sized deer should as easily swallow a man.

"Several other feats of a similar nature were related to me by the Indians. They told me of their comrades, who, roaming about the woods, had been seized by boas, crushed against trees, and afterward devoured; but I was always on my guard against Indian tales, and I am only able to verify positively the instance I have just cited, which was related to me by the pastor of the village, as well as by many other persons who witnessed it. Still there would be nothing surprising that a similar accident should occur more than once."

RESPECT goodness, find it where you may. Honor talent whenever you behold it unassociated with vice; but honor it most when accompanied with exertions, and especially when exerted in the cause of truth and justice.

JOHN ORME'S CASE.

JOHN ORME resided at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, where he followed the humble occupation of a collier, and by his industry supported a large family. About the year 1785, two persons, named Lowe and Oakes, charged with coining, were apprehended at Macclesfield. Oakes was merely a carrier, and Lowe the actual maker of the base coin; but, as the existing law admitted no accessory, deeming every person implicated a principal, Oakes was convicted and executed. Lowe was more fortunate. Though found guilty, and a sentence passed, in consequence of a flaw in the indictment—the omission simply of the particle *or*—his case was referred to the opinion of the twelve judges and his life saved. At this exact period,

a man, a stranger from Birmingham, arrived at Macclesfield, and took a room in the house of Orme, under the pretext of keeping a school. Here he remained a few weeks till a vacation came on, when he told his landlord, Orme, he should go and see his friends at Birmingham, and on his return would pay his rent.

Stopping away, however, longer than he said, Orme broke open his absent lodger's door, when, on entering the room, he found a cru-



JOHN ORME'S CASE.—"ORME BROKE OPEN HIS ABSENT LODGER'S DOOR, WHEN, ON ENTERING THE ROOM, HE FOUND A CRUCIBLE FOR COINING, WITH A FEW BASE SHILLINGS."

cible for coining, with a few base shillings, the latter of which he put carelessly into his pocket, but, as he solemnly protested, made no attempt to pass them.

A few days after this circumstance, some cotton having been stolen from a mill in the neighborhood, a search-warrant was granted, when, amongst others, the constables entered Orme's house, where they found the above-named article for coining. As might naturally be supposed, they concluded that Orme was a party with Lowe and Oakes, and seized the instrument, eagerly carrying it before a magistrate.

A warrant was immediately granted to apprehend Orme on a charge of coining, and he was taken from his employment at the bottom of a coal-pit.

On their way to the magistrate's house, he was informed by the constables of the nature of the charge against him, when, recollecting the base money he had about him, just

THE STRANGE DOCTOR.—"ELEANOR," I SAID, "I HAVE MURDERED YOU! A FATAL LIQUID HAS BEEN SENT INSTEAD OF WHAT I ORDERED." SHE ESSAYED TO PUT HER ARMS ABOUT MY NECK AND TO IMPRESS A KISS ON MY FOREHEAD. SHE EXPIRED AS SHE MADE THE EFFORT."—SEE PAGE 691.



as he was entering the office, his fears got so much the ascendancy over his prudence, that he hastily put his hand into his pocket, and taking out the shillings, crammed them into his mouth, from whence they were taken by a constable. A circumstance apparently so conclusive against the prisoner could not fail to have its weight with the jury at his trial, and the poor fellow was convicted, judgment of death was accordingly passed by Lord Alvanley, then the Hon. Pepper Arden.

Orme was sentenced to die with Oakes; but a few days before that appointed to be his last, a brother of his, resident in London, a cheese-factor and hop-merchant in the borough, arrived at Chester, with a respite for a fortnight.

In this interval, a gentleman acquainted with the circumstances of the case drew up a petition to the King, and principally assisted by Rolls Legh, Esq., procured the signatures of a considerable part of the grand jury to the same. Orme's respite expired at one o'clock on Monday, the hour that was to terminate his earthly existence.

On the Saturday night preceding, his friends waited at the post-office with an anxiety and solicitude that words can but faintly describe. At the hour of eleven the unpropitious and unwelcome information arrived that all had failed.

This failure had arisen in consequence of the prisoner attempting to break out of jail after sentence had been passed; an here the rough, but honest, bluntness of Mr. Rolls Legh ought not to be forgotten. On applying to the foreman of the grand jury to sign the petition, the latter objected, saying, "he could not, as Orme had attempted to break out of the castle." Mr. Legh exclaimed: "By Jove, so would you, if you were under sentence of death!"

Not a ray of hope was now left, and the unfortunate prisoner had no expectation of living beyond the appointed moment. Accordingly, the accompaniments of a public and ignominious death were prepared—a hurdle to take his body to the fatal tree, as in all cases of petty treason, the sheriff's officers were summoned, and a coffin prepared to receive his remains. Supported by conscious innocence, never was a man better prepared to meet so awful an end than Orme. All the Sunday his mind was serene and composed—not the least emotion, not even a sigh escaped him; and when, nearly at the last moment, the news arrived of his deliverance from death, he silently received it with apparent disappointment. About ten o'clock on that night the king's special messenger arrived with a reprieve, the persevering and fraternal affection of his brother having ultimately succeeded.

He suffered, however, five years' imprisonment in the castle from the time of this reprieve. He survived his final liberation, procured by Judge Bearcroft, nearly sixteen years, brought up a large family by honest industry, and died at Macclesfield in 1806.

ATTACKED BY A MONSTER SAILOR-FISH IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

IN crossing the Indian Ocean, and particularly in the vicinity of Ceylon, the crew and passengers of vessels are often astonished by seeing what is apparently a black sail rise suddenly out of the water, and rush along, dilating from side to side, and as quickly disappearing.

Years ago, before much progress had been made in scientific discovery, the appearance of this strange craft—for such it was considered—was thought to be a sign of ill omen, and the old tars classed it with the phantom ship

and *Flying Dutchman*. Perhaps they were not to be blamed, as the appearance is startling to any one, even when it is known to be a fish, and one of the most dreaded of the sword-fishes.

The family is a large one; but we are most familiar with the mackerel and common sword-fish of our coast. The power of the latter is well known, and evidences of it can be seen in many of our museums in the shape of boards and sections of ships and boats pierced by the bony sword.

The sailor-fish, however, differs materially from its American cousin. It grows to the immense length of twenty-five feet, and from its back rises a dorsal-fin that extends from near the tail to just over the gills, and towers aloft from ten to twelve feet, more or less, in proportion to the size of the fish. The extent of surface covered by this fin is astonishing, and when out of water, and quivering under the velocity of the fish as it rushes along, it might well be taken for a sail. In appearance it is a beautiful blue, and some writers claim that it has the power of waving to and fro when enraged; but when clear of the water, its weight would cause it to wave from side to side with an undulatory motion. A similar species is found in the Mediterranean, but the fin is not as large as the Indian Ocean species.

Along the shores of Ceylon they are much esteemed as food, the flesh, like that of our swordfish, resembling that of mackerel. It feeds upon the innumerable schools of small fry that swarm the sea, rushing in among them, its huge fin cutting the air like a knife, and slashing right and left with the formidable sword, carrying havoc with every stroke. It is in this occupation they are followed by the natives, and the chase is extremely dangerous. Our cut represents an unusually large one that was speared by a native off Ceylon, and in turn demolished the boat, the men barely escaped by taking to the water.

Three canoes were out, each manned by two natives, who were armed with strong iron spears. The sea was very rough, and only when on the crest of a wave could they see to any distance.

Finally a fish was sighted, and two boats started for it and managed to place themselves in the track, which was indicated by the sail-like fin, that flashed a rich blue in the sunlight. On he came, throwing the spray and waves aside, the fin severing the water with a hiss like the cut-water of a steamer.

The man in the stern of the canoe steadied it with a paddle, and as the monster shot by, the other, with unerring aim, hurled the iron into him. Feeling the blow, it leaped into the air, shaking the large fin with a peculiar tremulous motion, and coming down with a crash that nearly sank the frail craft; it then commenced a series of struggles that came near ending in a tragedy.

The fish darted down, and feeling the rope, turned suddenly and rushed at the boat, and passed under it, the fin breaking the slender plank and half-sinking it. This seemed to enrage the monster the more, and as he rose to the surface he darted at it again, striking it near the bow, raised it in the air, breaking it completely in two.

The man in the bow, thoroughly frightened, came near being impaled, and with his comrade sprang overboard, and made for the other boats that had drawn around. The fish, in its wild rage, darted again and again at the fragment of wood, and only after a long time became exhausted; then another spear was hurled at it, and this time struck in a vital spot, though even now the creature's struggles were appalling.

With great scythe-like cuts, it would bend its body and suddenly straighten out with a force that would have cut

a man in two like a straw. But the water was being dyed with blood, and finally, the two swimmers having been rescued, another iron was put into the fish, which was then dragged ashore, where it was found to measure over thirty feet in length, from the tip of the tail to the end of

sword. The swords are used as weapons by the natives, and the flesh is sought after as food.

It would be a hard matter to estimate the force of a blow from this animal, but it is more like a cannon-shot than anything else.

THE SNOWDROP.

WHAT time our "sacred mother Earth"
Doth veil her tearful face beneath
Her coverlet of snow, and death
Seems everywhere to conquer birth;

E'en then, perchance, you may descry
A gentle flower of modest worth,
As if afraid to venture forth,
Retire, half-hidden to the eye.

Fair Snowdrop! harbinger of Spring,
And emblem sure of hopeful cheer,
Thy advent, firstling of the year,
I hail, and what thou tell'st I sing.

Thy drooping head, as if in grief,
Seems turning to the prospect drear:
But young and green leaves press thee near,
As cherishing a life so brief.

And thus Hope, strong in youth and love,
Shares with regretful Age her dower
Of cheerful trust—a healing power,
Which Memory doth not always prove.

I hold it true that Hope divine
Outshineth far, with brighter light,
All that is offered to the sight,
Or mind, in Memory's golden shrine.

For when oppressed with anxious care
We seek a solace to our grief,
Fond Expectation gives relief,
And builds grand castles in the air.

But cold Reality would be
A sorry comforter to trust;
Those castles crumble into dust;
Nought left but dull, blank misery.

Though in th' unknown we darkly grope,
And fondly think on days gone by;
Whilst o'er the past reigns Memory,
The future owns the sway of Hope.

What arms the serried ranks of men
With breasts of steel and hearts of fire?
'Tis not, I ween, the paltry hire,
Nor lust of booty, nor of gain.

What gives the sailor strength to plow
His course along the treacherous deep,
In distant lands true faith to keep?
See! Glory shines upon the prow,

And leads them onward like a star,
Nor rest they till the victory's won,
Which they deem true, the noblest crown
Their country's praise, though heard from far.

The lover, when his path is crossed
With fears he cannot all remove,
Yet feels that naught can conquer Love,
So no part of that love be lost;

While she for whom he lives and strives,
Divides his cares by sharing all,
Doubling the joys that may befall;
And surest hope from thence derives.

All these do somehow feel that good
Will follow in the track of ill;
The rising sun will gild yon hill,
Which yesternight he bathed in blood.

Thus in the earthly race we see
A merciful design takes place;
Hope doth with easy flight surpass
The steady pace of Memory.

Let fondest Recollection call
To clearest view the scenes most dear,
The hours we've spent most happy here,
And converse the most sweet of all;

Still faithful Hope points on before
To other scenes of brighter bliss,
Where all that holiest, happiest is,
And Love increases more and more;

Where hours and days no beings know,
But joys eternal range along,
In endless round of ceaseless song,
And words of deepest meaning flow.

Be near us, Hope divine, when Death
Is hovering o'er us—when the light
Of Life fast flickers in the night—
Be near, and guide our parting breath!

THE STRANGE DOCTOR.

By RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D., AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," ETC.

"By-the-way, what has become of Conant?" I asked of my college classmate, Luther Evans, the well-known, in fact, celebrated surgeon, whom I encountered by accident at the Hotel Bellevue au Lac, at Zurich.

We had not met for five years, and here, on the shore of this beautiful lake, chance had thrown us together. We spent the evening in calling the roll of our classmates and in comparing notes of information as to each one of them. Some of our companions were already in their graves; some who had started rich in promise had made shipwreck beyond any hope of recovery. There were others who had arrived at the happy haven which prosperity is supposed to afford; others still were struggling to reach it. The larger portion were married; a good many yet remained single. Sickness, misfortune and bad luck generally seemed constantly to have attended several; good

fortune, firm health and unvaried success had been the lot of a few. It turned out, however, that the majority were recipients, in about equal proportions, of the ordinary good and ill which attend our poor humanity.

"By-the-way, what has become of Conant?"

"Ah, Conant—Prince Albert, as we used to call him. Well, he was a prince in nature and conduct. Have you heard nothing of him?" was my friend's reply.

"Not for a long time. I saw him in Chicago six or eight years ago. His career appeared to be a brilliant one. Not long after, I was told he had left the place in an unexpected manner, and had gone no one knew whither. Ames spoke of a love affair, but I knew Conant too well to credit any such nonsense."

"Ames is a fool!" ejaculated Evans, with emphasis—"simply a fool; that is all."

"Then you don't know what has become of Conant?"

"I have not said that. In fact, I do know what has become of him," returned my classmate.

"Well?"

"I do know; no one else knows—no one else," muttered Evans, rapidly. "I know what has become of him.

I shall tell you. It will be easier kept if you and I both know—easier kept. Your word to secrecy, of course. I

were called Damon and Pythias and all that sort of thing. The only one who fully shared our friendship was yourself. How well you know that, too, else would I now be making this revelation? When we left college we still kept together. We attended one course in Philadelphia, one in New York. Then we went abroad. Conant devoted himself principally to medicine, and I to surgery. It was all the more agreeable, for we had a wide range of



THE SNOWDROP.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 690.

shall feel better satisfied after I have told you. Because, you know, I doubt sometimes the evidence of my own senses in this matter."

I confess I began to suspect some mellow wine we were drinking was having an undue effect on his senses; but I said nothing. I was soon undeceived. For Evans continued as quietly and methodically as if he were amputating a limb, quite in contrast with his nervous manner at the beginning.

"You remember, Albert Conant and I were roommates for the whole four years. Of course you do, and how we

topics to talk about, and there were many branches which we pursued together, listening to the same lectures and walking the same hospitals. From Paris we went to Vienna; this was to please me, for there were special advantages there in my department. How enthusiastic we were! How truly ambitious of a career! I had abandoned medicine as a leading pursuit, and gone over to surgery from a total lack of faith in the dispensatory. We were, all of us, so it seemed to me, groping in the dark, and for my part, I was desirous to feel myself on firm ground. Not so Conant.



ATTACKED BY A MONSTER SAILOR-FISH IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.—SEE PAGE 690.

"'I admit,' he said, 'that medicine is not a science; but tell me, are we not making an advance?'"

"No doubt—no doubt," I would say; "but it is mere experiment, after all. I am not willing to prescribe a medicine when I cannot predicate its effect upon my patient. A conscientious practice of medicine is mere expectancy, and that is no practice at all."

"'You talk nonsense,' Conant would answer. 'Progress in medicine comes as progress in all other things, by careful study, observation and experience, and the practical application of our experience. It shall be my ambition to do something before I die toward placing medicine in its proper position as a science.'"

"Ah, he was very earnest, very sincere. I recollect, after we came back to Paris, that Magendie gave him a terrible shaking up at his opening lecture in the Autumn at the Hôtel Dieu, of which Magendie was at the head. It was on the memorable occasion when that famous physician distinctly told the students not only that medicine was not a science, but almost in terms that the dispensatory was a humbug, asking derisively who could cure a headache? He went on to say that in one of his wards he divided his patients into three classes. The first he

treated according to the dispensatory, to the second he gave bread pills and colored water, the third received nothing at all. The latter grumbled a good deal (*'les imbeciles,'* as the lecturer called them), but all got well. Every one in the second class also recovered. A few in the first class died. Nevertheless, added Magendie, we are making progress, and I have hopes at the end of a hundred years that medicine will have become a science. Then, no doubt, phthisis will be cured. I enjoyed the lecture hugely, and from time to time nudged Conant, as much as to say, 'What do you think of it?' for he was a great admirer of Magendie. As we left the lecture-room after he had concluded, Conant took my arm, exclaiming:

"'That is what I call a great man—a man who, with such a reputation, dares to say he does not know! What I have heard does not one whit discourage me; it does me good. I am quite content to spend all the years of my life in the attempt to advance the progress of the most interesting, most humane, and the most beneficent of studies.'"

"We came home at last. I settled in New York. Conant went to Chicago, where certain advantages by way of

acquaintances and introductions awaited him. It was not long before he became known. His career was rapid and brilliant. We saw each other very seldom. Twice in the course of ten years he visited New York for a day or two—he came expressly to see me—twice I was in Chicago, I may say literally for the purpose of seeing him. Those were days of the highest, truest enjoyment; memorable days never to be forgotten. I found Conant unsoiled by worldliness, selfishness or small ambition. The same lofty purpose which filled his breast when a student still inspired him. Meanwhile our correspondence never slackened, so that our friendship did not become an old memory, but was preserved fresh, increasing all the time. I had already married, and it was but natural that I should urge Conant to go and do likewise. I used even to add a bit of worldly wisdom to my suggestions, telling him how advantageous it was for a physician to be a married man. His reply would be:

"All in good time, my friend—all in good time, my friend; when the right person comes along I shall make haste to follow your excellent example; till then, *patienza*, as the Spaniard says."

"Well, a time came when Conant was engaged to be married. He announced it in his characteristic way, and instead of giving me particulars he said, 'Come and see for yourself.' This I had made up my mind to do, and wrote him accordingly. His answer came without delay. It was a long letter, written in his happiest vein, with a smack of his old student habit, and brimful of current incidents and topics; no allusion to his engagement, for that would not be like him, but I could see plainly that he was living in a paradise.

"I shall never forget that letter—it was the last I ever received from him. I answered it within ten days, and told Conant that I was going to give myself a long vacation, at least for me. I was to spend two weeks in the Adirondacks, and that he might look for me at furthest in three weeks from the date of my letter. Four days after, I left New York, disposed of the two weeks as I had planned, and was to take the train at the nearest station the next morning for my trip westward.

"Late that afternoon our little mail arrived. Among my letters was one which struck a sudden terror into my soul. It was the letter I had addressed and mailed to Conant, returned to me with the indorsement, '*Not found.*' I felt a wretched, sickening, sinking sensation at my heart. I sat perfectly still, my eyes fixed on those two words, till the twilight began to gather about me. This brought me to my senses.

"Pshaw! I exclaimed to myself, aloud, 'what is the matter with you? It is some odd blunder at the post-office. A mistake in reading the address,' but the superscription was painfully legible and the residence not to be mistaken. 'A blunder—a gross blunder, that is all. In forty-eight hours it will be all right. I will overhaul those post-office fellows for giving me such a start. I will make a special report of the case to the postmaster-general, that I will?'

"I started early the next morning. Notwithstanding all my reasoning, a dead weight hung at my heart the whole way. I reached Chicago on the morning of the second day, about half-past seven. I drove directly to Conant's house. I ran up the steps and rang the bell nervously. I waited for a response, but none came. I rang again and again—no answer. A market-boy who was passing with his basket stopped and looked at me.

"There ain't no one living in that house, mister," he said.

"I thought Dr. Conant lived here."

"He's moved away."

"How long since?"

"Oh, more than three weeks ago."

"Where has he moved to?"

"Don't know;" and the boy trudged on.

"I felt relieved by this colloquy; there was some excuse for the return of my letter, though a flimsy one, since Conant was so well known. I was about driving to the house of a mutual friend, where I might learn where he had removed to, when a gentleman, who lived in the house opposite, who evidently had been a witness of my dilemma, crossed the street and addressed me.

"You are looking for Dr. Conant, I presume."

"Yes."

"The doctor has left Chicago."

"Good God! you don't say that!" I exclaimed. "How did it happen?"

"A very sad affair, I assure you, sir. You are a friend of the doctor's?"

"The most intimate friend he has. I have just arrived from New York expressly to pay him a visit. What does it all mean?"

"If you will step into my house for a few moments," said the gentleman, "I will tell you the little there is known about it."

"I was only too glad to accept his invitation. His narrative was brief.

"You know," he said, "the doctor was soon to be married." I assented. "The young lady was one of the most charming in Chicago. She died about four weeks ago, after an illness of a few hours—a most mysterious and inexplicable illness. Upon her death the doctor disposed of everything he had, including his medical library—in fact, everything to the most minute articles, and left the city. He told no one where he was going, not even his most intimate friends, and nobody knows where he has gone. No one has heard a word from him, the whole matter is enveloped in mystery from beginning to end."

"Sadly I descended the steps, declining the worthy man's invitation to take breakfast with him, and drove to the house of the friend I have just mentioned. I really could get from him no information in addition to what I had already received. Some details were added about the rapidity with which Conant disposed of his effects. He would converse with no one, he entered into no explanations, and in this strange manner he quitted the place where his labors had been so brilliantly successful.

"That evening I took the train back to New York. I knew, after a while, I should hear from Conant. I knew it was impossible for him to abandon the friendship that existed between us. No doubt he was stunned by so swift and sudden a blow; after the first terrible shock should be over he would come and see me, or let me know where I could go to him. He never wrote, he never came, and for nearly seven years I was in ignorance of what had become of him."

Evans paused so long in his history at this point that it actually seemed as if he had brought it to a conclusion, although I had felt it had scarcely been begun. I had no disposition to break the silence, and at length he resumed.

"You must not suppose that in those seven years I made no effort to discover his whereabouts; you must not suppose I waited patiently for him to communicate with me. I employed every means which I could devise to reach him. Nothing which my ingenuity could suggest was left unattempted. I visited Chicago again, hoping to gain some clew, however trifling, but I could find nothing which gave me the least assistance. I went to see his

relations, but they knew less than I did. They were his cousins, for Conant's parents were dead, and he was an only child.

"After that I commenced a system of advertising. I would cause notices to be inserted in the leading newspapers all over the country, and also in Europe—notice which no one would understand but Conant, but which he could not fail to understand. I kept this up year after year. I sent them to every principal city in the United States, to London, to Paris, to Amsterdam, to Berlin, to St. Petersburg, and other places. No token came from these efforts. As you will perceive by-and-by, not one of all these notices ever reached him—could not have reached him.

"Last Summer I made an excursion into one of the most remote and unfrequented portions of our country. I had reached what seemed to me the extreme border of civilization—the last settlement in that direction. Two gentlemen who had accompanied me had given out about ten miles below, and were to wait for me till I had accomplished this little extra trip. I took a smart lad for a guide, and in this way comfortably reached the place I have indicated.

"A dozen families were scattered about in as many log-houses. They were engaged in felling timber—clearing the land, and, to some extent, cultivating the soil. A set of hardy, energetic pioneers, such as you meet on our northwestern frontier. I was made heartily welcome at the cabin of one of these; a 'shake-down' was promised me, and a seat at the table as long as I chose to stay. As to trout-fishing I could not go amiss; all the small streams which coursed from the mountains toward the river were full of trout. For game, anything from the fox-squirrel to the catamount and bear could be had without much extra search.

"I do not know why I should be going into these particulars," continued Evans, after another pause, "except that I dread to approach my subject. I tell you that Conant's disappearance had made such an impression on me that I preferred these solitary excursions to any other. They served, in a degree, to tranquillize my mind, and—and—I don't know exactly what I want to say, or, rather, how to express myself; but it always seemed to me I might meet him somewhere in some strange, out-of-the-way place. Do you understand?" I nodded.

"The second day I was following a small mountain stream filled with stones, and occasional large rocks, which guarded deep pools of water, called by boys, 'trout-holes,' where I had to fight my way against the thicket of branches which almost completely secluded it. I had dropped my lines into one of these holes, to reach which I was obliged to stand upon two slippery stones. A splendid fellow had seized the bait, and to secure him I made a sudden lurch to one side, heedless of where I was standing. The result was, in endeavoring to save my foothold, my ankle turned, and I fell. I feared possibly that I had strained it seriously, and I had nothing to do but to hobble back to the cabin, which was, at least, a mile distant. It was slow work, and before I reached there I was suffering a good deal of pain.

"The people knew nothing of my profession, and the good housewife set to work in a practical way for my relief. One of the children was sent to pluck wormwood which grew in the inclosure. It was bruised and mixed with spirits, and my ankle speedily bound up with it. I was greatly interested in the alacrity of the woman and the practical knowledge she displayed.

"If it is not any better by morning," she said, "we must have the doctor look at it."

"The doctor!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that you have a doctor in this little settlement?"

"Yes, indeed. He was here before any of us."

"There flashed through my mind a premonition; then came a sharp, sudden pain, as if a knife had pierced me. It was with difficulty I caught my breath.

"The woman noticed it.

"I fear you are getting ill, sir," she exclaimed.

"Yes, I feel very ill, indeed," I said. "Can't you get the doctor here right away?"

"He lives a mile and a half off," she answered, "but I will go myself. He won't come unless a person is very sick. He is a strange man."

"Tell him," I said, "that I am very, very sick, and he must hasten." I thought, since I had begun to falsify, I would not make any half-way work of it.

"Oh, I hope you are not so bad as that," said my hostess.

"Yes, yes; I am," I answered. "Be quick, I beg of you. Stop one moment," I exclaimed. "What is the doctor's name?"

"He don't appear to have any name, sir. At least, nobody ever heard it. I told you he was strange. We call him the 'Strange Doctor.'"

"So saying, she started on her errand.

"I threw myself upon the bed and wrapped my cloak around me in a way that completely concealed my face. I knew who was coming—knew to a certainty.

"In about three-quarters of an hour I heard footsteps approaching. I peered through a fold in the cloak, and saw, entering the cabin with the woman, a large, stout man, dressed in the coarsest materials, with long, flowing hair and uncut beard. He wore upon his head a slouched hat. From underneath the broad brim shone eyes which, once seen, could never be mistaken.

"It was Conant.

"He came up to the bed, and in a quick, decisive tone, he asked:

"What is the matter with you?"

"Not a soul was present in the room; the woman had gone to attend to her regular duties—not a soul was in the room save Conant and I.

"I threw back the cloak from my face and looked at him intently. He did not appear to recognize me.

"Albert," I said, "I have come a long way to see you."

"To torment me," he replied, without changing a muscle.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "can this be you, Conant?"

"No; it is not me. Does that satisfy you?" was his answer.

"It does not satisfy me," I said. "I will not be satisfied till I hear from your own lips what all this means. My presence here is accidental. I did not know you were in the vicinity. Had I known it I should have come, of course. I have searched for you over the world these seven years—these seven long years, by every means that I could devise. Now that I have found you, I will have an explanation. I will not quit the place till I get it, if I stay here the balance of my life."

"I had risen from the bed, thrown aside my cloak and stood confronting him. His agitation was fearful to witness. Large drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead, and rolled down his face. His breathing became difficult and his frame shook.

"You are not ill?"

"He spoke at last and in a natural tone.

"A slight twist of the ankle not worth mentioning," I said. "Thank God, I hear your natural tone once more," I continued. "Conant, I will not intrude myself on you,



except to hear how this has come about. That I must know.'

"'You shall have it,' he replied, after a pause. 'I cannot refuse as we stand face to face, but I would have traversed a thousand miles to have avoided it—to have avoided you.'

"'To have avoided me, Conant?' I said. 'Have you

hours' rest disclosed there was nothing serious, after all, and taking Conant's arm, we proceeded to his dwelling.

"You know there is a certain magnetism, a something which produces a sense of genuine companionship, when we take the arm of a friend. Between Conant and me this was always experienced in the strongest degree. Now there was none of it, no more than if I were grasping an



no memories of our past companionship, no thought of our old life together?

"'Nothing, nothing whatever,' he replied, in a perfectly calm tone. 'If I exhibited emotion on seeing you, it was not from such recollections, but—no matter. How shall we manage?' he continued, after a long pause. 'If you would hear what I have to say you must come with me; this is no place for it; but you cannot walk, and I have no means of transportation.'

"'I will walk,' I said, 'if every step is an agony.'

"'I made the best preparations I could. The two

inanimate object for support. Not a word was spoken the entire distance. We reached the place at last; a plain log cabin, like those in the neighborhood, only smaller. The door was wide open, and I went in. I found myself in a room which contained a small iron bedstead and bed, one chair, a small table and a chest of drawers, positively nothing else.

"'Will you lie down?' said Conant. I said that I was all right, and sat down upon the bed. Conant took a seat beside me.

"'It is not by any means a long story, and shall be

quickly told.' He spoke in a sharp, incisive manner. 'You may remember the last letter I wrote you in reply to your promise that you would soon visit me—a long letter, wasn't it? Is it not strange,' he added, abruptly, 'that we are permitted no warning, no presentiment, no subtle, psychological premonition of what almost instantly is to happen to us, involving catastrophe and destruction? The letter, yes. I posted that letter with my own hands. It was already evening'—here Conant's voice grew hurried. 'On my way home I stopped to see Eleanor; we were to be married in three months from that very day. Who Eleanor was, and what she was to me—you used to know me and you may imagine.

"I was in particularly high spirits when I entered the room. I found Eleanor quite in the same mood. She always enjoyed the perfection of health. We spent an hour together, then some friends came in, and in the course of our general badinage, one of her cousins remarked:

"I think it is too bad, doctor, that Eleanor has never given you an opportunity to show what a skillful physician you are. Can't you persuade her to be a little sick, just for once?"

"No, indeed; not even for once," I said.

"On due consideration," exclaimed Eleanor, entering into the spirit of the scene, "I believe I am a little ill this evening, and am sure I should feel all the better for one of your prescriptions."

"The jest ran round, Eleanor from time to time describing imaginary symptoms of a decidedly nervous character, and insisting that for the last two nights she had not slept well at all.

"When it came to the point, however, that I was actually pushed by the company for a prescription, I unequivocally declined to make one.

"Ah," said Eleanor, "you do have patients who imagine they are nervous, with whom there is nothing whatever the matter, and for whom you are forced to prescribe. I have heard you say so. Now, I insist upon such a prescription. Do you know," she added, turning to one of her friends, "I have never yet set eyes upon one of his prescriptions."

"It seemed foolish to continue serious, so I took my tablet and wrote this." Here Conant produced a small scrap of paper. It read:

"By.

"Tr. Humuli - - - - - Zl.

"Sig.—One teaspoonful in a wineglass of water on retiring."

"CONANT."

"This, you of course know," remarked Evans, interrupting his narrative, "was nothing more than the tincture of hops, utterly harmless. Neither narcotic nor anodyne, slightly sedative only.

"This will prove of the greatest service to you, madam," I observed, with a professional air. "In the morning I shall expect to find you entirely recovered." There was a general laugh as I made the announcement and quitted the room with solemn dignity.

"I had several visits to make, so that I did not reach home until after eleven. The first object my eyes rested on as I entered the hall was a favorite maid-servant of Eleanor's. She started up quickly on seeing me.

"Oh, doctor," she cried, "Miss Eleanor has been taken so sick. I have been waiting half an hour for you to come in. They said you might come in any minute."

"Will you believe it, my first impression was that this was a ruse from the hilarious party I had left to bring me on the scene again. A second glance at the messenger undeceived me, "What is it?" I asked.

"I don't know, doctor. My young lady is dreadful. Won't you come right away?"

"I was at the house in five minutes. When I went in, her mother met me.

"Doctor," she said, "what can be the matter with Eleanor? Almost immediately on taking your prescription she began to have the most fearful symptoms."

"Did Eleanor really carry out the joke and send for the medicine?"

"Certainly she did. Was there any harm in it?"

"No more harm than in a spoonful of milk; but I had no thought she would send for it."

"Why, immediately on taking it, her suffering commenced. After a few minutes I was alarmed; we sent for you. She grows worse every moment."

"I went into Eleanor's chamber—her chamber. She was in bed, in agony—in a great and not to be controlled agony."

"Albert," she cried, "I am so very, very ill! How long you have been in coming to me! You did not know how ill I was, did you, Albert? But you are so wise, you will relieve me; I know you will."

"There she lay in the thrall of death. You will understand the symptoms: A pungent heat in the palate and fauces; a burning sensation in the stomach; a numbness over the limbs, even to the extremities. The action of the heart intermittent and weak, with violent retching, yet the head clear, and three-quarters of an hour lost, you know what that means. "Where is the medicine?" I asked. The vial was placed in my hands. It was the tincture of *aconite* which had been put up instead of my harmless preparation!

"All the remedies my experience could suggest were employed. It was too late. I knew it beforehand.

"Eleanor," I said, "I have murdered you. A fatal liquid has been sent instead of what I ordered."

"She essayed to put her arms about my neck and to impress a kiss on my forehead. She expired as she made the effort.

"What more is there to tell? I rushed to the druggist's. They had sent to the first petty place which came in sight. I roused the principal and demanded the prescription. It was correct. It had been put up by a young man considered to be competent and having experience. He fled that very night. Flight was confession. I was content that the wretch escaped.

"I saw Eleanor laid in her grave; then I quitted the accursed town and went into the wilderness, where, I scarcely know. After a season I came here. Now let me conduct you back to your house."

"One word, Conant," I exclaimed. "Have you really nothing to say to me, your old, tried, loving friend? Do you throw me off in this way without a thought?"

"You misunderstand," he answered. "I do not throw you off. I have no feeling—none. No sensibility touching the past remains to me—only Eleanor. I live only with Eleanor."

"But," continued I, "you do interest yourself in something. The folks here call you "doctor," and you came to me as such, not knowing who I was."

"Conant laughed an unnatural laugh.

"It is true I sometimes attend these innocent people. I prepare their medicines with my own hands. Bread pills and colored water from Magendie's dispensatory. It is my entire pharmacopœia—ha, ha, ha! Nobody dies."

"But, Conant, have you no thought of duty? You with your talents, your acquirements, the prospects that might still await you?"

"Prospects! Talk you to me of prospects when her

voice is hushed? Talk you to me of prospects who should call myself her slayer by making jest of my profession? Prospects for me! Think you I could encourage a new ambition with that scene—a living scene—before me? Come, come!

"He helped me back to the lighthouse and turned and left me."

Just then a company of merry voices broke in on us—heartily, healthful, strong. These came from a party of English people who were rowing about in their boats.

I looked at my watch. It was exactly twelve o'clock.

"Evans," I said, "there is no sleep for me to-night. Let us go on the water."

"It is what I was about to say myself," he replied.

We quitted the room and engaged a sturdy fellow for the night. A full moon shone over the mountain peaks and across the green valleys and upon the smooth waters of the lake.

We talked of everything—everything except what had lately so intensely held us; chatted about trivial scenes and nonsensical matters; and, so strangely contradictory are our human attributes, we laughed and we jested over them.

In this way the night wore on—the night during which neither of us felt willing to land.

It was not till the sun had sent his first glance above the glacier, across the bosom of the lake, that we attempted to find rest in a brief slumber.

ANIMAL LANGUAGE.

WHEREVER animals, of any kind, form alliances, and act simultaneously for one common object, it is evident that language of some sort must be employed.

Here is a case where one dog saw another in difficulties, and went to give it advice. Finding that its advice was not taken, it went again, and forced the reluctant animal into action.

The dog, a little black-and-tan terrier, named "Beau," and his owner, were at Penmaenmawr, on the coast of North Wales. They were one day on the sands, and were overtaken by the tide, which cut them off from the shore by a belt of water. A bathing-machine came up and took off the dog's owner, Beau refusing to enter the machine, of which he seemed to be suspicious. The rest must be told in the writer's own words:

"When I found myself on the beach I looked for my dog, thinking that he would probably come swimming after the machine. But no; the little idiot was still on the island, yelping and barking in great distress. I called to him for a long time, bidding him swim across, as I knew he could use his limbs almost as well in water as on land, but the naughty animal would not come, and, meanwhile the sea was gathering on the sand, and Beau had scarcely space to stand and whine.

"Playing near me on the beach was a large, rough-haired, brave dog—a sort of a half-breed retriever, I should suppose. He perceived the fix we were in, and suddenly dashed through the water and went up to Beau, and said something to him. I don't know what he said, but I have no doubt that he counseled Beau to swim across to his mistress. Alas! the kind, brave dog returned to dry land, but no Beau. By this time the sea had risen round my little terrier, and he was himself like a tiny black-and-tan island.

"Now, what did the brave dog do? For the second time he dashed through the water and stood beside the

shivering creature; then he went behind Beau, and very gently, but firmly, pushed, pushed, pushed him through the water toward the place where I was standing. As soon as they were both fairly in the deep sea, and it seemed to be a case of sink or swim with Master Beau, the wise, brave dog let him go, and, with a few vigorous strokes, brought himself to shore. Beau, having received such an impetus, very soon presented himself, dripping and breathless, at my feet, amid the applause of the assembled multitude.

"The brown dog, like a true hero, made no fuss about what he had done, and I had nothing to give him but a pat on the head. His master was certainly not on the beach at the time, and I do not think I ever saw the dog again."

THE FATE OF AARON BURR'S DAUGHTER.

AN old resident of Washington said in a recent conversation: "The fate of Theodosia, the beautiful daughter of Aaron Burr, has been one of the appalling mysteries of sudden disappearance at sea. She was married to Governor Allston, of South Carolina, a name distinguished in the annals of that State. She sailed from Charleston for New York in the ship *Patriot*, on December 20th, 1812, on a visit to her father. The vessel was supposed to have been either engulfed or captured by pirates, for it was thought that no soul had survived to determine the awful doubt as to its fate or that of its passengers. One account particularly arrested public attention, and that was the purported confession of a pirate, Dominick You, which Charles Gayarre incorporated into his brilliant, romantic, philosophic "Ferdinand de Lemos." It is so graphically drawn that many persons thought at last that the fate of Aaron Burr's only daughter was known. An old sailor named Benjamin F. Burdick died recently, a pauper in a Michigan poorhouse. On his deathbed he made the startling confession that he was one of the piratical crew that captured a vessel named the *Patriot*, and participated in the murder of Theodosia Allston at sea. He declared that it fell to his lot to pull the plank from under her. She came forth arrayed in white, holding the Bible in one hand, and with heroic mien took her place on the slender instrument of death, and without a shudder or quiver of a muscle was precipitated into the waves. The noble, unblanched face, erect and airy form, he said, had haunted him all his subsequent life. The date of the vessel's loss, January, 1813, was correctly given by Burdick, and the name "Odessa" Burr Allston was his only error; and yet this was not an error, for the name of both father and husband are sufficient identification. The corruption of Theodosia into "Odessa" would be natural to an ignorant sailor, and, if anything, tend to prove that he had not been reading up to make himself a sort of deathbed hero. At any rate the confession is plausible, for the reason named."

"WHAT, Monsieur Béranger," said a lady to the great French poet, one day at dinner, "you drinking water?—you who have sung so well the pleasures of wine?" "What would you have me do, madame?" was his lively answer. "'Tis my Muse who drinks all my wine!"

TO BE able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of great mind.

CONSOLATIONS console only those who are willing to be consoled.



A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.—"ONE OF THEM, A TALL, BURLY FELLOW, WITH AN EVIL LOOK, ADVANCED TOWARD HER, AND SHOOK HIS FIST IN HER FACE."

A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

AS SOON as the frost was out of the ground, and there was no danger of being storm-bound, Louis Stacy left his little home in Arkansas to go down the river with a boat-load of furs and skins.

He expected to bring back a supply of provisions for Spring and Summer use, as well as a tidy little sum of money as a reward for his labor during the Winter in trapping and hunting.

He left his wife and niece without even the shadow of a foreboding of harm coming to them during his absence; for, living as they did, twelve miles from the nearest town, and remote from the road taken by travelers and tramps, they had few visitors, and seldom saw a strange face; and then, too, both women were accustomed to the use of fire-arms, and Louis knew that they would not hesitate to employ them if necessary.

Just at this time a stranger was lying ill in the hunter's cabin—a young man who had accidentally shot himself while hunting in the woods, and to whom Louis had willingly given shelter and every attention.

Fever and delirium had followed Arthur Morris's accident, and he had been confined in the cabin six weeks, being now in a convalescent state. He said he was well off in this world's goods, and told Laura Stacy when he first met her that he wore a money-belt about his waist, and begged that it might remain there, no matter how ill he became.

Louis had been gone several days, and life had gone on as usual in the little cabin, which Mrs. Stacy and Laura had managed to make comfortable and home-like after much trouble and with many ingenious contrivances.

Much of Mrs. Stacy's time was spent with Arthur Morris, who grew restless and feverish if left alone. Laura, too, frequently read and talked to the invalid, unconscious that his handsome, worn face and dark eyes had caused a more tender feeling than compassion to find a place in her heart.

The cabin consisted of three rooms on the ground floor—a main room, used for cooking, eating and general purposes; a bedroom, and a small room used as a pantry.

Beneath was a deep cellar, where provisions were kept

in the Summer, and even in the Winter, for frost never entered the deep hole Louis Stacy had dug. Above was a loft, reached by a ladder from the pantry, and here the two women slept, giving their sick guest the pleasant room on the first floor.

It was nearly midnight of the fifth day of Louis's absence, when Laura was roused by hearing a noise at the door of the cabin. Not disturbing her aunt, who was sleeping heavily, worn out by watching with the invalid the previous night, the brave girl hastily threw on her clothes, and descended the ladder just as the door of the main room opened, and two men, in bare feet, entered, carrying a lantern.

They started a little at seeing Laura standing silent and motionless, with a lighted candle in her hand. One of them, a tall, burly fellow, with an evil look, advanced toward her, and shook his fist in her face.

"Speak one word above a whisper," he said, "and I will put a bullet through your brain," flourishing a huge revolver as he spoke.

Laura knew that if she disobeyed the command the threat would be carried into execution; and, recovering from her terror, she asked the men in an unfaltering voice what they wanted.

"We want that money-belt on the stranger you have here," was the reply, in a hoarse whisper. "We know all about it, so you needn't lie to us. Tell us where he is, and be quick about it."

"Surely you would not rob a sick man?" said Laura, trying to gain time and think what was best to do in this terrible emergency. "It would surely kill him to be roused in such a brutal manner."

"We won't give him any chance to speak," growled the man who held the lantern. "He'll never know what hurt him. Hurry up, girl, we're wasting time. Is he up loft?" Laura turned deathly pale.

In that terrible moment she realized how dear to her Arthur Morris had become, and she resolved to save his life even if she should have to sacrifice her own.

"This way, gentlemen," she said, softly; and she turned toward a door situated midway between the bedroom of the invalid and the pantry. She opened it a little way. "Do you hear him breathe?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," answered the ruffians; but it was the



A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.—"LAURA SPRANG BACK, AND THREW HERSELF WITH ALL HER FORCE UPON THE REAR MAN, AND THE NEXT INSTANT THERE WAS A HEAVY FALL."



A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.—"AS A SHARP REPORT WENT RINGING THROUGH THE CABIN, A DEEP GROAN AND THE SOUND OF A HEAVY FALL CAME FROM THE CELLAR."

heavy breathing of Mrs. Stacy in the loft above that they heard.

Laura threw the door wide open; it opened inward. The men saw a dark void and pressed eagerly forward, not even stopping to throw the light of their lantern on the place.

At this instant Laura sprang back, and threw herself with all her force upon the rear man; and the next instant there was a heavy fall, a crash of the broken lantern and a volley of oaths, for both men lay at the bottom of the cellar.

But the danger was not over by any means. Laura knew that the men would mount the ladder at once, and there was no way of fastening the door; and, if there had been, what lock would have withstood the power of two desperate border ruffians?

To rouse her aunt would be useless; she could give no assistance; and so Laura sprang to the fireplace and caught Louis's revolver from the rude mantel, while she offered a prayer for courage and strength.

She heard the deep curses of the villains as they searched for the ladder, and the next instant a head appeared above the threshold. The candle threw a faint light on the scene, but it was enough to enable Laura to see.

"Back!" she cried; but the order was not obeyed.

The robber raised his pistol, and Laura knew that unless she fired at once she was lost—Arthur too!

With these thoughts flashing through her mind, she leveled her deadly weapon at the man; and, as a sharp report went ringing through the cabin, a deep groan and the sound of a heavy fall came from the cellar.

But the creaking of the ladder showed that the other robber was about to dare his fate, and he appeared above the threshold, pistol in hand. But Laura was too quick for him. A second report rang through the cabin, and again came a groan and the sound of a heavy fall.

The brave girl, overcome at last, sank to the floor just as her aunt came rushing into the room, frightened almost out of her senses; and the door of Arthur's room opened, and he appeared, worn and ghost-like, to inquire the cause of the shots which had roused him from his sleep.

"Great heavens!" he cried, as he saw Laura crouching on the floor. "Are you hurt? Laura, my darling, speak to me! Are you injured?"

Perhaps in that moment of terror Arthur Morris's heart was revealed to him, and he knew he loved the niece of this Arkansas hunter.

"No, no," faltered the girl, rousing herself. "I am not hurt. But I shot two men in the cellar—and—and—"

But she could go no further, for her eyes closed and she lost consciousness.

Perhaps Arthur's kisses were more efficacious in restoring her than her aunt's dippers of cold water. But the faint was not a very long one, and she was soon able to tell the whole story of the assault.

Arthur's thanks were expressed as well as his emotion would permit; but the moisture of his dark-blue eyes and the changing of his countenance told more than any language could have done what he felt.

It was decided to leave the bodies in the cellar until morning; but at the first gray sign of day Laura mounted the rough little pony and started for the nearest town to ask help. Before the day was over the whole settlement knew of the attack, and officers reached the cabin by noon. They were shown the bodies, and at once pronounced them to be those of two men who had filled the country with alarm for years past, and had committed several hanging offenses.

It was long before Laura entirely recovered from the effects of her midnight adventure. Her nervous system had received a severe shock, and for weeks her dreams were haunted by the wicked faces of the dead villains, and she seemed to hear again their dying groans.

It was, therefore, only natural that Louis should give a ready consent to his niece's marriage as soon as Arthur's health was entirely restored.

So there was a quiet wedding in the cabin one day in the early Summer, and the girl, who had truly earned her right to her husband, set out with him on a journey to a comfortable home within the borders of civilization, where there was no danger of being murdered by border desperadoes.

MENTAL pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.



A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.—"GREAT HEAVENS!" HE CRIED, AS HE SAW LAURA CROUCHING ON THE FLOOR. "ARE YOU HURT? LAURA, MY DARLING, SPEAK TO ME!"

A SUMMER'S DAY.

It was a lovely day, a Summer's day—
A day when Nature seemed to sleep in peace,
And all around was peace. The feathered songsters
Warbled their hymns of praise and sweet content
To their Creator; while the gentle breeze
Dreamingly stirring in the tall tree-tops,
Sighing a sigh of peace in the long grass,
Bending with stately grace the golden corn,
Murmuring sweet nothings to the dainty rye,
Joined in the chorus ever and anon,
Then trembled into silence.

Suddenly,
The spell is rudely snapt; for, rushing on
With sharp, shrill scream, and loudly clanging bell,
We see the fiery monster with its freight,
Immense, of living souls. On, on it speeds
Until the last pale cloud of steam departs,
And once again the silence reigns supreme.
The sun, the glorious sun, is shining bright,
High in the heavens, and tinting all around
With his own golden glory; and afar,
Glinting like diamonds, radiant in the light,
Lies the clear sea, so calm, in such repose
That not a ripple stirs it. All is peace.

On rustic seat beneath yon spreading tree,
Two lovers sit in their unconscious bliss.
Surely the peace has entered their young hearts
On this glad Summer day. The man is one—
True, tender, loyal—such as women love;
And she, a fair young girl, in silent joy
And rosy happiness, doth list to hear
That which, perchance, her heart had known before.
Breathing in earnest words his tale of love,
He bends his head to hear her answering voice,
Then looks up satisfied. Her heart is won.

'Tis sad to know such peace may change to storms,
To know the sun must sometimes be obscured,
To know the tuneful birds will cease to sing,
To know that blessed love may change to hate.
Yet while the Summer sun, and love and peace
Are each and all our own, we will be glad,
Lifting a thankful heart to God who gives.
And when the storm shall come—as come it may—
May He to whom we turn in time of grief
Say to our sorrowing spirits, "Peace! be still."

THE STORY OF A LITTLE PIG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

He was the sweetest lamb—no, pig—that ever perished in infant bloom. As he lay on my kitchen table, white as milk from head to tail, his poor little pink eyes half open, and his tiny feet—let us say at once his pittitoes—stretched out as if in helpless submission to destiny, my heart melted. So did the hearts of all my women servants, who gathered round him, contemplating him with an air of mild melancholy.

"He does look so like a baby!" said one.

So he did—the duchess's baby in "Alice's Adventures," which is by turns an infant and a little pig.

"I don't think I could cook him," remarked the cook, a matronly and tender-hearted person, who had had a good deal to do with babies.

"And I'm sure I couldn't eat him," added, with dignity, the parlor-maid.

"We none of us could eat him," was the general chorus. And they all looked at me as if I were a sort of female Herod. Evidently they had never read Charles Lamb, and were unappreciative of their blessings.

As for me, I slowly took in the difficulties of the position, and as I gazed down on the martyred innocent lying

on the table—to quote a line from an old drama—I "knew how murderers feel."

Yet I was only an accessory after the fact. Thus it happened: A much-valued old friend, who is always ready to do a kindness to anybody, one day offered my husband a sucking-pig, which was refused and given to somebody else. Immediately afterward, I happened to say I was sorry for this, as I liked pig.

"Then," answered my friend, "you shall have one—the very next that arrives. I shall not forget. It is a promise."

Which, after an interval of several months, during which I myself had entirely forgotten it, was thus faithfully kept.

A special messenger brought the present to my door, with the injunction that he was to be cooked that day for dinner (the pig, not the messenger). And—there he lay! with the sympathetic domestic circle at once admiring and lamenting him.

I went out and gathered the collective opinion of the drawing-room. It was much the same as that of the kitchen. Several other members of the family protested that they "didn't care for pig," and one even went so far as to say that if poor piggie-wiggie appeared on the table, she should be obliged to dine out.

Was ever a luckless house-mother in such a quandary? What was I to do? Even though—in common with Elia—I must own to the soft impeachment!—even though I like pig, how could I have one cooked exclusively for my own eating? and, further, how could I eat him all up myself? And he required, like all sucking-pigs, to be cooked and eaten immediately.

Between the dread of annoying my whole family, or the kindly friend who had wished to give me pleasure, I was in despair, till a bright idea struck me. Near at hand was a household of mutual friends—a large household, who could easily consume even two pigs, and to whom my friend would, I knew, have been as glad to give pleasure as to myself.

"Pack the pig up again very carefully," said I, "and let him be taken at once to Eden Cottage. They are sure to enjoy him."

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

And a smile of relief overspread the countenances of my domestics, especially the cook, as piggie disappeared in great dignity, for, to save time, I sent him in the carriage. So he departed, followed by much admiration, but no regrets—save mine.

But I had reckoned without my host. Half an hour later, my parlor-maid presented herself with a long face.

"He has come back, ma'am."

"Who?"

"The little pig. They say they are very much obliged, but none of the family like pork."

"He is not pork," I cried, indignantly. A sweet, tender, lovely sucking-pig, embalmed in all classic memories, to call him common "pork!" It was profanity.

Still, nothing could be done, and the moments were flying. I turned to a benevolent lady visitor and told her my grief. She laughed, but sympathized.

"Will you take him?" I said, hopefully. "Indeed, he is a great beauty, and I am sorry to part with him, but if you would take him——"

"I don't think my brother cares for pig, but some of the rest might like it," answered the beniga woman.

"So, if you are quite sure you don't want him——"

"If I wanted him ever so, I couldn't keep him. Do take him. And I hope that at least your visitors will enjoy him."

Not until they had departed—little pig and all—did I recollect, and felt hot to the very end of my fingers, that to the remote ancestors of these, my dear and excellent friends, the ancestors of my little pig must have been the most obnoxious of food! But when one has "put one's foot into it," the best thing is to let it stop there, without any attempt to draw it out. So I rested content. My pig was safely disposed of.

At his usual hour my husband entered, looking pleased and amused.

"So you've got your little pig at last. M—— was so delighted about it, and so kind. It was kept on purpose for you, till we came home from the north. He put it in his carriage, drove to town with it himself, and sent it by messenger in full time to be cooked for dinner to-day. And the last word he said to me was, 'Now be sure there's plenty of apple-sauce, and tell me to-morrow morning how you all liked your pig.'"

I listened in blank dismay. Then I told the whole story.

My husband's countenance was a sight to behold.

"Given him away! Given away your little pig! What will M—— say, after all his kindness and the trouble he took! How shall I ever face him to-morrow morning!"

In truth, it was a most perplexing position.

"There is only one thing to be done," said my husband, decisively. "You must send and fetch the pig back immediately."

I explained with great contrition that this was difficult, if not impossible, as he was probably just then in the very act of being roasted, six miles off.

"But we must have him, somehow or other. We must eat him—or at least be able to say we have eaten him. M—— will be so disappointed—quite hurt in his feelings—and no wonder. How could you do such a thing?"

I felt very guilty; but still if I had had to do it all over again, I did not see I could have done differently. And the pig was safe to be eaten and enjoyed—by somebody.

"But not by you; which was what M—— wished. Couldn't you manage it somehow? Why not invite yourself to dine with your friends—and the pig?"

Alas! it was, as I had said, six miles off, and there was only half an hour to spare, and we had a houseful of friends ourselves that day.

"But the day after? Couldn't we drive over, fetch him back—at least what remains of him—and eat him cold the day after?"

This was too bright an idea to lose. But still one difficulty remained. What was to be said to our kindly friend when he asked "How we had enjoyed our pig?" to-morrow morning.

"I declare, I don't know how to face him," said my husband, mournfully. "After all his kindness, and the trouble he took, and the pleasure he had in pleasing you. The first question he is sure to ask is, 'How did your wife like her pig?' What in the world am I to say to him?"

Crushed with remorse, I yet suggested that "the plain truth," as people call it, is usually found not only the right thing but the most convenient. However, this merely feminine wisdom was negatived by the higher powers, and it was agreed that our donor should only be told that the pig was not to be eaten till to-morrow; on which to-morrow we should drive over and fetch what remained of him, so as to be able to say, with accuracy, that we had eaten him and found him good.

This was accordingly done. The fatal moment passed

—how, I did not venture to inquire—my husband reappeared at home, and we took a pleasant drive, and presented ourselves for afternoon tea at our friends' house. They were too hospitable to look surprised or to wonder what we had come for.

After a few minutes' polite conversation, we looked at one another to see which should make the confession and put the request.

"The—little pig?" said I at last, in great humility.

"Oh, the little pig has been cooked and eaten. He turned out a great success. Some of the family enjoyed him immensely."

"Then—is he quite finished?" I asked, with meek despondency.

"I will ring and inquire. No, I think there is a fragment left of him, because my brother thought you ought to be asked to dinner to-day to eat it."

"Well, if I might take it home with me, were it only a few mouthfuls. We have a special reason. My husband will explain."

Which he did, pouring out the whole story of my sins—first, in being so foolish as to say I liked pig, then in accepting it, and lastly in giving it away.

"And if you had seen how pleased M—— was, and the trouble he took about it all," was always the burden of the story, till I felt as if I never could lift my head again.

But my friends only saw the comic phase of the thing. They burst into a chorus of laughter.

"It is as good as a play. You ought to write a second 'Essay on Roast Pig,' to transcend Elia's. Comfort yourself. You shall still have your pig, or, at least, what is left of him."

She rang the bell, and gave her orders to the politely astonished footman, who, after a few minutes, brought back a most Medea-like message.

"Please, ma'am, cook says there's his head left, and one of his legs, and a small portion of him still remains uncooked, if the lady would like to take that home—"

"No, no, no," said my husband, hastily. "The least little bit will do—a mere fragment, just to enable her to say she has eaten it. She likes it; she was once heard to say that a little pig tasted exactly like a baby!"

Under the shout of laughter which followed this unlucky communication (which was, alas! quite true), I made my retreat. But just as I was getting into the carriage, one of the family came running hastily out.

"Stop a minute; you have forgotten something. You have left behind you your little pig."

What a narrow escape! Not until the basket was safely deposited at my feet did I feel that I had conquered fate, gained my end—and my pig; and, what was the most important element in the matter, had avoided wounding the feelings of my friend.

So we ate him—the pig, I mean—at least one of his members. Very delicious he was, fully justifying Elia's commendation of him, or rather of his race. He was also fully appreciated by a mutual friend of the donor and ourselves, who happened to dine with us that day, and upon whom we impressed the necessity of stating publicly that she had eaten this identical pig in our house.

Peace to his manes! Let him not perish unchronicled, for he was a beauty; but let his history be recorded here—a story without a plot, or a purpose, or a moral. Except, perhaps, the trite one, that truth is best. How much or how little of it has reached my friend I know not, but when he reads this in print, perhaps he will feel gratified to know that his kindly gift was not altogether thrown away.



TEAR AND SMILE.

By JOSEPH DAWSON.

"WHAT are you?" said a tear,
 To a smile playing near.
 "With a flickering shimmer,
 You transiently glimmer
 On the meaningless features of mirth;
 But you nothing express
 Of the anguish and stress
 That make up man's portion on earth."

"You are rather severe,"
 Said the smile to the tear.
 "For as day, to shine bright,
 Needs a background of night,
 So grief must be bordered with gladness;
 And the light of a smile,
 More than once in a while,
 Helps a tear to unbosom its sadness."



THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF CLAIRVILLE. — "SURELY NO MORE CHARMING PICTURE COULD BE IMAGINED, THAN THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL, WHO LOOKED UP WITH A BRIGHT SMILE AS GEORGE STOOD TRANSFIXED IN THE ENTRANCE."

THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF CLAIRVILLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

The agent, having established himself upon such excellent terms with that champion of virtue, Madame Modeste Gigot, advanced boldly to the attack.

"Madame," he said, in a solemn voice, "before I ask you any questions, I consider it my duty to reveal to you the melancholy history of my unfortunate friend—the most trustful of men and the most confiding of husbands. My friend remained unmarried until he had reached quite an advanced age, and then, without any notice to his relatives, he contracted a marriage with a lady very much his junior, whose only dower was her good looks, of which, alas! for her unfortunate husband, she possessed by far too large a share. Suddenly raised to wealth, subjected to the adulations and courtship of the great world, she, alas! wandered from the paths of virtue."

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The agent here heaved a sigh peculiarly mournful, whilst Madame Gigot vainly endeavored to twist her features into a sympathetic shape, and abstractedly filled and emptied her glass.

"In spite of the hints given him, my credulous friend did not believe any of the stories about his young wife until her conduct became so reprehensible that he could no longer blind himself to it. It was then he came to me, and said: 'Laurent' (my name is Laurent Lacoste, madame), 'you, my dear friend, are acquainted with all the wiles of the world. To you I confide my honor. You have heard the charges against my Caroline; you shall investigate them, and tell me whether I am the most miserable of men, or she the most injured and defamed of women.'"

Trochard heaved another sigh, which was really one of relief at having gotten through the miseries of his fictitious friend, and Madame Modeste seized on the opportunity to offer another libation to Bacchus.

"My friend," continued the agent, "then placed in my hands an anonymous letter, which charged his wife with having clandestine meetings with her lover, and gave as their place of rendezvous this very house. And now, madame, I trust you will feel yourself authorized to violate the sanctity of your lodgers' secrets for the purpose of assisting my unhappy friend."

"Of a certainty, monsieur, this *décasse* of a wife deserves to be trounced, and if she is a lodger in this house, do you see, I will give her a piece of my mind the first time I catch her. But, monsieur, how can she be a lodger of this place? You said nothing of her separating from monsieur her husband?"

"That is it, madame," replied Trochard. "She does not lodge here, but only comes occasionally. So the letter says."

"*Tête de Dieu!* You mean my mysterious lodger of the first floor?"

"Perhaps, madame. The lady—so it is said—comes here deeply veiled and dressed plainly in black. She is, however, a blonde, with large blue eyes, very handsome, and would be noticeable anywhere for the elegance of her figure."

"*Dame!*" but it is this very lady who is fretting me now; for, you see, monsieur, it has now been two months since I have seen or heard anything of her, and, will you believe me, never a week passed but the lady was here—always in black, and veiled so close—so close that, *ma foi!* I could never see so much as the tip of her chin. The apartments are paid for to the end of the year. But two months—that is a long time!—I was, really, going to see the Commissaire of Police."

"Madame's story agrees with the anonymous letter—but you will kindly tell me the whole history of the veiled lady."

"That is soon done, monsieur. I am sitting one day in my *loge*—just as when monsieur knocked this morning; I hear a tap, tap at my door; I arise and open it, and what do I see? A gentleman—no, I should say a sort of clerk. Fancy to yourself, monsieur, a tall man, plainly dressed, with blue spectacles, and hair red—oh, *mon Dieu!* as red as the devil! I said to myself, 'A lawyer's clerk with a summons for one of my lodgers.' But no; the blue spectacles speak—oh! so politely: 'There are apartments to rent in this house?' I answer, 'Yes; the first floor,' and tell the price—five thousand francs; that beast of a landlord must have six months in advance. The lawyer's clerk assents at once; he desires the apartments for one of his patron's clients, a rich widow; madame would not occupy the room, but would come at certain intervals; the porter would be employed to take care of the chambers, which would be twenty francs per month. Was I authorized to receive the money, and when could his client take possession? I answer yes, the lady can take possession of the rooms at once, and admit that our screw of a landlord considered me a safe custodian of his twenty-five hundred francs. And then upon crack! my friend with the spectacles pulls out a fistful of one thousand franc notes, and pays me the six months' rent and my twenty francs; makes me a polite bow, and is off like that," and madame finishes her glass of wine at a draught, and winked knowingly at Le Renard as she resumed: "The next day, monsieur, about ten o'clock, comes a string of wagons with furniture, carpets, etc. *Fine—oh! so fine!* Fit for a countess. Of course, I

asked the man from whence it came, and for answer all that they know is that my blue-spectacled monsieur purchased the furniture, which is to be placed in the first-floor apartments. This is done, and the suite is a veritable *bijou*. Of course, I expect madame; but no, the day passes, and then another, and another. I grow wildly curious. At last one day comes a lady, plainly dressed in black, as it might be a *bourgeoise*, and veiled so closely I cannot even see the color of her hair. 'Madame,' she said, politely, in a fine voice, 'the first floor, if you please.' I ask if she is the new occupant of the first floor, and she answers Yes, and produces my receipt, which she holds toward me with a hand, *mon Dieu!* so small I know at once she must be a *grande dame*, although the little hand is covered with a plain black glove. I show the lady up the stairs, and open the apartment. She enters, thanks me, and slap! she shuts the door, and I hear the bolt on the inside. I go down-stairs and wait. 'Modeste Gigot,' I say to myself, 'a lady with a figure like that does not come to 201 to hide herself from the world. Wait a bit, and you will see a *beau garçon* make his appearance.'"

"And you waited," exclaimed the detective, "and—"

"Will you believe me, monsieur? I wait and wait, but no *beau garçon*. Comes evening, and all of a sudden my lady comes down the stairs, hands me the key, thanks me in a sweet voice, and is gone all in a moment."

Trochard looked properly astonished, and Mère Gigot went on again:

"Days, and then one morning a postman brings me a letter, a real lady's letter, smelling so sweet—so sweet I opened it; it is from my lodger of the first floor. She will occupy the rooms the next day, and I am to have the *déjeuner* which will come in the morning arranged on the table in the drawing-room. All written in a handwriting like a book, and signed C. I brush up the salon and other rooms, and the next morning comes a magnificent *déjeuner*. The *garçons*, what do they know? Why, only that the *déjeuner* for my first floor was ordered by monsieur with the blue spectacles and red hair. I show the way to the dining-room—they arrange the dishes and depart. One hour after, again my veiled lady just as before, not a hair to be seen, I conduct her up-stairs, open the door, and she enters, thanks me, and again the door is shut in my face. This time I say to myself, the *beau garçon* surely comes; but wait a bit, monsieur, as before the day goes by and not so much as a boy for the first floor. Evening comes, and the pantomime goes on as before, the veiled lady descends the stairs, hands me the key, and is gone like a flash. Two hours afterward the *garçons* come and remove the dishes, and that is the end. And now, monsieur, what will you say when I tell you it has been like that ever since? For the past year once a week the veiled lady has come and spent a day in the rooms, always sending word in advance by letter, and during all that time, not a soul to visit her."

"And do you tell me, madame, she spends the day all alone in those rooms?"

"On the honor of Modeste Gigot, I assure you, monsieur, I have never seen so much as a mouse enter those rooms on the first floor."

"But during your absence some one might slip in."

"I am never absent; and then my lady always left the key with me on leaving the house, and I always find the doors of the first floor locked."

It was with extreme difficulty that Trochard could suppress his astonishment; he was perfectly satisfied—indeed there could be no doubt—that this veiled lady of 201 was Madame de Clairville; but what could be her motive for isolating herself from the world, and shutting herself up

alone in this house? Who was the man with blue spectacles, and what did the countess do in the solitude of those chambers? The mystery was becoming more puzzling than ever.

"Madame," he said, at length, to Dame Modeste, "you have the key to the apartments of the first floor; would it be indiscreet to ask to be allowed to view the interior?" and while speaking he slipped a twenty-franc piece in her hand.

"Oh! with such a gentleman as monsieur nothing could be refused. Would he be so kind as to follow her?" and, taking down a key from the wall, she led the way up the stairs to the mysterious apartments.

The door by which they entered gave them admission to the first of the suite, which was furnished as an ante-chamber, everything in the best taste and lavish richness. This room opened into a *salon*, which would have done no discredit to the Chateau de Clairville itself. A magnificent carpet covered the floor; the walls were hung with handsome paintings and mirrors; chairs and tables of the most elegant form were scattered about the room; *Sèvres* vases and *jardinières*, filled with artificial flowers, gave an additional brilliancy to the *coup d'œil*. Two doors hung with crimson brocade *portières* opened from the *salon*, one into a drawing-room and the other into the bed-chamber. This latter was furnished in carved walnut, upholstered with blue; the dining-room was on a par with the other portions of the suite, and beyond this was a small room which formed the last of the apartments, and was intended for a kitchen; it was, however, unfurnished. Two closets, which formed the rear wall of the building, extended its entire length.

Trochard passed from one room to the other, attentively scrutinizing everything, and even opening the drawers and other receptacles to see what might be their contents. There was literally nothing; the furniture was evidently for decorative purposes alone, the armoire was empty, the bureau the same, and, in short, there was not the least evidence that any one inhabited the rooms, not even a book or paper being visible. After a careful survey they returned to the *salon*.

Trochard was considerably depressed at the small amount of information afforded by these rooms, in which he had hoped to discover some trace of the mysterious lover of Madame de Clairville. He seated himself on one of the chairs and remained silent for some time.

Madame Gigot broke in on his reflections:

"You see, monsieur, it is as I told you; there is nothing here except when the lady brings herself."

"And do you mean to tell me," said Trochard, sternly, "that this lady, when she occupied these rooms, was entirely alone?" He fixed his eyes upon Dame Modeste, and studied her closely.

"That is as it may be, monsieur. I say that no one came in through the door."

"But there is no other way to enter?" broke in the agent.

"And yet, monsieur, shall I tell you something strange? This lady, so fine and graceful, you would suppose a butterfly might satisfy her appetite—and yet, *grâce à Dieu*! she would devour enough for three; and more than this, I found one day something very strange in this apartment." The detective became all attention, and his evident interest stimulated the portress, who continued: "I told you, monsieur, this lady was always plainly dressed and veiled; and I tell you now I never saw her with even so much as a paper parcel in her little hands. And yet, *non de non*! I found on that very table there," and Modeste pointed to a small inlaid table in the corner, "I

found—what do you think? A man's—glove!" The detective sprang to his feet in a moment.

"Then there is another entrance to these rooms?" he exclaimed.

"But that is impossible, monsieur. The suite runs the entire length of the house, and the back of this house touches the rear of the houses fronting on Rue de Montmorenci."

Scarcely listening to these words, Trochard made his way through the *salle à manger* into the empty room which formed the last of the apartments of the suite; he walked immediately to the closets at the back of the room, and examined them closely; they were furnished with patent locks, and there was no sign of the keys. However, on investigation, the one on the right was found unlocked, and upon examination was discovered to be as empty as the furniture in the other apartments; it was furnished with shelves from top to bottom. The one on the left was, however, closely fastened. Trochard placed his shoulder against it and endeavored to force the door open, which, however, he was unable to do; therefore begged Madame Gigot to procure a hatchet, or some instrument with which to force it, which she, her curiosity being now excited, willingly went in search of, and soon returned with a hatchet and chisel.

The police agent had opened too many doors in his life not to be an adept in such work. He placed the chisel over the half of the lock, and striking several violent blows, the fastening at last gave way, and the door flew open.

Trochard uttered a loud exclamation of delight, which was re-echoed by one of astonishment by Madame Gigot. This time their investigations had been crowned with complete success. At the back of the closet was the brick wall of the house, and in this an opening was visible, sufficient for the passage of a man; this aperture had been roughly made, and the bricks which had been taken from the hole were piled up on each side of the closet; beyond this opening Trochard felt certain there must be some apartment in the house fronting on the Rue de Montmorenci. He crept through, and found himself in a closet almost similar to that of 201. He tried the door, and finding it bolted, he returned through the opening, and rejoined the excited Madame Modeste, who cried:

"Ah, *mon Dieu*! who would have thought it? Oh, the jade! and under my very nose, too! Look you, monsieur; this is upon my honor. And with a voice so sweet and such pretty little hands. Your friend, monsieur, is a most unfortunate man."

Trochard paid but little attention to these words, but hurriedly retraced his steps through the apartments, and having induced Madame Gigot to descend to the porter's lodge, he prepared to take his departure, bidding her remember that this was a matter requiring the nicest secrecy, and that her attention to the wishes of his friend would be well rewarded; that for the present it was best to say nothing about the first floor, as the rent was paid to the end of the year, by which time the whole affair would be settled; and he strengthened this warning by another twenty-franc piece.

"Ah, monsieur," exclaimed Madame Modeste, "your friend can rely upon me. Not a word shall any one know. But, oh! to think of such wickedness in any one with so handsome a figure! The sly creature, too. Go along, then—"

Le Renard did not remain to hear the conclusion of her remarks, but hurried away, eager to press his discovery to a conclusion, which could only be done by a visit to the house in Rue Montmorenci.

He was soon there, and this time, finding the custodian of the house a middle-aged man and of intelligent appearance, he did not delay matters, but exhibiting his card, announced his true character.

The man was considerably alarmed upon being informed that his visitor was from the Prefecture of Police; but on being assured that the answering of a few questions was all that would be demanded of him, became docile and submissive at once, and without any hesitation conducted his visitor to the first floor.

The house was different in its internal arrangements from 201. There was a hall at the head of the stairs on which a number of apartments opened. Trochard walked directly to the one at the back of the building, and asked who occupied this apartment, at the same time trying the lock, which he found fastened.

"A very quiet person," responded the porter—"a clerk of some sort. He does not reside here regularly, but brings his work every week, and spends the day in his room."

"And the appearance of this clerk?"

"He is a tall, slender young man, dresses very plainly, wears blue spectacles, and has red hair."

This description entirely identified the lodger as the man who furnished the rooms for Madame de Clairville, and who was, as Trochard believed, the lover of the beautiful countess.

It was now to be seen whether the porter could furnish any information that would enable him to trace the mysterious stranger with blue spectacles.

He first demanded of the porter if he had the key of the apartment, and receiving an affirmative answer, dispatched him in quest of it.

The man soon returned, and the door was opened. The room was plainly furnished. A small bedstead, table and chest-of-drawers and several chairs constituted the outfit. The floor was carpeted, and at the back of the room Trochard saw with delight the door of a closet which he knew to be the one opening into the room which had been occupied by the murdered countess. This door, like that in 201, was furnished with a patent lock, and upon examination was found to be securely fastened.

"Monsieur," the agent said, addressing himself to the porter, "tell me all you know of the gentleman occupying this room. When did you see him last?"

"It has been a long time, monsieur—quite two months."

"But did not this seem strange to you?"

"No, sir. The rent is paid to the end of the year, and, as I told you, the gentleman did not occupy the room regularly."

"When did he first come here?"

"It was about a year ago. He examined the apartment, which was furnished as you see, and engaged it, paying a half year in advance. He came pretty regularly for two or three days, bringing a large bundle of papers, and spent three days in his room alone. After that he came only once or twice a week. He always left the key of the apartment with me, and that is why I know how often he came."

"Was that lock on the closet-door when he rented the apartment?"

"No, monsieur. The gentleman placed it there to make the closet a place of security for his papers."

"Is that all you know?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"How did the gentleman arrive—on foot or in a fiacre?"

"Always on foot, monsieur."

"And you never were curious enough to attempt to discover from whence he came, or where he went, or what was his business or name?"

"No, monsieur," responded the porter; "I never meddle with the affairs of persons residing in this house."

"*Diable!*" thought the agent. "I shall certainly get no more information out of this man, which is unlucky; for how am I to discover this infernal blue spectacles, unless I examine every man in Paris? *Tête de Dieu!* this is altogether the most mixed-up, tangled affair I ever had to do with. No sooner do I seem to have hold of the thread than poof! it is gone like a puff of smoke. I am no better than Inspector Robelot, and, if I had my deserts, I should be sent down to some quiet suburban village where there are no blue-spectacle men to bother me to death, and no Justines to drive me crazy; and, *apropos* of the pretty brunette, I must go and find Douglass, to inform him of the Count de Clairville's residence."

Having instructed the porter to maintain the utmost secrecy, he left him, and hailing a cab, was driven to the apartments of the young Englishman, which were situated in Rue de Lafayette. On inquiring, he was informed that George Douglass had gone out to call upon Madame d'Auvergne, this being the euphonious title that Justine had adopted upon her accession to fortune.

The day had by this time begun to wane, and the detective concluded that he might follow his ally without being deemed indiscreet in his visit; but on reaching the house in Avenue d'Eylan, he ascertained that Justine and George were driving in the Bois. This was the duty assigned to Douglass, who had promised to watch the brunette.

Trochard was just leaving when he remembered the *mouchard*, and upon looking around, easily recognized the man who was leaning against a house on the opposite side of the way.

Dismissing his vehicle, he walked down the street, and in passing the spy, made him a sign to follow. When he had turned the corner he waited to allow the man to catch up to him, and on his approaching, called out:

"Well, Jean, what success?"

"Almost nothing, monsieur. It is as dull as the deuce. No one has called at the house but the butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, all of them persons well known in the neighborhood. A few moments ago a young gentleman, a blonde—"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted the agent. "And who has left the house?"

"Absolutely no one until Madame d'Auvergne and the blonde monsieur. They went off in a phaeton."

"And you are perfectly certain no one else called at the house?"

"Perfectly sure, monsieur. Ah, *diable!* there was one other; but he was only a clerk or broker's man, and merely rang the bell."

"Well, Jean, that will do. Keep a good lookout, and endeavor to become acquainted with the servants. *À revoir.*"

The man started back to his post of observation, but Le Renard hailed him.

"By-the-by, Jean, what did your broker's clerk look like?"

"Well, nothing much, monsieur. He was slender, tall, and plainly dressed, red hair, and blue spectacles."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GEORGE DOUGLASS, upon returning from his drive with Justine, hastened to his own apartments, where he hoped either to meet Trochard or receive the desired address of

the Count de Clairville, for the agent had informed his ally of the presence of the count in Paris, and had promised to obtain his permission for Douglass to visit him. George a perfect catechising on the subject of the visit to Clairville, and had even hazarded some questions with regard to his opinion upon the murder. He was satisfied now that



A DREAM OF FAIR VENICE.

was the more anxious since he felt he had some news to communicate; his drive with the brunette had not been entirely barren of results. Justine had put him through

Trochard was correct in his impressions that the young woman possessed some knowledge of the author of the crime, or some information which she wished to keep

hidden, and that the clew to all this was to be found at the chateau; this alone could explain her anxiety to visit that place, an anxiety which he could not but remark.

Revolving these thoughts in his mind, he made his way as rapidly as possible to Rue de Lafayette. The porter called out to him that some one was awaiting him in the *salon*, but the young man was too much preoccupied to pay attention to his words. Bounding up the stairs, he reached his rooms, which were situated on the first floor, and threw open the door.

The sight which met his eyes drew from him a loud exclamation of astonishment.

The room was handsomely furnished, but in a style that indicated at one glance the sex of its occupant.

Upon its walls were fastened a collection of arms, whose strange and uncouth form showed them to be the product of the savage tribes of the New World. Bows made of the horn of the buffalo, sheafs of arrows in quivers constructed out of the skins of the rattlesnake, lances decorated with tassels of horse-hair, tomahawks, long Indian pipes, and in short, an arsenal of barbaric trophies, beautifully dressed skins of the Mexican lion and the jaguar, and the furs of the seal and otter were strewn on the floor. The tables were covered with curious specimens of Indian pottery, strange minerals, and, in fact, as heterogeneous a collection of articles as could well be imagined.

Amongst all these savage surroundings, seated in a large armchair, the favorite resting-place of the young man, was the visitor whom the porter had endeavored to announce. What a contrast did she present to her grotesque surroundings! Surely no more charming picture could be imagined, even in the wildest dreams of an artistic mind, than the beautiful girl, who looked up with a bright smile as George stood transfixed in the entrance.

She was a blonde, with soft curly hair of a pure golden hue; her face was as rounded as that of a child, with a complexion which resembled the delicate whiteness of the magnolia; the eyes were of the color of the Parma violet, but possessed a depth and softness not usually to be met with in blue eyes; the pure whiteness of her cheeks made the vivid scarlet of her lips more dazzling by the contrast; the nose was straight and perfectly chiseled; the entire face was one that no man could have looked upon without its making his heart beat more rapidly with the grateful sense of thankfulness that God should have created such a beautiful creature.

The young girl—for her slender form would have at once convinced an observer that she was just entering on womanhood—was handsomely dressed in a frock of dark-blue serge, which fitted her to perfection. A pair of tiny feet in dainty black leather shoes and scarlet stockings were supported on a low chair placed in front of her. Two little white hands were holding a large black portfolio of designs that she supported on her knees.

"Well, upon my word," cried Douglass, his face reflecting the smile of his lovely visitor—"well, upon my word, am I awake or dreaming? It can't possibly be you, Ellinor?"

"Who else should it be?" cried the beauty, with a melodious laugh.

"But where in the world did you come from, and what brought you to Paris? I thought you and Aunt Agnes were safely housed at the old place?"

"Well, you see, my dear fellow," replied the young lady, "Aunt Agnes was advised to come to the south of France for the Winter. Her health has not by any means been good for some time, and then she is worried a great deal about you, you wicked boy, until finally I told her that the only way to convince herself that her bad penny

was safe was to come and look for it. Besides, dear George, I want to have a run in Paris, and I expect you to be as devoted as possible, and take me everywhere."

"And pray how did you find this place, and who brought you here?"

"No one, my dear. I had your address, and I slipped away this evening, when auntie was dozing, and had myself driven here. What a queer old den it is! I say, George, one might suppose you were another Humboldt, or one of those old chaps who go poking around into strange places, finding out things no one cares anything about, and writing musty books no one reads."

"Hello!" said the young man, "is this the way they raise young girls now in England, to make fun of the great intellects of the age, and go scurrying around Paris; coming alone and unprotected to gentlemen's rooms, taking possession of their favorite armchairs and reading their books, all with not so much as 'by your leave'?"

"Oh, bother! if a girl can't come to see her brother what can she do? And as for an escort, what is a lone young female to do in a big city, where she knows no one except a worthless brother, who don't take the trouble to keep himself informed of her whereabouts?"

"Well, well, my dear, you know how glad I must be to see you, so now give me a fraternal kiss, and let's make it up."

The young lady complied with the invitation, and after bestowing a number of affectionate kisses and hugs, made George take the armchair, and placing herself on an ottoman by his side, she hastened to reply to his questions with regard to herself and aunt, and all the other friends in England.

"But look here, George," she said, after a while, "you haven't told me yet what has kept you in Paris, when you should have been back at Rosehill long ago."

"My dear," he said, "it is a long and painful story. One of my friend's has been in great trouble; I don't know whether I have mentioned his name in my letters; he is the Count de Clairville."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, "you said little about the count, but a great deal about the countess, her beautiful golden hair, blue eyes, and I don't know what all."

"Well, my dear Ellinor," continued the young man, "the poor woman is no more; she was murdered some three months ago, and I wonder you should not have heard anything about it, for the papers at the time were full of the affair."

"Oh! how shocking! Do tell me all about it, for I assure you I have not heard a word. Who killed the poor woman?"

"It is a sad story, my dear. The police have not as yet been able to find the murderer. The crime was first charged against the husband, and my unfortunate friend, Charles de Clairville, was subjected to all the ignominy and suffering of an imprisonment and trial."

"Oh, George, how dreadful! And the unhappy man was innocent?"

"As innocent as I, for I must tell you, Ellinor, I was residing at the chateau when the murder took place, and I don't believe I shall ever forget the appearance of the poor countess. It is a very painful subject, and one I do not like to talk about."

"But where is the Count de Clairville now?"

"That is what I hoped to have learned when I came here this evening; but instead of my expected visitor, what do I find? A runaway girl, who leaves her poor aunt dozing, and goes gadding about as if there was no such thing as social restrictions."

"Ah, bother! If you start to preach, I shall run away

indeed, and leave you, for you will be worse than Aunt Agnes."

And the young girl smiled saucily and started up as if to leave the apartment.

"Well, go if you wish, my dear—only remember it is growing dark, and that there are ogres in the streets of Paris who devour just such bad girls as you."

"But, really, my dear George, it is, indeed, time I were going."

"And I suppose I will have to take the wicked child home for punishment." He rose, and passing his arm around her waist, drew her to him, and in spite of some pretended struggles, covered her pretty little mouth with kisses. "But you never told me," he exclaimed, "where you and Aunt Agnes were stopping."

"We are at the Grand Hotel," she said, nestling her lovely head against his shoulder, and pulling his whiskers with her tiny white hand; "and now, you great big fellow, you must take me there just as soon as possible, for—"

Her words were suddenly interrupted by footsteps which rapidly ascended the stairs; the door was thrown open, and Trochard entered the apartment, his whole appearance indicating the greatest excitement.

He started with surprise at the sight of the young lady, and controlling himself by an effort, said:

"Excuse me, monsieur. I fear I have arrived inopportunistically. I will withdraw, and call again."

"No, no, Monsieur Trochard; this is my sister, who has just arrived in Paris. If you will allow me to see her to the hotel, I will rejoin you immediately."

The agent bowed, and Ellinor Douglass, having put on her hat and gloves, the brother and sister withdrew, leaving the tormented Trochard to a solitude peopled by mysterious phantoms, all with bright-red hair and blue spectacles.

When Douglass returned, having seen his sister safely under the protection of his aunt, the detective hastened to relate the result of the day's investigations.

George was, of course, greatly astonished and shocked at the revelation of the countess's duplicity. He agreed with Trochard that the blue spectacles must be closely connected with the crime, and that his presence at Justine's house removed all doubt as to the girl's knowledge of the affair.

"It seems to me all we can do now," he said, "is to watch Justine closely."

"This is my idea," cried the agent: "we must find out why the girl is so anxious to go to Clairville. The solution of the mystery is there. I propose to call at the brunette's this very evening, and endeavor to hurry forward preparations for the *fête* at the chateau. In the meanwhile, I will give you the address of Count de Clairville, who has consented to see you, and anxiously awaits your coming. I want you to sound him, and see if it will be possible to reveal to him the discoveries we have made about the countess."

"I will set off at once," cried the young man. "Poor De Clairville must be perfectly miserable!"

"I will meet you at Justine's after twelve, then," replied Renard. "*Au revoir*," and leaving the room, he descended to the street.

George found De Clairville alone in his apartments, anxiously awaiting the arrival of his expected visitor. The pleasure he experienced at meeting the young Englishman was tempered by the sadness produced by the sight of one who had been an inmate of the chateau at the time of the terrible tragedy which cast such a blight upon his life.

He warmly pressed the offered hand of the young man, and assured him how dear was this sympathy at a time when he was so friendless and miserable.

"Not friendless as long as I can be of any assistance," replied George. "But there is your sister, Mademoiselle Marguerite—I mean Madame Savart—surely she has not deserted you, my dear friend?"

"Monsieur Trochard has strictly forbidden me to reveal myself to Marguerite, and one of my greatest regrets is to be in Paris and yet ignorant of my sister's present condition. Oh! it seems too cruel to deceive one who loves me as dearly as Marguerite does."

"Why on earth should Trochard prohibit you from seeing madame?"

"I do not know; but I feel that I cannot obey him. I will not bear the suspense. I must hear from Marguerite or I shall go mad."

"Wait, my dear friend," exclaimed Douglass. "I have an idea which may enable us to ascertain the news you wish without imperiling the safety of Trochard's plan." The count looked up, interrogatively. "You must know, my dear De Clairville, that on going to my chamber this evening, I found, to my astonishment, my rooms in possession of a young lady—my sister Ellinor, just arrived from England, with my aunt, Lady Agnes Graham. Ellinor insists on remaining some time in Paris before leaving for the South of France, where my aunt is to winter. My idea is this: I will introduce Ellinor to your sister, and she shall find out whether you can reveal your presence in safety. Ellinor is as sharp a little devil as you ever met, and will manage the whole thing to perfection. Are you willing that I should speak to her about it?"

"Oh! my dear friend, you remove a load from my heart. I willingly agree to what you propose, and shall be a thousand times obliged to your sister."

"Then I must take you to the Grand Hotel, and present you to my aunt."

The conversation now reverted to the past. George labored assiduously to prepare the count's mind for the news that Trochard had desired him to communicate, and at length the terrible discoveries in the house No. 201 Rue Michel were revealed. Charles was for a time entirely overcome by the shocking revelation. The young man did all in his power to console him, and when he left the house to keep his appointment with Trochard, had the satisfaction of seeing that his friend had somewhat recovered from the force of the blow sustained in the knowledge of the falseness of his wife.

Although it was past midnight when we reached Justine's house, George found that his friend had not arrived. The charming brunette was alone, and received him with the greatest affability. About a half hour after, Mr. Jules Lacour made his appearance, shook hands with Mademoiselle Justine, and excused himself for interrupting their *tête-à-tête*.

"You see, mademoiselle, I could not control my desire to find out whether you remembered your promise with regard to the *fête* at the Chateau de Clairville, and the more since it is likely that business of importance may take me from France at an early day."

"Oh, monsieur," cried Justine, "I should be broken-hearted if our party failed. I will see Fifine and the other girls immediately, and you can trust me for an early day."

Having thus accomplished his mission, Trochard led the conversation to general topics, and after remaining an hour or two, the two conspirators made their bow and withdrew.

CHAPTER XIX.

At three o'clock next day Jules Trochard was seated in his office at the Prefecture, engaged in the examination of a number of papers. These were the replies to letters he had addressed to the different legal authorities throughout France, for the purpose of ascertaining if the statement of Justine in regard to her having inherited money from a distant relative was true. The response in every case was in the negative, and he was just finishing the perusal of the last document when he heard the sound of footsteps rapidly ascending the stairs, and Jean, the *mouchard*, who was charged with the surveillance of the waiting woman, abruptly entered the room.

"What is wrong, man? Speak out!" cried Renard, springing to his feet. "Have you seen the man with blue spectacles?"

"No, monsieur; I don't know that anything has happened, but something has occurred which seemed to me strange."

"Sit down there, Jean, and speak out," said the agent, resuming his seat.

The man took a chair, and drawing it near the desk, sat down and began:

"You see, monsieur, I went on duty this morning, and watched that house as close as the devil, but no chance could I get for a word with any of the servants. Well, I waited, and about twelve what did I see?—a woman came out of the house, plainly dressed in black, with a dark bonnet and a thick veil—so thick that I could not see her face. However, accident assisted me. Just as she left the door, near which I was standing, a puff of wind blew the veil to one side, and I recognized Madame d'Auvergne. She seemed greatly vexed at this exposure of her countenance, and quickly replacing the covering, walked down the street. I followed, as you instructed me not to lose sight of her. After she had gone down two squares she turned suddenly, and retraced her steps; I waited, and allowed her to pass; she went as far as the gate of her house, and seemed about to enter, but suddenly changed her mind, and came down the street as before. After she had passed me the second time I again followed her; at the end of the third square she stopped and hailed a passing cab, into which she sprang, and the vehicle drove off; at this time no other conveyance was in sight, and I was forced to run in order to keep up with the little lady. *Diable!* do you see, monsieur, it seemed to me I would never meet with anything. I was choking for breath, my legs were giving way, when, *sacre bleu!* I beheld a *fiacre* drawn up near the pavement. I sprang in, and bidding the man whip up his horse, I promised him a *pourboire* if he would keep the other carriage in sight. Well, monsieur, that devil of a woman, where did she not drive to? Up and down, up and down. I grew wild; I thought this would never come to an end. Suddenly the carriage slackens speed, and draws up to the pavement; we are then on Boulevard Prince Eugène. The lady alights and dismisses the cab, which drives away. After all, what does madame do? She goes slowly down the street, walking as if she had the day before her, one square, two squares, then she hails a cab, enters, and we again resume our chase. Chase, indeed! Would you believe it, monsieur, we drive straight back to where we had come from? The carriage stops in front of madame's house in Avenue d'Eylau, the lady descends, pays the cabman, and enters the house. Say, now, monsieur, was not the whole thing strange?"

Trochard was on his feet in a moment.

"Are you sure she did not speak to anybody?"

"Certain, monsieur."

"Then, *nom de Dieu!* she recognized you, and knew she had been watched. Jean, you have played a devil of a trick."

"Monsieur," sulkily replied the man, "how could I tell the creature would know me? I am sure I did my best, and—"

"Wait," cried Trochard. "What did she leave the first cab for? If she knew she was being watched she could have easily driven home in that as an other. But no, that Justine is as sharp as a needle; she fooled you, Jean. I must know why she left that first cab."

"Well, monsieur, as it happens, that will not be difficult. I don't know how I came to do it, for I really did not think anything about the cab, but yet, *ma foi!* I must have looked closer than I intended, for I remember now the number—it was 1750."

"That is well. Go now, Jean, and find the stand where that cab belongs, and let me know as quickly as possible."

The man, who was anxious to redeem his mistake, hurried away, and soon returned with the desired information, on which Trochard ordered him to call a *fiacre*. He was lucky enough to find 1750 upon the stand. The driver, on being first questioned, disclaimed all knowledge of having driven any veiled lady, but upon Trochard stating his name and threatening to report him to the Prefecture, he became more reasonable."

"Well, monsieur," he said, "the little lady gave me ten francs to hold my tongue. You must not blame me for trying to earn the money."

"So, so then you remember the lady in black?"

"Yes, monsieur, I picked her up in the Avenue d'Eylau. She was, as you said, dressed in black, and closely veiled; when she entered my cab she cried, 'Driver, I am being followed, there is a *pourboire* for you if you drive fast.' *Peste!* Monsieur, at that you can well believe I whipped up my horse. At the same time I inquired of the little lady where I should drive her to; she replied anywhere I chose. Away I went, up one street and down another for an hour, and then my passenger called to me to go slower; I obeyed, and the lady then inquired if I would do her a favor, for which she would be willing to pay me ten francs. You can believe, monsieur, I was not sorry to capture ten francs. What was I to do? Simply to deliver a card at a certain house; then forget the whole affair for this ten francs. I said Yes pretty quickly. My lady then bid me stop, and as she got out handed me the card and paid me my fare and my ten francs. I drove away. What did I see? My veiled passenger going down the street, and a monsieur in a cab following her with all his eyes—"

"And this card?" said Trochard.

"The little lady must have written it in the cab, while in motion, for the letters were all crooked. The writing was in pencil, and was simply the words, 'Theatre Française, to-night'; on the other side was the lady's name, Madame Justine d'Auvergne."

"And where did you deliver this?"

"It was No. 517 Rue de Chalet. The little lady directed me to leave the card there, and say it was for the gentleman with blue spectacles."

Trochard, at these words, could scarcely refrain from an exclamation of irritation. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang into the cab, and bade the man drive him immediately to No. 517 Rue de Chalet. However, on arriving there all he could ascertain was the fact that the porter had been paid to receive letters for a gentleman who gave his name as Nicholas Ducroc, for which the gentleman was in the habit of calling. He had been there



PERSEUS RESCUING ANDROMEDA.—FROM THE GROUP BY JOHN PFUHL, DRAWN BY EHRENTAUT.

that very day, and received a card which had been left by a cabman for a gentleman whose description agreed with that of Monsieur Ducroc. Upon being questioned further he gave a description of that gentleman, which tallied exactly with Justine's visitor and the lawyer's clerk of Madame Gigot.

"Decidedly," cried Trochard, as he left, after warning the porter to hold all letters that might be delivered for Monsieur Ducroc, and to inform the nearest police-agent on the appearance of the gentleman—"decidedly, I am unlucky; that Blue Spectacles is going to be my death."

Théâtre Française was filling rapidly as Trochard and George Douglass made their way into the parquette. The detective had taken the young Englishman with him to assist in the task of watching the brunette, whom he began to think it difficult to overreach.

After they had taken their seats in the parquette, the agent, who had brought with him an excellent lorgnette, examined the boxes carefully.

The grand tier resembled a bouquet of flowers. Brilliant toilets and diamonds, lovely faces and snowy shoulders, rounded arms and slender, gloved hands, waving bright-colored fans—the whole formed a picture which, once seen, is never to be forgotten.

Amongst these brightly-dressed ladies was visible the sober black of the gentlemen, as they hurried about, paying their respects to their different friends.

The audience was large, almost all the boxes being filled; but after a careful examination of the house by both himself and Douglass, Le Renard could not perceive Madame d'Auvergne in any part of the building. He was greatly annoyed and irritated.

At length the performance began. He paid but little attention. The first act progressed, but his lorgnette never turned from the scrutiny of the boxes. His patience was at length rewarded. Just as he was about giving up in despair, George touched him on the shoulder, and whispered that Justine was entering a box in the grand tier.

He turned, and there he beheld, in the third box from the proscenium, the brunette and Mademoiselle Fifine seating themselves, arranging their opera-cloaks, and making themselves generally disagreeable to those whose attention was fixed upon the play.

"Our friend is looking charmingly," said George. "Is she not?"

"So charmingly, monsieur, that I only wish she was a little less wicked. But, now, do not speak to me. I must not lose sight of her for a moment, and as soon as the act is over, you will go and plant yourself in her box, from which you will not allow any one to dislodge you."

And so saying the detective placed his lorgnette in battery.

Justine was really looking brilliantly; her dress was a rich yellow silk, and its decorations of scarlet poppies and corn-flowers harmonized well with the black hair and flashing eyes of the young woman. Her bare arms and shoulders gleamed like marble in the lamplight. Long white gloves covered her hands, in one of which she held a scarlet fan, which she waved with indolent grace.

The blonde, Fifine, made a charming contrast for her friend, the rosy tints of her complexion making the pale whiteness of Justine's only the more apparent, and her blue robe, with its pond-lilies, showing off to perfection the bright colors of her friend's toilet.

Even at that distance, Trochard could see that Justine was attentively examining the house with her lorgnette, and felt she was searching for the blue spectacles, to

whom she had evidently given an assignation at this place. However, after a long time, he became satisfied that the person whom she expected had as yet failed to appear. There could be no doubt of this, for he could even see the frown on her pretty face as she placed the lorgnette upon the front of the box, and turned to chat with Fifine.

The act now drew to a close, and when the curtain fell, George Douglass, faithful to his orders, left the parquette, and making his way to the grand tier, entered the box.

He was received with smiles of delight by the two women, with whom he was soon busily engaged in conversation.

George was evidently making himself very agreeable, and the movement of Justine's lips convinced Trochard she was chattering like a veritable parrot. However, he was not to be lulled into a false security. He never abated in his watchfulness for a moment.

Twice did the brunette sweep the house with her lorgnette, attentively studying every face from the parquette to the *troisième*. Each time she seemed to fail in her search, and he could see the frown grow deeper, and more nervous motions of her hand convinced him that mademoiselle was becoming either very anxious or greatly irritated.

She had now turned almost away from George, whose attention appeared to be chiefly lavished on Mademoiselle Fifine, who seemed well pleased with the young man's compliments.

Suddenly, just as the second act was drawing to a close, he saw Justine, who, for the third time, was examining the audience, give a slight start.

"Aha!" thought Trochard, "she sees him at last," and he quickly turned his glasses in the direction the brunette was looking; but in spite of the closest examination, he could see no one amongst the crowd of gentlemen who at all resembled the mysterious "Blue Spectacles." Satisfied of this, he again returned to the girl.

She was now waving her fan rapidly, and he felt satisfied she was endeavoring to attract the attention of some one. In this she was undoubtedly successful, for after a few moments she ceased the motion of the fan, and placed her lorgnette on her lap.

Trochard said to himself:

"I wonder what she will do next?"

What she did do was very soon demonstrated. The scarlet fan was transferred from the right to the left hand, and immediately the slender, gloved fingers thus released began to move in a very curious manner.

"Grand Dieu!" exclaimed Trochard.

Then his eyes were riveted upon the pretty fingers moving so rapidly. He was too old a hand not to understand these signals at once.

"Oh! the wicked little devil!" he said to himself, as he spelt the letters off one by one as fast as the little hand could form them. "Oh! isn't she sharp, though! and there sits my friend, seeing nothing at all, and *la belle* is telegraphing as quickly as if she were saying her prayers."

The letters formed the following words—Trochard read them off as if he had been an operator seated at his instrument:

"Be on your guard. I am watched. Where can we meet!"

This seemed to finish the communication. The fan went back to the right hand, and the left raised the lorgnette, and the lady was evidently watching for the answer.

"*Pardieu!*" said the agent. "She has done for me this time. I have had my trouble for my pains. Well, well, mademoiselle, you must not expect, because you have scored two tricks, that you will win the game. It will be my turn next; and now I shall revenge myself by going and paying Mademoiselle Justine as many compliments as I can conveniently find time for before the close of the play. My work is done for this evening, and now for the pleasure."

In a few moments he was occupying the fourth seat in the box, and devoting himself to the brunette with all the impressment of a devoted lover.

CHAPTER XX.

ELLINOR DOUGLASS, when her brother explained the service she could render his friend, accepted without any hesitation the part assigned to her. By nature she was extremely sympathetic, and her feelings were strongly enlisted in the cause of the unfortunate husband; this feeling was strengthened upon her presentation to Clairville. His handsome, melancholy features produced an immediate effect upon the tender-hearted girl; without being able to exactly explain it, she felt that a desire was growing up within her to be of some use to this poor fellow, whose suffering she could read in every line of his face. The count assured her that his sister would be delighted to make her acquaintance, as much on account of her own attractions as of her relationship to George Douglass.

The girl's face flushed prettily at this compliment to herself, and George laughingly told the count that Ellinor was too young to have her vanity fostered in that way.

"Isn't he just too shocking, Monsieur le Comte?" exclaimed the girl, shaking her little fist at the offender. "But that is always the way he treats me. I believe he thinks I am nothing but a baby still, though Aunt Agnes will tell you that I am quite a grown-up young lady."

De Clairville, who was much amused with this artless manner, so new to him, declared he thought she was a very charming young lady, indeed.

"Young lady!" interrupted George; "why, it was only last year they were obliged to shut her up in the nursery to keep her from riding the horses bareback, like the troop at the Cirque."

"Oh! but you are too bad, George," she said, pouting her scarlet lips in the most enticing manner. "If you tell the Count de Clairville such things as that he will think I am quite too awful, when, really, it was all your fault; for what is a girl to do if a brother deserts her? Would you believe it, monsieur, I had to come over here to find this worthless fellow myself, simply because he was too lazy to remember he had a little sister down in Somersetshire?"

"Nay, mademoiselle, you must not reproach my friend George, for most of the time he was with me, and I should feel as if I had been the guilty cause of his delinquency."

"I only wish, Charles, that you could have seen the furious manner in which she attacked me the day I found her in my room; men usually suppose that little girls with big blue eyes are as peaceful as lambs. There now, if you could see her when she gets perfectly furious——"

Here the incorrigible young man was brought to a sudden stop by observing the tears beginning to gather in those blue eyes he was abusing so cruelly.

"Come, come, my pet," he said, putting his arm around her waist, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, and if you wish, I will tell De Clairville you are just the best little girl in the world."

"Oh, George, you shouldn't tease me so—and then, I

do so want monsieur to like me," she exclaimed, in her childish innocence.

Monsieur hastened to answer her that this was already an accomplished fact, whereupon Mademoiselle Douglass begged him to be seated, and tell her all about his sister and her husband.

Charles was only too willing to comply; his sister was the dearest thing on earth to him, and he expatiated on Marguerite's good qualities at such length that Douglass was forced to interfere, and suggest to him if he kept Ellinor much longer she would certainly be unable to visit Madame Savart that day. This was an indisputable fact, which the count was obliged to admit, and mademoiselle was allowed to retire, to prepare for the proposed call. The count was left to entertain Lady Graham while the brother and sister drove to the Rue de Helder.

Madame Savart was at home, and they were at once conducted to the *salon*.

George had not seen Marguerite since the time of the murder; he found her, however, as beautiful as ever, a slight air of gravity which she had acquired since her change of life seemed to him only to add to her attractions.

As to Ellinor, she was simply delighted with Madame Savart's appearance, and the cordiality with which she received her visitors.

She was alone; Dr. Savart, as she hastily explained, being absent on a visit to one of his patients. Her evident delight in the society of her visitors made George and his sister feel at once at ease. She listened with unaffected pleasure to the young girl's expressions of admiration at the wonders of the great city, and her childlike delight in talking about what she expected to see and where she expected to go. George was going to take her to the Louvre and to the opera. Was he not good? And he had promised to hire a horse for her and take her riding in the Bois. Oh, she was so happy! her brother was a dear, good fellow!

George broke in here, declaring that really he was never so complimented before, and that he never knew that his sister could possibly care so much for her brother.

This gave Ellinor a chance, which she immediately seized upon.

"I am sure, madame, you can understand this feeling," she exclaimed. "George has told me about your brother, Count de Clairville, and how much you are attached to him. He is traveling in America at present, I believe, is he not?"

"Ah! mademoiselle," replied Marguerite, "it is a pleasure to speak of my dear Charles; the only regret here is in our separation. My brother has been to me a most devoted friend—nay, he has even been a father to me, for we were left orphans at an early age, and since that time I have been used to look to Charles as my protector and guardian. It was a terrible blow to me when he started on this trip, I assure you. I have shed many tears since his departure."

"I can understand you," replied Mademoiselle Douglass, "for I have always been greatly attached to this bad boy here, although he ran off and left my aunt and me to take care of ourselves, while he was enjoying himself with horrid Indians and other wild animals. And apropos, not of the wild animals, but of my Aunt Agnes, Lady Graham has charged me to make her excuses, and both of us hope you will come to see us without ceremony."

Madame Savart expressed her thanks, and the gratification it would afford her to see a great deal of the young lady and her aunt. Ellinor and George bade her *adieu*, and retired, the young girl calling back from the

doorway that madame must not forget that they would expect her at the earliest day possible.

"She is just too sweet for anything, George," exclaimed the excited young creature, when they were fairly outside of the house. "I declare I don't understand how you could live in the same house without falling in love with those beautiful brown eyes. Do you know they are exactly like her brother's? I do just adore brown eyes."

"Well, I do vow, you are the most unblushing young lady I ever met. I believe I shall tell De Clairville, the first time I meet him, that my sister has tumbled heels over head in love with him at first sight. Aren't you ashamed, and you scarcely in long frocks yet?"

"Pshaw! George, you should be ashamed to tease me this way; but say, where are you going to take me to-day?"

"Home."

"Oh! you mean thing; I believe you are anxious to get rid of me. Here have I been wasting a whole morning to oblige your friend the count, and I might have been driving in the Bois, or walking in the Jardin des Plantes; but say, George, I wonder if your friend can ride?"

"Who, De Clairville? Of course, he is an excellent horseman. But why?"

"Because I intend to ask him to go out with me, the poor fellow looks so melancholy. I consider it an act of Christian charity to cheer him up, and if he is really the man you represent him to be, he couldn't possibly be unhappy. If I got him out with me on a rattling gallop—but oh, gracious! here we are at the hotel. I expect Aunt Agnes will think I have deserted her."

"My dear, you must excuse me to her, for I have an engagement to meet a friend, and cannot spare you another minute—by-by."

On reaching Lady Graham's *salon* Ellinor was surprised to find Count de Clairville still there.

"Oh! monsieur," she exclaimed, "I have fallen in love with your sister; she was too kind for anything," and seating herself, the young girl hastened to give the count a full narrative of the whole visit, to his eager questions about Marguerite, etc., and chattered away like a young magpie till the count rose to take his departure. This was the foundation of a very pleasant acquaintance. Marguerite returned the call in a very few days. Mademoiselle Douglass had been authorized to make the presence of the count in Paris known to his sister, and to arrange for their meeting at Lady Graham's rooms.

Madame Savart's expressions of astonishment were unbounded at this startling information, and she could scarcely believe the young girl. Ellinor, however, assured her that it was all true, and begged her to fix an early day at which her brother himself could convince her of the reality of his presence in the city. She also warned her of the necessity for the strictest concealment of what had been told her, this concealment not excepting her husband or relations or friends. Marguerite promised to obey the directions, and begged the young girl to inform her brother that she would be at Lady Graham's on the next day.

Charles de Clairville called in the evening, and received the news of his sister's proposed visit the next day with the utmost delight; he was punctual to the appointment, and the tender heart of little Ellinor Douglass was greatly affected by the meeting between the sister and brother.

"Ah, Charles," exclaimed Marguerite, when the young girl retired and left them alone, "how could you treat me so cruelly? You must have known how greatly I

missed your presence, and I assure you I cannot imagine how you could ever make up your mind to deceive me in this way."

"On my word, my dearest Marguerite, it was no wish of my own. After my acquittal I felt that my duty in the future must be the discovery of Clothilde's murderer. I employed the services of Monsieur Trochard, and the first thing he insisted upon was that I should disappear. It was only after the most earnest assurance on my part that you would keep my presence here an inviolable secret, that he consented to my revealing myself to you."

"But why such secrecy and mystery?"

"Because, my dear sister, it seems that Trochard has discovered some traces that he hopes may, in time, lead to the detection of the assassin; the parties in this affair are so cunning that the slightest mistake might defeat the success of our plans. It is for that reason I am obliged to require you to consider your knowledge of my presence in Paris as something you must not communicate even to my dear friend Paul."

"I shall certainly obey you, Charles; but I hope this unpleasant mystery will soon be removed, for it certainly seems hard not to receive my brother at my own home, and I know how delighted Paul would be to have you with us once more."

"Well, Marguerite, we have every hope of an early success. And, apropos of this, I wish to ask you a few questions with regard to Justine."

"Why, Charles, what has she to do with the affair?"

"I do not know, but it seems she is mixed up in it in some way. Did you know she was living in Paris in a style which would seem to indicate the possession of considerable money? The source of her fortune she claims to be a bequest of a relative who died recently, but Trochard declares that this is false, and says he believes she is being paid to keep the secret of my wife's murder."

"Oh, Charles, how can that be possible!"

"I don't know, my dear; but this Trochard is as keen as the fox, whose name has been given him as a soubriquet. Tell me, Marguerite, what you remember of the girl's conduct after that terrible morning."

Madame Savart considered for a moment, then replied:

"After your departure I saw nothing of Justine for some time. I was so overcome with grief at your terrible situation that I could think of nothing. However, Paul attended to all that was to be done, and when the body of Clothilde was removed to the *salon* he brought me the keys of the bedchamber and *boudoir*, as well as of your own room; these apartments he had locked himself. As soon as I recovered sufficiently to think about anything, I began to make preparations for my departure from the chateau immediately after the funeral. It was at this time I saw Justine; she asked to be allowed to assist my own maid to pack the trunks, and I did not refuse her. I cannot remember anything unusual about her. I left the chateau, as you know, the day after the funeral, and I saw no more, if I remember correctly, of Justine."

"You brought the key of my wife's room to Paris and delivered it to me?"

"Certainly, my dear brother."

"Now tell me, Marguerite, can you remember if Justine at any time asked you for those keys, or seemed anxious to enter Clothilde's chamber?"

"Well, I believe she did, Charles. Now I think about it, she told me there were some things in the bedchamber belonging to me, and proposed to get them, but I refused. I think she asked me two or three times."

"But you are sure that no one did enter those rooms after the doors were locked?"



"LOVE ON THE BALCONY."—FROM A WATER-COLOR BY EDUARDO DALBONO.

"Certainly not. The keys were never out of my possession until I gave them to you. But surely you cannot suspect Justine of this crime?"

"She certainly knows something about it, and we are even now arranging to let her visit the chateau, for the purpose of discovering why she is so anxious to see that room, which should be associated in her mind with the most disagreeable of revelations. But you must remember, Marguerite, this is also a secret. And now, my sister, I think we may call in our pretty little hostess, who has been so zealous in her efforts to reunite us."

The conversation between the brother and sister here terminated, but only to be renewed the next morning.

Madame Savart spent a part of each day in Lady Graham's apartments, and Charles was thus enabled to enjoy his sister's society without risking his incognito. His disguise was still preserved, and Marguerite herself confessed that, had she met him upon the street, she would never have recognized Charles de Clairville in that grave and sedate citizen of Great Britain, Charles Pringle.

CHAPTER XXI.

SEVERAL weeks had elapsed since the night at the Théâtre Française, and yet no new discovery had been made in the mysterious affair. The watch set upon Justine had been the closest possible, but the conduct of the young woman had been such as to leave no chance for suspicion that she held any communication with her correspondent since the telegraph message which Trochard had intercepted. There could be no doubt of this, as the *mouchard* had succeeded in his efforts to establish himself upon good terms with the servants in the employ of the brunette. He had indeed been successful in the highest degree since the party who had fallen a victim to his seductive promises was no less a person than the waiting-maid, a young woman whom Jean declared to be almost as sly as her devilish mistress. With this ally to watch the interior, and Jean and his coadjutor Fi-Fi on the outside, the detective felt it was impossible for mademoiselle to make a move without his being informed of it. He therefore waited patiently for the fruit to ripen. However, when the days began to grow into weeks, and he learned nothing except that Madame d'Auvergne was enjoying herself, he began to be considerably irritated. During this time Monsieur Jules Lacour had disappeared, and for that reason the trip to Clairville had been postponed. The agent judged it best after the affair at the Théâtre Française to send Monsieur Lacour to Vienna, where he was to remain until Monsieur Trochard became satisfied he could make nothing out of Justine without the proposed experiment at the chateau. He was thinking over this, and mentally weighing the question whether he had not better recall the absent Lacour, when he received a visit from Jean.

The *mouchard's* face was radiant with a smile of delight. He had never forgiven Justine for the trick she had played upon him, and he was absolutely working in this affair almost as much *con amore* as for the reward he expected to earn.

"Ah! monsieur," he cried, as he entered the office, "this time we have that devil of a woman, and no mistake. *Sacre Dieu!* I wish to see her punished, the baggage, to go leading me all over Paris."

"Well, Jean, what is the news now?" inquired Trochard, with a smile at the excitement manifested by the spy.

"It is this, monsieur: That cat has received a letter from Monsieur le Blue Spectacles."

"No!" exclaimed Trochard, now sharing in the excitement.

"But yes, monsieur; the man who delivered this letter at the house declared to me that it had been given to him by a monsieur with blue spectacles and red hair. I should have detained the letter, but feeling satisfied that Mimi could capture it, I made a mark on the envelope, and warned Mimi to grab it as soon as madame gave her a chance. That girl, believe me, monsieur, she brought me that letter within one half hour after it had entered the house."

"And you have it with you?" exclaimed Trochard, eagerly.

"No, monsieur; she was afraid that Madame d'Auvergne might miss it, so I took a copy, and Mimi returned it immediately to her mistress's table, which was very lucky, as she inquired after it while Mimi was replacing it."

"Quick; the copy. Where is it?"

"Here, monsieur," replied the man, handing Le Renard a slip of paper, on which was written:

"December 19th, Ball at the Rink. Blue and green."

"And is that all?" cried the agent.

"Yes, monsieur, but it seems to me that that is a great deal. The little devil is to meet her monsieur at the ball and—"

"Yes, yes, Jean, it is all right; you will go back to your post and tell Mimi to watch her mistress as closely as a cat does a mouse, till the night of the nineteenth, which will be the day after to-morrow. In the meantime, give this to the young lady to buy ribbons for next Sunday."

Jean received the money and retired, leaving Renard to arrange his plans for the ambush at the ball. During the time that elapsed between the communication of the *mouchard* and the night of the nineteenth, Trochard was careful to neglect no precaution; he was not to be lulled into a sense of security that might cost him all he had so far gained. The watch on Justine was maintained with the utmost rigor; Jean and Fi-Fi on the outside, and Mademoiselle Mimi within, whilst George Douglass was dispatched every day to pick up any chance information he might be able to gather. The result of this strict surveillance was that Trochard had the satisfaction of knowing that no one had held any communication with Justine except her intimate friend Fifine, and even this conversation was overheard by Mimi, who was able to tell Jean that it was only in reference to the arrangements for the ball, to which Fifine was to accompany her friend; and on the morning of the nineteenth George came to tell him that the brunette had told him the night before of the projected visit to the ball, and begged him to be her escort, which he of course willingly promised.

"It is all arranged, then," cried the delighted Trochard. "You take them, and I pick up Madame Black Eyes as soon as she arrives, and I defy our friend of the blue spectacles to say a word to her without my being down on him."

"Then, my friend, *au revoir*," exclaimed George. "Good luck for this evening."

Douglass had informed the agent that his rendezvous with the ladies was fixed for twelve, so it was not till that time Renard made his way to the Rink.

The exterior of the large building was brilliantly lighted, and crowds of people of both sexes were pressing their way through the vestibule toward the main hall.

Above this din of many voices was heard the rumbling sound made by the thousands of tiny wheels that were gliding rapidly over the polished floor, for the skaters

still held possession, the ball not commencing till after twelve.

The large room into which he succeeded in forcing his way presented a brilliant scene, in which light, bright colors, and rapid movement combined to form a gay and attractive tableau.

Most of the skaters were in fancy costume, and as they flew by so rapidly the gaudy hues of their toilets made them resemble a great flock of tropical birds.

The galleries which surrounded the hall were filling up rapidly with maskers in bizarre and fantastic dresses; the thousands and thousands of gas jets were blazing, and above all this turmoil and bustle rose the delicious rhythm of one of Strauss's waltzes.

Trochard placed himself in a convenient position, from which he could watch the galleries on both sides. Shortly after he had taken his place the music ceased, and the skaters began to disappear. Their places, however, were filled up by the maskers, who crowded down from the upper part of the building to the main floor.

Every conceivable character was here represented. Harlequins, polichinellos, clowns, and thousands of other strange figures ran from side to side, hurrying here and there, jostling each other, laughing, shouting, and chattering like a forest full of parrots. Hideous masks and long monstrosities in the form of noses, immense beards and outlandish wigs added a weirdness to the scene; black dominoes, red dominoes, white dominoes, dominoes of every shade of color, flitted about like gaudy butterflies, and as the music now struck up a lively galop, the rapid motion of the dancers as they flew wildly around the hall added the last touch to the spectacle.

Trochard had equipped himself with a nose of gigantic proportions, which rendered him completely unrecognizable. Secure in his disguise, he did not hesitate to respond to the witty remarks upon the beauty of his proboscis. Pretty little *débardeurs*, flower-girls, *diablasses*, crowded around, pointing their white fingers at him, and expressing their feigned terror and alarm in the most bewitching manner.

To all this he responded gayly with a jest here and a repartee there; a wink at a charming vivandiere, and a most seductive smile toward a chaste and modest nun, whose remarks would have certainly shocked her mother abbess. Through all this he did not cease his attentive scrutiny of the galleries, which were now less closely thronged with people, most of the maskers having descended.

It was, however, nearly one o'clock before his watchfulness was rewarded by the appearance of the expected party.

George was simply in evening dress, whilst the girls were both in pink silk dominoes, so exactly alike that it would have been a difficult task to distinguish them. Their hoods and pink masks concealed every feature, and the long white gloves and loose robes rendered their forms equally unrecognizable.

Trochard's keen eyes easily distinguished the signal colors, mentioned in the letter pinned upon the right shoulder of one of the girls; whilst the other, instead of the blue-and-green, wore a knot of scarlet-and-black ribbon of the same shape, and fastened upon the same shoulder.

He was thus able to identify Justine by the blue-and-green shoulder-knot, which was exceedingly lucky, as it otherwise would have been a very difficult task to distinguish the friends apart, Justine and Fifine being very nearly of the same height, and the dominoes rendering everything else undistinguishable. He easily understood from the way they seated themselves, arranging their

chairs in their box so as to make themselves as comfortable as possible, that they did not intend for the present to descend to the dancing-floor. He, therefore, had nothing to do but to continue his watch. This was, indeed, in compliance with the plan between himself and George. It had been arranged that after remaining in the box for some time, Douglass should take Fifine away, and as soon as Justine was alone the agent believed that her correspondent would hasten to seize the opportunity to keep his engagement, and he, Trochard, would then swoop down upon her.

The signal for him to ascend the gallery was George's departure with the other girl, and this now he awaited with the patience which results from the certainty of perfect success.

He had some time to wait. The three seemed much amused with the animated scene going on beneath them. The two women leaned over the front of the box, watching the dancers.

Whilst Trochard was observing them, he suddenly saw a small white object drop from Fifine's hands and flutter down amongst the crowd. A pantomime ensued, easily recognizable as a request for Monsieur George to go in search of the missing handkerchief. This the young man hastened to do, leaving the two women alone in the box.

The suspicious Trochard wondered if this could be a ruse to get rid of Douglass, but both Mademoiselle Justine and her companion appeared to be interested only in the recovery of the handkerchief. They bent further over the box, trying to ascertain its position; they turned around, endeavoring to follow George as he made his way between the boxes, and then again peeped over the rail, to see that the lost article had not been carried off. Neither Justine nor her friend seemed to be expecting any one, nor did any one approach the box during George's absence, which was not of long duration, for the young man soon reappeared in the gallery, carrying the recovered treasure in his hand. As soon as he reached the box he handed the handkerchief to its owner, and as Trochard surmised, invited her to descend to the floor. The invitation was accepted, and the young woman took his offered arm.

Trochard soon saw his ally lead her away in the direction of the staircase; this was the signal agreed upon. He looked more closely at the pink domino, left alone in the box; the blue-and-green ribbons were plainly visible on the shoulder; it was Mademoiselle Justine. He hurried away, to get within reach of her as soon as possible.

In the meantime George and his partner descended the stairs, and pushing their way through the throng of people, entered the ballroom. The young girl was very quiet until they had reached the hall, but she was soon aroused from her silence by the maskers, who crowded around, making a thousand remarks upon the handsome appearance of her escort, which almost brought a blush to George's face, and induced his friend to reply. Douglass joined in the fun, and they were soon the centre of a gay, laughing crowd, who were bandying jests and repartees in the liveliest manner conceivable; George's partner the most animated of the whole throng, and the shrill tones of her disguised voice could be heard above those of all the others.

The soft notes of a waltz now rose from the orchestra, and the group broke up into pairs and went whirling along in the graceful undulations of the dance. The young man passed his arm around the waist of his companion, and the two were soon absorbed in the procession which circled the immense room; a heaving, tossing sea of bright colors, winking forms, flashing eyes and

animated movements. When the music ceased George, who had twice completed the circuit of the hall, found himself near the lower end.

The maskers, fatigued with their exertions, were crowding out of the entrance, for the purpose of seeking resting-places in the gallery. Wishing to make his way in the same direction, in order to rejoin Justine, he had walked a few paces toward the doorway, when he felt his arm

without pausing for a reply she ran over to the black domino, who had stopped near by, and began to speak to him rapidly, as George judged by her gesticulations.

The conversation exceeded the ten seconds considerably, for several minutes had passed, and the young Englishman was growing rather tired of waiting, when suddenly a masker, in the costume of a clown, who had been standing a short distance off, attentively examining



CHERRY TIME.

pressed by his partner. They were now standing directly under the large clock, and glancing up, saw the hands indicated two. At this moment a black domino in passing made some remark, which seemed to attract the attention of the young girl, for she released her hand from George's arm, and cried, with a laugh :

"Oh, there's that fellow, Laurent ! I must really tell him what I heard about him last night. Wait for me, my dear boy ; I will not keep you over ten seconds." And

the two dominoes, now approached them, making an angry gesture. The black domino retired abruptly, and mixing with the crowd, was immediately lost to sight, whilst George quickly advanced to rejoin his companion, who appeared to be greatly alarmed, and when the clown made a motion as if to pull off her mask, she shrieked out, with every appearance of fright :

"Oh, Monsieur George, protect me ! protect me !"

(To be Continued.)



HOW THEY MET. — "AMELIA WEBSTER, WITH PARTED LIPS, WITH WILDLY-DILATED EYES, STOOD FOR A MOMENT STARING UPON THE FACE BEFORE HER." — SEE NEXT PAGE.

TWO IN THE MOAT.

We two have lain here seven years,
 Half covered by the ooze and slime
 That is our bed in this sad time,
 Whose day of birth once more appears.

But blood, not water, wraps us round;
 My bones grow cold and shot with pain!
 This way I know that once again
 The day has come when death was found.

All other times are naught to us,
 As we two lie here side by side.
 Small care is sun, or wind, or tide,
 To those whose lot has fallen thus!

Yet did I gain one thing that night,
 For she has been all mine since then,
 Well hidden from the sight of men.
 In this I find some small delight.

Above far Umbria's marshy sands,
 Where Arno gains the misty coast,
 The Moon hung like some dead world's ghost,
 Touching Earth's face with spectral hands.

The night was motionless and dumb
 Beneath a weight of wordless fear
 Of some dread scourge, swift drawing near,
 Whose poisonous breath made all things numb.

The lamp behind the ivied pane
 Shone dim and white, as if the room
 Its wan flame lighted was a tomb
 Wherein some cold, still shape was lain.

Thus did it seem when first I came,
 With stealthy footsteps like a thief,
 With ears in which each rustling leaf
 Had been a voice that called my name.

Yet when at last we wordless lay,
 With breast to quivering bosom wed,
 All dread was gone—our fears had fled,
 Like evil dreams that pass at day!

Ah, love, how sweet when your lips pressed
 My lips, long parched with vain desire!
 Within my heart the wasting fire,
 That scorches up a soul unblest,

Died swift before the wondrous bliss
 So long afar, at last attained!
 Could aught in all glad earth be gained
 More marvelously sweet than this?

Yes, well we thought that naught above
 In God's own house had fairer grace
 Than each found in the other's face,
 With eyes 'neath eyelids kissed by Love!

Then through the hollow night at last
 There came a dream. And first I saw
 Naught but a light, that seemed to draw
 Us on—together then we passed

Through measureless far Distances
 Where all was strange and still around
 Our onward course. Then, lo! a sound
 Made tremulous the Silences.

And as I marveled whence it came
 I saw the bridge of stars that gleamed
 Beneath us throb, until it seemed
 All Space was whispering God's name.

And ever rose the murmuring,
 And ever grew the light that shone
 Above us, brighter than the sun
 Exceeds a taper's flickering.

Now seemed our way so short had grown,
 That we could pass within the light,
 And see His face among the bright
 Bowed aureoles before the Throne.

But as we scarce could raise our eyes,
 For subtle awe that pierced us through,
 A sudden mist of darkness grew
 Before me, as to one who dies.

The sound of keen, shrill cries from hell
 Rose past us like swift tongues of flame,
 Then one thin voice that hissed your name—
 The dream sank outward as we fell!

I woke and saw your face again—
 White lips, and great eyes staring wide
 At some dread thing that stood beside
 Us two—that laughed and gibed, and then—

One short swift pang—one last sharp sigh,
 And life was lost, but love, I trust,
 Was never slain by sudden thrust
 Through hearts that thus together lie!

With arms still clasped around your throat,
 With breast held close against your breast
 By blade undrawn in bitter jest,
 Thus were we thrown into the moat.

* * *
 For Love in Life—one night's sweet breath!
 For Love in Death—full seven years
 Of joy untext by earthly fears!
 Gained we the most from Life or Death?

HOW THEY MET.



WONDER whether we could prevail upon that quiet, sad-looking niece of Mrs. Elliott's to take the character, Grace? She is so admirably suited to it, you know, with that abundant dark hair of hers, that tall, exquisitely shaped figure, and those lovely, mournful eyes. She might be the 'Jailer's Daughter' in our final *tableau* with superb effect."

"I think that Mrs. Elliott could persuade her niece," remarked pretty Grace Hilton, addressing the lady.

That lady was a certain lively, clever, agreeable Mrs. Carrington, whom everybody had pronounced, during the present season at N—— Hotel, to be the soul of gayety and fun, and without whom more than one patron of the establishment had declared that it would be quite unendurably dull work summering among those therein assembled.

"Who is to be our 'Captive'?" Grace went on; "Charley Whitcombe, I suppose."

"Yes," was the reply. "At least, he has promised faithfully to be up from New York by nine o'clock this evening. I shall speak to Mrs. Elliott immediately. That niece of hers—her name, by-the-way, is Amelia Webster, isn't it?—seems such an unsociable, melancholy sort of creature, that I really hate putting the question directly to her. Wait here till I return, Grace. I shan't be gone very long. The *tableau* is the last on the list, you know, and I do want to have it effective. Your dress for 'Rowena' is all ready, I hope?"

"Entirely," said Grace, as her companion left the piazza, on which the above conversation had been held, and went in search of Mrs. Elliott.

"Have you been taking a walk, Amelia?"

"Yes, aunt."

And Amelia Webster divested herself of a plain but tasteful garden-hat, as she spoke.

She had just entered her aunt's bedroom, a large, commodious apartment on the ground-floor of the hotel, where Mrs. Elliott was seated beside one of the windows.

"How can you stand these long walks of yours, Amelia, on such fearfully warm mornings?" asked her aunt, languidly using the palm-leaf fan which she was holding.

"It was rather warm," said Amelia, with a smile—by no

means a brilliant smile, however—on that sad, beautiful face of her. "Have you been receiving a visit, aunt, from pleasant Mrs. Carrington, this morning? I met her in the outside hall just before I entered."

"Yes, Amelia; and she has been talking about you."

"About me?" spoken with some surprise.

"She wants you to be in the *tableaux* to-night. You've no idea, Amelia, what quantities of nice things she has been saying about your eyes and hair and figure. I told her that you were not to be prevailed upon by any such arguments as these, and that you disliked everything in the shape of society, and, in short, that I was sure you would never consent to her proposal. I also said that you had come up here for the air, being in delicate health. But it was all perfectly useless. She insists, and I am instructed to tell you so, in very positive terms. I am also to inform you that your assistance is only asked for in a single *tableau*, which will not occupy over three minutes in duration. The dress is very simple, I believe—plain black—and you are to carry a lamp in your hand, and let down all your hair, and be a 'Jailer's Daughter,' to Charley Whitcombe's 'Captive.' You've seen Charley Whitcombe, haven't you?"

"Yes; but I am not acquainted with him," was Amelia's reply. "I hate to be disobliging, aunt; but, then, it will really seem very strange for me to mingle among those gay people down-stairs."

"Why strange, Amelia?"

"You know *why*, aunt, quite as well as I could tell you."

Amelia Webster spoke in a low, tremulous voice, fixing her dark eyes upon the floor.

"Because you have made up your mind, Amelia, that there is no possible consolation for the grief which torments you. Is not that the reason? Because you imagine that when the ship was lost in which Eugene Rowley sailed for Europe, all your earthly hopes went down with the wreck. I tell you, Amelia—as I have often told you before—that this system of secluding yourself from the world, of living amid a sort of nunlike solitude, of nursing your sorrow until it grows every year more instead of less bitter, is foolish, and weak, and unwomanly."

"Unwomanly, aunt? You do not mean *that*, I trust?"

"Yes, Amelia, I do mean it. However," Mrs. Elliott continued, "you and I have had too many conversations on this subject for me to hope that the present one will influence you more than others have done. Concerning this request of Mrs. Carrington's, I shall have nothing further to say. Grant it or not, my dear, as you choose."

There was a little silence, and then Amelia Webster rose from her seat, and approaching her aunt, took one of that lady's hands, pressing it fondly.

"You believe, aunt, that all these conversations to which you allude as having taken place between us, have been regarded by me with cold unconcern. You are wrong. Much that you have said has been remembered for days and days afterward, while I deeply reflected whether the advice given could conscientiously be followed. Always, aunt, I have been forced to tell myself that it could *not*. Since the news reached me, more than a year ago, of poor Eugene's fearful death, my every thought, hope, aim and desire has undergone a change. I am no longer the Amelia of old days. Life is not a burden to me by reason of my grief—far from it, aunt; but the companionship of gay and happy people is a perpetual reminder of my sorrow. I cannot rid myself of this feeling. I have striven to do so, but have striven in vain. To-night, however, I shall make one more effort."

"You will accede to Mrs. Carrington's proposal, Amelia?"

"Yes."

"You are a dear, good girl."

And Mrs. Elliott kissed the niece, whom she loved with all a mother's fondness, quite passionately on each cheek.

Before another hour had passed an interview had taken place between Amelia and Mrs. Carrington, relative to the costume necessary for the "Jailer's Daughter." Being, as Mrs. Carrington said, "the last *tableau* on the list," Miss Webster need not begin dressing until about half-past nine o'clock that evening, and could be among the audience that witnessed the first seven or eight *tableaux*, provided she so desired.

"I would rather be sent for when I am needed," Amelia said. "You know which is my room, do you not, Mrs. Carrington?"

"Oh, yes," answered that lady, not a little annoyed at Miss Webster's lack of interest in the *tableaux* which it had taken herself and Grace Hilton a fortnight to prepare. "I regret very much that there cannot be a rehearsal of the 'Jailer's Daughter,' by-the-way. But such a thing will be quite impossible, as Charley Whitcombe has gone to New York, and will not arrive until nine o'clock this evening. He is very handsome, you know, and with the requisite gay scarf tied round his head, will make a magnificent wounded captive of the bandit style—something like Byron's 'Conrad,' the gentleman who 'linked one virtue to a thousand crimes,' Miss Webster, and all that sort of thing. You understand how to dress your hair—or, rather, how to undress it, don't you? As for your pose, it will really be very easy to learn, a second or two before the curtain rises. I must not forget to make you a Greek lamp, by-the-by, out of pasteboard, silver paper and a candle."

From twilight until nine o'clock that evening, Amelia heard much bustle and laughter and hurrying to and fro in the hall beyond her chamber. After having made her simple toilet of some flowingly-worn black material that clung about her beautiful figure in soft, graceful folds, the young girl sat quiet in her bedroom waiting for Mrs. Carrington's summons.

"How appropriate!" she murmured, catching a glimpse of her sombre costume in the opposite mirror, during that period of waiting. "This black dress and unbound hair give me a sufficiently mournful appearance to suit the melancholy soul I am! Ah, Eugene, it is not so *very* long ago since you and I took part together in that pretty *tableau*, 'Country Courtship,' at Aunt Elliott's house in town. Shall I ever forget that happy evening? Shall I ever forget, Eugene, the thousand happy associations that cluster about your dear memory?"

She had just murmured the words in a low, faintly audible voice, when a knock sounded at the door, and without waiting for the knock to be answered, pretty Grace Hilton hurried quite precipitately into the room.

"They are waiting for you, Miss Webster," the young lady rapidly began; "but before you go on the stage, Mrs. Carrington wants me to make a little explanation about the person who is to take part with you in the 'Jailer's Daughter.' Charley Whitcombe—unreliable wretch that he is—has disappointed us, and is, perhaps, now in New York, instead of keeping his promise to Mrs. Carrington. We were in despair about our last *tableau*—all the men in the house are so homely and un-Byronic looking—when my brother Jack said something about a Mr. Somebody-or-Other, who was awfully handsome, and who had just arrived at the hotel for a single night, on his way from Boston to New York; he has lately come from

Europe, I believe. Well, Jack was immediately sent to ask his friend if he would deign to act as Charley Whitcombe's substitute, and, after a little persuasion, he has consented. Mrs. Carrington wants to know whether you have any objection about appearing with a stranger, you know, and all that. I *hope* you haven't, for the gentleman is entirely dressed for the 'Captive,' and looks superbly, too."

"Certainly; I have no objection," Amelia answered. "Mr. Whitcombe was quite a stranger to me."

"Then hurry to the stage, won't you? The audience were getting frightfully impatient when I came here. I am so glad you have no objections to our new 'Captive,' Miss Webster. How charming you look, by-the-way, and

stolen into the prison of her father's captive, actuated by whatever motive of mercy or love with which the audience might choose to explain her presence there.

The ladies withdrew from the stage, the requisite signal was given, and the curtain was slowly drawn aside. A low murmur of admiration announced how the picture's beauty and suggestiveness were appreciated.

Suddenly Mrs. Carrington, of course invisible to the audience, sounded her handbell. The "Captive," obedient to previous instructions, raised his eyes toward those of the "Jailer's Daughter."

"Eugene! Eugene? Is it you?"

Amelia Webster, with parted lips, with wildly-dilated eyes, stood for a moment staring upon the face beneath



VIEW OF THE PLAZA, GUATEMALA.

what glorious hair you have! Lady Godiva's wasn't a circumstance compared to its length."

Amelia soon found herself standing among a group of ladies behind a curtain which separated the small, miniature sort of stage from the audience assembled outside. Everything was quite confusedly dim, just then, as the few lights placed behind those impromptu scenes had been extinguished, to give what Mrs. Carrington had called a "dungeon effect" to the present *tableau*.

"Keep your eyes fixed on the ground," Amelia now heard that lady say, addressing her remark to what seemed a gentleman's recumbent figure, at a short distance from where she was standing. "And when I touch the handbell raise them to hers; she will be just here, at your right. And now please remain exactly as I have placed you, until the 'Jailer's Daughter' is posed.

Amelia was soon in the graceful attitude of lifting her lamp high amid the dimness, being supposed to have

her. And then, before Eugene Rowley could reach her falling figure, Amelia had sunk senseless to the ground.

A face was bending very close to hers when consciousness returned.

"Eugene," she murmured, very faintly—"Eugene, can it be you?"

"Yes, Amelia," he responded, with low, passionate fervor of tone; "It is I—saved miraculously from shipwreck, to meet you as I have met you this night!"

GUATEMALA.

BY ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH.

SINCE the time of the Spanish Conquest, in the sixteenth century, Central America has been the theatre of tribal wars, fierce religious animosities, dictatorial usurpations, and volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, carrying



THE ANCIENT PALACE OF THE SPANISH VICEROYS IN OLD GUATEMALA.

widespread destruction and death. Guatemala, during this interval of three centuries, has been the chief state of the Isthmian Continent to suffer from these relentless visitations of an adverse fate. Foremost in population, and possessing many natural advantages over her four remaining sisters of the Central American group—with abundant resources, a peaceably inclined population, exhibiting strong republican tendencies, she still languishes an undeveloped nation, governed by the Dictator Barrios as the high priest of a pseudo-democracy.

Toward the first quarter of the present century Guatemala, with Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, formed a federal union on the general principles underlying the political structure of the United States; but owing to the lack of homogeneity of the several peoples, the ancient feuds perpetuated among the contending branches

of the Indian family, the robbery and arrogance of the Spanish officials, and the fundamental incapacity of the half-breeds to govern, when intrusted with authority, the Utopian system split into its original fragments after a

lapse of a few years, and the component states have since had independent governments, their citizens dwelling in perpetual strife with each other. But the year 1883 marks a significant era for the territory bordering the southern frontier of Mexico. Since the wholesale development of the latter republic, which, in nearly all of its parts, will soon be traversed by railroads and telegraphs, capital, enterprise and mechanical skill from the United States have invaded this populous region, and the colossal projects now drawing toward completion are supported by the foremost citizens of the Union.

It is probable, therefore, that there will soon be a similar activity in Central



CARRYING PLANTAINS TO MARKET.

America, originating among a body of men of like spirit and wealth. Already many surveys and expeditions equipped in the United States have penetrated the several states, and upon their reports substantial corporations have been formed, and all that is now sought is tranquillity, a stable executive power, under wholesome restraint. Hence, the question of a union is foremost again in Central America—a federation totally unlike that of 1824, but based upon a broad equity as between the religious and political elements, rendering the present series of dictatorships which terrorize the several peoples and hamper their material advancement impossible.

It is understood that the public policy of Mr. Blaine, while Secretary of State, looking to the consolidation of the neighboring powers of South and Central America—or at least to a permanent good relationship between them—comprehended a political union south of Yucatan to Panama, of which Guatemala should be the capital. This scheme was to be carried out at the Peace Congress which he called to convene at Washington, but which was frustrated by the present Administration. That the factional squabbles of the dominant party should cause the betrayal of a beneficent measure of state, bearing on the future of Central America, in a manner and to a degree that would place this geographical division on the highway of progress, cannot be otherwise characterized than as an unfortunate chapter of our history. The backward condition of Guatemala can better be appreciated when it is understood that there are more miles of railway and telegraph in Van Diemen's Land and Japan than along this great highway of the world's commerce.

Guatemala—then Central America—originally composed all the narrow part of the continent from the 83d to the 94th degree of west longitude, extending over 800 miles in length, and covering an area of 130,000 square miles. As a geographical division, what is now known as Central America would include the entire stretch of territory from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to the Isthmus of Darien, which forms the nexus between the two great continents of North and South America. But the political inter-relationship has so influenced the use of the name, that it now distinguishes that area confined in the five independent republics of North America, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, San Salvador and Guatemala. The Isthmus of Panama belongs to the division of South America, as a part of New Granada, while the Peninsula of Yucatan and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec are incorporated with North America, as parts of Mexico. Politically, therefore, Central America lies between the 7th and 18th degrees of north latitude, having a varying breadth of from 30 to 300 miles.

Of these several states, Guatemala is in all respects the most important, which will be seen by the distribution of the total population of 2,335,019, as follows, compiled from the latest and most authentic sources:

Guatemala (1865).....	1,180,000
San Salvador (1879).....	434,520
Honduras.....	250,000
Nicaragua.....	350,000
Costa Rica.....	120,499
	2,335,019

The proportions of the different races are estimated as follows:

	Humboldt.	Thomson.
Whites and Creoles.....	20 per cent.	20 per cent.
Mixed classes.....	23 " "	40 " "
Indians.....	52 " "	40 " "

The five provinces do not greatly vary in their physical

characteristics. The surface of the country is hilly, and in most parts mountainous, and the climate warm and very moist. The mineral wealth of the country is in dispute, some authorities maintaining that this section is a new El Dorado, while others contend that the mineral deposits are not great. But the commercial position of this extended region, with the richness of its soil, has attracted speculative enterprises, in the hope that a prosperous future awaits the active development of the countries named. And it will be found, from a further examination of the history and political vicissitudes of these several states, that their material growth has long been largely retarded by their self-isolation from each other, as independent republics; entailing wars, proscriptive duties and fierce national antagonisms among a conglomerate population, about one-half of which is composed of the most degraded and brutish Indians.

There was a period of federal union of these states from 1823 to 1839, but their various interests, political, religious and commercial, could not coexist in harmony, and the loose bonds were sundered by the common consent of the several republics. Since this deplorable fiasco, Guatemala and her neighbors have led a fitful existence, warring against religion, education and the Spanish traditions of government, which, with their many drawbacks, have brought prosperity to many tropical countries of the Spanish Main. Vain efforts have been made to correct the evils arising from this petty state government policy in Central America—a hundred times more obnoxious to progress and the wellbeing of the people than the fragmentary character of Italy and Germany before the unification of these peoples by Cavour and Bismarck.

Central America is now in the same commercial and political condition as the Middle States of our federation would be were New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware to be ruled under separate dictatorships, with state religions and separate systems of postage, banking, taxation, and import and export duties, all of which would require standing armies and frontier police, which could, even in our civilized condition, be made to kindle up warfare on a very short notice.

The history of Guatemala is of course only a part of that of Central America, and has been more fully written by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg (1859) than by any other author of our time. It presents a series of tribal wars anterior to the Spanish Conquest, not unlike those which at that period prevailed everywhere in the two Americas. In 1524 the Toltecs of Guatemala, Quichés, Cachiquels and Zutugils, who had been settled in the country since the thirteenth century, were fighting for territorial possession, when the whites from beyond the sea were entering Soconusco with their allies, the Tlascalans. The King of the Quichés, Tecue-Vman, marched against the invaders, with an army, the Spanish narrative, 250,000 strong; but in spite of its furious attacks, and heroic resistance after being repulsed, it was vanquished, the Salama River being reddened with blood, for there was a great massacre of the Indians. This was followed by the triumphant *entrée* of the *conquistador*, Don Pedro de Alvarado, into Xelenh, not far from the present site of Quezaltenango. After having killed with his own hand Tecue-Vman in a personal combat, and dispersed the last of the fighting Quichés under the walls of the capital of Utatlan, actually Santa Cruz del Quiché, Alvarado entered peaceably into the country of the Cachiquels, to which he invited the native king, and founded the capital of a new kingdom at the base of the volcano of Agua. Then, followed by a small army of

Guatemalan Indians, he went to subdue the Zutugils on the shores of Lake Atitlan.

During the same year the Cachiuels of Mixco and the neighboring Pipiles were also conquered. The grand conquest was now complete, and the work of oppression began. The two Kings of the Quichés and the Cachiuels revolted, but in vain—they were made prisoners. As to the divers nations and tribes who lived to the north of the grand plateau of Guatemala, they were successively vanquished, with the exception of those of Vera Paz, of which several remain independent to this day. The barbarity and religious zeal of the Spanish conquerors were the cause of great severity in dealing with the natives.

Under the Spanish sway Guatemala, comprising the States of Chiapas and Soconusco in Mexico—that is, all of Central America to Chiriqui Bay—was governed and systematically misgoverned by a "Royal Audience," of which the president was at once chief civil functionary and captain-general. Thus Guatemala was officially comprised in the vice-royalty of New Spain, assuming the name of a kingdom. This system lasted during three centuries.

It was not until 1821 that Guatemala, following the example of Mexico, proclaimed herself independent. In 1824 slavery was abolished, the laws reformed, the jury and civil marriage introduced in the country, and the Indians *pro forma* acquired the rights of citizenship. These sweeping innovations were not well received by the clergy and nobility, the two elements then dominant in the country. Their influence was constantly employed in fomenting revolts against the Federal Union, and on their part the semi-barbarian Indians seized all turbulent occasions to satisfy their instinctive hatred against the whites.

In 1838 the conservatives or *serviles* of Guatemala made their revolt against the confederation, and with their allied Indians under the lead of Carrera. At the same moment the descendants of the Cachiuels, who declared themselves "Sent by the Virgin Mary to kill whites, foreigners and heretics," joined in the rebellion, behaving better than did the *Conquistadores*, because they evacuated Guatemala without pillaging the capital; the Indian Carrera, by the force of his natural genius, becoming the chief of the Conservative party. In 1863 the Central American Union, having been disrupted, this daring man became the ruler of the country.

The approach from the sea to Guatemala, the capital, is over a tableland green and rich as a well-kept lawn, ornamented with trees and with scenic features peculiarly English. Muleteers who have left the city at midnight and already finished the day's task are seen lying under the ample shade of friendly trees, with their saddles and cargoes piled up like walls, and their animals pasturing hard by. Along the plain is a line of huts, and if adorned instead of being rendered ugly by the curious devices of the natives, this would indeed be a region of poetic beauty. Indians, men and women with loads on their backs, every party with a bundle of rockets, are returning from the capital, as they call it with proud reverence, to their villages among the mountains. Approaching nearer the city, two immense volcanoes confront the traveler, towering aloft to the heavens, rendering puny all surroundings at their bases. These are Agua and Fuego, forty miles distant, and nearly fifteen thousand feet high, both of them wonderfully grand, picturesque and beautiful, as seen through the clear, tropical atmosphere. In a few moments the great plain of Guatemala appears in view, surrounded by mountains, and in the centre of it the city, a mere speck in the vast expanse, with churches and convents, and numerous turrets, cupolas and steeples,

and all very quiet indeed. The view, leaving a lifelong impression on the mind of the traveler, is one of the most beautiful in Central America.

When Old Sol smiles, the brilliant sun lights up the domes and roofs of the city, giving a dazzling reflection not unlike that seen on the burnished dome of the Hotel des Invalides in Paris. Then, by degrees, the sun's disk touches the cone of the volcano Del Agua, and when it sinks behind the mountain, the sombre background is illuminated as by a fiery-red atmosphere, and often a rich golden cloud rolls down its side, and the glories of the tropics are complete.

The City of Guatemala is situated in the "Tierras Templadas," or temperate regions, on a tableland 5,000 feet above the sea. Its climate is delightful, being that of perpetual Spring, and its general aspect is much the same as that of the best Italian cities. It is laid out in blocks of from three to four hundred feet square; the streets parallel and crossing each other at right angles. The houses are built to resist the destructive influences of earthquakes, and are of only one story, but are very spacious, with large doors, and windows protected by iron balconies. In the centre of the city stands the Plaza, a square of 150 yards, on each side paved with stone, with a colonnade on three sides. On one of these stands the old Vice-Royal palace and hall of the "Audencia"; on the other are the Cabildo and other city buildings; on the third the Custom House and Palace of the former Marquis of Aycinena, and on the south side is the Cathedral, a beautiful edifice in the best style of modern architecture, flanked by the Archiepiscopal Palace and the College de Infantes. In the centre is a large stone fountain of splendid workmanship, supplied with pipes from the mountains, about six miles distant. This area is also used as a market-place. The churches and convents correspond with the beauty of the plaza, and "their costliness and grandeur" says Nepheus, "would attract the attention of tourists in Italy and old Spain." The foundation of the city was laid in 1776. At that time the old capital was distant twenty-five miles, shattered and destroyed by earthquakes, and abandoned by its inhabitants; and this present city was built in the lovely valley Las Vacas, in a style commensurate with the grandeur of the Spanish name. Yet while Guatemala, as the fourth capital of Central America since the Spanish mission, bears the unmistakable impression of the Spanish genius in its general construction, opinions of travelers differ as to its exterior attractions. Each street contains several churches, madonnas at each corner, galleries in the Plaza Royal, but no trees worthy of a public promenade.

Happily, the abundance of water with which the houses are supplied is phenomenal, and the gardens can be kept constantly green, little rills running perennially in the streets. The principal edifices are the churches, built in the Italian style; the ancient convents, notably that of the Dominicans, extended like a small city; the University, containing a library; the City Hall; the Hospital of San Juan de Dios, which formerly possessed 25,000 Indian slaves; the Museum and cabinet of Natural History of the Economical Society; the ancient College of the Jesuits, with a library; the Polytechnic School; the Normal School; the National Bank, established 1874; two forts, San José and Matamoros, and the theatre. The inhabitants number 50,000.

Nearly all of the city life that can be found in Guatemala is at the capital, and while its chief promenaders are mules and Indians and *sapilates*, or scavenger vultures, one can spend a very pleasant existence within its confines,

especially if domestically inclined. The arcades and courts of the houses are embellished with flowers and fountains; the gentle breezes carrying sweet, natural perfumes through the streets, and the warbling of birds, the soft, tropical atmosphere, the ripe fruit, the cloudless sky, and the grand landscape, are only a few of the features which can be made to contribute to a life of luxurious indolence.

The city is very healthy, save for those suffering from grave affections of the lungs. There are suburban walks, too, of surpassing loveliness, the chief one of which—a distance made on foot in nine hours—is to Antigua, or old Guatemala, through wild and romantic woodlands. This old capital is now a pile of ruins, the neighboring hills finally culminating in the volcanoes Agua and Fuego—Fire and Water. Thence the usual route leads by Ciudad

is the touchstone of his religious character. Every Indian contributes his labor and money to getting it up, and he is most honored who is permitted the most important part in it. In the rich village of Mixco, where all the muleteers live, there is always a festival to mark this incoming holiday. The church stands on an elevation at the head of the plaza, its whole façade, rich in ornaments, illuminated by torchlight, and the large platforms are thronged with women dressed in white. A space is cleared in the middle before the great door, and with a loud chant the procession passes out. First comes the Alcalde and his Alguazils, all Indians, with rods of office in one hand and lighted wax candles, six or eight feet long, in the other; then a set of devils, more hideous than those of Guatemala, and probably better likenesses according to the Indian tradition; then, borne aloft by Indians, a large



INDIAN POTTERY-VENDERS.

Vieja down to Istapan, on the Pacific coast, situated at the mouth of a little stream, blocked by sandbanks which effectually bar the approach of craft drawing any considerable water.

Midway toward the coast, on the western slope of the mountain range, lies Escuintla, a fine watering-place for those whose chief ailment is *ennui*, and hence here convene the wealthy idlers of Guatemala. The neighborhood is delightful beyond description, innumerable cold, tepid and hot springs being found at almost every step, bubbling up beneath the shade of the mango, cocoa, and other tropical fruit-trees.

The life among the villages of Guatemala is full of joy for the natives, and no festal occasion is more important than the procession in honor of the patron saint of the village, for this involves the great pride of the Indian, and

silver cross, richly chased and ornamented, and followed by the curate, with a silken canopy held over his head on the ends of long poles held by Indians. As the cross advances, all fall on their knees, and an on-looker is regarded as insulting who fails to conform to this ceremony; then come the figures of saints, larger than life; then one of the Virgin, gorgeously dressed, her gown glittering with spangles. Following appears a long procession of Indian women, dressed in costume, with a thick red cord twisted in the hair, looking like a turban, and all carrying lighted candles. The procession, moving through the illuminated streets under the arches, and stopping, from time to time, before the altars, makes the tour of the village, finally ascending the steps of the church, and fireworks follow. The festivities continue with the *Toros*, the man playing the bull, scattering and putting to flight the



VIEW ON THE POLOCHIC RIVER, GUATEMALA.

crowd on the plaza by his mad antics. Sham bombardments, flying pigeons, and a final picnic supper are also features of this day.

Usually some of the "young bloods" from Guatemala, with glazed hats, ponchos and swords—relations of the first families of the capital—appear at the subsequent

dance, the ladies and gentlemen lighting cigars and cigarillos during the Terpsichorean revelry. The ladies of Guatemala generally smoke, and the foreigner is not long in finding that his wife and daughters become ready experts in this habit, which also has a much larger number of devotees in the Northern climes than our social science



CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, OLD GUATEMALA.

philosophers would fain admit. Travelers to Guatemala never cease to condemn the habit, however, for this Central American state has thousands of fair daughters with beautiful teeth and rosy lips to whom the cigarette is but an instrument of *insouciant* coquetry.

As in almost all countries in the low latitudes settled by the Latin races, Sunday is set apart for sport, usually a cock-fight and a bull-fight—for no Henry Berghs have as yet dawned on Guatemalan soil. The Indians rarely attend these amusements, the *mestizos*, or white men, being the principal spectators. Mere displays of prowess generally take place in walled inclosures, and the cocks are secured by one leg before the brutal ceremonies begin. The opening scene is often characterized by brazen attempts at cheating. The gaffs employed are indeed murderous instruments, more than two inches long and as sharp as needles, and the fowl are scarcely on the ground before the feathers ruffle and they fly at each other, and the termination is sudden and fatal. The eagerness and vehemence, noise, uproar, wrangling, betting, swearing and scuffling of the crowd exhibit a sad picture of the baseness of human nature, and the degradation of this people. Even New York city, with all of its haunts of vice and depravity, does not permit cocking-mains or rat-pits to flourish. Sunday is likewise made merry by sounds of music wafted over the plaza of the typical village, often the entertainment of some rich muleteer, who provides all the accessories. Cotillions and waltzes are also enjoyed as only the young of both sexes can enjoy them. Other diversions are a part of the Sunday's programme, and the most absurd of all is the bull-fight, in which two young men, mounted on the backs of two others as matadors, and one with his head between his shoulders, runs at them as a bull would do.

These performances are always rendered with perfect abandonment, and elicit shouts of laughter, although it must be said that the Spanish idea of what is funny and ludicrous is not in harmony with the ideas of the Northern nations.

The journey to La Antigua Guatemala, from the capital, is through a bewildering paradise. Wild and rugged roads, magnificent ravines and beautiful streams and precipitous mountain façades diversify the view. Approaching near to the ancient city, the banks of the stream are covered with delicate flowers, and parrots with gray plumage are perched on the trees, flying over the traveler's head, and making this valley in the midst of gigantic scenery a truly fairy spot. The suburbs of the city are cultivated with cochineal, and the ancient capital itself stands in a delightful depression, shut in by mountains and hills that always retain their verdure, being watered by two rivers, supplying numerous fountains, and blessed with a climate where the extremes of heat and cold are never known. But with all of these splendid advantages Antigua has, perhaps, suffered more calamities than any city that was ever built on the Western Hemisphere.

Entering the city, the ruined Church of Santo Domingo, one of the monuments of the fearful earthquakes, first greets the eye, and on either side are the ruins of churches, convents and private residences, large and costly, some lying in confused masses, some with fronts still standing, richly ornamented with stucco, cracked and yawning, roofless, without doors or windows, with trees growing inside and above the walls. Some of the houses have been rebuilt or repaired, and thus we have a strange appearance of ruin and recovery.

The great volcanoes of Agua and Fuego look down upon the city—in the centre of which is a noble stone fountain—and its many ancient buildings, especially the

palace of the Captain-general, displaying on its front the armorial bearings granted by the Emperor Charles V. to the "loyal and noble" city, and surmounted by the Apostle St. James on horseback, armed and brandishing a sword; and the majestic but ruined and roofless Cathedral, 300 feet long, 120 broad, nearly 70 high, and lighted by fifty windows, showing at this day that La Antigua was once one of the finest cities of the New World, deserving of the proud name which Alvarado gave it—"The City of St. James of Gentlemen." This, the second capital of Guatemala, founded in 1542, has had manifold disasters, its first destruction being accomplished by a water volcano.

In 1558 an epidemic disorder attended with a violent bleeding at the nose, swept away a great number of people, and this was followed by severe earthquake shocks at different periods. The one in 1565 seriously damaged many of the principal buildings. Those of 1575, 1576 and 1577 were not less ruinous. In December, 1581, the population was again alarmed by the volcano, which began to emit fire; and so great was the quantity of ashes thrown out and spread in the air, that the sun was entirely obscured, and artificial light was necessary in the city at midday. During 1585 and 1586 earthquake shocks were so frequent that eight days did not elapse between them. They were very violent, fire issuing incessantly for months and months. During December, 1586, the major part of the city again became a heap of ruins, burying many of the inhabitants alive.

In 1651 occurred a subterranean shock of such violence that it drove the wild beasts into the city to mingle with the terrified inhabitants, and in 1686 a terrible pestilence in three months swept away a tenth part of the inhabitants. In 1717 the city was again doomed to destruction, and "the year 1773," say the chronicles, "was the most melancholy epoch in the annals of this metropolis; it was then destroyed, and, as the capital, rose no more from its ruins."

The ascent of El Agua is made on foot, the pathway being steep and slippery, Indian guides preceding, bearing provisions and water, and all armed with stout staves. As progress is made the trail becomes steeper and muddier, and the trees are so thickly grown that no sunlight ever penetrates their branches. The labor of climbing the muddy acclivity is excessive, but the amateur is largely assisted by the guides, who are provided with ropes tied about the waist of the climber, with the Indians in front to do the tugging.

Passing above timber line, the mountaineer arrives at the open side of the volcano. Thence the climbing is very severe, and one is obliged to stop every two or three steps, the fatigue being very exhausting, and the line of ascent so slippery, that even with the staff and the assistance of branches of scrub timber, it is difficult to keep from falling. Starting early in the morning the crater can be reached by noon, where a whirlwind of cloud and vapor generally sweeps around the cone. In the midst of the perspiration superinduced by the great bodily exercise in going upward, the body experiences a sudden revulsion, and the piercing cold of the high altitude penetrates to the very bones. On the rocks near the crater may still be found the inscriptions which bear date 1584.

The interior of the crater is a large oval basin. The sides are sloping, about 100 or 150 feet high, and all around are masses of rock piled up in great profusion, and rising to inaccessible peaks. There are no historical data to show that the volcano ever belched lava, and the great water eruption is supposed to have been the accumulation of snow and rain, which rushed out with terrific force when one of the mountain sides gave way, carrying

with its rocks and trees, and destroying all that opposed its progress. The immense barranca or ravine by which this avalanche made its fearful descent is still visible on the mountain side. The edge of the crater commands a beautiful view of the old City of Guatemala, thirty-two surrounding villages, and the Pacific Ocean to westward.

About this volcanic centre are large plantations, cultivated to their utmost yielding capacity for cochineal. The plant is a species of cactus, set out in rows like Indian corn, and grows to a great height. On the leaves are pinned, with a thorn, a piece of cane, in the hollow of which are thirty or forty insects. These insects cannot move, but breed, and the young crawl out and fasten upon the leaf, and when they are once fixed upon the leaf they never move. A light film gathers over them, and as they feed the leaves become mildewed and white. At the end of the dry season some of the leaves are cut off and hung up in a storehouse for seed. The insects are brushed off from the rest and dried, and are then sent abroad to minister to the luxuries and elegancies of civilized life, and enliven with their bright colors the drawing-rooms of the Old and New World.

This cochineal country is very enticing to one from the temperate zone, and Stephens, who has traveled in many lands and climes, is enthusiastic. When he was there, "the situation was ravishingly beautiful at the base and under the shade of the volcano Del Agua, and the view was bounded on all sides by mountains of perpetual green; the air was soft and balmy, but pure and refreshing. With good government and laws and one's friends around, I never saw a more beautiful spot on which man could desire to pass his allotted time on earth."

Society in Guatemala is divided in three distinct classes, the people (*el pueblo*), the gentry (*los decentes*), and the aristocracy (*los nobles*). By *el pueblo* are understood the Indians, forming two-thirds of the population of the capital, the hideously ugly Zambos whose features would offer the most unique models for the designers of masks, and the Lladinos of the lower orders. It should be remembered, too, that all the Indian tribes dwelling along and near the great backbone of the *cordilleras* of the Andes, extending even to Patagonia, so graphically and beautifully described by Lady Florence Dixie, are second only in brutishness to the most degraded tribes of Africa, and the isles of the south Pacific. Of Cooper's idealized red man of the northern climes, we find not the faintest suggestion among such semi-savages as now live and propagate in Central America. Contact with Spanish colonial life, and the tendency of all aborigines to learn and imitate what there is bad in civilization, and religiously eschew that which is good, has thrown an additional curse on these children of the primeval forest, until they have become what they are.

Mingling with the other classes, the streets of the capital present sights utterly repulsive to the human eye. The crowds of beggars swarming about the public buildings, churches and market-places, clothed in foul rags, their feet eaten away by jiggers, and tainting the surrounding atmosphere with their mephitic odor, are features of this singular social fabric in Guatemala. They are supported by public charity, and no mendicant is ever driven from the door—the ingrafted cardinal virtue so widely taught through all the ramifications of the Catholic Church. One can scarcely fail to note this redeeming feature in the character of this and other tropical people, whether Christianity be the prevailing religion or not. It is so beneath the African sun and on the Arabian Desert, where the Koran is alike the human and the divine law. Charity—democracy in all that the body demands for proper nour-

ishment—is almost universal, and in this trait our Northern nations might imitate their less cultivated fellow-men of the South.

The gentry of Guatemala form the majority of the Lladinos or Mestizoes, and constitute about one-third of the population. They belong to the best society, for they claim to be creoles, and this is not disputed; although few are permitted to pry curiously into the antecedents of their neighbors. The Lladinos are engaged in trade and the learned professions, devoting their spare time to politics—that is, to the deposing and setting up of presidents. They are described as politically liberals, though of a very milk-and-water type. They are said to be the most energetic supporters of the *Lucios*—and this is the name by which all insurgents are called in Guatemala, this distinction having been drawn from the name of a former arch-revolutionist who called himself Lucio.

The third class division is the nobles, and they comprehend the merchants and the clergy, who, from their political tendencies, are known as the *Serviles*. One of the later writers on Guatemala has characterized this dominant fraction of the body politic as a shopocracy, leavening the social condition of the country generally, which may be summed up "in the notice conspicuously displayed in large letters over their warehouses, '*Aquí no se fiu*'"—(No credit given), which may be more freely rendered, "Here no man trusts his neighbor, and all business is conducted strictly on ready-money principles."

Men of pure Spanish blood still resident in Guatemala also belong chiefly to the mercantile class, while the other resident Europeans participate in all pastimes and sports possible in the country, and, like other colonists in other parts of the world, almost every one has a pocket scheme which is to bring by some prompt patent process immediate and boundless wealth to the people and the state. This species of adventurer can likewise be found in every Central American State, hounding the officials, haunting the halls of legislation, and crying, "Give me a concession—a concession!" There are, it is true, stationary Europeans who bother themselves little beyond the debit and credit sides of the ledger, some of them owning extensive sugar and cotton plantations and mills; but even this class is only temporarily settled, leaving the country for good when their accumulations, which generally are rapidly made, amount to a competence sufficient to justify them in finally retiring from business life.

It is very difficult to give an accurate analysis of the government and politics of Guatemala, for, while calling itself a republic, it is in reality one only in name; and this is also true of her sister states, and, indeed, wherever the Spanish still dominate in South and Central America. For many years Guatemala was under the despotic government of the president, Rafael Carrera, who sprang from the lowest ranks of the Indian element, and who, though ruling with a rod of iron, and though hampered by religious and other alliances, at last succeeded in maintaining order and tranquillity, thereby, during his tenure, largely promoting material prosperity. Succeeding his ascendancy came a liberal policy, but this was followed by wholesale and proscriptive measures. It resulted in the banishment of the Jesuits, the confiscation of all of the property of the religious communities, under the avowed object of devoting it to the support of schools, colleges and charitable institutions. Following these sweeping acts came the foundation, at the expense of the state, of one higher educational establishment for girls, the first of the kind in Central America. More recently efforts have been made to induce a wider employment of the industrial resources of the population, and a decree has



CUSTOM-HOUSE AT SAN JOSÉ.

been issued compelling every adult to work three days on the roads in order to have better highways. Failing himself to do the task, the citizen is compelled to provide a substitute.

Rafael Carrera was dictator from 1840 to 1865, the quarter of a century immediately succeeding the downfall of the Central American Union, and so tenacious was he of power, that dying he was able to name his successor in the person of General Vicente Cerna, and the Congress of Guatemala unanimously ratified the choice. Yet in reality the country is governed by an odious oligarchy,

made up of a few dignitaries of the state, who, as a rule, are patrician adventurers liable to perform any act of tyranny or usurpation upon a sufficient pretext, and some of the leading prelates of the Church. There is also the council of state, which nominally gives advice to the president, and which holds an indefinite tenure. It is made the duty of this body to elaborate and settle all questions of public policy before they shall have been submitted to Congress for discussion, and this autocratic body, to which

the Chapter of the Cathedral, the High Court of Justice, the Economical Society and the Chamber of Commerce send their deputies, as well as the different departments, serves ordinarily the sole purpose of fortifying the executive power of the President. The Indian population (one-half) is not seriously represented, and the aborigines were deprived of property-holding rights. Such was the state of affairs prior to 1871.

At this time Guatemala provided itself with a new constitution. The present President, Rufino Barrios, was elected



WATER-CARRIER.



INDIAN OF GUATEMALA.



SCENE ON THE RIO DULCE, GUATEMALA.



EVENING GOSSIP AT THE WELL.

under this amended instrument in 1873, and by this curiously elastic "republican" government his tenure was extended from 1876 for a period of four years by the Constituent Assembly, and in 1880 he was re-elected for a period of six years. The resources and disbursements of this peculiarly regulated political household fluctuate between four and five millions of dollars, and with this sum is maintained an army of 3,200 men; a militia of 13,000, and a system of public instruction. But much is yet to be done, "for of 280 public schools which existed in the republic in 1860, scarcely half were open in 1865." The population is nearly double that of the City of New York; and thus the leading state of Central America offers but scant advantages to her ignorant masses and their children.

The present capital has sustained some very severe earthquake shocks, which contributed to demoralize the people, and the whole country is subject to them at times, without a warning note of their approach. In 1822 a remarkable earthquake occurred near the volcano Cherripo. The motion was both undulating and vertical, and no one who has not felt the earth rock under his feet like the billows of the sea can fancy the terrible sensation produced in the stoutest stoic. During this manifestation many buildings in San José cracked, and the towers of the principal church were thrown down. The adjacent ground was seamed with gaping crevices for miles around, the underlying granitic strata cracking and snapping asunder like frail glass; and from the bottom of the veins salt water and sand were thrown up. The year following the town of Cartago was thus afflicted, also accompanied by a dreadful eruption of the volcano of Trasu. For miles around, and during three days, the country was covered by a dense cloud of smoke, great masses of fire being emitted, the appearance of which in the night was terrific and appalling. But the most noted eruption and earthquake was that of the volcano Cosiquina, occurring in 1835, when wild beasts were buried, islands in the sea were thrown up, river-courses dammed, and a period of desolation and darkness supervened.

It does not appear that the Dictator Barrios is often in a frame of mind to seek the friendly offices of the United States for the purpose of obtaining our moral support in the establishment of a *bona fide* constitutional government; but in January, 1874, it appears that the President made what he thought a great concession, and ordered the election of deputies, to construct a new instrument, declaring at the same time that he would not accept the presidency if the constitution "tied his hands." But the convention did not disappoint him, and he shortly thereafter entered on a life-lease of dictatorial power. The "diplomatic relations" of the United States, in a dispatch from Minister Logan, furnish us with the feeling of this autocrat toward the Washington Government during the subsequent June. It appears that after a visit to the provinces Barrios returned to Guatemala, and sent word to our minister, Mr. Logan, that he would grant him a special audience, sending a committee to his hotel with carriages for the purpose of conducting him to the government palace. This and what succeeded so impressed our astute plenipotentiary, that he wrote a special dispatch to Mr. Secretary of State Evarts, detailing the events of the meeting.

The minister was driven to the palace, where there was a large detail of national troops, with cadets from the military academy, and bands of music drawn up in line to receive him with military honors. Entering the Audience Chamber, all of the chief functionaries of the republic in full dress, were found ranged in line on either side of the

room. He was then formally received by the President. "The reception ceremonies were altogether unusual to this Government, and were evidently intended as an offering of particular distinction to our own," says the diplomatic chronicler. At a subsequent interview with Barrios he was informed of the friendship and goodwill of the United States, and Barrios desired a treaty of reciprocity to be drawn up between the two powers; and this substantially terminates any understanding upon which might be predicated the active agency of the United States to promote the formation of a durable federal union in Central America.

The visit of the dictator to this country was evidently with a view to our support in his scheme of uniting the Central American states, a step most necessary, indeed, but possible only under a just and republican government, which will give the better elements an opportunity to elevate the whole country.

That Guatemala is susceptible of high cultivation, and can support a very large population, is patent from a casual survey of the area within her borders, such as is faintly outlined in this article, voicing, as it does, the opinions of many distinguished travelers and political economists. Petroleum has lately been discovered, and already the Government has entered upon liberal outlay in subvention to railway and telegraph companies, and about twenty miles of railway and 1,200 miles of telegraph have been constructed, with forty-two stations. Yet, when the topography of the interior is considered, especially the northern districts of Guatemala, beyond the Rio de la Pasion, and stretching away toward Yucatan and British Honduras, there would seem to be a rich future awaiting the people.

In this region lies the lovely Lake Peten, with the little town of Flores on one of its islets. In this vicinity rises the Usumasinta River—and this is a virgin field, for the explorer, endeavoring to find the sources of this stream, has never visited them. This important stream forms the frontier line between Guatemala and the Mexican State of Chiapas, lower down separating this State and Tabasco from Campeachy. With its tributaries it flows through a territory covered with magnificent forests, which are found over the entire country as far south as Coban. Emerging from this region of luxuriant growth, we find to northward, toward Lake Peten, great open savannas, with many wooded elevations, which make an agreeable change in the prospect. From the mountain range other streams run down, irrigating the land and adding to its beauty; rivers like the Polochic, which have charms for the artistic traveler's eye, but which can never become highways of commerce, as their current hurries along with the rapidity of a torrent, and the mouth is almost always impeded by a bar.

Another romantic country is at the head of the Bay of Honduras, which is connected with the Golfo Dulce. Lying nestled near the shore, is Livingston, a pretty village of not more than fifty huts, occupied by a mixed Carib tribe speaking a Negro-Spanish dialect. These Caribs, however, stretch their genealogy when they claim true descent from the Caribs of the Eastern Antilles, the finest race ever found in the New World, but now almost extinct. The Caribs of the mainland are, however, Zamboes, who were a mixed breed, and also a terror in the early days as pirates in the Spanish Main.

The manners and customs of the Guatemaltecos, where the Spanish civilization prevails, are not unlike those of the mother country; but in the villages the simple and primitive mode of life of the inhabitants differs only in a slight degree from that of the aboriginal Indians, whose

condition and habits have been sketched. The dress of the Guatemalans is very becoming. The ladies, as in Spain, wear the mantilla and veil when they go to church, and appear without any covering on their heads when walking out or on a visit. They adorn their hair with flowers and high tortoise-shell combs, some of which are beautifully wrought. Caps are never worn, and even the elderly ladies prefer an exposure of their gray locks to wearing them. In the evening, in the promenade or at the theatre, the head is protected by a shawl or handkerchief, and when mounted on horseback, by a hat decorated by a profusion of feathers.

The happiest moment in the life of a Guatemalan lady is when she is the undisturbed possessor of a richly embroidered veil, a costly fan, and a valuable set of jewels; and yet their sisters of the North, too, are not indifferent to the little baubles. The beauty of the women is proverbial, and as a traveler once observed, "they bank on their feet." Taken altogether, both sexes are amiable and hospitable, a trifle weak and indolent, perhaps, but with a fair aptitude for learning, a lively imagination, seldom touching any branch of human knowledge save on the surface. A people who cling to the bull-fight and the cock-fight; who crawl along at a slow-coach pace of whining articulation, not unlike that of the Andalusians in Spain; who are fond of every species of meretricious pageantry, and who rather imitate the vices than the virtues of the Iberian Peninsula, can scarcely be expected to exhibit a steady-going nerve and a conservative progress so characteristic—if not romantic and sensuous—among the Northern nations.

To predict, as many enthusiastic travelers and commentators do, that this region is to be suddenly awakened from its long stagnation, at the mere unaided voice of the iron horse and the whisper of the electric spark, and take up its march in the front rank of civilization, is a trifle too Utopian to place on serious record. The recent history of all tropical peoples shows that even under the most favorable conditions they enjoy but brief spasms of prosperity, having counterblasts from the unharnessed elements, from the mad populace and the unbidden despot. The callous philosopher, who sits calmly down, neither as optimist nor pessimist, cannot therefore draw a rose-colored horoscope of the future of Guatemala; but he can at least point to the safe conclusion that education, the return of the armed men to the arts of peace, a constitutional government, and a breaking away from feudal methods of judicial procedure, are the imperative needs in the country conquered by Alvarado.

UNITED STATES ARMY COMMANDERS.

IN view of the announced retirement of General Sherman from the command of the army, the following complete list of the various officers who have commanded the armies of the United States since the foundation of the military service to the present time, giving the rank held by each, with the period of their command, will be found interesting:

General and Commander-in-chief George Washington, from June 5th, 1775, to the close of the revolution. From that date to September, 1789, the army consisted of eight companies of infantry and a battalion of artillery, when Brevet Brigadier-general Josiah Harmer, lieutenant-colonel commandant of the infantry, was assigned and held the position until March, 1791.

Major-general Arthur St. Clair, from March, 1791, to March, 1792, when he resigned.

Major-general Anthony Wayne, from March, 1792, to December 15th, 1796, when he died in a hut on the banks of Lake Erie, in Pennsylvania, while en route from Maumee to the East.

Brigadier-general James Wilkinson, from December 16th, 1796, to July 2d, 1798.

Lieutenant-general George Washington, from July 3d, 1798, till his death, December 4th, 1799.

Brigadier-general James Wilkinson (again) from June, 1808, to January, 1812, when he was promoted to major-general.

Major-general Henry Dearborn, from January, 1812, to June, 1815, when he was mustered out.

Major-general Jacob Brown, from June, 1815, till his death, February 24th, 1828.

Major-general Alexander McComb, from May, 1828, till his death in June, 1841.

Major-general Winfield Scott, from June, 1841, to November, 1861, being also breveted lieutenant-general from May, 1861.

Major-general George B. McClellan, from November 1st, 1861, to March 12th, 1862.

Major-general Henry W. Halleck, from July 11th, 1862, to March 12th, 1864.

Lieutenant-general U. S. Grant (created a full General in 1866), from March 1st, 1864, to March 4th, 1869.

General William T. Sherman, from March 4th, 1869, to the present time.

QUEER NAMES.—Perhaps the strangest feature in the whole history of christenings is the fact that parents in humble life should have been so often at a loss to invent a name for their olive branches. Yet long experience has proved that the favorite method of choosing a name is that of opening the Bible at hazard, and taking the one which first catches the eye. This practice is supposed to account for the prevalence of Joshuas, Samuels and Amoses in country villages as compared with much more euphonious Biblical names, which, however, do not appear at the head of the page. The device has also led to some curious mistakes, such as that of the man, who, having called his four first sons by the name of the four Evangelists, presented the fifth to the parson with a request to name him "Acts." The idea of referring to books for a hint of this sort has originated some still more quaint attempts based on an orthodox, though ignorant, desire to perpetuate the name of the ancestor. It is thus that honest country folk, observing "E. Libris H. Smith" inscribed in a book of their grandfather's, have taken the young hopeful up to the font with the intention of having him baptized "Libris," or "Elibris," and altogether refused to be convinced that the original owner of the book was not so christened.

A SHREW D CALCULATION.—Reynolds, in his "Life and Times," tells of a free-and-easy actor who passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of ——— without any invitation, convinced—as proved to be the case—that my lord and my lady not being on speaking terms, each would suppose the other had asked him.

A CANNY SCOT had got himself installed in the eldership of the kirk, and, in consequence, had for some time carried round the ladle for the collections. He had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday, with a boll of meal at New Year's Day. When the time arrived he claimed his meal, but was told he had been hoaxed. "It may be sae wi' the meal," he said, coolly; "but I took care of the saxpence mysel'."



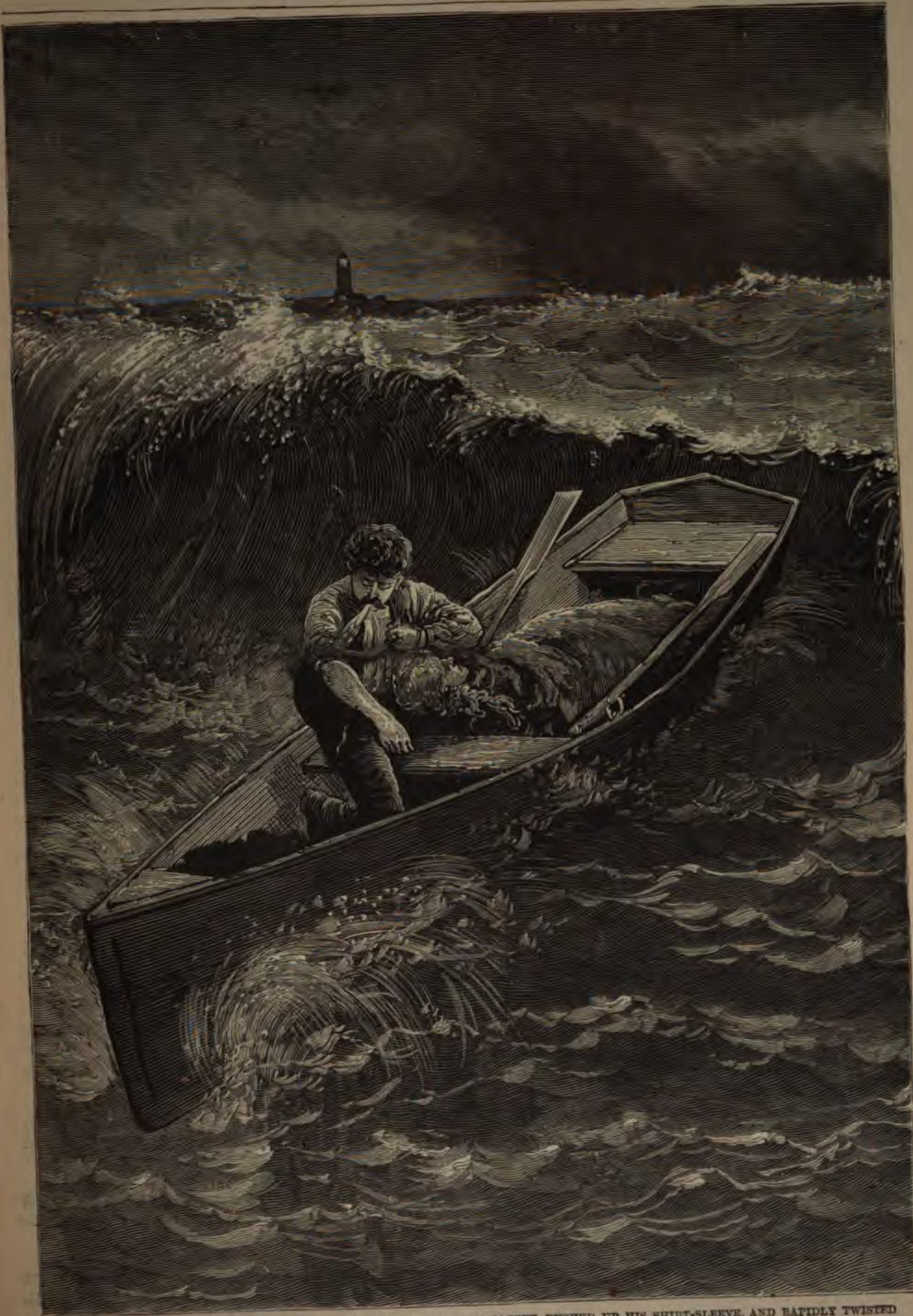
GUATEMALA.—A POSTAL CARD.—SEE PAGE 724.

THREE STURDY SCOTS.—Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar, after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued his own advantages as a man of good estate and ancient family. He was a terribly proud aristocrat, and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James—the immortal biographer of Johnson—for the nature of his friendships and the character of the personages of whom he was *engoué* one after

another. "There's nae hope for Jamie, mon," he said to a friend; "Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, mon? He's done with Paoli—he's off with the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon?" Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most supreme contempt. "A dominie, mon—an auld dominie, who kept a schule and can'd it an academy."



GROUP OF GUATEMALA INDIAN WOMEN.



THE PERFECT NUMBER SEVEN.—"HE THREW OFF HIS ROUGH PEA-JACKET, PUSHED UP HIS SHIRT-SLEEVE, AND RAPIDLY TWISTED A HANDKERCHIEF TIGHTLY ABOVE HIS RIGHT ELBOW."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE PERFECT NUMBER SEVEN.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

SCENE ONE.—ON THE BEACH.

A NIGHT of shudders and shivers. The trees trembled; the ferns and grasses writhed snakily; a faint mist on the sky made the dim stars shudder; the wind quivered fitfully, and the sea crept up and down, to and fro, on the ghostly beach like a frightened beast, shivering and listening for the stronger-fanged beast which represents its doom.

The night was ghastly without magnificence, quiet without peace, dark without solemnity. The land was a phantom, the ocean a spectre, the sky an uncertainty. Nothing seized the glance but the revolving light of the lighthouse. No sound individualized itself but the shriek of a night-hawk wheeling, harpy-like, high in air.

"Here's the boathouse. Good heavens! man, have we forgotten the key?"

"No, but make haste. I am dead beat. Do be quick, Florry! When we have such a job on hand, the sooner it is over the better."

"It seems a rascally business, Phil. Dare we light a lantern to get the skiff out?"

"We'll risk it. The rocks hide us completely from the village, and there is nothing to dread from seaward."

"You're certain she's dead?"

"Dead as a stone."

"If we should be discovered?"

"No fear, old fellow. Hold on a moment while I search for a stone to sink her with."

The speaker—a straight, powerful, dark form—groped on the sand; and the other, slender and more elegant in figure, leaned against the surf side of the rude boathouse, turning his face seaward from the rigid thing lying at his feet. Here and there a fold in its dark draperies indicated the bust of a woman, the taper limbs, a shrouded profile.

He sighed tremulously and put his hands to his face.

"Don't show the white feather, Florry!" said the other, forcing a low laugh. "You ought to have more pluck. I wouldn't put the job on you but for this cut hand of mine."

"I know that, Phil; but, see here—you're *sure* she's dead?"

"Quite, I tell you. Am I likely to be mistaken?"

"Well, out with the skiff, then. I ought to row a full mile out, at least."

"Oh, not so far; it promises an ugly night; get in again as fast as you can."

The skiff, a slender thing superbly finished in satin wood, and quite unlike the rude boats used in this primitive spot, was rapidly taken out, and Florian held it on the writhing line of foam, while his companion lifted the rigid form and placed it hurriedly along the bottom; then he slipped the oars into the rowlocks.

"Jump in, Flor; here, take a pull at my brandy-flask, while I tie the stone into her dress; this is safer and less troublesome than burying her in the cellar."

"Lucky there's no moon," said Florian, throwing the nearly empty flask back on the strand.

He braced his lithe figure and his cheeks flushed as Phil pushed the boat out; he seized the oars carelessly.

"Dutch courage," muttered the other, looking at him keenly. "Well, never mind what kind it is, so that it suits. An execrable job! Only for Flor's ridiculous objections I'd have buried her in the cellar. I hope nothing evil will come of this; but '*Che sara, sara*.'"

SCENE TWO.—IN THE SKIFF.

FLORIAN rested on his oars and looked about him, all at once startled from a confused half-dream in which he had been dimly conscious of rowing feverishly, the skiff leaping under him like an untamed horse on the outgoing tide, and the sickly wind creeping round his wet brow.

"Where under the canopy have I got to? That brandy was too much for me. Surely I have not passed the Opens?"

He gazed stupefied at the solemn gateway of rocks looming like a masterpiece of some Titan of Titans, having cast him out like a second Cain upon the bleak desert of the wide Atlantic. He stared for a moment at the sinister lights falling on them from the lighthouse.

"I can pull back," he muttered, "though wind and tide are dead against me. What an idiot I was to drink down all that flaming stuff; my brain is on fire."

The ocean, like a great soul, is never quite dark, and a fitful phosphorescent gleam showed that each moment the long swell on which the skiff danced like a cork rose higher, its combs of surf frothing more rapidly, and even sending flying streaks of foam over the bows of the boat. Florian shipped his oars cautiously and looked round again; the skiff shuddered on the lurid track of changing glare from the lighthouse, and its motion lent a secret sinister movement to the form stretched at his feet; it seemed about to arise and confront him, and his ghastly face streamed with drops of real anguish as he bent over it. Twice he made an effort to touch the silent thing; twice his hand dropped nerveless to his side.

"Phil, my good fellow," he muttered, "this is the first and last adventure you will ever entice me into. But I suppose as I am in for it, I must finish the horrible work."

The effects of the brandy had passed away, and the unhappy young man was shuddering from head to foot convulsively. His head dropped on his breast, a tide of lava seemed to search through his overwrought brain, his nails buried themselves in the flesh of his bare neck. Suddenly he roused himself and laughed.

"So much for your nerves, my boy. I have always worn an invisible white feather in my cap, and it is uncommonly obtrusive at this instant. When the light shall have shifted six times, over she goes!"

"One!"

The crimson glare swung out of sight, and a white blaze, like some terrible opal full of supernatural meaning, sent a ghastly finger pointing at the frail boat.

"Two!"

The ruddy light fiercer than Mars reappeared, a mighty goblet spilling a tide of blood after him. The skiff leaped on the hideous red like a sentient thing half slain by terror.

"Three!"

Oh, terrible white light! What shall ever banish the memory of that spectral painting, lying along the black waters!

"Four!"

Better the ruby-stained anger glaring from the eye of the rock-bound Cyclops than the white terror of the other.

"Five!"

Abel's blood cried from the earth. Here was blood licking the sides of the boat and spreading itself on the ocean for the black heaven to take note of.

"Six!"

He no longer counted aloud; his voice died hoarsely in his throat.

Mechanically he stooped and laid his hand on the dumb thing bearing witness against him in the ghastly, shifting gleams. The boat was drifting out upon the tide, the wind was freshening from leeward.

"I wonder if Phil secured the stone properly."

He lifted the sullen folds of black, and bent over a little marble face, with open, glassy eyes, blue, parted lips, and some tresses of fine, fair hair blowing over it.

Yes, the stone was secured in its place; it would sink a giant, and this little corpse—this morsel of fine clay, daintily wrapped in snowy cashmere and satin, to which clung the odors of violets and tuberose—would drop sheer into the maw of the sea, nor drift on its sullen reaches for ever following in its track.

He lifted her in his arms, the black drapery fell away, and for a moment she seemed to lie against his bosom, embracing and embraced. It was like a picture from some new Inferno. The ocean, with its phosphorescent uncertainties; the boat drifting from an unseen shore to an unknown strand; the man's face, young, haggard, beautiful and terrible; the white form lying against his breast, the face hidden, the ghostly garments blown like mist on the wind, the long hair gleaming in fitful splendor; the ghastly foam, like froth from the very waves of death, hissing at him—all illuminated by the shifting blaze of the lighthouse; behind all, the vast phantom-like rocks of the Opens.

He seemed powerless to unclasp his arms and let her slip down silently into the awful chambers of the deep; other force than his own appeared to bind his strong young arms about her.

Suddenly his heart began to beat so that its mighty throbs vibrated, as it were, through the cold form he clasped so closely; his breath came and went in gasps, nearly suffocating him; an inexpressible terror seized him.

"Am I going mad? I could swear she moaned and moved. Yet he said she was dead!"

But he was right—she breathed, she moved, and he was five miles from aid of any kind. A storm was rising, his skiff was a mere butterfly of a thing—long odds against him on every side.

He loosened his grasp so that her face lay on his arm, and he gazed eagerly into her face. The eyes no longer stared blank and wide, but were closed; the neck moved easily as the wild throbs of his heart stirred the small, fair head lying against it.

"She must still die," he said. "There is nothing within reach to nourish this spark of life. Before I could row back against the wind she would be dead."

He measured the dim distance with horror. The leaping of the boat suddenly struck him; the ever-increasing foam dashing in his face told its tale. Return against tide and tempest, burdened with this ghastly thing, was nigh impossible. How sweet is life when one is young, happy and beloved!

Beloved!

Ah, his arms loosened their clasp now; the little helpless creature slipped slowly down to her old resting-place in the bottom of the boat. Why should he not save himself? Beautiful, alluring, beloved face, smiling star-wise on him in the distance!

Why should he go out from life and love and say to the worm, "Thou art my brother," because of this flickering spark which, do his best, he could not hope to brighten into flame?

Personal courage with him was the result of will, not nature. He had schooled himself to face danger man-

fully; but at this moment he shrank with a great fear from the danger in which he found himself. A sudden delirium of selfish terror possessed him.

"I can save myself," he muttered.

He caught her up again, steeled by cowardly terrors. The flying vision of the beautiful, beloved face had brought no heroic strengthening with it; its rose of beauty had only added to his madness.

But again his arms, once round her, refused to unclasp. Again the vibrations of his strong young life seemed to stir through her veins; she moved upon his breast; his hair rustled on his head.

"Dog of a coward that I am!" he cried, a man's fury against himself suddenly scorching his very heart, and burning on his cheeks with generous shame. "We will live or die together—die together almost certainly. Oh, Rosalind, Rosalind, for one farewell touch of that dear hand!"

He laid the small creature down again. The storm was gathering very gradually.

"If I only had Phil's brandy-flask here now," he said, looking down at her. "What am I to do?"

He chafed her hands, her temples, the bare feet, eagerly; but the spirit refused to return, and yet he knew that she lived. He began to comprehend that without a stimulant she must certainly perish. He pondered deeply, and in a moment the blood flowed over his white face.

"It increases your danger a thousandfold," said the icy breath of Fear. "It increases her chances a thousandfold," said the generous voice of his Will.

He threw off his rough peajacket, pushed up his shirt-sleeve, rapidly twisted a handkerchief tightly, in *tourniquet* fashion, above his left elbow, until the veins rose on the iron muscles in livid blue ridges, and opened the smallest blade of his pocket-knife. He then carefully raised her small head on his knee, looking round an instant and quieting the pitch of the skiff on the sullen swell.

"Rather a risky business in every way," he muttered, "and a trifle repulsive as well. Thank heaven, I have plenty of the vital fluid in my veins, and she shall never know that I transformed her into an unconscious vampire."

His red, arched lips quivered with a faint smile. He sighed deeply, with another lingering look into space at the beauteous face he saw with inner vision painted on its sombre folds.

"Oh, this will never do! I must use dispatch if any good result is to follow."

Fortunately, the boat had drifted into such a position that the swell was less felt than at first. The white light reached and illuminated the spot clearly, and his powerful will steadied the nervous tremor of his hand.

A skillful touch of the needle-like blade on the knotted, violet vein of his left arm released a quick, ruddy stream, which, with steady eyes and white, set mouth, he let trickle between the blue, parted lips of the insensible girl, from which came no breath of life!

He watched her critically. At first the dead remained dead.

Still his life-blood went to stir the lifeless pulses, forgetful of all but the generous hope of saving her.

Suddenly under his hand came a faint throb, stirring the quaint, satin folds of the strange garment sheathing her delicate form; then a sigh, long and tremulous, and the eyelids quivered.

"She must not see this horrid operation," he said, and drew the locks of her hair across her eyes. "Oh, my God!" he said, smiling, "she is really alive!"



OPHELIA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MUÑOZ LUCENA.



ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE KITCHENS.—THE KITCHEN OF PRIMEVAL WOMAN.—SEE PAGE 748.

forgotten himself completely. He still let the ed stream run into the faintly pinking lips, until r and blot went like a spectral hand before his e overdone it," he said. "God preserve us d dropped forward until it rested on the lily e had gone to flush with the flame of returning conscious of putting his arms around her, dimly o protect her to the last, of falling heavily for- then

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SAYS,

lookin' round at us, "and where is papa? What has hap-
pened?"

I nods to Sam Bundy to make mention that our timber-
schooner, the *Chippewa*, bound from New York to London,
had sighted her at dawn, her an' him layin' like two stone
figger-heads in that pooty leetle nutshell, an' Sam Bundy
put it to her plain an' strong, as was his way.

"Durned young fool, him, to bring a gal so far out in
that 'ere eggshell," he says, by way of finish.

"I don't know him," she says, as grave as a judge.
"What have I on this odd dress for, please inform me?"

"That ere's
a shroud,"
piped up Billy
Boomer, the
cabin-boy.
"I've seen one
afore.

She sat up
on the pile of
sails at this, and
looked round
her; a mossel
of a creetur
she was!

"There is
nothing but
sea, and this
strange ship.
Am I—dead?"

"No, marm,"
says Sam,
"leastwise we
ain't, answerin'
strict for all
hands as ship-
ped reglar."



AN AFRICAN KITCHEN.

"I've seed a corp, too," pipes up Billy, "an' ye ain't a corp, marm, ~~nor him~~, nuther."

She looked round at him slow-like; his hansum head was propped on the pile of sails she sat on, an' two of the hands was pourin' brandy down him and rubbin' him.

"I never saw him before. Oh, papa, papa, papa, where are you? Come to me, come to me!"

This was a sight more nateral, to see her cryin' an' wringin' her mites of hands, like a pooty leetle gal in distress, than to see her sittin' up an' starin' like a ghost.

"Sam Bundy, speak up, matey," says I.

"Wot?" says Sam.

"Common sense," says I.

"Durn me," says Sam, "do it yerself, cap; I ain't got no monopoly on the artickele."

"Well, deary," says I, "I'm afear'd ye can't see yer pap fur quite a spell; ye see, honey, we're a good bit out, an' ontill we speaks a return craft—"

"Papa is rich; he will pay you to take me back to him directly; oh, do take me back."

"Wait ontill yer brother comes round a bit," says Sam.

"Oh, he isn't my brother!"

"Yer kizzen, then, my pretty," says Sam, sort of coaxin', bein' a family man, not hevin' no young ones himself, but bein' spliced to a widow with five fine gals—all of 'em subjeck to convulsions.

"I don't know him," she cried out, sort of wild-like.

"Oh, where does all this blood come from, and this cut in my throat?"

"Common sense, matey," says I, shakin' my head at him to say nothin', it being a real mistreerious subjeck; but she, in a flash, put up them mites of hands to her head and shivered from head to foot.

"I remember—I remember! I saw him do it, though my own eyes were shut—horrible, horrible! Oh, take him away; do please, dear men, take him away."

We took her away into my cuddy, an' giv'd her a drain of sperrits, an' she fell suddenly asleep, holdin' Sam Bundy's hand tight, naturally takin' more to him, bein' that he was a family man.

"This air a start, cap," he says. "Sech a leetle white witch of a thing! It's kind of a mistreerious Providence, ain't it?"

"It air out of the ornary," says I, twistin' one of the soft locks of yaller hair round my finger, to see if 'twould help me any to look like a family man agin she woke. "The young chap'll be able to explain soon's he comes round, an' I'll jest step up an' take a squint at him."

"Jest hang my watch over the porthole," says Sam. "It'll sort of shade the light. She's as fine-spun as a cobweb, ain't she?"

Him meanin' the leetle gal an' not his watch, which his niece's babies hed teetled on ontill it looked as if it hed the smallpox.

The young chap opened his blue eyes as I cum on deck.

"She's alive," says I, noddin' encouragin' at him.

"Cheer up, my hearty, she'll soon be able to talk to ye herself, the pretty!"

"Heaven forbid!" he gasped out, shudderin', like a ship on a reef. "Don't let her see me, for heaven's sake!"

This wus mistreerious, an' I looked kinder hard at him.

He wus a hansum young chap, fine spun like the little gal, an' plainly used to eatin' his sea-pie with a silver fork, an' lookin' as if every drop wus drained out of him through that queer leetle cut on his arm.

"What's the meenin' of this tacklin'?" says I, pintin' to the hankercher, knotted hard on his naked arm, jest above the leetle cut; but he dropped off agen, an' when

he came round he was delirious, an' ravin' like a wild bull, and tearin' and gnashin' his teeth awful. Jest then Sam's head comes in sight, like a red balloon from below.

"She's awake," says he. "Jest toddle down here, cap."

She were sitting straight up, her face as white as snow, and her eyes like the pantsies in Aunt Calphurnia's flower-patch.

"We're pooty straight now," says Sam, eyin' her experienced-like, along of the Widder Snatcherby's five gals. "Heave ahead, marm."

She put out them redicklus mites of lily-leaves that made believe to be hands, an' caught the sleeve of my gauzy.

"Send me home to papa, dear good old man," she says.

"I'm so frightened."

"Well, lovey," says I, 'iling my voice to get the creaks out, "we'll see to it; special if ye says whar ye wants to run fur?"

She looked at me kinder wild.

"Cap means what port ye hails from?" says Sam, noddin' encouragin' at her.

"Jest so," says I. "Say whar ye got yer papers?"

"He means h'isted yer anchor?" says Sam, sooin' she eyed me like a scared bird.

"She ain't got much English, matey," says I; "try her with a leetle French or Chineese," fur Sam had sailed in them waters once.

"I want to go back to New York!" she cried out. "Papa is there, and I shall die if you don't send me back directly—directly, do you hear?"

That wus every word we could get out of her, and she took to screamin' so bad that Sam an' me felt real pleased when we sighted, half an hour later, the *City of Para*, mail steamer, runnin' fur New York; an' though the sea was runnin' mountains high, she answered our signal, an' sent a boat to take the leetle wild white thing on board; and the crew felt kind of oneasy fur the young fellow's bein' too outrageous to go with her, havin' an eye to the pairable of Jonah, an' it bein' mistreerious.

"Don't ye know the poor chap's name, ducky?" I said, as I carried her to the side, the *City of Para* curtsying an' dippin' an' whistlin' an' makin' a fine show, as she waited in the teeth of the storm, an' the boat bobbin' agin the side of the *Chippewa* most uncomfortable.

"No," she says, shudderin' like a leaf; "let me forget him and that awful night."

She put her lips up and kissed me, when I wus handin' her down to the men in the boat, an' Sam an' me we brought a sight of common sense to bear on it, but we couldn't get it fixed nohow, an' the young chap kept that bad that it was no use to try an' consult his log.

When he did come round, an' we were near London docks, says he, with his sweet smile:

"I'm rather glad you kept me on the *Chippewa*, instead of packing me back to New York. I think I shall like to see London."

"I don't like the look of this mystreerious Providence," says I, eyin' him kinder discouragin'. "Tell the truth, matey, an' shame old Davey."

"Do I look like a villain?" he says, with a laugh that was good to hear.

"Put that ere way, no," says I; "but on ginral prinzipl'es, ye might be a pirate."

"Truth is sometimes a two-bladed sword," he said, with a comical twinkle in his eyes; "an' when we parted next day, all we knew of our hansum chap was that he put his grand gold chain an' gorgeous watch in my hand, an' a ring as bright as his eyes into Sam Bundy's fist."

"Don't think too badly of me," he said. "God bless you! You saved my life and—hers."

When he said "hers," he looked dreamy-like into the air as if he saw her, and so went away into the crowd, and none of us never set eyes on him again. But I wish him luck wherever he is, for I don't think there was much bad in him.

"Life air a mystreerious start, Sam," says I, when we sot in the cuddy, talkin' it over, with a pipe an' a glass each.

"It takes a sight of common sense to see clear through a fog," answers Sam; and I knowed his ideas at that moment was so deep no soundings could tech bottom.

SCENE FOURTH.—IN THE ITALIAN GARDEN.

LIKE Tennyson's "gardener's daughter," she was training a rose vine, over-abundant and riotous, but with this feminine act the resemblance ceased. No picturesque cottage porch framed her figure, but its fine lines were thrown out by the marble pillars and plate-glass front of one of those modern Pompeian villas reared on velvety American slopes, frescoed within and polished without until it required but a small effort of the imagination to people it with the rose-crowned revelers, vine-vase in hand, who ran shrieking from the lava of Vesuvius. A broad flight of a hundred shallow steps of close turf, sheer as Genoa velvet, and bounded solemnly on each side by glittering statues, led down to an Italian garden, with dark, clipped yews in dusky alleys; a slender fountain only catching the sun upon its crest; a fine imitation of a ruinous fragment of a Roman arch and wall, and a ghostly quartet of white peacocks rambling in the liquid shadows cast upon the formal walks.

On the lowest step of this beauteous stairway, under the vast shadow of a bronze god, Pan, sat a little lady, with a novel on her knee, a Maltese terrier with his nose on the rosette of her slipper; a basket of scented Indian grass beside her, lined with pink satin and holding a point-lace butterfly; a golden thimble set with turquoise, some nun's thread, a few caramels, and a mother-of-pearl bound notebook; a huge Japanese fan slowly vibrated in her hand, and a most knowing shade-hat, lined with a cunning shade of pink Ninon d'Enclos herself would have found improving to her immortal beauty, tipped over a frizz of hair, hovering between silver and gold, and a pair of eyes, amethystine-purple, and, like some amethysts, shot with a red light, only flaring out at times when the stone is turned and twisted in the light.

It would have taken a conclave of the gods, with Paris at its head, to tell whether the tiny pearly face were pretty or not, and a council of the feminine Olympians to decide where nature left off and art took up the brush in this minute "Glure" picture.

To her strolled the lady of the vine, large, brilliant, dusky, and softly radiant—a radiance like the mellow scarlet of a glowing coal—a black ribbon round her throat, a black dress, floating like a storm-cloud about her, gardening gloves on her hands, and a basket of roses, smelling like a Chinese flower-censer, on her arm.

"I think, Rosaline," said the little lady, who had a voice small, soft and coaxing, like the purling of a tiny stream, "you might leave off that odious black; it is horrible to see black unless as a foil to pretty colors."

"Black suits me charmingly, Fairy," said the other, in a fine contralto, and the ladies looked at each other and smiled like the two oracles of old.

"He has been dead a year," said Fairy, stabbing a rose-leaf with her lace-needle. "It's bad form to trot your

sacred feelings out in that style. Dimsdel and all the other fellows are making bits about it, and there's no end of chaff flying in our set about your black ribbons."

"Well, I have done my duty, Fairy," said the goddess, serenely; "and that is more than can be said of some people."

"Meaning me, of course. As if it would make poor, dear old Mosler any happier for me to canter over the whole course in such frightful costume as fashion decrees a widow! Ugh! I'd as soon do suttee at once."

"Well, don't let us quarrel, Fairy. Have you a book on the Saratoga affair?"

"Yes, I'm pretty well in. How do you stand?"

"Only some dozens of Jouvin's here and there."

"Pshaw! You have no spirit, Rose. You take all the fun and none of the risk. I've entered my colt Phœbus this time."

"What colors have you chosen?"

"Bleu celeste and rose. Dimsdel is to take me down with a jolly set in his mail-coach; they mean to invite you."

"Delicious! Let us get up something wonderful to wear Fairy—something so rich and rare that no one will dream of reproducing it next year."

"Then let us consult Belcher. Men with light tenors are such fellows for knowing all about dress. Belcher always chooses my bonnets, and he sings like a dying swan. I don't know how one could get on without Belcher."

"But you mean to marry Dimsdel, Fairy?"

"How do I know? If nothing better offers. But his lungs are weak, and I want to Winter in St. Petersburg."

She laughed silently, a mere pretty glitter of eye and lip. Rosalind looked down at her admiringly.

"How you do play the men, Fairy! *Quant à moi!* I get into fearful trouble when I undertake double conquests."

"You ought to have caught the pace against this, Rosie. Belcher is smitten, my dear."

"Ugly little wretch!" said Rosalind, with a shrug of her superb shoulders.

"Well, he swears he'll enter for the Rosalind stakes, and you can't expect to trot up a second time to such a superb piece of clay as the dear defunct."

"Fairy, you are disgracefully slangy. Poor darling! What a lovely bracelet his miniature on ivory would make. And that kind of thing is coming in, *on dit*."

"Yes. I shall get poor old Mosler done and set in my ruby bracelet. He's so ugly, people will think he is a fetish to frighten ill-luck away."

"Florry was quite unique, as grandmamma said, the day he proposed—handsome, rich, and sweet-tempered. Belcher is *very* ugly, Fairy."

"As if that mattered! He is the next best *parti* to that dead Adonis, and 'variety is charming,' as they say. *Apropos*, he and Dimsdel are bringing some men out to lunch on my invitation. Any objection, Rosalind?"

"Charming! We can talk over the dresses for the races. Let us go in; I must tell them to ice some champagne. What a pity gramma has the neuralgia, she enjoys Dimsdel so much!"

"An old lady, if she has dimples and point-lace, is a wet blanket," said Fairy; "one looks at her and feels premonitions of wrinkles and false teeth. Besides, Rosie, I flatter myself I make the jolliest little *chaperone* out."

"So you do, Fairy. Let us go in; we shall get freckled sitting here; and I want Zella to change my colors; but I cannot and will not wear lavender."

"There is no necessity. You have got to the *cerise*



PERUVIAN EARTHEN BOTTLE.



AFRICAN GRAIN-CRUSHER.



EGYPTIAN SKIN BOTTLE.

stage of grief. Come, Figaro, my sweet doggie, let us go in and save our pretty white noses from the naughty sun."

SCENE FIVE.—THE MAIL-COACH.

Not a bit of a prig," said Dimsdel.

"Then trot him out, *mon ami*," said Fairy, looking up from her silver sandwich-case. "What do you say, *les autres*?"

"Oh, yes, let us see him, by all means," cried *les autres*, who always came on as chorus to Mrs. Fairy Mosler, and Dimsdel good-naturedly waved his eyeglass and hailed a gentleman standing in the crowd which lined Saratoga Lake, about the spot where the contesting boats were to start.

"Hello, Foote! Step this way, will you?"

The mail-coach was the cynosure of every eye. Such



AFRICAN WOMAN GRINDING GRAIN.

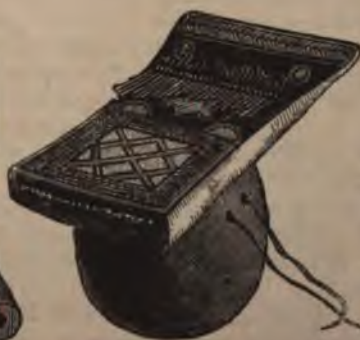
a bank of brilliant lines—shimmering silks, lace parasols tossing like daisies on a windy lea, tendrils of hair blowing loose, pretty faces, lovely faces, *espiègle* faces, the lancelike flashing of jewels leaping from foams of lace, and Belcher blowing occasional blasts on his guard's horn—music which made the four spanking bays curvet and prance as if they trod on the clouds in the shafts of the chariot of the sun.

Mr. Foote took off his hat, from which floated a picturesque puggaree, saluting the coach as he pushed through the crowd toward it.

Fairy looked curiously down at him from her perch of honor beside Dimsdel, a silver claret-cup in her hand, a bonnet which was a mere bunch of violets, with emerald beetles glittering over it, and an enslaved youth behind painfully held a lace parasol over her in a con-



AFRICAN BELLOWS.



EGYPTIAN OUT-DOOR OVEN.



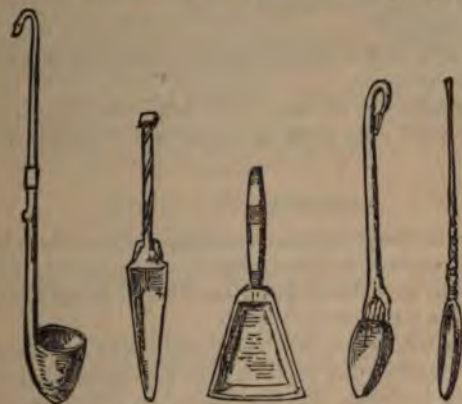
ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE KITCHENS.—POMPEIIAN KITCHEN—FROM ARTICLES AND PAINTINGS FOUND IN THAT CITY.—SEE PAGE 748.

torted effort to foil the sun's attempt to wink into those lovely eyes, into which Mr. Foote gazed as he advanced.

"Mr. Foote, Mrs. Mosler. Come, Foote, jump up; you

never felt so down a pit as when Tithonus flung his jockey and bolted."

Dimsdel was so busy with his ribbons and his four met-



ANCIENT FORM OF SPOONS.



ANCIENT KNIVES.

can manage to hang on somewhere, and we shall have a jolly view of the races. Don't care for anything but a horse myself; but we all got confoundedly dipped in that line last month. Didn't we, Mrs. Mosler? By Jove! I

glesome bays, that he failed to notice the sudden ghastly pallor of Mr. Foote's fine, dark face, and the quiver of flame he could not control, as he met Fairy's glance, into which he stared blankly until Belcher sounded a playful



POMPEIIAN POTS AND PANS.

blast in his ear, when he came to himself with a start, showed a brilliant set of teeth in a conventional smile, chatted with Fairy and Rosalind, who put her superb head out of the coach-window to ask for iced claret, made a bet or two of gloves with the Dilbré twins, in turquoise satin and freely flowing blonde tresses, and then let himself gracefully absorb into the crowd, looking back at Fairy to the last.

Mrs. Mosler's shrewd glance lost nothing on this earthly plane, and her little pink, dewy lips parted in a charming smile as innocent as an angel's.

"Is it a conquest?" mused Fairy, when she discovered him, an hour later, staring fixedly at the coach instead of the boats flying over the lake, white and electrical-looking. Their eyes met, and he turned swiftly away.

SCENE SIX.—"À LA MANOLA."

FAIRY and Rosalind,—whisper it not in Gath—had a cigarette together, *à la Manola*, and what Martha Washington would have styled "a dish of Bohea," in Rosalind's room after the races, in preparation for the grand hop which was to wind up the glories of the day.

"What a superb night!" said Fairy. "It is steeped in roseleaves and dew. And, to crown all, I smell a most exquisite cigar on the veranda. I can always place a man by the scent of his cigar. Come out, Rosalind; I want to see—Hesperus."

"Oh, I am tired! I am flesh and blood, not wire and fire like you, dear. I shall stay and have another cup of tea while Zella brushes my hair."

Fairy shrugged her shoulders, lighted another coquetish rose-scented cigarette, and stepped out through the French window.

The pretty grounds of the hotel were in deep, tender shadow. Hesperus, in a blaze of rose and saffron, shook out his wings of light like a golden bird; children darted to and fro on the verandas, and lovers, in shining raiment, glimmered, spectre-like, on far rustic benches, or lingered over ball and mallet on the croquet-lawn or in the tennis-court.

A gentleman, in smoking gown and slippers, lounged in the twilight, and at him, and not at the beauteous Hesperus, glanced Mrs. Mosler, and smiled her pink-lipped, baby smile at handsome, dusk-eyed Mr. Foote.

On his part he turned, uttered a strange exclamation; his cigar dropped from his lips and rolled away, burning like a ruby.

She looked strange enough flitting down to him through the shadows, her white wrapper floating round her, her fair hair streaming to her knees, her face like a pearl—radiant and yet indistinct.

"Oh, I repulse you, do I?" she thought. "Wait, *mon-sieur*—only wait!"

He was a clever man—clever in Fairy's own way as well as others. But Fairy dug her minute trenches, raised her airy breastworks, pierced her invisible mines, and before she simmered and glimmered, like an uncertain star, back to Rosalind, she had "glamoured" him to some extent; and, though his fine dark eyes still held a furtive look of startled observation of her, he had engaged her for three valse, promised to lead the cotillion with her, and picked her a rose from the dusky vine which hung like a mournful sky, bearing a rosy constellation, from column to column of the veranda.

The hour for the cotillion came, but not the man.

Fairy was secretly frantic. Her little bosom panted under its rainbow of jewels: her cheeks extinguished the touch of rouge sparingly flecked on them; her eyes,

vainly searching for that dark face and pre-eminently graceful form, glowed savagely but beautifully.

"I should like to be a roman scarf-weaver, with a dagger in my belt, and he my lover. How I should prick him!" she thought.

She felt like snapping Dimsdel's feeble arm as they eddied to and fro in the "Danube Bleu"; and when he hummed an impassioned strain to her among the Ascension lilies in a shady corner, she could have stamped her little satin boot at him, wild with anger at the obduracy of the absent Mr. Foote, whom she had determined to lead in triumph through the streets of her Rome.

"I am so sorry Mr. Foote is gone!" said Rosalind. "I seem to have heard his name before. Now I think of it, he was poor Florry's friend. I wish he had kept me a lock of his lovely hair; though, of course, as the poor dear was drowned, Mr. Foote couldn't very well have done so. Do you know what took him away so suddenly, Fairy?"

"No," said Fairy, savagely, "how should I?"

"By-the-way, dearest—" said Rosalind, dozing magnificently while Zella removed her ornaments.

"Well, what is it?" cried Mrs. Mosler, sitting on the window-sill, fresh and fair as "a dove with silver wings."

"What a sleepy-head you are, Rosie!"

"I—what is it I have to tell you? Oh, I remember—I accepted Dimsdel to-night."

"No, you did not, *par ma foi*!"

"I meant Belcher, Fairy; but I'm so sleepy to-night I quite forgot for the moment which of them it was."

"And I refused Dimsdel."

"Oh, Fairy!"

"He is a fool, a fool, a fool!" cried Mrs. Mosler, in a crescendo of spite.

"I thought you did not mind that," said Rosalind.

"And I did not—until to-night," answered Fairy.

SCENE SEVEN.—IN A SHANTY.

"HAVING bought the accursed spot, I'll make a bonfire of it, and prevent its remaining a nerve centre of torment to me. Six months of Paris have failed to lay the ghost, so I'll try a slow match."

It was a wild spot, this miserable shanty, hanging like an eagle's aerie built of sticks, on a hillside tangled with ferns and junipers, the sea rolling below on a solitary beach, and in the distance a small fishing-village, looking, as it lay huddled together, like some gray, inert saurian dozing in the sun.

A shadow fell along the decayed, broken floor—an indistinct shade, for a sullen thunder-cloud had rushed like Fate upon the sun, and he turned round quickly.

"You here?" he cried, hoarsely, and the drops of perspiration forced themselves on his broad brow.

She was all in white, a basket of fresh ferns on her arm, her lovely, fair hair flowing, half-curl, half-wave, nymph-like about her, a more childish freshness and dewy innocence in her eyes than he had ever noticed in them before.

On her part, she seemed to share his unreasonable panic. The purple eyes slowly widened as she looked at him; the pink, small lips parted, the ghastliness of the grave blanched the pearl of the little face.

Slowly her eyes wandered to the smoky rafters, the tottering chimney, the ruinous walls, and, with a low cry of what seemed horrified recognition, she turned and fled down the hillside.

"Mrs. Mosler!" he cried, rushing after her. "*Cui bono*?" he said, pausing suddenly. "What drove her here to torture me in this spot, of all others, with her likeness

to that little creature who lay on these planks, while poor Florry and I cut her throat? Ah, me! That secret is buried in the deep with the cherished brother of my soul. I ought to have known that nutshell of a skiff would play him false some time. Well, I shall put a fuse to this tinder-box of a shanty, and keep out of the way of that pearl-faced little widow—who, by-the-way, seems awfully offended about my retreat from Saratoga the other night—and thus partly exorcise my ghosts."

Nevertheless, the pearl-faced little widow was the first person he met on the beach at Long Branch—Dimsdel, the faithful, carrying the Maltese terrier; she radiant in a blue-and-pink *pompadour* dress, and Rosalind superb in old gold and black, with a majestic sweep of train, over which the betrothed Belcher, divorced *pro tem.* from his coach and spanking bays, continually stumbled.

Fairy beckoned him up, smiling like a flower after rain, completely ignoring their *rencontre* in the shanty; and she twisted him round her little finger and put her spell upon him; and people laughed, wagging their heads, for Mr. Foote was not rich—a "detrimental," match-making matrons styled him—and every one knew, or said they knew, Fairy Mosler.

"Dooose of a shame the way little Mosler is bamboozling poor Foote," said Belcher, the betrothed, to Dimsdel, the faithful, a week later.

"I shouldn't wonder," said the faithful, mournfully, "that it's neck and neck with them in love with *him*, as much as t'other way, you know."

"Then you're distanced, poor old fellow."

"I'll never stop while there's a breath in me," said Dimsdel, pluckily. "I've seen a horse rushed in at the last moment by a good jockey."

"But where's your jockey?" asked Belcher, staring.

Dimsdel's jaw fell.

"I never thought of that," he admitted.

SCENE EIGHT.—A SCAR AND NO SCAR.

"FAIRY, my darling, I have a friend below. May I introduce him?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Mosler, graciously. "Your friends, except *women*, are mine, monsieur."

"Fairy," said Mr. Foote, rather sadly, "you are capricious, I hear. Can I be sure of you?"

Fairy shivered with anger.

"When a woman of the world loves, she certainly does not under disadvantages. 'Trust me in all, or trust me not at all.'"

"As Vivian said to Merlice," replied Mr. Foote, who was as cynical as Fairy herself.

Fairy rose, made him a fine courtesy, and sat down again.

"What a blessing good breeding is! It helps one to keep one's temper. You are looking happy as well as handsome to-day, Alfred. Tell me, do I make you happy?"

"Without you," he said, with a tender smile, "I should not be happy, *even to-day*."

Fairy blushed frankly and prettily as a sixteen-year-old village maiden; the first earnest love of her life was purifying and exalting her womanhood.

"Papa and Polly arrived this morning," she called after him; but he never heard her, and when he returned with his friend, he playfully—a new mood for him—whirled her "Sleepy Hollow chair," over the back of which gleamed her little golden head, round on its castors.

"Fairy, this is the brother of my heart; Fairy, the sea

has given up its dead. This is Florian Tempest, whom I thought drowned."

She raised her head and looked from Mr. Foote's dusky comeliness to the other's sunny, glittering, aquiline beauty, and threw up her little hands helplessly.

Florian recoiled; but as she sprang up, wavering and swaying and about to fall, he caught her in his arms, and a great flush ran over his face and throat.

"Phil," he said, trembling, "is *this* your Fairy? You might have told me, old fellow."

"I warned you the likeness was something wonderful. Give her to me, Florry, and ring for some one; she is fainting."

"This is no mere likeness!" cried Florian, fiercely. "Great heavens, Phil! who should know her again if I did not—I, with my life-blood in her veins?"

He did not lay her on the sofa, or give her into Phil's arms; *his* seemed to grow round her, and she moved upon his breast and fixed her amethyst eyes upon him with a glance never seen in Mrs. Mosler's purple orbs, involuntarily putting her hand to her throat, as they slowly turned on Mr. Foote's magnificent dark head, bent closely over her. His eyes followed the movement.

"This is not Fairy," he said, stupefied.

On the satin gleaming throat shone a faint cicatrice never seen on Mrs. Mosler's faultless little neck.

Florian bent lower and lower, until his lips touched the mystery's golden hair.

"You—you know me?" he said, flushing and paling. You remember?"

"Nien! Pollie, what is this?" cried Fairy, dramatically, pausing at the door, with dilated eyes fixed on this tableau.

Pollie flew from Florian's arms into Mrs. Mosler's.

"Oh, Fairy, *that* is the man who bought my body to—to cut up."

"Your presumably dead body, goosie!" said Fairy. "Oh, Phil!"

"It was all strictly professional," said Mr. Foote. "Fairy, don't think too badly of me. I think the most hopeless moment of my life was when she woke from her deathlike trance under the dissecting-knife, and I thought I had cut her throat when she relapsed into that fearful swoon. Pollie, my little unknown sister-to-be, won't you forgive me? Think of all I have endured, never hearing of your rescue or Florry's here—two deaths bearing my soul to the ground."

"Poor Phil!" said Fairy. "Pollie, forgive him directly."

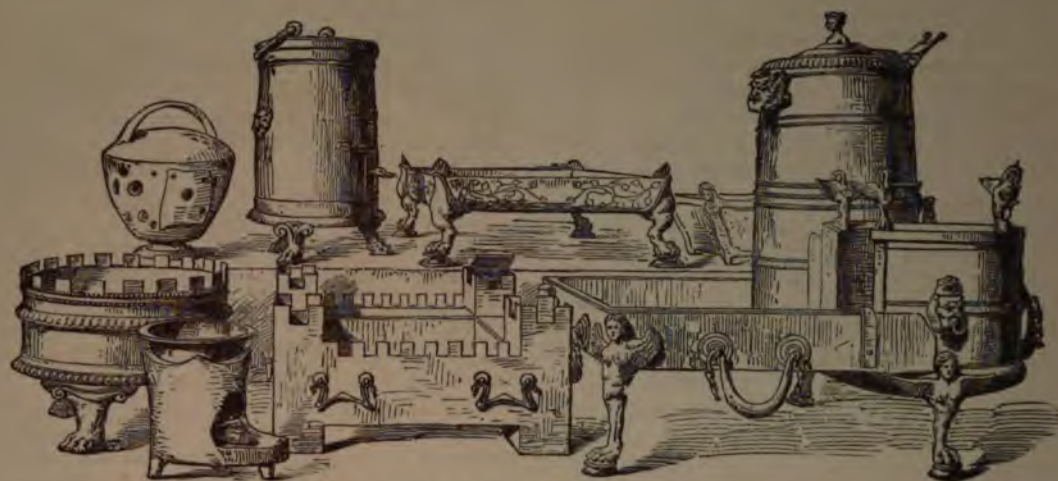
A sudden swirl of silken train, a billow of perfume, the chirrup of Dimsdel's and Belcher's voices, and enter Rosalind, in delicious raiment of creamy satin, with hand-wrought violets dropping over it, a bonnet almost divine in its lace and marabout bridiness; Belcher good-humoredly carrying the terrier, himself as tight about the legs and as trimly "horsey" in his *ensemble* as usual; and Dimsdel carrying a huge bouquet intended as an offering to Mrs. Mosler.

Rosalind gave a contralto shriek, but remembered the proprieties in time to clutch with conjugal devotion her husband's little arm.

"It is not a ghost, is it? Florian, we heard you were drowned while out boating. Horatio, my—my smelling-salts, darling."

Florian blushed, laughed, and stole a glance at his mystery, whose golden hair was hiding her burning cheeks.

"I staid out of the way, Mrs. Belcher. Not one but my



PORTABLE HEARTHES FROM POMPEII.

banker knew I was living until this morning, when I burst in on Phil here, and took him by storm. By-the-way, I read your marriage in the paper. Let me congratulate you."

He shook Belcher's little hands until the small man reeled again.

"You are not awfully angry?" murmured Rosalind, getting comfortably upright again.

Florian stole another glance at Pollie.

"No; I always suspected, Mrs. Belcher, that you were tolerably heartwhole where I was concerned. I have no right to grumble if my test proved me correct in that idea."

The story had to be retold to the newcomers, to whom it was perfectly new, Pollie's adventure having been hushed up by her father, who could not bear to hear even a whisper about that dreadful time of double peril to his darling when she had been stolen from her premature grave to meet another death more appalling.

"You rather lost your head, Phil," said Florian, when, with many blushes and much stammering, he had related all in due order.

It struck Belcher to say something brilliant.

"And you lost your heart, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can't allow such innuendoes," cried Fairy. "No one must say things and put ideas into people's heads."

"Doosid queer little thing, to say I ever put ideas into people's heads," said Belcher to Dimsdel, as they lounged on the piazza at moonrise.

The ghostly rustle of a dress, and a man's measured

footsteps passed on the walk below—Pollie and Florian Tempest, his beautiful head bent close to hers.

"What odds that it comes off!" said Dimsdel, nodding after them.

"Ninety to nine," said Belcher. "Don't like her to say I put ideas in people's heads, though—awful responsibility on a fellow's shoulders."

"I don't fancy it's easy to put ideas in people's heads," returned Dimsdel, consolingly. "No fellow can put any in mine!"

Which was certainly true.

ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE KITCHENS.

By NOEL RUTHVEN.

COOKERY has been aptly defined as "the preparation of food by dressing, compounding, and the application of heat." Posidonius was of opinion that the culinary art followed immediately the discovery of fire, and that it was at first an imitation of the natural process of mastication and digestion.

There are frequent allusions to cookery in the Bible, and in the oldest writing of all nations. In the East, the land of spices, the taste was first tempted by carefully wrought compositions and condiments, and the first great feasts were given. It was the custom of the ancient Egyptians, as at present in Oriental and tropical climates, to cook the meat as soon as killed, with the view of having it tender. Beef and goose constituted the principal



FORMS OF VESSELS FOUND IN POMPEII.

were pheasants, beccaficoes, quails, partridge, oysters, sea-eels, and Cecubian and Falerian wines. The special dishes and their delectable surroundings shall form the subject of a future article, for I shall now descend for a little into the savory realms of the kitchen.

Brillat Savarin—peace be to his ashes!—has left us three aphorisms, all as piquant as his own unrivaled cookery: "The universe is intended for life, and everything that lives feeds"; "The destinies of nations depend upon the manner in which such nations are nourished"; and "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." To these may be added the somewhat irreverent remark of an irate sybarite: "The Lord sends us meat, but the devil sends us cooks," and we have the entire philosophy of the kitchen compressed into the smallest possible compass.

The kitchen "battery" of to-day, however formidable, is but the battery, in scarcely different shape, of the Greek and Roman swill cuisine. The point of departure of kitchen utensils, like the point of departure of almost everything, is as simple as it is natural, using the word natural in its most etymological sense. Before seeking to produce what he requires, the human being commences by casting an interrogating glance at his surroundings, and by requesting of Dame Nature a spirited collaboration; Art takes but a secondary place, and is only born; where Nature has gradually yielded to pressing requirements.

Food becomes more agreeable when cooked, and to cook it requires the action of fire. The origin of fire is too well known to dwell upon it here. The action of fire leads to implements that will cook food without burning it up. We now start upon the road of a new industry, that of pottery. At the same moment Art pays us a little visit. A power has to be created. "The first potteries," says Alfred Maury, "were made in molding clay upon shells or hard fruit, and it is thus that the vases in the Fiji Islands and certain tribes of North American Indians were manufactured."

After a while the art imagination became excited, and as clay proved plastic the molders indulged their tastes, fantastic and otherwise. We have fire, but the question of preserving or exciting it now comes on the tapis. It is here that the bellows steps in. Do we owe this instrument to the Scythians? Herodotus speaks of a tube of bone which the slaves were compelled to blow through. The forge-bellows dates from remote antiquity; the Egyptians were intimately acquainted with it. Near to Thebes a decoration shows us leathern sacks furnished with long tubes, which could be filled by means of cords drawn by men's hands, then pressed, to exclude the air, by the feet of the blowers. A lamp in terra-cotta, in the collection of Licetus, is in the form of the bellows of to-day.

Being now in possession of the art of producing and disciplining fire, we arrive at its special duties in connection with the kitchen. Where does the true kitchen fire commence? With three stones placed in the side of a path, in the interior of a tent or a hut, to sustain a vessel over the flame. Such is the point of departure of this family centre in antiquity, which both poetry and religion have consecrated over and over again. "Fire extinct, family extinct," was a familiar saying amongst the ancients. When Ulysses appealed to Alcinoüs, he was seated "close to the fire, in the cinders of the fire."

The cookery of primitive man and woman was of the simplest form, consisting of corn rudely pounded, and of cakes as rudely baked. African and American Indians used similar means, with the luxurious addition of a roast by means of stakes, or a crossed stake on forked branches.

A primitive oven consisted of a hole dug in the ground and lined with stones. In this cavity a fire was lighted, and when the wood was consumed the ashes were scooped out and pressed down with a thin, flat stone, the meat laid in, and a piece of turf placed on the top to retain the heat. This plan was common among the Indians, and is described in Bollandus's Lives of the Irish Saints. A flat stone, supported at each side, and a fire beneath, gave a pan for cooking cakes or frying meat. In the East, fire was put in an earthenware cone, and the dough laid on the outside to bake.

Boiling was done in this country and in Europe in early times by putting the meat into earthen jars of water, and dropping in stones which had already been heated by fire. The primitive knives were of stone, and the spoons, of horn, shell or cocoanut-shell.

Upon these fire-stones let us construct some separations by means of bricks, disposed so as to create cells open in front to hold the vessels, while the brick of separation serves to sustain upon their sides the utensils on the fire, and we have the stove—a stove identical with that discovered in the Pansa dwelling at Pompeii.

The imprudent demand of Olympion in the Casino of Plautus, "Upon my soul, mistress, sooner fling me into a hot stove and there bake me like a biscuit," showed that the ancients made constant use of this necessary instrument. The Greeks and Romans used dishes with heaters attached. The kitchens were invariably situated at some distance from the *triclinium*. It was necessary to traverse courts and long porticoes to arrive from one to the other, hence the necessity for heated vessels. Some of these united to great elegance of form the still more precious qualities of decoration. Some were, in themselves, portable furnaces. I do not refer to the brasiers with which the ancients heated their apartments, and from which the *braseiro* of the Spaniards descends in a direct line; I confine myself solely to those which were used in the cooking and preparation of food. Some of these heating-dishes, found at Pompeii, are of exquisite beauty and admirable workmanship. Their ornamentations consist of feet imitating the paws of animals; the claws of birds, handles and taps representing bizarre heads, the head being the facet; busts of handsome women, flowers, fruits, etc., etc. Some of these dishes were miniature citadels, with crenelated walls and flanking towers, the fire being placed in each of the four towers.

Now that we have bowed to fire, and its direct descendants furnaces, brasiers and heating-dishes, the moment has arrived for introducing nourishment, and the vessels devoted to its preparation. If we are to credit Herodotus, whose *dicta* have been confirmed by numerous graphic documents, the Egyptians possessed a very varied kitchen battery. We encounter caldrons, vessels of every description, pastry-molds, plates with and without raised rims, pots of fancy shapes, molds in the shape of birds, beasts and fishes, pans, stewpans, dippers, strainers, spoons, knives, but never a fork. The Egyptians were in thorough accord in this respect with the Greeks and Romans. The ancients appear to have had a particular predilection in favor of the custom of eating with the fingers. This is a tradition which our children piously preserve, to the despair of their fond mammæ. Poor babes! they have powerful precedents.

We know but little of the kitchens of the Assyrians or Persians. The graphic monuments which represent those people at table exhibit the drinking more than the eating, and we have nothing distinct enough to show us their dishes. That their kitchens did yeoman's service goes without saying, but the fare was all substantial, and

minus the delicacies demanding the services of an elaborate battery.

Let me take the readers of the *POPULAR MONTHLY* into a Pompeian kitchen—that of the *Questor*—while in “full blast.” Opposite the door, though invisible to the reader, is a semicircular water-trough; to the right, also invisible, a stairway leads to the larder. On the right, by the side of the stairway, is a door leading to a second apartment, doubtless a back kitchen. Now, it becomes necessary for imagination, held in rein by archæology, to come to our aid. From the ceiling are suspended crocks containing herbs, dried fruits and condiments in readiness when called upon. On the floor are familiar ribs of beef, a calf’s head, a monster lobster reposing on several kinds of fish, and beneath the shade of a basket overflowing with vegetables. On the left, as we enter, is a sort of dresser groaning with large vessels; above it hanging by the wall a hare, a bird, and a necklace of sausages. Around the walls are kitchen implements. A cook on her knees in the centre of the kitchen is engaged in blowing a bellows; the tripod beneath which the fire glows containing some especially piquant dish. On the right two other cooks are busy with stowpans over the furnace, while a man enters with a tray laden with minor measures, the “harmless necessary dog” greeting him fawningly. Mark the vessels with holes. These are for eggs. Bottles in glass are here, and bottle-holders in earth for containing oil. Compare this kitchen battery with that of Mr. Dives Goldendish, of No. 10,000 Fifth Avenue, New York, and save that there is a greater display of brass, where is the difference?

SPONGES.

CONTRAST cannot go much further externally perhaps than between the fine sponges used in our baths and “Venus’s Flower-basket,” as we generally see them; the one an irregular-shaped elastic lump, which no amount of pressure can injure; the other, a symmetrical cornucopia of spun-glass lace in appearance (if the reader will be pleased to imagine such a thing), and so brittle that a slight tap makes a hole in its elegant network, or breaks off a plait of its tender frilling.

And yet both are sponges! No wonder if those who hear the statement for the first time desire some explanation; those who do not, indeed, must have their intellects blunted by that vile habit of indifference which takes all the wonderful things in the world for granted, as matters of course. And, happily for outside inquirers, the people best qualified to give explanations are generally readiest to do so. I am indebted to our great spongiologist, Dr. Bowerbank, for the correctness of the statements which follow.

In the first place, then, neither of the forms in question are the sponges as we should see them if we were fishes and could watch them growing. The irregular lump of Turkey sponge, and the spun glass cornucopia are equally only skeletons of what once had life, and that life animal life, though in the lowest condition with which we are acquainted. For even in Zoophytes you can point to a visible organized animal or animals, and say, “Here it is,” or “Here they are,” bodies possessing members, however few in number and simple in construction—tentacles and a stomach, at least. But such is not the case with these sponges. The seat of life with them is a glutinous matter about the consistence of white of egg, more or less yellow or brown intent which surrounds and permeates the sponge mass as if it had been steeped therein. This is called *sarcode*, from its bearing somewhat the same re-

lation to the sponge skeleton that our flesh does to our bones, the word being derived from one signifying *flesh*. Furthermore, the vital substance is held *en position* by a *dermal* membrane—in other words, an enveloping skin, which, with the *sarcode*, often hides the skeleton from sight, so that in all probability a specimen of Venus’s Flower-basket would not in a living state look much more shapely than a lump of Turkey sponge, though it would be narrower and of a brighter color. Its *sarcode*, as far as has been observed, is amber-colored, while that of Turkey sponge is of a light fawn.

Here, then, is a structure common to both, and a sort of life differing from all others we know of, and peculiar to sponges only—a bond of union, therefore, between the extreme species we have been talking about and all other varieties besides.

Now, then, for the points of difference, which are striking enough. The Turkey sponge is elastic and compressible to any extent; the Venus’s Flower-basket is rigid and brittle. That is to say, their *skeletons* are so. How is this?

Well, thus: The skeletons of sponges consist in all cases of innumerable interlacing fibres; but these fibres differ in their chemical nature, and consequently in their texture. Some are horny (corneous), others flinty (siliceous), others, limy (calcareous). And the horny-fibred (fibro-corneous) skeletons are elastic, while the flinty-fibred (fibro-siliceous) are rigid. Of the third sort are certain pretty little white sponges (*Grantias*) looking like pieces of frosted silver, which grow on seaweed round our shores.

But this is not all; sponge skeletons are either simple or compound, i.e., they are either entirely fibro-corneous, for instance, or there are found distributed among the fibres and in the *sarcode* certain needle-like crystalline bodies, called *spicula* (thorns), which are always either siliceous or calcareous, and the presence of many of which effectually prevents a sponge from being used to wash with.

Now, of these varieties of skeletons, that of the Turkey sponge is, as will be readily supposed, the first, horny-fibred (fibro-corneous), and it is simple—that is, it has no needle-shaped *spicula* lurking in its fibres ready to come out and work their way into the flesh of the bather. On the other hand, the skeleton of the flower-basket is flinty (fibro-siliceous).

But sponge skeletons do not differ in texture only. The innumerable interlacing fibres of which they are composed are quite differently arranged in different species, and thus interminable varieties of network are produced. In *Euplectella*, the fibres form a layer of lace-work, whose pattern the Honiton artisans might envy; while in the Turkey sponge the delicate horny threads are connected and joined together, without reference to pattern, until a porous mass full of holes and passages is the result. And yet the general principle of formation is the same.

Regarding sponges as apolypiferous zoophytes, Dr. Grant has pointed out certain principles of analysis on which they may be grouped, according to the arrangement of the horny fibres, the calcareous and siliceous *spiculæ*, and the distribution and formation of their pores and orifices.

I. Groups of which the constituent structure is known.

Spongia.—Mass soft, elastic, more or less irregular in shape, very porous, traversed by many tortuous canals, which terminate at the surface in distinct orifices. Substance of the skeleton cartilaginous, fibres anastomosed in all directions, without any earthy *spicula*.

Calcispongia (Blainville).—Mass rigid or slightly elastic,

of irregular form, porous, traversed by irregular canals, which terminate on the surface in distinct orifices; skeleton cartilaginous, fibres strengthened by calcareous spicula, often tri-radiate.

Halispongia (Blainville).—Mass more or less rigid or friable, irregular, porous, traversed by tortuous irregular canals, which terminate at the surface in distinct orifices; substance cartilaginous, fibres strengthened by siliceous spicula, generally fusiform or cylindrical.

Spongilla (Lamarck).—Mass more or less rigid or friable, irregular, porous, but not furnished with regular orifices or internal canals.

II. Groups depending on characters of surface or general figure.

Geodia (Lamarck).—Fleshy mass, tuberous, irregular,

fistulous, ending in a large rounded pit, and composed entirely of a reticulated tissue.

Eudea (Lamouroux).—Mass filiform, attenuated, sub-pedicellate at one end, enlarged and rounded at the other, with a large terminal pit; surface reticulated by irregular lacunae, minutely porous.

Halirrhoa (Lamouroux).—Mass turbinated, nearly regular, circular or lobate; surface porous; a large central pit on the upper face.

Happalimus (Lamouroux).—Mass fungiform, pedicellate below, expanding conically, with a central pit above; surface porous and irregularly excavated.

Cnemidium (Goldfuss).—Mass turbinate, sessile, composed of close fibres and horizontal canals, diverging from the centre to the circumference; a central pit on



ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE KITCHENS.—A PRIMITIVE OVEN NEAR THE DANUBE.—SEE PAGE 748.

hollow within, externally incrustated by a porous envelope, which bears a series of orifices in a small tubercular space.

Cœloptychium (Goldfuss).—Mass fixed, pedicel, the upper part expanded, agariciform, concave and radiatopore above, flat and radiato-sulcate below; substance fibrous. Fossils from the chalk of Westphalia.

Siphonia (Parkinson).—Mass polymorphous, free or fixed, ramose or simple, concave or fistulous above, porous at the surface, and penetrated by anastomosing canals, which terminate in sub-radiating orifices within the cup.

Myrmecium (Goldfuss).—Mass sub-globula, sessile, of a close fibrous texture, forming ramified canals which radiate from the base to the circumference. Summit with a central pit.

Scyphia (Oken).—Mass cylindrical, simple or branched,

the upper surface, cariose in the exterior and radiate at the margin.

Irea (Lamouroux).—Mass ovoid, sub-pedicellate, finely porous; pierced on the upper part by many orifices, the terminations of the internal tubes.

Tethium (Lamarck).—Mass sub-globose, tuberoso, composed of a cariose firm substance, strengthened by abundance of silicary spicula, fasciculated, and diverging from the centre to the circumference.

As specimens of this interesting class of creatures we give illustrations of several. The glass sponge is woven in the most beautiful manner imaginable. The delicate and fragile glass threads are woven in and out; first at right angles, then crossways, and then interweaving the whole to make it stronger. As the little animalcules advance, they gradually lengthen their glass palace, and

give it, at the same time, a most graceful tint. The top has a cover of glass with fringed edges. But, as though they had some idea of beauty, these glass sponges orna-

sponge. Many of these glass-like threads are barbed like fishhooks, and give the whole fabric firmer hold upon the bottom of the sea.



A CHILIAN LADY ATTIRED FOR MASS.

ment their homes with strange but elegant little flounces, with edges gathered into frills of great grace. At the lower end of the cornucopia is a dense mass of threads of spun glass, which serve as anchoring-cables for the

Now, the elegant and beautiful structure is enveloped with a gelatinous coat, and moored in the mud. So fragile do these look, that we scarcely dare at first to touch them, for fear of doing them injury. But,

becoming braver, we find them quite strong and not so easily broken.

Such is some of the beauty which is hidden in those im-



(A) MICROSCOPIC APPEARANCE OF SPONGE-FIBRE; (B) A FIBRE, SHOWING THE SOLID STRUCTURE, GREATLY MAGNIFIED.

mense depths, and which only the dredge can bring to the light of day.

Other glass sponges will require but a passing word. They are of various shapes. One dredged up in the Straits of Gibraltar, a few years ago, at a depth of nearly 4,000 feet, resembled a sphere surrounded with a narrow rim, or zone, of delicate, glass-like threads. The framework of these glass sponges is all intricately woven, as in the case of Venus's flower-basket, and nearly all are anchored in the mud at the bottom of the sea.

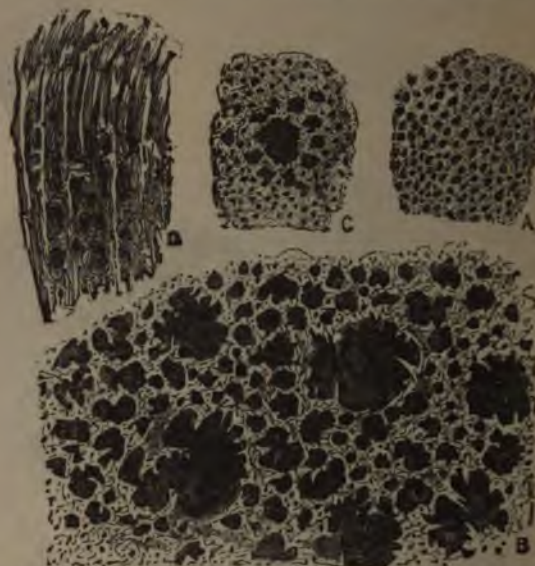
We show also a sponge growing on seaweed, the *Iphitica panacea* and the *Spongia cyma*, as well as that known by the name of Neptune's Cup.

The best varieties of Turkey sponge, as is well known, are soft and velvety to touch. Squeeze one, and it shrinks in dimension; the grasp unloosed, it springs back to its original form; it is thus resilient and elastic to a degree. Its lightness is a most appreciable quality. A morsel placed on the tongue yields no distinct taste; chewed or pressed between the teeth, according to the sort of sponge does it seem fibrous, or stringy, or coarse and gritty from the sand and foreign particles retained within it. Cast it into water; at first it floats freely, but by degrees absorbs the fluid, settles down and ultimately sinks. It is thus remarkably "porous" and absorbent, and, as the phrase runs, "is porous as a sponge."

As a body, nevertheless, it is opaque, though thin slices

charcoal-like matter is left. Meantime there arises from it a strong, disagreeable odor, very similar to that produced by the imperfect burning of hair. Neither cold nor boiling water, alcohol, ether, ammonia, nor, indeed, most chemical reagents, reduce sponge-fibre to a soluble consistence; even the strongest acids and alkalis act upon it only slowly, so that in this respect it is a very resistant body.

As regards its own chemical composition, analysis shows



(A) Cup-shaped variety; (B) Honeycomb Sponge; (C) Toilet Sponge; (D) Bahama Sponge, partly in sections, showing projecting extremities and internal tubular character.

OUTER SURFACE OF SPONGES OF DIFFERENT SORTS, ALL NATURAL SIZES.

that silk and sponge scarcely differ in composition. A peculiar substance called "fibroin" enters largely into the constitution of the sponge of commerce. Neither this substance, nor anything in the slightest degree resembling it, is found in any plant.

We thus learn that sponge, in its physical properties alone, might be of a fibrous, vegetable nature, but chemically it exhibits phenomena and composition akin to what are attributed to belong to animal bodies.



VARIOUS FORMS OF SPONGE SPICULES, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

transmit light, like shavings of horn, while a flood of light passes through the openings and vacant spaces, whatever be the direction of the cut. Apply flame to a small portion. It does not burn brightly, but frizzles, singes or chars, according to the intensity of the heat. If this is great, a pellicle of metallic lustre, or light fragment of



PIECE OF SPONGE SHOWING OUTGOING WATER-CURRENTS.

In its mechanical construction, an examination of the specimen before us shows that the sponge combines the maximum of lightness, delicacy and strength, with an architecture wonderfully adapted to fulfill a combination of purposes.

The much-vaunted skill, handicraft and genius of our

engineers may here take a lesson from mother Nature in one of her humblest efforts.

Under the microscope a thin slice of the sponge consists of meshwork of solid yellow interlacing threads. In the best Turkey sponges these are very fine, averaging one-ninethundredth of an inch in diameter. They are usually uniform in size, though occasionally one of double the size of the rest is found. Such fibres contain flinty, needle-shaped bodies, termed spicules. These spicules are not found on the sponges of commerce, but are very important in others.

The sponge combines the strength and elegance of a spider's web with the lightness and close packing of a silkworm's cocoon. Though sponges differ in structure all are formed to permit the passage of water. In the cup-shaped sponges there are in the hollow great holes leading down, and the outside of the cup is full of pin-holes, leading obliquely down. The sponge of trade is sometimes called the honeycomb sponge, from the way openings are arrayed over the whole surface. The spaces between these large openings are full of pin-holes, and the sustaining tissue is formed of reticular web. Peaks of



DIAGRAM OF INTERIOR SPONGE-CHANNELS, AND WATER-CURRENTS FOLLOWING DIRECTION OF ARROWS; WITH HERE AND THERE CILIARY CHAMBERS.

a felty substance stand out, especially around the large apertures. Sometimes a large hole is surrounded by smaller ones, forming a kind of star. In the Bahama sponges the fibre is coarse, brittle and bristly, the channels are parallel, and the fibres run up into a kind of brush. The communicating passages of fine network are the best possible arrangement for capillary attraction, and hence the sponge is constantly sucking in water. In the live sponge the currents proceed from a different cause, however.

When taken from the sea, the sponge has a dirty, slimy appearance, with an odor of shellfish. Few holes are seen, being concealed in a glutinous substance. This is the soft part of the living animal, or group of animals. It is a delicate jelly that runs off from the skeleton in death, or dries like glue on the fibre. When examined in an aquarium, currents of water run in through the small pores, and after traversing the sponge are ejected from the large holes. Where sponges grow near low water-mark, all the orifices close as the tide retires, and open on its return.

Most naturalists attribute these currents to ciliary motion. The cilia are hairlike filaments, which keep nudulating, and set up a current. In the sponge the

cilia are in deep-seated chambers or dilatations of the canals. These chambers are encircled with flask-shaped cells sunk in the gelatinous substance, a cilium protruding from each cell. These cells are microscopic animals, each endowed with a vitality of its own, and resembling



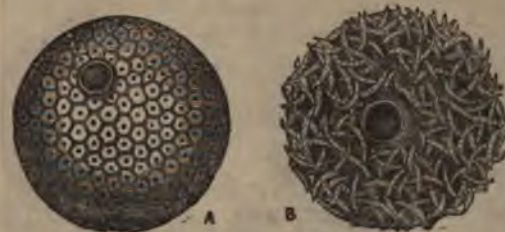
(A) DIAGRAM OF CILIARY CHAMBER; AND (B TO F) SPONGE ANIMALCULES OR CILIATED CELLS FROM DIFFERENT SPECIES OF SPONGES. ALL HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

the animalcules of our ponds. Thus the sponge is a colony of individuals, held together by a substance like the white of an egg, and in some kinds by fibre or spicules.

Arranged in recesses like bottles in a bin (A as above), these sponge-cells ply their cilia, and draw the water through the substance. The action of the cilia makes the current set in through the small holes, yet living objects sometimes are drawn in.

Professor Huxley compares the sponge to a kind of subaqueous city, where the people are arranged about the streets in such a manner that each can easily appropriate his food from the water as it passes along.

Both as a mechanical and physiological apparatus, sponge simplicity contrasts with the complications involved among the higher animals. Of blood there is none, neither intricate mechanism of heart, arteries, and such like; still the function of circulation is effectually performed, and nourishment-bearing fluid—water—brought into proximity with every part of the frame. Lungs, gills, etc., are dispensed with, yet the equivalent of respiration takes place by the constant renewal of the sea-water; for oxygen is absorbed, and carbonic acid given off. Then, as to the function of secretion, and the excretion or giving off of waste products: skin, with its sweat-glands and other accessories, and kidneys, etc., to boot, are not brought into



WINTER-BUD OR GEMMULE OF SPONGILLA (A) IN NATURAL CONDITION, AND (B) PREPARED WITH NITRIC ACID TO SHOW ITS SPICULAR COAT. BOTH HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

requisition, yet much refuse is eliminated. The functions of digesting its food and absorbing it into the general structure proceed, without stomach, gut, or glands to pour out a solvent. The food-particles come haphazard with the current, and here and there get entangled among the jelly body-substance, which imbibes such minute molecules as may be solvent in the slimy fluid, and allows the others to pass on. It may here be asked—is there any



SPONGE GROWING AMONG SEAWEED.



GLASS SPONGE DREDGED UP AT GIBRAITAR.

nervous influence guiding and controlling selection of the atoms, acting on the general contraction of the slimy flesh or movement of cilia, etc? None whatsoever! At least, no trace of anything approaching nervous elements has hitherto been discovered, under the highest powers of our microscopes, and other means of research.

Among the lowest forms of animals, the sponges included, processes of reproduction analogous to those of vegetables are not of unfrequent occurrence. Unfortunately, a complete history of the development of the common sponge (*Spongia officinalis*) has not yet been followed out in detail; but a study of other forms, in many respects, enables a fair idea of what in the main is prevalent among the group to be considered applicable to it.

In the river sponge (*Spongilla fluviatilis*) there is no network of horny fibre, but instead a meshwork of the needle-shaped *spicules*. For our illustrations of propagation this does not negative the general conclusions.

If a mass of this be torn asunder or cut in pieces, or, as occasionally happens, by spontaneous division, each of those will maintain its independent existence, and flourish as a separate individual or specimen. This would be equivalent to the "cuttings" of plants, though it implies something more.

Again, two *spongillæ* growing apart may approach, and when brought into contact will fuse into one, so that after-



VENUS'S FLOWER-BASKET.

ward no line of demarcation can be distinguished. This to a certain extent represents the operation of "grafting," as practiced by horticulturists; though, in the case of sponges, fusion of substance is so complete that they may be truly regarded as a unit; whereas plants grafted still retain their specific peculiarities apart from the stock whereon united. Still further, various sponges may send forth a process or body comparable to a bud, which when thrown off, lives, grows, and ultimately propagates its kind, as would a plant under similar circumstances. But there is another modified process akin to this, which takes place by a kind of winter-bud, to all intents and purposes representing propagation in plants by bulbs. In this, toward the Autumn months, a number of the sponge-particles seem to fuse together and form a horny or flinty shell, of a round, oval, or occasionally elongated shape, but with an opening, and containing within a number of seed-like bodies. These remain quite inactive through the Winter, the spongilla

itself meantime having died down. As Spring comes round, however, the seed-like bodies, heretofore dormant, manifest vitality, and each issuing from the shell by the opening, commences life as a separate and free-moving individual, ultimately settling down, growing, and becoming sponges similar to that from which they have been produced.

The foregoing phases of reproduction are regarded as modifications of budding; but there is still another mode, where eggs are hatched within the body of the parent.

In this case certain of the marine sponges, about mid-summer, develop in their interior a multitude of little cells or bladder-shaped structures—the eggs—which are either scattered throughout the tissue or aggregated in heaps within a sac (1, see illustration on next page). These ova, though so minute and transparent, resemble in most particulars a



NEPTUNE'S CUP.

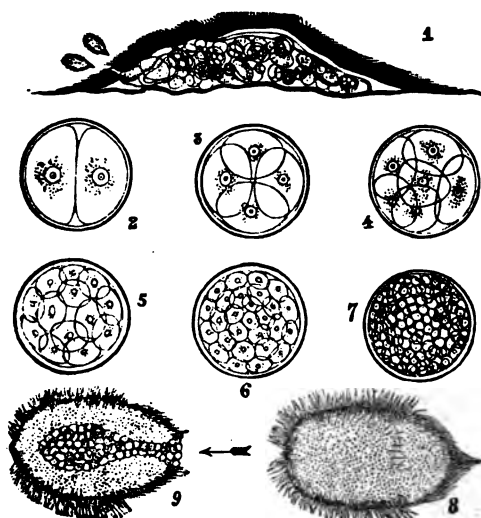


THE IPHITICA PANACEA.



THE SPONGIA CYMA.

hen's egg; for, although destitute of a calcareous shell, they nevertheless have a substance corresponding to the yolk, another to the white or albumen, and a delicate membrane surrounding this. Moreover, a process identical with what occurs in the hatching of a hen's egg takes



SPONGE EGGS IN STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT, FROM THEIR ISSUE UNTIL BECOMING A FREE-MOVING, CILIATED LARVA—THE ARROW DENOTING DIRECTION PROPELLED. MAGNIFIED.

place. This process goes by the appellation of segmentation or cleavage of the yolk. The germinal point, as in the hen's egg, sets up an action in the yolk-substance, and a division into two cells with central points results. These cells, or little spheres, again, divide into four; at a further stage, subdivide into eight; still again subdividing, until at length the yolk appears under the microscope as a confused mass of aggregated cells (compare 2 to 7). The egg, now increasing in size, assumes an oval figure, gets an outer hairy-like covering of cilia of extreme tenuity, and these by their lashing movement drive

Thus transformed, the larval sac settles down and fastens itself by the root-cells to pebble or rock, as the case may be, and the cilia are then lost. The fixed embryo hereafter increases in bulk, begins to spread out a gelatinous substance at its root, and the free conical end shows a depression. Then, as growth proceeds, the latter becomes a hole—one of the future exits of water-currents—while smaller-sized pores of ingress become faintly visible. The true sponge character now becomes manifest, perforations proceed apace, and all the structural organization hitherto referred to ultimately give completeness to the compound animality of the sponge (compare 10 to 14.)

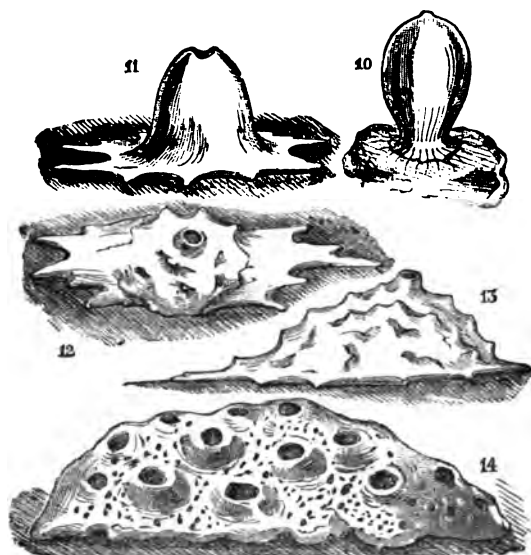
Such are the changes undergone from egg to adult in certain of the sponge tribe. This group, as a whole, with a structure and life-history comparatively simple in its kind, withal possesses, as has been shown, a many-phased mode of development, combining that supposed more truly to belong to plants as well as that of the egg of animals even of higher grade. The changes undergone from egg to larval stage, indeed, often impart such resemblances to those of animals high in the scale of being, that it is this transformation that has led to the assumption, and forms the basis, of those who hold to the theory of a progressive development and intimate connection between the lower and higher animals.

A CURIOUS FIR-TREE.

SWITZERLAND has its old chestnut-trees on the banks of Lake Lemman, and the ancient linden of Fribourg, the history of which is said to go back to the time of the royal conflicts with Charles the Bold. M Louis Pire, President of the Royal Botanical Society of Alliaz, Canton of Vaud, speaks of a tree which he believes to be older than the linden of Fribourg, and considers it entitled to be regarded as the oldest and most remarkable tree in the canton, if not in the whole confederation.

It is growing near the baths of Alliaz, at a height of about 1,300 feet above the hotel, and 4,500 feet above the sea, surrounded by a forest of firs, which it overtops by more than thirty feet. The trunk of this tree is ten metres, or a little more than thirty-feet in circumference at the base. At about a yard from the ground it puts out, on the south side, seven off-shoots, which have grown into trunks as strong and vigorous as those of the other trees in the forest. Bent and gnarled at the bottom, these side trunks soon straighten themselves up and rise perpendicularly and parallel to the main stem. This feature is not, perhaps, wholly unparalleled, but another most curious fact is that the two largest of the side trunks are connected with the principal stem by sub-quadrangular braces resembling girders. These beams have probably been formed by an anastomosing of branches, which, common enough among angio-sperms, is extremely rare among conifers; but it has been impossible to ascertain the manner in which the ingrowing of one branch into the other has been effected.

The adaptation by which a limb, originally destined to grow free and bear foliage, has been converted into a living stick of timber, is a strange one, and affords a new illustration of the power of Nature to fit itself to circumstances. The space between the rough flooring formed by the growing together of the offshoots, at their point of departure, and the girder-limbs is large enough to admit of building a comfortable hermit's hut within it.



FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF SPONGE OVUM FROM WHERE THE FREE-MOVING LARVA SETTLES DOWN UNTIL IT ASSUMES THE STRUCTURAL PECULIARITIES OF A TRUE SPONGE.

the larval sponge freely about the water. Later on, an inner growth of cells arises, and some, notably, are produced at the one end, the opposite end of the larva being provided with a nipple-shaped process (8 and 9).

DISCRETION in speech is more than eloquence.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

INSECTS VISITING FLOWERS.—The interest arising out of the writings of Darwin, Lubbock and Herman Müller relative to the part played by insects in their oft-recurring visits to flowers, has of late years attracted much attention. The subject, in fact, has created a taste for observation, and an incentive has been given to watch the frequency of visits of various species to certain flowers, and especially to the insects' choice of colors of flower. While the mere registering of visits may seem a comparatively simple one, the reason why insects should show a preference to alight upon flowers of a certain color, or choose certain species of plants, is a much more complicated problem than at first sight it would appear. Sir John Lubbock has shown by experiment that blue is the bees' favorite color; H. Müller avers that in the Alps bees are attracted to the yellow rather than the white flowers. However this may be, certain it is that a much larger number of observations are yet needed before a positive law can be deduced. Two papers read at the last meeting of the Linnean Society (March 1), one by Mr. Alf. W. Bennett, "On the Constancy of Insects in their Visits to Flowers," and the other by Mr. R. M. Christy, "On the Methodic Habits of Insects when Visiting Flowers"—point out that a strict watch and ward is being kept on the movements of the busy bee and its kindred. Mr. Bennett states that butterflies show but little constancy in their visits, citing only a few instances to the contrary; but according to him, to some extent they seem to have a choice of color. The Diptera exhibit greater constancy, though by no means absolute. The Apidae, especially the hive-bee, manifest still greater constancy. From these data he infers that the ratio of increase is in proportion to the part performed by the insects in their carrying pollen from flower to flower. As respects preference for particular colors, in a series of observations Mr. Bennett has noted among the Lepidoptera that 70 visits were made to red or pink flowers, 5 to blue, 15 to yellow and 5 to white; the Diptera paid 9 visits to red or pink, 8 to yellow and 20 to white; Hymenoptera alighted 303 times on red and pink flowers, 126 on blue, 11 on yellow and 17 on white flowers. Mr. Christy records in detail the movements of 76 insects, chiefly bees, when engaged in visiting 2,400 flowers. He tabulates the same, and concludes therefrom that insects, notably the bees, decidedly and with intent confine their successive visits to the same species of flower. According to him, also, butterflies generally wander aimlessly in their flight; yet some species, including the Fritillaries, are fairly methodical in their habit. He believes that it is not by color alone that insects are guided from one flower to another of the same species, and he suggests that the sense of smell may be brought into play. Bees, he avers, have but poor sight for long distances, but see well at short distances. Of 55 humble-bees watched, 26 visited blue flowers; of those 12 were methodic in their visits, 9 only irregularly so, and 5 not at all; 13 visited white flowers, whereof 5 were methodic and 8 the reverse; 11 visited yellow flowers, of which 5 were methodic and 6 not; 23 visited red flowers, 7 appearing methodic, 9 nearly so, while 12 were the contrary.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHY.—The main difficulty attending the connecting of submarine telegraph-cables to lightships or floating stations lies in counteracting the influence of the swinging of the vessel, either by wind or tide, or veering away in heavy weather. This difficulty is completely met by the invention of Messrs. Cook-shott and Goodman, in conjunction with Boxer's patent rotary hawsepipe. In order to prevent the anchor-chains fouling and entangling with telegraph-cable, the rotating hawsepipe is actuated by means of a lever. This necessarily transfers the fouling or entanglement to the inside of the vessel; and, in order to obviate this, after the ship has swung either by the wind or tide, the bight of the telegraph-cable is stoppered and removed from a snatch-block or guide over a drum which receives the cable on board, and the telegraph-cable is passed under this drum and replaced in the snatch-block, and the stopper removed. This operation can be repeated as often as necessary. By this invention, too, the telegraph-cable can be readily paid out automatically at any time that the anchor-chain is veered away. In order to prevent any damage to the telegraph-cable by its contact with the ground on which it lies, occurring through the current or wash of the sea, or the swinging of the vessel, a heavy weight is used, and through this weight is passed the telegraph-cable, which keeps the ship's cable and the telegraph-cable relatively in the same position. This invention is of immense service to our maritime interests, as communication can be made from lightships or floating stations as to vessels in their vicinity which are in distress and require help, and so be the means of saving life, besides valuable cargoes and ships.

A NEW VEGETABLE STYPTIC.—A recent number of the *Neue Freie Presse* states that during the French expedition to Mexico a plant was discovered, called by the natives by a name which may be rendered as "Fowlwort" (*Tradescantia erecta*, Jacq.), which has the property, when chewed or crushed, of stopping any hemorrhage. A specimen planted in 1867 by the discoverer, in his garden at Versailles, has not only flourished, but flowered and fruited, without having its peculiar properties as yet appreciably diminished. Although no exotic, and not remarkable for particular beauty of bloom, it yet deserves a wider extension on account of its valuable properties, especially as its acclimatization may be regarded as having been fully established. Its action, says the *Journal*, exceeds that of all styptics as yet known—as, for example, perchloride of iron—and it can, moreover, be very cheaply procured.

INDIGENOUS POTATOES IN ARIZONA.—Mr. John G. Lemmon, in a tour of botanical exploration among the mountain ranges along the Mexican frontier of Arizona, discovered two or three varieties of indigenous potatoes, found growing abundantly in high mountain meadows surrounded by peaks attaining a height of 10,000 feet above sea level. The tubers were about the size of walnuts. Mr. Lemmon brought home a supply, which will be carefully cultivated. This interesting discovery goes far to settle the long-voiced question of the origin of the potato.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

THE following narrative is self-explanatory. The letter which precedes it is a true copy of the original, and was sent to us, together with the details, by an officer now in the United States Navy:

United States Flagship *Nomad*,
Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.,
January 10th, 188-.

My Dear Friend—Your kind favor containing congratulations on my restoration to health is before me. When we parted thirty months ago little did we imagine that either would be brought near death's door by a disease which selects for its victims those who present an internal field of constitutional weakness for its first attack, because you and I were in those days the personification of health—and can claim this to-day, thank God! Why I can do so will be told to-morrow when we meet at your dinner, as you only know that I have passed through a terrible illness; my delivery from death being due to the wonderful discovery in medical science, made by a man who to-day stands in the front rank of his fellow-workers—unequaled by any, in my own opinion. That I, who heretofore have ever been the most orthodox believer in the old school of medicine, its application and results, should thus recant in favor of that which is sneered at by old practitioners, may startle you; but "seeing is believing," and when I recount the attack made on my old hulk, how near I came to lowering my colors, and the final volley which, through the agency above mentioned, gave me victory, you will at least credit me with just cause for sincerity in my thankfulness and belief. I will also spin my yarn about my China cruise, and, altogether, expect to entertain as well as be entertained by you. With best wishes,
Sincerely yours,

Rear Admiral U. S. Navy.
Hon. GEORGE WENDELL,
Sindclair Place, Boston.

An autumnal afternoon in the year 188- found the last Flagship *Nomad* rounding the

treacherous and dangerous extremity of North America. And this day certainly intended to place itself on record with those of its predecessors marked stormy, its nastiness in wind and weather giving all hands on board the flagship their fill in hard work and discomforts. The record of the *Nomad* on this cruise, which she was now completing on her homeward bound passage to Boston, had been most disagreeable, when considered in the light of heavy weather work. From Suez to Aden, then on to Bombay, Point de Galle, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Shanghai, Nagasaki and Yokohama the balance-sheet stood largely in favor of old Neptune's rough characteristics, but with remarkable evenness the health and original roster of the ship's company stood this day as it did nearly three years ago—with one exception. Throughout the diverse and varied exposures incidental to cruising over the Asiatic station, where cholera, fevers, liver complaints, malaria and colds of all degrees reign in full force, none of the crew had suffered more than temporary inconvenience, and thus it seemed very hard that now, in the closing days of the cruise, there stood nine chances for, to one against, a victory being at last scored for the destroying angel, Death. When the *Nomad* reached Shanghai in the early portion of her cruise, her admiral was the healthiest man aboard. A grand specimen of manhood was he. Over six feet in height, weighing two hundred pounds, broad in chest and strong in limb, he rightly claimed for himself a full share of Nature's blessings. While returning late one night from a diplomatic reception at the Consulate at Shanghai, through over-heating and insufficient protection from the dangerous effects of the peculiarly damp and searching night air, he caught cold. "Only a cold," remarked the admiral to the doctors of his ship, "and easy to cure." So thought the medical officers, but with a quiet though in sidious progression, this cold elung to the admiral in spite of their best efforts to eradicate it, and when the time came for leaving Yokohama, homeward bound, the admiral realized

that his lungs and throat were decidedly out of order. The doctors advised returning home by mail steamer to San Francisco, so that greater means of curing this persistent cough might be found in the Naval Hospital there; but the admiral preferred to stick to his ship, still imagining that his trouble would eventually be overcome by the doctors' treatment.

No one who looked at the admiral even in those days imagined that he would fall a victim to lung trouble. But it was the old story again typified in this case. Only a cold at first, and in spite of orthodox treatment the peculiar climatic effects of China nursed it, and hastened the sure result of such a deep-seated trouble. Time passed after leaving Yokohama for Boston, bringing varying symptoms in the admiral's case, and the doctors imagined that they held the disease in check at least. But with the formation of tubercles, night-sweats, and the now rapid consumption of lung tissues, which had set in with alarming symptoms, the patient realized that his cold had laid the seeds of that fell agent of Death—consumption. The hacking cough of the admiral had in itself been sufficient food for serious consideration, and now, as in the warm Autumn days the flagship gallantly rode over the blue waters of the Pacific, bound for Cape Horn, the doctors hoped much for success. But this bolsterous afternoon found the good ship struggling with gigantic seas set off from the Cape by a fierce northerly wind. Leaden were the heavens and sad the hearts of all aboard, for that morning the usual bulletin of the medical officers had set forth this intelligence: "The admiral is in same condition as reported last night. A burning fever has been slightly reduced, while other symptoms are as heretofore announced." All understood these words without questioning. The beloved admiral had during the past two weeks, been very low. The symptoms of blood-poisoning, a torpid liver, intense pains throughout the body, eyesight and mental faculties affected, appetite gone, through inaction of that great

regulator—the liver—these were the means which had reduced the admiral from the pinnacle of health to the valley and shadow of death. Consumption held full sway now, and the well-known skill of naval doctors was in this instance at least completely foiled.

The admiral had issued orders for the flagship to touch at Montevideo for coal, and it was the intention of the doctors to land the admiral there for treatment. But one man in the ship was wrapped in the gloom of despair, as standing by the weather rigging on the poop deck he gazed absently over the seething waste of waters. This was the admiral's son, a lieutenant, and attached to his father's staff. He feared that the wear and tear of ship-life would sap his father's strength beyond endurance, and before the ship could reach Montevideo. Among a group of sailors gathered around one of the great guns on the spar deck stood the captain of the fore-top, Brown, a slight but healthy-looking man. His companions were listening to a recital of his sufferings from consumption, which had developed while he was attached to the sloop-of-war *Ranger*, lying in the harbor of Yokohama a year ago; this "yarn" having been started by a discussion about the admiral's condition. The men had just returned from some work around the deck, an order for which had interrupted Brown's story a few moments previously.

"A year ago this day I was hove to in the 'pill man's' sick bay in the *Ranger*, then off Yokohama, an' I tell you, pards, 'twas no use pipin' my number, 'cause I was nigh on passin' in my enlistment papers for a long cruise aloft," continued Brown. "Consumption had me flat aback, and the doctor says it was no use to stow away his lush in my hold, seein' that my bellows was condemned by a higher power than he could wrastle with."

"How did you pucker out of it?" asked a gunner's mate.

"Wa'al," replied Brown, "my Chinese washman came to me one mornin', an' he says to me, 'me hab got allee same Melican man mediken, do you heap good?' I says bring it off, Chang, I buy all the same. That afternoon Chang hove up with fourteen bottles of a lush, enough to kill or cure the whole ship's crew, an' that looked fresh in their nice wrappers. Says Chang, 'China man doctor hab got plentee more he make a heap good well with my sick, this number one mediken allee same through Yokohama.' Wa'al, I took the bottles an' told the doctor I was goin' to try one as by the sailin' orders on the bottle, and the doctor he laughed and says 'twas no good, but I done as the regulations says from the first, an' here I am, ag'in the doctor's ideas, to be sure!'"

With this triumphant assertion, Brown looked about the circle. Then, lowering his voice, said: "Boys, I've four of those precious bottles left—ain't give 'em all away yet after I was cured—an' if you all think that it would not be too free with the 'old man' suppose I go to his son there on the poop deck an' say what I have to you, an', askin' his pardon, say we want the admiral to try the stuff in my bottles, seein' that they cured my consumption."

This idea met with approval from all sides. Therefore Brown walked off for the interview with the admiral's son, with no little anxiety in his good heart as to the result of his mission. Approaching the lieutenant, Brown saluted, and asked for permission to state his reasons for doing so. This was readily granted, and Brown spoke out:

"Seeing that I was once cured of consumption, Lieutenant, I make bold to ask if I can tell you how, an' why I've the reasons for wishing to use on your father what was my salvation."

In a few moments the lieutenant had Brown's story out, and, much to the latter's gratification, granted a ready permission to him. It did not take Brown long to run to his ditty-box, get the bottles of medicine, and return to the lieutenant with them.

"I'm feared that the doctors will kick ag'in the use of this blessed stuff, an' what will you do, sir?" said Brown, as he placed the medicine in the cabin orderly's hands to be taken into the admiral's room.

"I will attend to that, Brown, and rest assured that your remedy will have a fair trial in spite of any opposition. It will not harm my father, judging from your statement and the opinion of the medical officers of the *Ranger*."

"Thank you, sir, an' God help the admiral to weather his trouble, is the prayer of all the ship," said Brown, as the lieutenant turned to enter the cabin.

There was no cessation in the storm that evening. The gale howled through the rigging in wild, discordant tones; the great ship labored through the white-capped mountains of water that threatened to engulf her with each burst of their storm-whipped crests. Within the admiral's cabin the Argand lights,

the comfortable furniture and the numerous evidences of the admiral's wanderings over land and water, as displayed in choice bric-a-brac and trimmings, gave to the room a warm, snug appearance, most pleasing this wild night to those within. In his stateroom lay the admiral, made comfortable by all that loving hands and willing hearts could suggest. By his side sat his son, who in quiet voice was recounting to his father the interview with Brown, and the opposition met with from the doctors when the idea of giving this new medicine was broached.

"You were sleeping at the time, father, and therefore missed a laughable scene, made so, in spite of your condition, by the intense dislike displayed by the doctors for this 'new-fangled stuff,' this 'patent liquid,' which they declared should never, with their consent, be given to you. Well, I cut the matter short by saying that I would take all the responsibility, and with your permission would administer it. That I obtained when I found you awake, and now you are under way with the first bottle as per directions. I am satisfied, dear father, that it will do you good, a premonition filling my heart that at last we have found the means of arresting the burning fever and hacking cough which have been troubling you so much."

The admiral's reply was cut short by a severe spell of coughing, during which he spat blood, and when finished sank back exhausted. But the grateful look which he bestowed on his son was an additional assurance of belief in that which the admiral had at first sight dubbed as a possible but doubtful means of doing him any good. But, laying aside his dislike for any but old-established remedies, the admiral acquiesced in his son's request, and now, after this last spell, admitted that the effect of the dose had softened the dreaded severity of the racking cough.

Three weeks later found the *Nomad* making the harbor of Montevideo. After severe and prolonged weather she had rounded the Cape, and now was standing in the harbor for the purpose of recouling and watering. To one given to the study of human lineaments, the faces of those aboard the flagship this bright morning would have afforded infinite scope for such pursuit. But the source of each man's happiness flowed from the same fountain of grateful joy. The beloved admiral was the cause of this. And why? If you could have seen the admiral this bright morning, dear reader, your answer would have been easily found in his face. A changed man was he. Victory was perched on his guilions—the dread enemy was slowly retreating! The fight was a severe one, but with no cessation in vigilant action and careful application of the contents of four bottles, the admiral had turned the flank of consumption, and was slowly but surely driving him off the field with a power which astounded the doctors, and filled all hearts with joy and thankfulness!

What was this, then, that had won the victory for the seaman Brown, and was now leading the admiral's shattered forces to the same grand result? When asked this question by one of his officers on duty in Montevideo, the admiral, slowly lifting his hand, replied: "I would that, in letters of gold, and so placed that all the world could read them, the name of this great remedy could be shown, coupled with the genius who discovered it—THE GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY! Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y.—the man who has given to his fellow-men the greatest relief from all ills that mortal flesh is heir to! This is the name of the contents of that bottle on my table, and God bless the man who has found the secret of filling it with a medicine at once purifying and strengthening, wholesome and thorough in its results, and claiming, in my humble opinion, nothing for itself that it cannot reasonably perform—Nature's ally against the abuse of man!"

Well might the admiral sing the praises of that which had so unexpectedly rescued him from a fatal illness. When the ship anchored, the first commission for the admiral's son to execute was a large purchase of Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, which, as the admiral sadly admitted, he had seen in every port of the world around, and had only admired as an evidence of the energy and enterprise of an American who could thus place his GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY in every nook and corner of the globe. But now he was one more to testify to the wonderful power of this medicine, and certainly did so in Montevideo by praising it up to all the high officials who visited him.

A week later and the *Nomad* sailed for Boston direct. What the condition of the admiral was when she arrived there is shown in his letter above. Let it be recorded to the credit of the doctors on the ship that they were completely cured.

the GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, used it faithfully on the voyage to Boston, and landed, through its wonderful power, the admiral completely restored, and more than one poor fellow who started out in the sick bay of the *Nomad*. What staunch friends the GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY made in that ship!

The above, reader, is an outline of the story spun by the admiral to his friend when they met at the dinner. We will not touch on other portions of his interesting recital of the cruise in general, our aim being to record his testimony of the greatest wonder in medical science that this nineteenth century of surprising developments has produced.

From the wonderful power of Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY over that terribly fatal disease consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought favorably of calling it his "consumption cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine that, from its wonderful combination of germ-destroying, as well as tonic or strengthening, alternative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, diuretic, pectoral and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all chronic diseases of the liver, blood, kidneys and lungs. GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin—in short, all diseases caused by disease-germs in the blood—are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, rose-rash, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands.

"The blood is the life." Thoroughly cleanse this fountain of health by using GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and soundness of constitution are established.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternated with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver or "biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, short breath, consumptive night-sweats and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. In the cure of bronchitis, severe coughs and consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. The nutritive properties possessed by cod-liver oil are trifling when compared with those of the GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by wasting diseases.

The reader will pardon the foregoing digression, prompted by our admiration for a remedy that performs such marvelous cures, and permit us to say that when the admiral returned to his home in New York, the only cloud cast upon the happiness of the reunion with his family was caused by the continued illness of his eldest son, a young man of twenty-four, whose disease, when the admiral sailed from Montevideo, had been reported as succumbing to the treatment of the family doctor. But his father found it otherwise. The unfortunate young man was suffering severely from chronic disease of the kidneys and bladder. Before leaving Boston the admiral had purchased a copy of Dr. Pierce's book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." He read this valuable book thoroughly, and upon his arrival home had made up his mind as to the future treatment for his son. The latter was sent to the famous Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., conducted by Dr. R. V. Pierce and his competent staff of specialists, where, under skillful treatment, the sufferer soon found relief and a permanent cure.

In the library of his handsome home the admiral placed one of the four bottles sent him by the seaman Brown. Conspicuous in its pretty frame and stand, it attracts all eyes, which can easily read the lines in golden letters inscribed on the tablet under the stand as follows: "This bottle once contained the ammunition which secured for Admiral the victory in his battle off Cape Horn with the enemy consumption. His undying gratitude is thus shown for that which this bottle and its mates held."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"SEE here, John, is your sweetheart a factory girl?" "Yes, William, satisfactory."

He said her hair was dyed; and, when she indignantly said: "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

It is wrong to address a soldier as he is turning a corner. Don't speak to the man at the wheel.

WHAT is to be done for a man who has no mind of his own? His wife should give him a piece of hers.

"I THINK," said an exasperated individual, as he elevated himself from the pavement, "that a full-grown man who throws an orange-peel on the pavement is no Christian."

"SYMPATHIZE with me!" exclaimed a merchant who had failed. "Regret my embarrassment! You'd better sympathize with my creditors, and mourn over their embarrassment."

EN PASSANT.—"What are you always thinking about, Ida?" "I am always thinking about nothing, auntie. I never think about anything unless I happen to think of something to think about."

LORD CASTLEREAGH made so many new words that Canning called him the literary coiner. "He has got a mint in his mind," said he. "Mint in his mind!" rejoined Sheridan. "Would he had sage in his head!"

"SEE here, why didn't some of you firemen save the piano that was in that burning house?" asked a gentleman of the engineer of the fire brigade, who replied: "We couldn't save the piano because none of us could play upon it."

"I NEVER pretend to know a thing that I do not," remarked Brown; "when I don't know a thing, I say at once, 'I don't know.'" "A very proper course," said Fogg; "but how monotonous your conversation must be, Brown!"

THEY met, they smiled, they wept, they loved.
He called her Jane, she called him Thomas—
A richer man rode down the lane,
And Tom brought suit for breach of promise.

"FRANK," said an affectionate mother the other day to a promising boy, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much, you will get so after a while that you won't care anything about work." "Mother," replied the hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, "I have got so now."

AN old man with a head as destitute of hair as a pumpkin, entered a chemist's shop, and told the assistant he wanted a bottle of hair-restorer. "What kind of hair-restorer do you prefer?" "I'll have to take a bottle of red-hair restorer. That was the color it used to be when I was a boy."

A LONDON tourist met a young woman going to the kirk, and, as was not unusual, she was carrying her boots in her hand and trudging along barefoot. "My girl," said he, "is it customary for all the people in these parts to go barefoot?" "Pairtly they do," said the girl, "and pairtly they mind their own business."

THE CONFESSION OF A VERY YOUNG MAN.

Oh! the plump and pert soubrette
She's a pet.
She can ogle and coquette,
Then forget.
Blonde her flowing hair, and yet
Only recently we met,
And I say it with regret,
It was jet.

Ev'ry night a seat I get—
Front parrot.
There I worship her and yet
Fume and fret.
At the matinees, you bet,
I am always to be met,
And for roses for my pet
I'm in debt.

Oh, perfidious soubrette
To coquette
With my heart! My eyes are wet
With regret.
It was scarcely etiquette
Your adorer to forget
For a fellow with a yellow
Clarionet.

"I WANT to sell you an encyclopedia," said a book-agent to one of our foremost pork-butchers the other day, who, by-the-way, is better posted on pork than he is on books. "What do I want with your encyclopedia?" snarled the pork-butcher. "I couldn't ride one if I had it." He thought it was a new variety of velocipede.

A BOUGH-AND-READY examiner in medicine, having failed to elicit satisfactory replies from a student regarding the muscular arrangements of the arm and leg, somewhat brusquely said: "Ah, perhaps, sir, you could tell me the names of the muscles I should put in action were I to kick you?" "Certainly, sir," replied the candidate; "you would put in motion the flexors and extensors of my arms, for I should use them to knock you down!"

CELERY is said to be good for nervousness. So is salary.

LONG-HAIRED men are generally weak and fanatical. Long-haired women—well, there may be some, but you can't tell which from which.

A MAN who stood gazing at a fashionably dressed lady who was sweeping along the street, being asked what was the matter, rubbed his brow and answered: "I was struck by a passing train."

A CONVICT says he was sent to prison for being dishonest, and yet he is compelled every day to cut out pieces of pasteboard, which are put between the soles of the cheap shoes made there and palmed off on the innocent public as leather.

SAID a poet to an unfortunate speculator: "Don't you think that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' are plaintive and sad?" "Yes," was the melancholy reply; "but I think that 'Broke, broke, broke,' is a good deal sadder."

PARISH CLERK (at a vestry meeting on the question of organ-blower's salary, the rector in the chair): "You see, sir, it isn't as if it was only the hymns, but there's the comin' and the goin' out, and the 'sponses and the prayers, and the psalms take a wonderful deal o' wind."

A COLONEL who used to assert
That naught his digestion could hurt,
Was forced to admit
That his weak point was hit
When they gave him hot shot for dessert.

"WHY is the straw before the house? I hope madame is not ill?" "No, no, monsieur; only in bed the last three days." "Indeed! and not ill, you say?" "The fact is, monsieur, she has lost two of her favorite carriage-horses, and cannot bear to hear the sound of wheels."

"I SAY, old fellow, where is your sweetheart—the girl you're engaged to? She's here to-night, isn't she?" "She is. Do you see that blonde in pink over there?" "That magnificent creature with the dark eyes?" "Yes." "By Jove, old boy—" "My girl is the one alongside of her, on the left."

A GIRL of seven or eight years old slipped down on Woodward Avenue the other day, and as she was picking herself up, a pedestrian said, "Don't cry, sissey." "Who's going to?" she sharply demanded, as she rose up. "I guess when a girl has got her mother's shawl on she ain't going to let anybody know she's hurt!"

"FATHER," said Johnny, "this paper says that 'many prominent citizens are now ill with pneumonia and kindred diseases.' What are kindred diseases, father?" "Why, my son," said Smithy, "a kindred disease is—is—why—yes, yes! a kindred disease is one that runs through an entire family—kindred, relatives, you know. Surprised you didn't know that, Johnny."

"SEE here," said a fault-finding husband to his wife, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," she sweetly answered, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He lets things run on as usual.

LITTLE Gracie had been told that it was impolite to take the last biscuit on the table. The other morning, at breakfast, she was observed to gaze long and earnestly at the solitary biscuit on the breadplate. The temptation at last proved too great. Reaching for the coveted morsel, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I've almost 'tarved! I des I won't be polite to-day. I'll wait till some day when I ain't hungry."

WHEN Lord Hardwicke was at the bar Mr. Justice Powis had a habit of frequently using the phrases, "I humbly conceive," and "Look, do you see?" On one occasion, during an interval in court, the judge said, "Mr. Yorke, I understand you are going to publish a poetical version of 'Coke upon Littleton.' Will you favor us with a specimen?" "Certainly, my lord," said the ready barrister, and proceeded gravely to recite:

"He that holdeth his lands in fee,
Need neither to shake nor to shiver,
'I humbly conceive,' for look, do you see,
They are his and his heirs for ever."

A "RAIL" NATURALIST.—On one occasion, when the late Frank Buckland was returning to England from France, laden, as usual, with "specimens," living and dead, a monkey, putting his head out of his pocket, attracted the attention of the booking-clerk, who insisted, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, that it was a dog, and must be paid for as such. Nettled at this, Buckland plunged his hand into another pocket and produced a tortoise, and laying it on the sill of the ticket-window, said: "Perhaps you will call that a dog, too?" The clerk inspected the tortoise. "No," said he, with an air of loftiness, "we make no charge for them; they're insects."

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